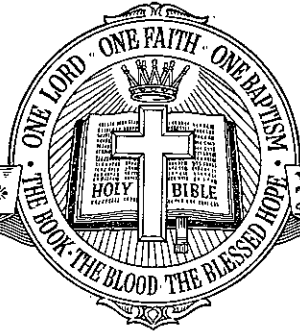


The Baptist Bulletin



General Association of Regular Baptist Churches North

WHY EVERY PREACHER SHOULD GO TO HELL

Sermon by Dr. David Otis Fuller
(Stenographically Reported)

Once more I repeat the statement from this platform. Whether or not your feelings will admit it, whether or no you like to believe in it, whether or no you scoff and smile and flatly repudiate any such thought, the fact still remains, and will remain—there IS a hell to shun and a heaven to win. I do not believe there is a person in the sound of my voice tonight but who likes very much to believe in heaven. Sinner and saint alike. The saint believes in it because the Bible tells him of such a place, and he knows he is going there because the Blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed him from sin and made him fit for heaven. The sinner likes to believe in heaven. Why? Well, because he doesn't like to think of death ending all. He likes to fondly imagine there is something better in store for him after this life, just in the same way the Buddhists of the Orient like to think in terms of "Nirvana." Their idea of heaven is to become "nothing" forever: or the Indian believing in the "happy hunting ground;" or the Mohammedan believing in a place where he can indulge his lusts and passions and appetites to his heart's content. Sir Oliver Lodge, the famous English spiritualist, wrote a book some years ago, just after the world war was ended in 1919. He called it "Raymond" the name of his only son killed in the war. Sir Oliver claimed to have contact with his son and Raymond told him what heaven was like, very much like it is down here on earth. He was smoking a cigar at the time, I believe Sir Oliver said, and described many things which are in this world. I'll tell you quite frankly, if heaven is like this world, with its sin and suffering and misery, I don't want to go there! But thanks be to God, it isn't! "IN THE VOLUME OF THE BOOK," this Word of God, it is written what heaven is like. Heaven is where Jesus is! The "LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF" . . . AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH NOR SORROW, NOR CRYING, NOR PAIN, NOR TEARS, NOR CURSE, NOR NIGHT." Hallelujah! That's the place I'm headed for tonight by His sovereign Grace

I make the plain, unqualified declaration tonight, "Why every minister in Grand Rapids should go to Hell" But first of all, let me repeat in brief why I believe in a literal hell of everlasting punishment and why I believe it should be preached and emphasized today as never before. I believe in this awful and literal place called Hell, not on the basis of my fallible and fickle feelings which I cannot trust around the corner, but rather do I believe it on the basis of God's infallible facts set forth in this Book. Were I to go by my feelings or let them be my guide, I never would have accepted Christ or believed this blessed Book, for all my feelings were by nature set against God or anything pertaining to God. I believe in the existence of a literal hell because the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, believed in it and spoke about hell three times as much as He spoke about heaven. If you don't believe that, take this Book and prove it, if you dare. He warned men over and over again against going to such a place. A place "WHERE THE FIRE IS NOT QUENCHED AND WHERE THEIR WORM DIETH NOT;" He warned them with tears in His voice and compassion in His heart, and I pray God I may ever do the same. I believe that the preaching of this terrible truth is needed right now in this our day because, with the exception of the Cross of Jesus Christ, there is nothing else that so manifests the heinousness of sin. Let a man minimize or modify eternal punishment and the awful reality of hell, and I will show you a person who minimizes sin. Show me the person here tonight who treats hell lightly or laughs at it, or denies its existence—and there you sit, some of you tonight—and I will show you a person who not only treats sin lightly but one who is right now indulging in some form of sin, be it secret or open. I believe that the preaching of this terrible truth concerning hell is needed right now because death seals the doom of the lost. You cannot find a single instance described in either the Old Testament or the New of a sinner being saved after death. Nor is there a single

(Continued on page 2)

GRIFFITH AND NEIGHBOUR RESIGN PULPITS

Dr. Griffith Resigns Johnson City
 Dr. Earle G. Griffith, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Johnson City, New York, tendered his resignation to that important church Sunday morning, January 14th. Dr. Griffith is resigning the pastorate of this church to give full time to the Baptist Seminary whose rapid growth has made it imperative that its president give all of his time to the affairs of the institution.

