

The Presbyterian GUARDIAN

J. GRESHAM MACHEN • EDITOR 1936-1937

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The Christian man finds in the Bible the very Word of God. Let it not be said that dependence upon a book is a dead or an artificial thing. The Reformation of the sixteenth century was founded upon the authority of the Bible, yet it set the world aflame. Dependence upon a word of man would be slavish, but dependence upon God's Word is life. Dark and gloomy would be the world, if we were left to our own devices, and had no blessed Word of God. The Bible to the Christian is not a burdensome law, but the very Magna Charta of Christian liberty.

—J. Gresham Machen

August 15, 1945

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The Passing Parade

By THOMAS R. BIRCH

SEVERAL times a month, as part of a rigorous course in self-discipline, we stand in the late afternoon at Track 5 in Philadelphia's Reading Terminal at about the time the train arrives from the Valley Forge Veteran's Hospital bringing a load of the less unfortunate wounded for a brief glimpse of the big city. It is not our idea of the pleasantest way to spend a quarter hour. We keep well in the background, and so far we have been able to resist the temptation to do battle with the thoughtless citizenry who gawp, bug-eyed and unabashed, at the pitiful straggling band of the lame and the halt and the blind, much as they would gawp at the freaks in a circus sideshow. We make this pilgrimage of self-flagellation not from any morbid emotionalism and most especially not from any desire to join the ranks of the thoughtless who add the insult of their prying and smug curiosity to the almost overwhelming burden those boys have to bear. We go because nothing else in the world brings home to us more keenly the debt we owe to those who faced death while we continued the calm unbroken tenor of our peaceful existence. These are the boys who didn't quite manage to dodge that last shell at Saipan, who stuck by the tank when the bombs were bursting on top of them during the Battle of the Bulge, who weren't quite able to play it safe at Iwo Jima.

About the time they were losing an arm or an eye or a leg, we at home were grousing about rationing, the administration at Washington, the high cost of living, the absence of meat and butter, and the necessity of standing in the aisle during our comfortable twenty-minute train ride home from the office. So now we owe them something. And it's a debt that will stand on the books for a good many years to come.

All over the nation the boys are coming home. Not all of them are coming now, of course, and some of them will never return. Some will be home from the war in Europe only for a brief interlude before traveling to the other side of the globe to pursue another bloody combat. Some will be broken in body and in spirit, but the vast majority will be unharmed.

What shall churches, their members,

and the Christian relatives of these returning servicemen do with and for the veteran? We think that this is an intensely practical and important question, and we believe that it is quite proper that a Christian journal should attempt to answer it. We make no apologies for devoting our column this month to its consideration.

Perhaps, when the draft board first crooked its finger in the direction of a dozen young men of your church, you had a farewell dinner or social evening for them. You said goodbye to them as a unit, and once each month your pastor mimeographed a letter to them. At Christmas time each received identical gifts from the Ladies' Aid or the Machen League. And now they're coming home. They were just one individual in a dozen different uniforms when they left, but now you must deal with them as a dozen different individuals. They will fit no generalization. They have had a dozen different experiences, a dozen different lives, and their problems cannot be compressed into a neat little mold or solved by a rule of thumb. This soldier knew the terror of London's flying telephone-poles and buzz bombs, that sailor served in the swampy malaria-infected South Pacific, this marine was stationed in glamorous Hawaii, and the thin, silent boy in the corner was "detained by the enemy" in the concentration camp at Dachau. Each will require careful, prayerful handling by Christian loved ones whose sympathy and concern may have to show itself in the utmost of restraint, delicacy and consideration for the torn and weary veteran. But to take the attitude that the returning veteran is a problem is a bad beginning indeed. True, the twenty-year-old lad with the Purple Heart is not the carefree boy he was, but he is likely still a very normal boy, and he should be treated as normal. He is older, perhaps immeasurably older, but this is just a fact, not a problem.

The number of men with psychiatric disorders so severe as to make impossible normal living will be relatively few. Most disturbed personalities were potentially that way before the war; they will go back to homes which understand them. The mental conflict that will accompany disfigured bodies, however, is another

matter altogether and the Christian pastor will be recreant in his duty if he fails to supply to such men every spiritual comfort and material assistance at his command. God has been pleased in His gracious providence many times to use such calamities to draw His people closer to Him. Let every pastor, every church member, every relative of the wounded veteran pray that this may be the sovereign plan of almighty God for their loved one, and present every aid to him in achieving that goal.

In the foxholes, the barracks and the tents, the Christian soldier has dreamed of home. He wants it above all to be exactly the way it was when he left it. Perhaps his chaplain has been a Modernist. If so, he is hungry for the gospel he heard in his home church. Perhaps, in the devastation of battle, his devotional life dwindled or stopped altogether. He will likely welcome the opportunity and encouragement that pastor and friends and family can give him to reestablish his former devotional habits. The wise family will provide this opportunity without ostentation, without coercion, and above all without reproaches for past delinquencies.

There is a perfectly natural but most regrettable tendency to regard the returning veteran as a cross between a hero and a curiosity. He is put on exhibition, and any chance acquaintance feels entirely justified in demanding the complete story of all the horrors of his experiences. This is, of course, about as cruel a form of welcome home as could be devised, yet all too frequently it is indulged in by well-intentioned, but thoughtless persons. The other extreme, almost amounting to an ignoring of the veteran entirely, is equally bad. Common sense plus a generous supply of Christian friendship controlled by courtesy and consideration will supply the right formula in every case.

Finally, we suggest that every Bible-believing church do its utmost to absorb the returning serviceman into its church life as soon as possible. A special welcome for him, provided he is not required to recount the history of his campaigns, is entirely proper. He needs the friendship and association with Christian young people that the church can provide. He needs, as does every other member of the congregation, a deepening and broadening of his spiritual life. Bible

(See "Birch," page 236)

Blackridge Chapel

THE OPC

By the REV. CHARLES G. SCHAUFFELE

Pastor of Faith Orthodox Presbyterian Church, Harrisville, Pa., and New Hope Orthodox Presbyterian Church, Branchton, Pa.

YEARS ago the Black family settled its farm on a ridge of land just east of Wilksburg in western Pennsylvania. Today on this site the Covenant Orthodox Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh is planning to erect an attractive chapel on Graham Boulevard in the heart of fashionable Blackridge, Pittsburgh's swank and swelling eastern suburb.

Beneath Pitt's Tower of Learning, a tried and faithful group of Christians has been working and training for seven years. Located at Center and Neville Streets during these years, in the heart of a transient apartment neighborhood, Covenant Church has encountered all the difficulties of a new church in a large city. Now it faces an unparalleled opportunity for expansion in moving east to the residential Blackridge area.

The Rev. Calvin K. Cummings, persistent pastor of the church, has learned several valuable things about church building possibilities in the old location. One example of the earnest and untiring efforts to "begin at Jerusalem" will suffice. Out of three thousand calls in one year, there appeared to be one hundred twenty-five good prospects in the immediate area. Within six months forty of these had moved away. After five additional calls upon the remaining eighty-five prospects, even these reverted largely to the type of transients and were gone! During this survey, and subsequent duplicated efforts in peripheral areas, it was learned that the neighborhood bore a fifty-five per cent. Roman Catholic population, devotees of four Roman churches near-by. On the other side of the ecclesiastical avenue, thirty-four Protestant churches, Gothic and ghostly, of the mauve decade, beckoned with lace-mitted hands.

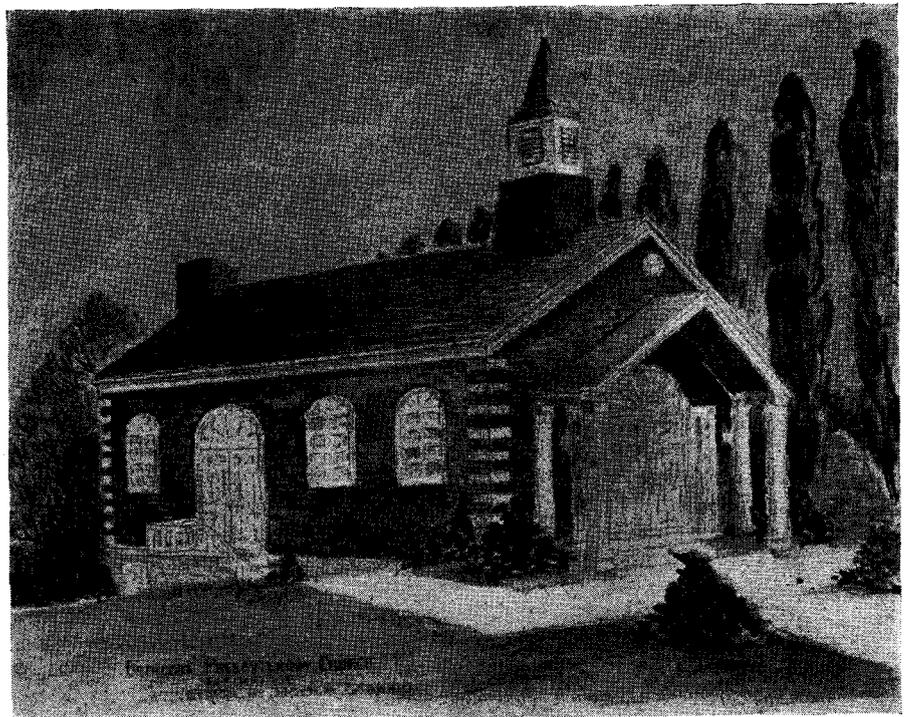
So, after earnestly and effectively seeking the lost in a rather unresponsive atmosphere, Covenant Church turned to explore new fields. At once seven possibilities seemed to offer greener pastures than the asphalt

streets of Shadyside. Of these, after careful preliminary tests and surveys by the pastor and the Rev. George W. Marston, one was selected.