Dr. Griffith's letter of resignation read before his church is as follows: To all the Members of the First Baptist Church:

The principal conclusion of the message now read to you represents one reached after many days of prayerful reflections, in which all the factors suggesting themselves have been weighed.

Life's most treasured values reside in relationships. The relationship between parent and child; between husband and wife; between friend and friend; between Christ and His own; between a Pastor and his flock, the last being poles from the least.

The tie between a Minister of the Gospel and his people never can, with honor, be lightly severed. When you have stood with others, in all the varied circumstances of life: at the altar of marriage; at the bedside of the sick and the dying; at the

grave of the beloved dead; pointing all irrespective of age or class to the God who loves and the Lamb who saves, a mutuality akin to the divine springs up.

We have journeyed with you now into the fifth year. Despite the sorrows and afflictions of permissive Providence the First Church, according to all admissions, has enjoyed a phenomenal growth in numbers and influence. The Church has been kept in financial health during the Nation's worst fiscal crisis. The building indebtedness has been substantially reduced. Actually hundreds have walked the church building aisles in profession of faith or dedication of life; together we have helped to "girdle the Globe with the Gospel of God," many being ordained and sent forth as pastors and missionaries. To you whose love, loyalty and labor have been honored of God in making this possible oceans of heartfelt gratitude. To our Risen Lord be the praise.

There is every natural and logical reason to suppose that the present relationship could continue indefinitely, but the unparalleled advancement of the Institution housed here makes an adjustment all but imperative.

On December 21st, 1939, the Directorate of the Baptist Bible Sem-

inary extended to its present President an urgent and unanimous invitation to devote all his time to the Seminary. Your Pastor is disposed to reply affirmatively to this Macedonian Call, his resignation from this pastorate becoming effective February 12, 1940. May God send to you people and this pulpit the Shepherd of His Choice.

Faithfully yours,
 Earle G. Griffith.

Rev. Ralph Neighbour Resigns Elyria

On Sunday, December 17th, Rev. Ralph E. Neighbour resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Elyria to give full time to the evangelistic field under the LeTourneau Foundation. The Elyria church is known all over the world as one of the earliest leaders in the Independent movement and has stood like a rock throughout the years.

The editor of the Baptist Bulletin had the high privilege and heavy responsibility of being the pastor of this church for six years, resigning there in the fall of 1932 to go to the Central Church of Gary, Indiana.

Rev. Ralph Neighbour has done an outstanding piece of work in Elyria, making it necessary to draw plans for an enlarged building to care for the increased congregations.

WHY EVERY PREACHER SHOULD GO TO HELL

(Continued from page 1)

passage which holds out any promise of this in the future. But I do find among many passages the one in Proverbs, chapter 29, verse 1, "HE THAT BEING OFTEN REPROVED HARDENETH HIS NECK, SHALL SUDDENLY BE DESTROYED, AND THAT WITHOUT REMEDY."

I am going on a supposition tonight. I am going to suppose it were possible for a company of souls living right here in Grand Rapids to be transported to hell for a few moments or a few hours, and witness there what is going on, and then have the opportunity to return to this earth. I say, I am supposing this. It is not possible, no, for Dante truly depicted the truth of Scripture in his "Inferno" when he came to the gates of hell and above the gates the solemn, searing words written in flaming letters, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." I dare say the beggar in Abraham's bosom about

whom we read tonight, would have rejoiced at the opportunity, had it been offered him, of returning to earth to warn others about the hell that he saw across that GREAT GULF, where the rich man was suffering torments. And needless to say the rich man would have given worlds full of rubies and diamonds for one chance to return to earth and make his soul right with God. Why didn't he ask Abraham, "Father Abraham, let me go back to earth just one more time, please. Let me return and have but one more chance!" That would have been the logical question. It would have been the one I would have asked had I been in his place. Instead, he merely asks that Lazarus come and cool his tongue. Do you know why? Because He knew there was no hope of ever getting out! I say, suppose tonight with me, that a group of souls from Grand Rapids could be admitted to hell for a few hours, or even for five minutes, and let us imagine that group was made up of every minister in the confines of this city. Every minister? Yes, everyone; fundamen-

talists as well as modernists, liberals and conservatives, Unitarians, renegade Baptists, Catholic priests; every truly regenerated minister of the Gospel as well as those who hide like wolves in sheep's clothing and are sliding on their slippery way toward hell. Both kinds? Yes, both kinds. But why? I'll tell you why in a minute.