On direct transportation line from central Pittsburgh, just off the feeder to Pennsylvania's super-highway, lies the development of Blackridge. On either side of Graham Boulevard, which follows the wide and undulating contour of the old farm's ridge, attractive new homes have been constructed. Eight hundred of these now discreetly follow the tastefully-ordered Colonial lanes of Blackridge. Plans will be untabled by V-J Day for the beginning of possibly five hundred more homes of the \$10,000 to \$15,000 class to supplement the already populous development now formed. Materially the future is bright for Blackridge. And so likewise spiritually. A questionnaire presented to the

resident families last summer brought out the following responses:

1. I would appreciate receiving more information about your work 45
2. I would be interested in a week-night Bible Class and fellowship 24
3. I would attend Sunday worship services held in this community 50
4. I would be interested in uniting with a church in this area that proclaimed the Bible as God's Word and Christ as God's Son and man's Saviour 27
5. I would send my children to your Sabbath School if held on Sunday morning 37
6. I would be glad to make a contribution to the Building



Architect's Sketch of the Proposed Blackridge Chapel

Fund of the Blackridge
Chapel 37

In the whole area seventy-seven per cent. of the people are Protestant. Few of this population are now served by the nearest church, historic Beulah Presbyterian Church (USA), founded by their Scottish Presbyterian ancestors. Between Graham Boulevard and Beulah Church there is a deep unpopulated wooded valley through which no one would send his children, even if Beulah were reaching out the hand that feeds.

Last year Mr. Cummings procured a very attractive and suitable game room in the home of the Byrons on Orlando Place. Sunday school was begun, which soon attracted whole families. Superintendent and teachers have come out from the old location each Sunday afternoon. A summer Bible school held at Blackridge this year has met with most encouraging response from sixty-five children. So where once the cows of Black's farm passively munched in the meadow, the later lambs of Blackridge are actively imbibing the Water of Life as they are led beside the still waters of the Word.

Blackridge Chapel and manse, side by side, will be built on two lots on Graham Boulevard. The ground cost \$3600. Lot and chapel together are expected to reach a minimum of \$21,000. The session hopes that at least half of this will be paid before occupancy about November 1st. The pastor and his family are undertaking the financial responsibility for their home, the manse. One family of Covenant Church has already moved near the chapel site. In time others may plan to locate in the immediate vicinity.

The church building project has stirred up a modern Sanballat and Tobiah. Some residents of Blackridge protested to the Council of Wilkesburg that no church was needed in Blackridge and that the presence of the church there would depreciate the value of their property. Although the zoning law permits a church in Blackridge and although all the requirements of the building code were met, the Council voted not to grant a permit to build. An appeal to the Board of Adjustment was lost. The case has been appealed to the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny County. And a hearing is expected in a few weeks.

Westminster Opening

THE Rev. Adrian DeYoung, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Tuscumbia, Alabama, will be the speaker at the opening exercises of Westminster Theological Seminary, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, on Wednesday afternoon, September 19th, at three o'clock. Mr. DeYoung's subject will be announced later.

The public is cordially urged to make plans now to attend Westminster's opening.

Rochester's Pioneer School

NEWS

By MARY WOLCOTT

A BIBLE school with a handful of children? This would never do. So the energetic new pastor and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. Charles L. Shook, of the Covenant Orthodox Presbyterian Church, Rochester, began a canvass in a new section about four miles from their church. And here they found a field indeed "white unto the harvest." Here was a village with not a church in sight, but with its streets teeming with children.

After the first rejoicing at these prospects was over, however, Mr. and Mrs. Shook began to wonder where to hold the Bible school. The more they searched the more desperate the situation appeared. This was a restricted area and utterly devoid of any public buildings. At last when investigation had killed almost all hope, they sighted a building which could be used. But not without much perseverance and prayer was it secured for summer use, and only after much shoveling, sweeping, scrubbing, disinfecting and whitewashing, was this ex-pony-barn made ready for use on the opening day.

How tirelessly Mr. Shook and his family worked to renovate the inelegant building! Scrubbing a barn with water carried from a well fifty feet away can seem like a never-ending

job. But with the support and generous gifts of an enthusiastic congregation, the "barn" was at last in readiness for the opening session on July 9th, when twenty-seven were in attendance. During the next few days the children proved to be good "fishermen," bringing the attendance to thirty-nine on Tuesday and sixty-two on Wednesday. When the closing day arrived, there were seventy-five enrolled, with an average attendance of fifty. Much credit is due also to the cooperation of the corps of teachers and assistants. Teachers for the school were Mr. and Mrs. Shook, Mrs. L. H. Jacobs and Miss Mary Wolcott. Assistants were Mrs. William Kurtz, Mr. Edward Wanjan, and Mrs. John Garland. The closing exercises were held outside, for the "auditorium" would not comfortably hold the ninety-six persons present.

The first Sunday after the vacation school had been completed, twenty-three appeared for Sunday school, and thirty-two came in spite of a down-pour the following Sunday. Many people in this village have expressed a desire to see the Sunday school continue, and that in the future a church might be established there.

University Association to Hold Annual Meeting

THE first annual meeting of the Christian University Association of America will be held on Thursday, September 6th, at 8 P.M. in the Assembly Room of the Central Y. M. C. A., 1421 Arch Street, Philadelphia. All members of the Association, and all persons interested in the project, are invited to attend.

The docket of the meeting will include the election of trustees in the class of 1948, reports on the work of the Association, and two addresses. One address will be delivered by the general secretary of the Association, the Rev. Edwin H. Rian, and the other by a well-known speaker whose name will be announced later.

Membership in the Christian University Association is open to everyone in sympathy with the purpose of the movement. Applications should be mailed to the Rev. Edwin H. Rian, General Secretary, Christian University Association, Elkins Park, Philadelphia 17, Pa.

Notes From a Navy Chaplain's Log

EVANGELISM

By CHAPLAIN E. LYNNE WADE, USN
Senior Chaplain, U.S.S. *Consolation*

PART THREE

MY WORK at Merrimack Park was a source of gladness from beginning to end. The whole community was reached in one way or another. Our Sunday school teachers were quite active in many matters, and among other things published a weekly community paper. In addition to articles urging everyone to come to the services, and telling of the special treats we were enjoying there, they included a copy of the *Home Evangel* in every copy once a month, as well as other Christian literature from time to time. I did much house-to-house visitation, especially with the sick and troubled, and was frequently called in by those with special problems.

Souls were saved, and the saints edified. The Tuesday evening Bible classes were a means in God's hands of constant growth in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and a means of the salvation of some. Mine was a unique opportunity, for I had exclusive charge of all the religious activities in the area and responsibility for them.

The Sunday school flourished and, during the one summer I was there, a thriving and successful daily Bible school was conducted, in which over a score of children confessed Christ as their personal Saviour. Lessons were based chiefly on the material provided by the Orthodox Presbyterian Committee on Christian Education, prepared then by Dr. Lawrence B. Gilmore. Practically every one of the fourteen or fifteen members of my own Sunday school class of high school young people accepted Christ before our ministry ended there.

Saddest of all my duties was the delivery of certain official messages from the Navy Department to the women of the community. "The Navy Department regrets to inform you—"

Once a message came for one of the finest and most active members of my congregation. Her ten-year-old

son, Peter, Jr., was one who had given his heart to Christ in the summer Bible school; he was always present at every service, and was invariably the first one ready to give the right answer to my Bible questions during the children's sermon in the morning service. The mother is evidently still a faithful reader of *THE PRESBYTERIAN GUARDIAN*, because she sent in almost as much money as all the other gifts put together for the purchase of the communion set given to me last year through the *GUARDIAN*. Her husband had been a Chief Water Tender on the *Vincennes* when the fury of the enemy struck off Guadalcanal back in November, 1942, so he was "down below" with never a chance to escape. I could not know then that in a few short weeks I should be passing over the very spot of his watery grave.

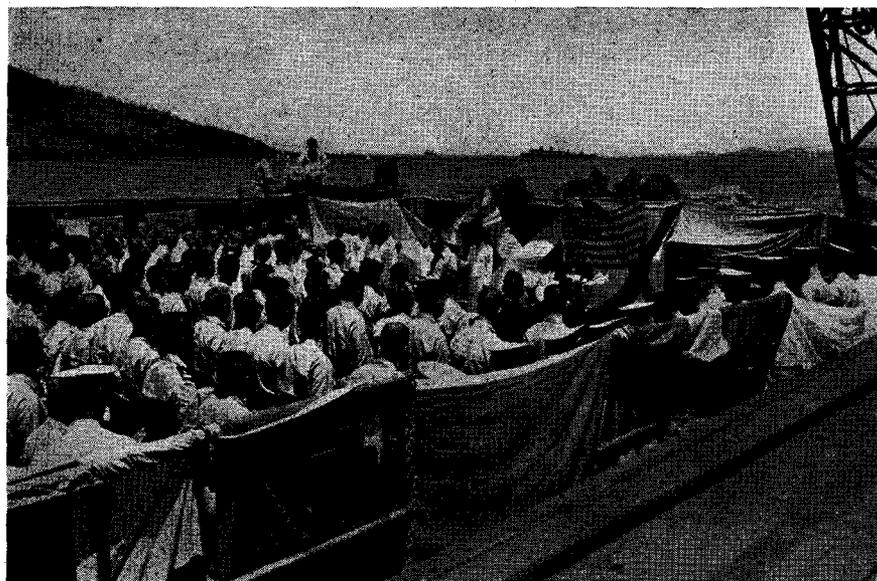
My message was always the same in these cases—the only hope, the only comfort was abiding faith in Christ. In addition to that, here was an opportunity for a glorious victory and an advance to spiritual heights previously unknown if the victim of this stroke of God's sovereign providence could and would, in saving faith and trustful resignation, obey

His Word which says, "In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." I have seen the saints triumph!

One day a distracted mother's voice called me at my office over the telephone from Merrimack Park. "Chaplain, you are my last hope. My son is a bright, intelligent boy, but has become the very devil incarnate. He has just been thrown out of school and his teacher says he is absolutely incorrigible. He has a great admiration for you, however, so will you please come out and see if you can't help me?"

It was the beginning of summer, and it struck me that if we could get him off the streets and playgrounds of Merrimack Park all summer, and put him into the environment of a Christian summer camp, there might be hope. As long as we were taking the one lad up, others might as well go too. So I secured a six-day leave and drove five boys from the community to such a camp. Several others later went by other means. And every single one of them professed to have given his heart to Christ before returning home!

Around the first of September I drove up again to bring back the four



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

A Navy Chaplain conducts a church service on board ship

who remained, including Harlan, the "incorrigible." On the two-hour ferry ride from Cape Charles, they passed out tracts to every passenger aboard, and it would have been impossible to restrain their zeal for personal evangelism. They witnessed individually and collectively to many open-mouthed strangers. Whence came these things from such children? "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained praise."

Harlan was a changed youngster. On the long drive home, the boys talked of nothing but the things of the Lord, whereas in going up to the camp, their chief pastime had been reading a large supply of comic magazines and their chief topic of conversation had been the movies. Now they sang the Lord's songs until their voices cracked. They dropped scores of "gospel bombs" (tracts rolled in cellophane) to people walking along the country roads and on city streets, or standing at the corners waiting for buses or passing traffic. They had bought all these tracts with their own small allowance of funds. They witnessed to the waitress at the hamburger joint, they bowed their heads to thank God for their food before they ate. All this without any suggestions or prompting from me. I marveled at the sweet, sovereign grace of God!

Perhaps I should mention briefly other phases of my activities. I had been changing more and more into a "Navy man." I had become accustomed to the 24-hour clock, calling 11 A.M. 1100 (eleven hundred), 4:30 P.M. 1630, and 9:51 P.M. 2151. I had learned to call a floor a deck, a ceiling an overhead, a wall a bulkhead, a water fountain a scuttlebutt (also the Navy word for gossip), a doctor a medical officer, a rope a line, and the captain the skipper or "the old man." After nearly three and a half years in the Navy, however, I must still confess to a certain amount of self-consciousness in the use of these terms—at least, when I'm among landlubbers.

I had also visited and investigated thoroughly every phase of Naval life and work. I had boarded and inspected every type of Naval vessel, from the biggest "battlegoons" and carriers down to small landing craft. I had dinner as the guest of the Chaplains aboard such famous ban-

ner-bearers as the *Hornet* (just before she sailed out for her rendezvous with the enemy in the glorious climax of her career), the *Quincy*, the *Texas*, and many others. I had been "piped over the side" of such great ships as that pride of the British Navy, the *King George*, which had just brought Winston Churchill to our shores on his first war-time visit to the United States.

Ships of my own station's "mosquito fleet" had carried me often out into the waters of the Atlantic. I would go aboard a minesweeper at three or four in the morning and watch all day as the crew streamed and manipulated the complicated gear to destroy every type of device our ingenious enemy had tried to lay in the path of our warships and convoys entering and leaving the great port of Norfolk.

I had gone out to board torpedoed derelicts with their bow or stern rising crazily from the surface of the sea. There I saw all that was left of men who had been blown to bits, I saw gaping holes and twisted superstructures caused by the power of explosive destruction, and all the other evidences of the unspeakable waste and horror of war. I had flown in various types of planes with the pilot-heroes of our air force, who count not the cost as they battle death and the enemy in the skies of this war-torn world. My love and admiration for the brave, intelligent men of our American fighting forces, even in those days before I had seen the terrible things I was later to behold, brought a lump to my throat many times.

I have been called out of my bed in the middle of the night to hurry to the docks to meet boats, loaded with survivors of a vessel that had just been torpedoed just offshore from the Virginia beaches. I have seen men in every condition of life and death. I have told many of the love and comfort and salvation to be found in Christ alone. I have seen men pass from the agony of this life into the peace of eternity in the glorious presence of Christ through faith in His atoning work. I have seen others pass into the awful doom of a Christless grave. I have visited often the great Naval Hospital at Portsmouth to comfort and proclaim hope to many sheep without the Good Shepherd. I knew why God

had called me into the Navy for such a time as this.

Never in all my Christian life had I had a better opportunity to give out the gospel on the printed page. During my first year in the Navy, I distributed over 4000 copies of the Gideon Society's splendid edition of the New Testament with the Psalms and Bible study helps. I gave out some 10,000 tracts and other pieces of Christian literature, a great part of which was supplied by our own Committee on Christian Education. I tried to supply each outgoing gun crew from the Armed Guard School (of which there were some two hundred by the time I was transferred) with a copy of the New Testament for each man, and other literature, with suggestions for holding services at sea. Many reports came in later of how these suggestions had been followed with great blessing. Those were the days when the Germans especially were attacking our ships furiously from sea, land and air.

At last God must have determined that I was ready for service in other more dangerous fields. Irish in blood and temperament, I must confess that I love a fight and thrive on dangerous excitement. My human spirit, perhaps sinfully, chafed at the thought of "fighting this war from behind a desk in the United States." I had long ago asked for duty where men were fighting and dying in battle, not just to be dramatic and seek to be a "hero" but because I have a message for such men.

I had specified the Philippines area in those days when we still thought the Japs had done their worst. Now, in November, 1942, we were satisfied and glad that our brave Marines had gotten a toehold on a little, unheard-of island named Guadalcanal, a mere speck of dust on the vast waters of the southwest Pacific—very much too far south, in fact, for international safety and comfort.

The battle was still raging—our forces were still sitting precariously on a small patch of land, and the issue was by no means yet settled. If the powers that be, therefore, had called me in and said, "Chaplain Wade, what spot in all this world would you rather be sent to than any other?" I should have answered without a moment's hesitation, "Guadalcanal!" How God does give (See "Wade," page 239)

The Presbyterian GUARDIAN

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EDITORIAL

Tampering

THE church of Christ is constantly subjected to pressure, from within and without, which seeks to turn it to the right or left of the narrow path of righteousness and truth. Both the church as an organization and the individuals who compose it feel this pressure.

Public opinion, expediency, "progress," "gain," and many other levers, sometimes several in combination, are used to attempt to turn the church to the left and bring it into conformity with the world. And the effort is not without success. Many indeed are the weak-kneed individuals who know better but who go along with the crowd. Others compromise their morals "just this once" to make a big business profit or attain a high position. At the extreme, we see one church employing a fan dancer to obtain a large attendance in the Sunday evening service. We hear another toning down the offensiveness of the cross—"sugar-coating the gospel," they call it. Again, many, we may even say most, churches refuse to exercise discipline because it is unpopular and difficult. Without searching diligently, we can discover that individuals and churches are both prone to shun the designation "old-fashioned" and seek to be known as "up-to-date" in every way.

Traditions, creeds, timidity, and reaction are some of the weapons which Satan uses to turn the church to the right of the Word of God. It is said, for example, that for centuries Christians have believed such and such a doctrine, so it must be true and we must not meddle with it. Certain practices have been ob-

served for years, so we do not want to change them now, under any circumstances. And who are we that we should attempt to contradict such men of God as those who drew up the great creeds of Christendom? Again, there are those who are shocked by the extremes of worldliness and who seek to offset them by going to the other extreme.

Many therefore are the enemies of Christ's church, and it matters not to which side they would drive us—to the left or to the right—we must not allow ourselves to be driven. Neither one is preferable to the other; both are sinful. God's Word is our law; nothing short of it or beyond it is of righteousness or truth. It is easier to swing left than right, for it is easier to take down bars than to put them up. But, on the other hand, people in general are naturally traditionalists and extremists, so the temptation to turn right is also very real. The temptation is strong in either direction, and Satan is very subtle.