Let us suppose first that every modernist, unregenerate minister in Grand Rapids was taken to hell for a few hours or even a few minutes. And he could see for himself all that was transpiring in that awful place. Every minister who denies this blessed Book, every minister who in so many words says that Jesus Christ is a liar when he repudiates the words Christ said and the miracles He performed; every minister who says Jesus Christ is a bastard when He denies His miraculous Virgin Birth, as many do; every minister who laughs and scoffs at the idea of hell. If it were possible for such a person to be in hell tonight for a few hours or minutes, at least three things I believe might happen to

him instantaneously. For one thing, that modernist minister would see there certain souls that would cause him to realize to his horror and dismay, that he was one who sent them to hell! He would see there members of his own congregation here upon earth, who had attended regularly the services of so-called worship. Those who had listened to the pretty sayings about personality and keeping cool, and building character, that they had uttered, with not one word of the Gospel, not one word of warning concerning such a place as hell. And these poor, deluded church members had been taken suddenly and died or had gone out of life by the suicide route—without Christ. The modernist minister would see there in hell those lost souls, former members of his church, looking across the great gulf fixed and with anguish and agony, carved indelibly upon their terror-stricken faces, they point accusing fingers at him crying out over and over again, "You never told me how to be saved; you never told me the blood of Christ could cleanse me from sins; you never told me **"GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON"** to die for me a lost sinner; you never told me that **"THE WAGES OF SIN WAS DEATH"** Then that modernist minister would realize for the first time he was guilty of the awful sin of sending other souls to hell by his preaching and open infidelity.

Again, if such a modernist minister within the confines of this city of Grand Rapids was allowed a glimpse of hell tonight, upon his return to this life and this city, I believe he would accept every word of God's Book the Bible. Instead of taking parts of it which appealed to his fancy and rejecting the rest, he would cry out in agony **"LORD I BELIEVE IT ALL! HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF!"** He would stand in his pulpit next Sunday morning after such an experience and cry aloud from a broken heart, "I believe this Book now. I was a fool for not believing it long ago. Oh God, forgive me in the presence of these the members of my church for rejecting Thy Word!" And oh, what a blessing that would be to so many churches right here in this city dying of dry rot! It is true and I care not how much you deny it: *as goes the minister so goes the church.* Put a spiritually dead minister in a spiritually live church and in no time at all you will have two rotting corpses on your hands. Put one bad apple in a barrel of good ones and in no

time the good apples become rotten. And think of the rotten apples in "barrels" of pulpits in this city and all over the country that are causing rottenness and death to hundreds in the pew. What a stirring of dry bones would take place in this city if those ministers who do not believe the Bible now, were to suddenly believe it with all their hearts and preach it! I was calling on an elderly couple here in the city not long ago. They told me a pathetic story. Some years ago they were members of a certain large church here in Grand Rapids. One morning the minister got up in the pulpit, read the first chapter of Genesis and then remarked, "I know that a number of you believe this story that I read to you, this first chapter of Genesis, but I don't believe a word of it." That man and his wife told me, when they heard those words they got up from their seats and walked out of that church. They have never been inside since. The present pastor of that church called on them not so long ago. He wanted to know why they had withdrawn their membership. They told him this incident of the former pastor making such a statement. And do you know what that minister replied, the one who is there now? "That's too bad. He should never have done that. If he did not believe it he should have kept it to himself!"