An example from current history illustrates a leftward swing. In recent years, particularly noticeable since the crisis culminating in the abdication of King Edward VIII, there has been a growing leftward sentiment in the Church of England. The late Archbishop of Canterbury was leading to the left, especially in political and social matters, but a religious leftward swing has not been absent. Last May that church changed its position on marriages with "in-laws." Until that time its *Table of Kindred and Affinity*—which sets down the degrees of relationship within which marriage is not permissible—was grounded in the Scriptures, particularly in the 18th Chapter of Leviticus. Now ten categories of marriage which are forbidden in Leviticus are to be permitted by the Church of England. The unbelieving world and civil laws largely disregard this portion of the Levitical law, and sentiment against it is constantly increasing; it may be that the Church of England is seeking to keep pace with the times. But whatever the reason, the church has in this instance turned to the left.

Now the question arises, Must the church be frozen in a certain mold? May it never change? never move to the left or right? The crux of this question may be brought out by asking another question: What is the

thing to the right or left of which the church moves? Since no church is perfect it may—even must—insofar as it is imperfect, move to the right and left of its own established position. It may not move to the right or left of the Word of God. Insofar as the Word of God and the position of the church coincide, the church may not change its position. Thus there are changes which are prompted by Satan and others which are prompted by God. It is the church's duty to try the spirits whether they be of God. So change is not necessarily wrong.

Within The Orthodox Presbyterian Church there have been and are those who would turn us to the left and those who would turn us to the right of our position on this point and that. So we have discussion, and often sharp difference of opinion. Great pressure has in the past been brought to bear to move the church from its position to one side or the other. Many times will this occur in the future. In the past the church has proved itself a good church of Jesus Christ, for it has not said, We will not change our position. Rather it has reexamined its position in the light of the Word of God and it has sought to take its stand not upon its position but upon the Word. It has sought to have its position in perfect conformity with the Word of God. We maintain our various tenets because we believe them in accord with the Word of God. When called upon to defend them, we have turned to the Word of God. We recognize that our position is not in itself sacred. We have been willing to tamper with our position; we have not been willing to tamper with eternal truth.

May God grant that this shall ever be so! Let us follow the times where we can, but not when it means tampering with the Word.

—J. P. G.



The Gospels present to us just one Christ—the supernatural Christ. They do so with overwhelmingly self-evidencing force. When shall we just accept their witness? When shall we just say that Christ did walk upon this earth? When shall we just come to that divine Christ and ask Him to be the Saviour of our souls?

—J. GRESHAM MACHEN

Hinduism

MISSIONS

"Faiths Men Die By"—PART 14

By the REV. ROBERT S. MARSDEN

HINDUISM is the general name that is applied to the principal religions of India. It is the religious system that is embraced by about two-thirds of the 350,000,000 inhabitants of that vast continent. Strictly speaking, Hinduism can hardly be considered as one religion, since there are so many diverse manifestations of it. As India can hardly be considered a nation, but rather a geographical area, so the religion of India can hardly be regarded as one religion but rather a whole religious system. If there were but a comparatively small number of Hindu sects, they might possibly be analyzed; but much of Hinduism is not organized religion at all but consists of personal reactions to the system known as Hinduism. There are thousands of manifestations of the system, and these myriads of manifestations differ one from another, sometimes in very important aspects.

If Hinduism is not a unified religion, what is it? Let us listen to one of its important votaries. A Hindu, he says, is "one born in India, whose parents, as far as people can remember, were not foreigners, or who did not profess foreign religions like Mohammedanism, or Christianity, or Judaism, and who himself has not embraced any such religion." An American writer, John Clark Archer, says, "The problem reduces itself to the generalization that Hinduism is the religion of the Hindu; and that a Hindu is one who is born of Hindu parents; who marries a Hindu; who respects Brahman priests and depends more or less directly upon their ministrations; who respects the cow as a sacred animal; who holds the ancient Vedas in reverence; who practices cremation; who accepts the distinctions of caste; who obeys the rules prohibiting marriage between persons of different castes, and dining with persons of inferior caste, and the eating of forbidden foods such as beef; and who believes in one imminent, all-inclusive Supreme Being, *Brahma*, and in the universal operation of *karma* and the transmigration of souls" (*Faiths Men Live By*—pp.

175, 176). *Brahma* is not in any sense a personal god, but in form is neuter, and represents the impersonal.

Let us observe how this works out in a typical village described by Archer. There are perhaps 700,000 such villages in India and the scene of one squalid village is repeated time and again in other villages. Archer has been there and the scene he describes is familiar to him. "In the dry season (our autumn, winter and spring), the village has road connection with the main highway, two miles distant, but during the 'Rains,' it is inaccessible save on foot. Its homes are thirty-five mud houses, with thatch or red tile roofs, clustered in irregular fashion about an open center. One house is larger than the rest; it is that of the head-man. Pillars of crudely carved wood flank his doorway, through which one enters an inner court. Color decorations of various designs adorn the walls. At the edge of the village is a glistening white temple, the most conspicuous village structure, and the pride of the inhabitants. The most interesting villager is the temple priest. He is a Brahman and the only Brahman. He must do his own cooking, and wash his own utensils and clothing. He may not risk defilement from the touch or even the shadow of those of lesser caste. He conducts worship for the inhabitants, mostly farmers, although among them live some brick and tile makers, and some fisher folk. At one side of the village lives a small group of *chamars* or leather-workers, outcasts who live their life apart and serve their own gods. Temple worship represents the higher order of religion in the village, but the villagers observe lower forms as well. Notice the iron spikes driven into the sacred tree, whereby man makes contact with the spirit of the tree. Notice also the stone symbols of *linga-puja*, the worship of the male and female organs of procreation. Upon the symbols of these organs in contact lie flower-tokens, and they are wet with libations of water which have been poured upon them. The chief god of the *chamars* is a spherical, smooth,

white stone resting on a mud base near their cluster of huts" (*ibid.*, p. 177).

The bestial rites which are observed as integral parts of the religion are indescribable in their lewdness. One has but to read a book such as *Mother India* by Katherine Mayo to see that, while India is the most poverty-stricken region in the world, what India needs is not reform of its political situation, as advocated by the Moslem League or by Gandhi, nor a renovation of its economic processes, but Christ and Him alone! Yet this degenerate form of religion is the one by which people are dying by the millions, and one with which we must cope. To cope with it we must understand it, for nowhere in Scripture are we taught that the preaching of the gospel can be done in a vacuum. Preaching must be intimately related to the needs of the people, for the Apostle makes it clear that Christ died for our sins—not for sins in general—and the sins of the people to whom we preach must be understood if we are to combat them. An application of the gospel to the sins of the people is essential to the faithful proclamation of the good news of deliverance from sin.

If there is so little unity among the varied forms of Hinduism, how can it be studied? Certainly one has hardly the time and energy to study all the thousands of manifestations of Hinduism. A study of a number of these forms reveals that there are many ideas and practices which practically all forms of Hinduism have in common. To be sure, there are scattered sects which may lack one or more of the commonly designated Hindu characteristics. Yet a study of the following list will reveal most of the characteristics necessary to an understanding of Hinduism. We shall thus study this list in order and then we shall complete our study of Hinduism with a consideration of the "modernist" Hindu sects which have lately gained prominence. The list will include (1) *Karma*—the law of the deed. (2) Belief in the transmigration of souls. (3) A consequent general pessimistic view of life and the desire to find release. (4) The Hindu gods. (5) An underlying pantheism. (6) A high regard for the ascetic. (7) A dominant emphasis on the passive virtues. (8) A deep reverence for the sacred books—the Vedas.

(9) An esteem for the practice of the *Dharma*—law, usage, custom, no one English word serves to define the term. (10) Observance of the prin-

ciple of caste. (See *The World's Religions*, by Braden, pp. 108, 109.) These ten ideas will be dealt with in this order in the subsequent studies.

"My Other Home"

CHILDREN

A Story in Two Parts, for The Children's Hour

By HARRIET Z. TEAL

PART ONE

FOUR little girls sat on the porch steps of Alice's home, very silently, with serious faces, watching the big house across the street. The girls were Alice and her little friend Grace and two neighbor girls, somewhat older than the others. Grace, whose home was around the corner on the next street, often came over to Alice's to play.

For the last day or two, the children had been watching with interest, and then with awe, the big house across the street. First they noticed a beautiful spray of lilies hanging beside the front door. Alice and Grace had admired the flowers very much.

"They are so pretty," said Alice.

"But why are they there?" asked Grace.

Catherine, an older girl who lived down the block a little way, and had paused to look over at the flowers, too, told the children, "That means someone is dead in that house—I think it is Mr. Dennett; my mother said he was very sick."

"Someone dead!" Grace caught her breath; she hardly knew what that meant. She had heard of people dying, but no one that she knew had ever died. Grace had often seen Mr. Dennett go in and out of the big house across the street from Alice's. She had seen him get into his car and drive down the street. Sometimes he had waved his hand and called "Hello" to the children at their play, and once Mr. and Mrs. Dennett had taken Grace and Alice for a ride downtown in their car. And now Mr. Dennett was dead! Grace tried to realize what that meant, but somehow she couldn't.

Today Mr. Dennett's funeral was being held. The girls, sitting on the steps, half hidden by the shrubbery in front of Alice's house, had seen the row of cars draw up along the

curb on the other side of the street. They had seen many people, some with very sad faces, go up the front walk to the Dennett house. Each time the door was opened silently from the inside to let the people enter and was closed quietly behind them.

For what seemed a long time the children had watched the closed front door while no more people went in or out. "They are having the services now," one of the older girls whispered. At last the front door opened. Once more people in twos and threes began to come out of the house. Some of these people walked away down the street, but others waited quietly on either side of the gateway.

Then the children saw, coming out of the door and down the walk, several men carrying between them a long, heavy box or casket, the top of which was covered with beautiful flowers. The people waiting at the gate bowed their heads sadly and the men among them took off their hats and held them in their hands. As the men carrying the casket passed slowly through the gateway, a long, shiny, black car drew up to the curb and the casket was slid into it; then the big car moved away down the street. Now other people were coming out of the house. The first of these was a lady dressed in black who was weeping so that the children could hear her from where they sat. A young man and a young girl, who looked as though they were crying too, had their arms around the poor lady and were helping her into a car. This car moved slowly off after the big one containing the casket, and more cars, one after another, stopped before the gate as more sad people got in and the cars moved on, till the last had gone, and a few blocks away all turned a corner and disappeared from view.

Little Grace watched all this with

a bewildered half-frightened feeling, trying to understand what it meant.

"What was in that box?" she asked at last in a whisper.

"Mr. Dennett was in the casket," replied Sara, one of the older girls.

"Why?" asked Grace.

"Mr. Dennett died—he's dead," the girl told her impatiently. "Don't you know? They are taking him out to the cemetery to bury him in a grave—that's a big hole that's dug in the ground. The minister will sprinkle some earth on the casket and say, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' then they will put in more earth on the casket and fill up the grave, and Mr. Dennett will be buried."

Grace shuddered with horror and fright. She waited to hear no more, but fled up the street and around the corner to her own home. The poor little girl ran weeping wildly into the living-room and threw herself into the arms of her mother who sat sewing in the rocking chair by the window.

"Gracie dear, what is it, tell Mother?" But for a long time the poor child could only cry, while Mother held her close and tried to soothe her. At last Grace sobbed, "Oh Mother—Mr. Dennett—he's dead—they took him away in a box to bury him under the ground! Mother, I thought people went to heaven when they died—not under the ground—Oh Mother, I'm afraid!" And little Grace broke out crying again. "Gracie," said her Mother, "listen to me. It is true that when people die their bodies are laid in the ground until the Day of Resurrection, but that is only their bodies. Do you remember when you heard the Story of Creation, you learned that God made Adam's body out of the dust of the ground, then breathed into Adam's body the breath of life, and Adam became a living soul? God made Adam's body for his soul to live in. If Adam had never disobeyed God his body and soul would never have had to be separated, but Adam did disobey and the Lord told him that because of this his body would have to go back into the dust again."

"Well, Mother, God warned Adam in the first place, didn't He, that if he ate of the fruit he'd surely die?"

"Yes, dear, indeed He did. I am glad you remember the lesson so well. You see, then, why death came; it was because of man's sin. But God's love is greater than man's sin—For God

so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life.

"My body is like a house I live in," continued Grace's mother, "or like a dress I wear—it isn't all there is of me—and some day God will call me out of this house, or to lay aside this dress, which is my body, and because I have believed on Jesus Christ as my Saviour and love and follow Him, I am God's child, and when I die I shall go—quick as a flash—right away out of this house that is my body to be with God in heaven.

"Let's look in my Bible and see what the Apostle Paul, who loved and served God so truly, said about this in letters that he wrote to some of his Christian friends. In one letter he told them that while we are at home in our body we are absent (that means away) from the Lord, and Paul goes on to say that he would rather be away from his body, and up in heaven with his Lord. Then in another letter Paul said that while he wanted to stay with his dear Christian friends and help and teach them to love and obey God, he also had a greater longing to go away from this world 'to be with Christ, which is far better.' Though of course Paul was willing to stay here till God called him away. And another time Paul said this, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him.' That means that no one has ever seen or heard or even imagined anything so wonderful and lovely and beautiful as the Home and the joys that God is preparing in heaven for those that love Him here."

"Oh yes, Mother," Grace replied, "that is like the verses we learned in John 14, where Jesus said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' and 'I go to prepare a place for you.'"

"Yes, dear, and the Lord Jesus went on to say, 'I will come again and receive you unto myself.' Some day the Lord will come to call the bodies of His loved ones out of the grave, well and strong and glorious to be with Him in heaven forever.

"But, Grace, there is something very sad that we must not forget—these promises are not for everyone, but only for those who put their trust in the Saviour. To those people who will not believe on Him, God

will say, 'Go away into everlasting punishment.'"

* * *

A few days later Mother came out into the yard where Grace and Alice were playing tea-party under the trees, and said, "Would you two like to come with me to visit a very happy girl, I think the happiest girl that I have ever met?"

The two little girls looked up from their play with interested faces, and Grace said, "Oh Mother, if that girl is so happy she must have lots of nice toys and things and we'll have lots of fun playing with her."

Grace's mother smiled gently but did not reply to her daughter's remark. After a short walk the three came to a little gray house, on a quiet side street. There was a neat green lawn in front of the house and a shady tree, but as Grace walked up the short path to the door she thought, "Why should a girl living in a house like this be so happy. My home is better than hers."

The door was opened, in response to their knock, by a sweet-faced woman with gray hair, to whom Grace's mother said, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Stewart. I have brought these girls to call on your Vera."

"Do come in," Mrs. Stewart replied cordially. "Vera will be so happy to see the girls. But will you please be seated for a few moments while I go tell her you are here?"

Grace looked around the plain, neat little room and wondered still more about the girl who could be so very happy living in a house like this. There were none of the little luxuries which Grace was so used to in the living-room at home, and which she always had taken for granted.

Soon Mrs. Stewart came back and asked them to follow her to Vera's room. It was a simple little room, plainly furnished like the rest of the house, yet somehow it seemed very sweet and attractive and full of light. The walls were tinted a soft, pretty color, and two sunny windows had white ruffled curtains, and bright flowers were blooming on the sills. But Grace was not looking at the room. She was gazing in astonishment at the girl whom her mother had described as the happiest girl she had ever met. For Vera, who was a little older than her two young visitors, lay propped up on a bed by one of the windows.

She was very pale and thin but her cloud of golden hair and the happy, sunny smile with which she greeted her visitors, made her look beautiful.
(To be concluded)



Your FAMILY ALTAR

AUG. 28TH. NAH. 3:7-19 (19a)*
THE story of Nineveh unfolds the sinful tendency of men and the longsuffering mercy of God. His daily mercy is poured out upon nations and men; they daily rebel against Him in thought, word and deed. Yet man may sin presumptuously against God's mercy and bring upon himself swift destruction. So Nineveh, forgetting the God of mercy, should now be hurt with an unhealing bruise—destruction.

29TH. HAB. 2:1-14 (14)
In various ways the knowledge of the glory of the Lord shall be made known universally. Usually our voices are raised in thanksgiving and praise after some great evidence of God's mercy. There are many such occasions. Yet this passage would teach us that the glory of the Lord is also manifested in the punishment of sin. Therein we learn of His purity and justice (cf. 1:12, 13). Lord, help us to behold Thy glory in all things!

30TH. ZEPH. 2 (3)
Surely God is sifting nations in this day. Great is the destruction, widespread is the famine and need, terrible is the sinful blood-lust of men! Yet we know that in the midst of these war-thirsty people dwell meek ones, seekers after righteousness. Unto them God shall reveal His protecting care. Let us remember to pray for our brethren in the lands where bloodshed and death are rife.

31ST. HAG. 2:1-9 (7)
In the midst of discouragement, God often sends encouragement. When Israel returned from captivity and rebuilt the temple, there was weeping because of the diminished glory of the temple. But what promises God gave! The Desire of all nations (Jesus Christ, God's Son)

* Verses printed in the headings in parentheses are to be memorized.

shall come to this very temple; therefore it shall be filled with God's glory and God shall grant peace therein unto those who receive the Promised One. The glory of Christ shall far outshine the outward material glory of Solomon's wondrous temple.

SEPT. 1ST. ZECH. 2 (11)

Zechariah follows Haggai's prophecy with one concerning Jerusalem. It too shall be full of glory when the Messiah comes. That glory shall go forth to many people. It shall spread as the sun's rays till all the earth shall behold the radiance. From Jerusalem the gospel message has come to our land. By His grace our hearts have been made to rejoice! Lord, enable us to further this same gospel by our own consecration, gifts and prayers.

2ND. MAL. 2 (7)

If the Lord did not rebuke our iniquity, we would continue insensible to our sin. "Wherein have we wearied him?" is often the question of unrepentant sinners. God has sent His messengers with the express purpose of imparting knowledge, reproving, rebuking, instructing. Woe unto that people whose ministers depart from the way! There is none to lead them in the pathway of righteousness. Pray God to raise up a generation of converted, spiritual and courageous pastors, shepherds of the flock.

3RD. MATT. 14:22-33 (31)

Peter was attempting to perform a work hitherto never performed by man. It was a work of faith. It required trust in Jesus Christ. It required an overlooking of the present dangerous circumstances. While we do not attempt to walk upon the water today, yet we are called upon to perform new kinds of work for Christ, surrounded by adverse conditions, positive opposition and difficult problems. Let us not sink beneath these trying waves through doubt and lack of faith in Him who is the same yesterday, today and forever!

4TH. MARK 1:16-28 (17)

While on vacation, it was a privilege to watch the fishermen industriously plying their trade. Their knowledge, patience and skill was a lesson not soon forgotten. Centuries ago God called just such fishermen to be His apostles and sent them forth to be fishers of men. At this present time God is still calling us to be

BEGINNING in the next Guardian, "Your Family Altar" will base its daily meditations upon the Westminster Shorter Catechism. It is suggested that readers secure copies of the Shorter Catechism for each member of the family. They may be purchased from the office of The Presbyterian Guardian, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia 2, Pa., at the cost of 3 cents each plus postage.

fishers of men. Are you willing to follow Christ, forsake all, and draw precious souls to Him?

5TH. LUKE 5:1-11 (11)

Jesus commanded Peter's boat. It was the means of his livelihood, and was now, for the time, useless to him for his work. But do you notice that the Lord will be debtor to no man? For after thus occupying the boat He commands Peter to go and let down his nets: the catch was so great that the boat could not hold it. Fear not to yield all to Christ; He will repay a hundredfold!

6TH. JOHN 7:14-31 (17)

Just a week or so ago we read of the glory and peace that should fill the temple built after the captivity. Here, in part, is the fulfillment of those promises. Christ was teaching in the temple a divine doctrine given from the living and true God; a doctrine which breathes authority and brings forth righteousness to all who believe. Lord, help us to be both receptive and obedient unto Thy Word.

7TH. ACTS 2:1-11 (4)

What a revival came in the active ministry of the disciples when the Holy Spirit descended into their hearts! That fear which had closed their mouths departed and was replaced with a power to speak in many tongues the gospel of salvation through the sacrifice of Christ on Calvary. That fear which had confined them to a few familiar and perhaps secluded spots gave way before the compulsion to tell forth the message widely. The fear of death was dispelled by the desire to impart the only life-giving message.

8TH. ROM. 3:19-31 (28)

Uttered by the prophets, reasoned

out by the apostle in Romans, re-emphasized in Galatians is that great soul-liberating doctrine of justification by faith. What fears and torments, what grounds for false pride, what unavailing works are forever overthrown by this blessed truth! The Christian's declaration of freedom, peace and victory will not be a "V" Day, nor was it July 4, 1776, but in the long ago when Paul wrote these words, "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law."

9TH. I COR. 3 (21-23)

The party spirit was known in the days of the apostle Paul. To combat it, Paul argued that men were but God's ministers, called unto various kinds of service, equipped with different talents for which they were responsible unto the Lord. Further, he argued that a party spirit was entirely out of order, as all things belong unto each one in Christ Jesus. Unhappily such a spirit is not unknown in our day. Give ear to God's Word, set your face toward God's provision, seek God's glory, and this spirit shall disappear.

10TH. II COR. 3 (18)

Shining through this chapter is a glow of warmth and fellowship between the apostle and members of the Corinthian church. Such a feeling should always be the bond that unites the pastor and his people, the shepherd and the flock. If this relationship exists, the people will be a worthy reflection of the faithful pastor and the pastor will be more zealous in his ministration among the people.

11TH. GAL. 4:1-11 (4, 5)

Christians have a very wonderful position through their adoption as sons by Christ Jesus. The Holy Spirit, abiding within, persuades them of their intimate relationship to the heavenly Father. The Scriptures tell them of their freedom from the bondage of both Old Testament shadows and heathen imaginations. Being bound unto Christ liberates us from all other bondage.

12TH. EPH. 3:1-12 (8)

Have you ever thought of the privileges of this gospel age into which you have been born by God's divine providence? Whereas in the old dispensation God revealed Himself in types and shadows and divers ordinances through the prophets, now by His Son the antitype replaces the

type, the substance displaces the shadow. But more than that, in Christ Jesus are unsearchable riches—a treasury of precious promises, a storehouse of infinite wonders, Himself the desire of ten thousand times ten thousand!

13TH. PHIL. 1:1-11 (3)

The apostle Paul had a large ministry and his heart was as large as his ministry was extensive. His personal interest in the churches immediately attracts our attention. How he rejoiced in every good word from the congregations among whom he labored. With what pains he prayed for their spiritual progress. How intensely he yearned after their growth in righteousness and discernment. Lord, give Thy people largeness of heart, broadness of vision and depth of wisdom.

14TH. COL. 1:9-20 (14)

Does not the contemplation of the glory of Christ's preëminence often leave you without words to express your thoughts? Reread slowly and thoughtfully the words of our text today, bearing in mind that this is one of the great Christ-centered passages of the Scripture. Enumerate the distinct statements concerning Him; then think of these as directly affecting your own personal relationship to the One thus exalted; then let your heart flow out in praise to the Father for His infinite grace in Christ Jesus.

15TH. I THESS. 1 (5a)

Two things strike us as we read this chapter: First, there is the thought that Paul found in the spiritual life and service of the Thessalonian church a testimony which was so strong that the fame of it went before him and in a real sense prepared the ground for his labors. Second, there is Paul's ready acknowledgment of this fine testimony. So often we find Paul quick to commend and encourage those who are striving to honor our Lord.

16TH. II THESS. 2 (13)

It is well for us to consider the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, not just once or twice a year but at all times. Not only should we consider it, but also we should long for it. We must be watchful that it comes not upon us at a time when we look not for it. A lively hope is in no way incompatible with the faithful performance of the work God has entrusted unto each of us as His dear children.

17TH. I TIM. 1:1-11 (8)

Unfortunately there are some who would entirely ignore the proper use of the law, who would even oppose all reference in the gospel to the law. But in our passage we are given to see that the law is good. It is most certainly needed as a standard of righteousness and a rebuke to evildoers. How would God have men live? The full implications of the law provide the answer. This is part of the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

18TH. II TIM. 2:1-10 (1)

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is heartening to the Christian soldier. Thereupon he is firmly established; thereby he is enabled to wage a good warfare; therein he finds refuge in the hour of danger. By His grace, disciples are able to suffer all things. Lord Jesus, enable us to be strong in the grace that is in Thee. Help us to be forever thankful for the bestowal of Thy grace upon us.

19TH. TITUS 3 (5)

It is very evident from Scripture that men are not saved by good works, but they are saved unto good works. The great motive to perform good works is the grace of God whereby we are saved. The great end of good works is fruitfulness before God. With what joy and zeal, with what praise and thankfulness we should glorify Him by our good works, who has saved us according to His mercy!

Birch

(Concluded from page 226)

classes whose membership is restricted to veterans might in some instances be a worthwhile week-night function. In other cases, such segregation might well be impractical or even harmful. The pastors and sessions, with the loyal coöperation of the members, must prayerfully and carefully face each case individually, and direct their course according to the requirements of the problem that confronts them.

Here is a mighty challenge to the people of God. Churches which have kept in close touch with their service members will have little difficulty in retaining their loyalty and devotion when they return. Churches which have been derelict in that duty may still, by tireless and understanding coöperation, re-

gain whatever ground may have been lost. The returning veteran desperately needs that which the church can give him, and the church no less needs the veteran, if it is to fulfill its God-appointed task. May every church which possesses and proclaims the truth of God's Word meet and answer this challenge!

Southern Presbyterians Enjoy Visit of Dr. Young

DURING June the Rev. Professor Edward J. Young, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Old Testament in Westminster Theological Seminary, visited several churches of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S., conducting evangelistic meetings and bringing to Southern Presbyterians the message and witness of The Orthodox Presbyterian Church. Pastors of two churches have written to THE PRESBYTERIAN GUARDIAN to tell of their appreciation of Dr. Young's ministry, and their letters are here published.

The first is from the Rev. H. R. Gladney, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Madison, Florida:

The question has often been asked, "Why have a meeting in an over-churched community where practically every living soul has his or her name on one of the church rolls?" I think Madison Presbyterians can answer that question, as well as members of our sister denominations here.

For some time we have felt the need for a voice that could stir our hearts in the sense of a revival, a return to the "first love," and at the same time present the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ to those who have never believed in His Name. This was not an easy task to perform, that is, each message to be a doctrinal one to build up believers in the faith, and at the same time messages that were truly evangelistic, presenting the way of salvation to the unbeliever.

After considering different ones we decided that Dr. Young was our man. He was with us from May 27th through June 8th, a time considered too long by some before the meeting began, and considered entirely too short by all at the close of the services.

Dr. Young brought us a series of messages that were conservative masterpieces in Biblical exegesis, content, and universal appeal. The great doctrines of the Christian faith were presented with such vivid clarity that the only logical conclusion to any man, woman, or child was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

From Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists have come the statements that Dr. Young held one of the most fruitful meetings that have been held in Madison in a good many years. I believe it can be said without reservation that all who heard him were drawn closer to the Lord. He gave us a deeper understanding of the Scriptures and caused them to be more precious to our hearts.

If there was one soul present who knew not the Lord as his Saviour, that one could not have gone forth on any occasion without saying that the gospel of salvation in Jesus Christ was presented to him in all clearness, exhortation, and love.

We of the Madison Church thank God for this His servant, who fearlessly preaches the faith once for all delivered unto the saints, who preaches it without second-rate emotionalism, fanfare, or other human elements used by so many in this day. We would like to recommend him to any Presbyterian church that desires a true revival, or evangelistic meeting, or both as was our case.

The second letter comes from the Rev. Donald R. Weiglein, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Galax, Virginia:

We have just had the privilege of sitting under the ministry of Dr. Young for two full weeks. It was a real joy to sit again under the teaching and preaching of a member of the faculty of Westminster Seminary. But the deepest satisfaction was not in my own personal experience but in the evidence of help and blessing among my people.

This is a small town on top of the Blue Ridge mountains of southwest Virginia. The people are among the finest. But, as is true in most small towns, social activities are limited. And the result seemingly is that a greater emphasis is placed upon these things than is good. It is difficult, therefore, to bring about, as the primary emphasis in their lives, the seeking of God's kingdom and His righteousness. As someone expressed it concerning conditions elsewhere, their religion is fine as long as it does not interfere with anything else.

There has been increased interest, however, within recent months. With the desire that this might be brought to a head, we invited Dr. Young to hold a series of meetings for us. The work of that ministry has borne fruit and continues to do so.

Recently a young woman became a member of our church by letter of transfer. She has been very attentive upon my own preaching, but was especially so under Dr. Young. In requesting an interview in regard to some problems and questions that troubled her, she made mention of the help she had been receiving. In the light of Bible preaching

she has been examining her own heart and she said she had a new desire to do what is right. Apparently the Holy Spirit has been working with her, for she stated that she felt as though she saw things in a new light and that it was a good experience, although difficult.

Through her invitation, Dr. Young spoke to a group of high school students in summer school. He spoke of the supreme purpose of man as being the glory of God. Only the Christian can accomplish this end, for if we are to achieve this purpose, it must be through Christ. The interest of one girl, at least, was aroused, for she sought help from her Christian teacher and expressed her desire to attend the services. Her statement was that things had been made so clear she could understand them.

A doctor, whose spiritual welfare has been the deep concern of some of my members, showed the greatest interest that he has manifested at any time during my ministry here. He is not a member of my church, but his wife is, and from her we learned that they came at his suggestion and not hers. And so among these and others there was an interest and attentiveness upon the preaching of God's Word that had not hitherto been manifest.

The interest thus aroused has been maintained. There have been additions to our church on profession of faith. There are others who are coming by letter. A quickened interest in conditions within the church has been indicated. All in all, it was a very profitable two weeks for which we thank God.

During July Dr. Young has engaged in a tour of the mid-west, and held special meetings in Steamboat Springs, Colorado. On his return trip he also spoke at the First Orthodox Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Orthodox Presbyterian News Notes

Presbytery of the Dakotas

BIBLE schools have been conducted in all three South Dakota churches served by the Rev. Melvin B. Nonhof. A total of seventy-five were enrolled—twenty-four at Manchester, twenty-eight at Bancroft, and twenty-three at Yale. Mrs. Nonhof helped with the Manchester school and Miss Ruth A. Hofer of Bridgewater helped with the other two schools. . . . All three churches enjoyed a June visit from the Rev.

Floyd E. Hamilton of the Committee on Christian Education. . . . At Manchester exterior painting of the church has been delayed, but the ladies of the church have improved the interior by repainting the floor of the auditorium. . . . A hail storm broke all the windows on the north side of the Yale church building and the auditorium was flooded with more than six inches of water. Many of the hymnals were ruined, and the outside paint was pitted by hailstones. . . . Mr. Nonhof is helping to ease the labor shortage by shocking grain for a farmer-member of the Bancroft church whose youngest son is soon to return from Europe after taking part in eight major campaigns. Ruling Elder Russell M. Olmsted, a member of the Second Marine Corps, has seen action on Okinawa. . . . Seven delegates attended the Bible conference at Niobrara, Nebr., and Mr. Nonhof acted as steward of the camp.

Mr. Louis E. Knowles of Volga, S. D., preached in the churches at Carson, Lark and Leith, N. D., on July 8th and has received a pastoral call to those churches.

Bethel Church, Alexandria, S. D., held a Sunday school organizational meeting last month. An attempt is being made to launch a school, but it is difficult because of the opposition of the community to the church. . . . Trinity Church, Bridgewater, S. D., now has two departments in its Sunday school. Mrs. Russell D. Piper, wife of the pastor, is in charge of the primary department which meets in a near-by store building and is composed of two growing classes.

Presbytery of Ohio

THE Ohio Valley Conference. Under the sponsorship of this presbytery, met at Bethany Camp, twenty-five miles from Indianapolis, from July 9th through 14th. Thirty-one delegates were in full-time attendance, with Dr. J. Lyle Shaw, Dr. Gordon H. Clark and the Rev. Martin J. Bohn as conference leaders. Those who attended returned home filled with enthusiasm for next year's camp.

Covenant Church, Indianapolis, held its first summer Bible school from June 4th through 15th at Warren Central High School. Average attendance was forty-two, with seventy-five people at the closing exercises. A second school was held from July 23rd to August 3rd, with

an average attendance of forty-five during the first week.

Members of the presbytery met recently in Cincinnati to consider the future of First Church of that city in the light of the fact that its pastor, Dr. Lawrence B. Gilmore, will shortly leave to become librarian of the proposed Christian University in Philadelphia. Dr. Gordon H. Clark, professor of philosophy at Butler University, Indianapolis, has been asked to supply the pulpit of First Church for the time being.

Presbytery of Philadelphia

TWO daily vacation Bible schools were conducted in Middletown, Pa., from July 23rd through August 3rd. One was held at the church and the other at the Olmsted Government Housing Project. During the first three days there was an average attendance of sixty-seven at the government project and eighty-seven at the church. . . . Thirty-three boys and girls from Middletown attended the Quarryville Bible Camp and several acknowledged Christ as their Saviour while there. . . . During the vacation of the Rev. Edward L. Kellogg, the pulpit of Calvary Church, Middletown, is being supplied by the Rev. Robert S. Marsden, Dr. Ned B. Stonehouse and the Rev. Glenn R. Coie.

Missionary Letters

MISSIONS

From the Rev. Francis E. Mahaffy

June 5, 1945

WE HAD a very pleasant trip across the ocean. There were quite a few other missionaries and civilian passengers on board. However, I was rather surprised at the comparatively few who were really going to bring the message of salvation. Most of them seemed to have nothing more than a social message. A large number of the missionaries were going to India, others to Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Ethiopia, Turkey, and parts of Africa.

There were also a number of Turkish people returning to their native land. Mrs. Duff had the opportunity of speaking to one of the Turkish women and presenting to her the message of the gospel. Shortly after that I was able to

speak to her husband. He was a well-educated man but you would hardly call him an orthodox Moslem. He thought it made no difference whether a person was a Christian or Moslem or follower of any other religion and it was wrong to try and change the religion of other people. However, in answer to his questions, I had the opportunity of presenting to him the way of salvation, and of discussing the Trinity and the person and work of Christ. While we were conversing, a Jew who is a Humanist and Materialist overheard part of the conversation and joined. Soon the Turkish fellow had to leave and I had a very interesting conversation with the Jew. He said the only God he knew was Humanity. Later he remarked that he was willing to sweat in Hell if he were wrong in his convictions.

In contrast to the skepticism and blasphemy of these two, I met a young soldier who seemed very much concerned about the eternal destiny of his soul. He had professed to be an atheist in the past. He talked to one of the young missionary ladies on the ship and, shortly after, was taken very sick with appendicitis. He thought he might die that night and feared it might be a judgment of God upon him. But he recovered and the doctor told him he would not operate until he got on shore and to a regular hospital. The young lady asked me to give him a Testament and to speak further to him, which I did. He was very earnestly studying the Testament and seeking to resolve the many doubts and problems in his mind. I am keeping in touch with him by correspondence and would appreciate your prayers for him. We also met three boys who are going to our camp there near Asmara. We expect to see more of them soon. Then we met Lt. Morgan who led the hymn sing on ship. He and his folks attend Mr. Dunn's church in Wildwood during their stay there in the summer.

From the Rev. Charles E. Stanton

June 7, 1945

FROM what Mrs. Duff wrote to Corporal Wright we have been almost certain now for almost a month that our families are on the way. We immediately went down to Addi Caieh to make definite arrangements for a house there. The B.M.A. is certainly doing well by us there because it has offered us a large house very suitable for two families. In the Italian days it was the home of one of the high government officials. It has not been used by the English be-

cause it is too large. All the electric fixtures are gone now and many other repairs are needed, but the house will do very well for two families. The grounds are entirely closed in by a stone wall and there were extensive flower gardens. There are still a good many flowers in the section directly in front of the house and in the rental terms it is being specified that such gardens as are there now shall be maintained. After this trip to Addi Caieh we made a trip to Senafe to see if we could find a house there for the third family. We believed it would be best for the future development of our work that we be established in both Addi Caieh and Senafe.

From Mrs. Clarence W. Duff

June 26, 1945

WE ARRIVED in Port Said on May 29th and left there on the morning of June 14th. We came by train from Port Said to Port Suez and then by taxi to Port Tewfik, which is the southern entrance to the Suez Canal. The train follows the west bank of the canal and there were quite a number of Army camps along the way. Living in tents under the hot desert sun must be very trying for the soldiers. The trip from Port Said to Port Suez took about six hours, including the stop-over at Ismailia, where we had to change trains. It was a hot, dusty ride. We spent one night at Port Tewfik in the Sinai Hotel and then the next morning we got on the Talodi, a steamer of the Keedivial Mail Line.

In writing about these various stops and change-overs it all sounds very simple, but actually it is very trying when one has a lot of baggage to watch. Between watching our goods and our children, we were all kept busy. We had put as much of our goods as possible "In Bond" coming through Egypt in order to save on the handling and customs but in spite of this they charged us quite a lot. Besides this, they tore off the hinges from my new locker trunk and stole a box of 24 chocolate bars which I had been able to buy cheaply at the PX on the ship. They had all my clothes and everything else torn apart and then put on some thin wire to hold the lid on. I haven't discovered yet whether anything else was stolen or not.

It took us just a week from Port Tewfik to Massawa, for we made a number of stops on the way. On the third day out we stopped at Jeddah, which is the port of Mecca on the Arabian side of the Red Sea. That was a most interesting place.

We had a number of Arab young men on board who had been studying in Egypt and they were returning to their homes for the summer. We left Jeddah just about sundown and then crossed the Red Sea to Port Sudan where we arrived on Tuesday morning, June 19th. That was a very rough crossing, and most of us were seasick. Because the captain of our ship was sick, we had to wait two days in Port Sudan until the sister ship of the *Talodi* came along on its return trip to Port Tewfik and we took an officer from it who could take us on. We went ashore both days we were at Port Sudan. It was necessary to go across the harbor in a rowboat to get to the town. They had some very interesting shops there and also a pretty park where our children enjoyed the swings and seesaws.

As we got nearer Massawa, the weather became hotter and hotter. We had to have the fan going all night in the cabin and even then it was hot. There were some interesting people on the *Talodi*, including the two daughters of Ras Imru of Ethiopia and the Ethiopian Vice-Consul of the Legation in London. The Imru girls and their cousin were at school in Cairo and were returning home for the summer vacation. These girls are related to the Emperor Haile Selassie for their father and the Emperor are first cousins. I had some most interesting conversations with them. Abbeba Retta, the vice-consul, said he would do all that he could for us if we still wanted to go into Ethiopia. He has asked Mr. Duff to put in his request for permission in writing and to mail it to him.

When we arrived in Massawa there was a question as to whether we would be allowed to go ashore at once or not. The reason for this was that the whole Stanton family, including the mother, had chicken pox and so the ship doctor told us that no one would be allowed off or on until the quarantine doctor came aboard and gave his permission for them to go ashore. They had chicken pox when we left Port Said and we were fearful that we would not be allowed on board at Port Tewfik. They were not allowed ashore at Port Sudan and, as we were coming into Massawa, they had to stay in the cabin. This made it hard for them, for it was hot and they were anxious to see their daddy, even as we were. We saw Clarence and Mr. Stanton standing on the far end of the pier long before we came near it. Mr. Stanton looked quite worried when he could not see his family, but just as soon as we were close enough we called out to tell

him they were with us. The quarantine flag stayed up for some time after we were tied up to the pier and so we had to content ourselves with talking to Clarence until we were finally allowed off. The Stantons were never very sick with the chicken pox, but it was uncomfortable because of the hot weather.

Wade

(Concluded from page 230)

us the desires of our hearts!

There was a period of anxious waiting for orders. Would they never come! Finally they did. I was to join the 26th U. S. Naval Construction Battalion—a unit of the famous "fighting Seabees"—in California, for duty outside the continental limits of the United States. I would have plenty of time, according to my orders, and leisurely made my preparations, enjoying to the fullest my last hours of precious family life.

Suddenly a telephone call came one morning. My outfit was to shove off sooner than expected and I had to catch the first train out of Norfolk that very day for California. Only a few hours to do a thousand necessary things! Thanks to a wonderful wife, I made it—with exactly four minutes to spare before the train left the station!

I can never forget that last, hurried goodbye to those dearest in all this world to me. I have relived it a thousand times in my dreams during the long months of separation, while I crouched in foxholes, or lay sleepless on my bunk in a tent under the beautiful skies of the Solomons. Thank God for the gift of remembering sweet moments! But thank God again for the assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to his purpose." I have proved it a thousand times. Great is His faithfulness! God will take care of all the consequences of my obedience. He has, He does, He will!

One day of blessed fellowship in California with my family there, and that of my wife, several more days at the Seabee camp, and then I stood on the deck of one of our Navy's mightiest transports watching the twinkling harbor lights recede farther and farther into the distance until the

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last and brightest was lost to view. When, if ever, would I see those lights again, and the soil of my beloved native land? And what was before me? Even that first night at sea we should be passing through dark waters where the enemy who hates us and plots our death would be lurking with tubes of destruction, poised to strike.

The next morning, however, which was the Sabbath, dawned bright and beautiful on a peaceful sea, with the great ship beneath us churning up the only waves to be seen as she ploughed swiftly and serenely on her course. "When through the deep waters, I call thee to go. . . ." "Eternal Father, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the restless wave; Who bids the mighty ocean deep, Its own appointed limits keep—O hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in peril on the sea."

There were to be two Protestant services that morning, and the ship's Chaplain had asked me to preach at the second one, to which I gladly consented. What more appropriate text could I have chosen than "The eternal God is thy refuge"—our abiding place, our "home," where we are safe, where we are at ease, where we enjoy our greatest delights, where we find our sweetest rest? But the Lord Jesus Christ is the only means through whom we can come to God and find refuge in Him. He Himself said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father except through me."

After the service, a number of men came up to tell me that was the kind of gospel they loved and were used to hearing at home. Would there be an evening service? Well, no, the ship's Chaplain said—and this was his bailiwick. But the second Sunday at sea I preached again. The same group of men pressed around me, with several new additions. Well, why couldn't we have an evening service? So the ship's Chaplain said we could

choose any suitable spot we desired and go ahead.

Thus, about an hour before dark, some twenty of us gathered in a circle high up on the sun deck to worship God, with the dome of His heavens above us as our only temple. It was a time of precious fellowship with the Lord and with one another. When it was over, the men asked

why we could not meet every evening. I was only too glad, and thus began the daily Bible classes and prayer meetings I was to hold every evening through the year that was to follow, with only a few breaks in the continuity.

I began teaching a series of Bible studies on the most fundamental thing of all—God's plan of salvation. A few nights later, one fellow lingered after the meeting to talk. Here is about what he said: "Chaplain, I want to be a Christian. My wife is a Christian, and her father is a wonderful Christian. I've been to church a lot in my life, but I can't seem to understand—I'm all in a fog." We talked further and prayed together, but without results. But remember this man—his name was Julian and we called him "Jule." He was to become our firstfruits on Guadalcanal, and one of the Lord's most precious "jewels" indeed.

During the next week we crossed the equator, and after that the international date line. The time-honored custom in the Navy of holding a "Neptune party" was duly observed the day we crossed the equator, initiating all the contemptible "polliwogs" into the mysteries of the deep, after which we became full-fledged "shellbacks." From bitter personal experience I can say that it was a rough party. Our own Seabee skipper was King Neptune and his royal party was a wicked gang of cut-throats, if ever there were such—except for one of the pretty nurses aboard who served as queen of the deep. We were all glad when that was over!

When we crossed the date line, it seemed strange indeed to have two Thursdays following each other, all in the same week. I pondered that it would have seemed stranger still (yet twice as blessed) to have had two Sabbaths on successive days. What would a Chaplain do in a case like that? I think I should have simply observed both days just the same, services and all—at least wherever I might have any say about the matter. And if we should cross the line going east so as to skip the Sabbath, I should contrive to hold services on either Saturday or Monday, because the week to follow would seem like a spiritual death indeed, unbroken by the worship of almighty God.

Here I want to digress for a moment. In my experience in the Navy,

on occasions and in places where I have not been able to conduct services on the Sabbath myself, or perhaps only on Sunday evening, or even on prayer-meeting nights in the middle of the week, I have been compelled to seek true worship and the fellowship of God's saints wherever I could find it. If nothing else had taught me to appreciate and praise God for the high and holy privilege of worshiping in an Orthodox Presbyterian church, such an experience would have done so. As a result, my gratitude and praise has been greatly intensified.

If only I could drive home to our own people how blessed of God they are to be able to sit in one of our churches week after week, month after month, year after year, under the pure ministry of the Word and in the communion of true saints, I know they would be more grateful and more faithful. On Guadalcanal we had men—soldiers, sailors, marines, and natives—who would walk or hitchhike miles and miles in pitch darkness and often through torrential tropical downpouring of rain, or in the middle of air-raids with the enemy bombers overhead dropping their lethal loads, to attend our Bible class and prayer meeting every single night—and count it all joy. Yet some here grumble about attending Sunday evening service and one midweek meeting!

"Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works: Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." Here is a clear commandment—and don't forget that the Lord Jesus said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Go ahead—just test your love for the Lord Jesus by the way you obey that one commandment, then honestly acknowledge to yourself and to Him how you measure up.

May the Spirit of God cause every one of us to get down on our knees and pray that beautiful prayer of Habakkuk, "O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." Yes, Lord, send a great revival, and let it begin in me!"

(To be continued)

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