Something else would happen to those modernist, unbelieving ministers in that group of all ministers in Grand Rapids, if they were transported to hell for an hour or even five minutes. They would know once and for all that Jesus Christ was **"THE TRUTH"** as He claimed, instead of a liar. Say what you will, argue about it as much as you please, the cold, hard fact remains to stare you in the face. You reject this Book and do not believe it to be the very Word of God, and you call Jesus Christ a liar! For **HE** believed it—all of it—and witnessed to its Truth, its integrity, its final authority, many, many times. In the last chapter of Luke's Gospel what did He tell His own disciples after He rose from the dead? They were incredulous, unbelieving, doubting, wondering, fearful, **"O FOOLS AND SLOW OF HEART TO BELIEVE ALL THAT THE PROPHETS HAVE SPOKEN: OUGHT NOT CHRIST TO HAVE SUFFERED THESE THINGS AND TO ENTER INTO HIS GLORY? AND BEGINNING AT MOSES AND ALL THE PROPHETS HE EXPOUNDED UNTO THEM IN ALL THE SCRIP-**

TURES THE THINGS CONCERNING HIMSELF." And what did He testify to those unbelieving, murderous Jews with whom He speaks in the 5th of John's Gospel, the last two verses? **"DO NOT THINK THAT I WILL ACCUSE YOU TO THE FATHER: THERE IS ONE THAT ACCUSETH YOU, EVEN MOSES, IN WHOM YE TRUST FOR HAD YE BELIEVED MOSES, YE WOULD HAVE BELIEVED ME: FOR HE WROTE OF ME."** Our Lord Jesus Christ believed in and proclaimed the miracles of the Old Testament for it was His own Infinite power that wrought them. He put His Holy imprimatur upon the story of fiat creation; in the story of Jonah and the great fish; upon the sacred record of Daniel the prophet, all of it. He stamped as true the story of Noah and the flood, the story of Lot and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah with fire from heaven. He believed all these things. He taught all these things. And when Jesus Christ says something is true, **IT IS TRUE**, let modernists yelp, and infidels howl, and scoffers bay the moon, to the contrary.

But now, turn for a moment to the others in that group of ministers from this city of Grand Rapids, those who **DO** believe the Bible, and have tried their best to be faithful to God's Word though fully aware of their failures and shortcomings. This minister standing before you would be included in that group. Would we learn anything? Oh, we would learn a lot and we would need to learn it almost as much as the modernist ministers. What would we learn? We'd learn for one thing to shut our mouths in squabbling over non-essentials and bickering over things that waste our time and cause the world to lose patience with us and openly condemn us. For before us there in hell as we stood in horror for a few fleeting moments, would pass by the millions, the souls of the lost of all ages; lost because no one ever told them of the love of Jesus, lost—because some fundamentalist minister down here on earth went off on some fool devil's tangent and harangued his congregation until they were sick of it, while souls would come and go without Christ! Oh **WHEN** will Christians wake up to the infinite value of one soul in God's sight and the awful condition of that soul who dies without a saving knowledge of the Son of God! Yes, one glimpse of hell by every fundamentalist minister in this city would revolutionize our whole min-

istry A single soul would become as precious in our sight as the Kohinoor diamond, or the treasures of the Indian rajah who built and paid for the Taj Mahal. One glimpse of hell by the ministers in this city who believe the Bible and within a week's time there would be no single soul in this city of 180,000 inhabitants who could ever truthfully say **NO MAN CARED FOR MY SOUL!** I believe that is no exaggeration either.

It was one glimpse that a minister secured long years ago of the tenement districts of New York City, their squalid filth, the suffering of little children in the summer, the immorality and vice which were appalling; it was one such glimpse that caused that minister to begin in a small way the "Fresh Air Fund" for the poor. It grew and grew, cities took it up, newspapers gave space for announcements; money and clothes came pouring in. Childless couples offered to take slum children for a month or two in the summer and many adopted them later. And all of this great work grew out of **ONE GLIMPSE** which a minister got of conditions in the modern city. Of how much more value is a man's soul than his body! If one glimpse of such conditions would move a man to pity and compassion on the poor and destitute and cause a sweeping response from thousands, what, think you, would one glimpse of hell do for ministers who believe God's Word but have never been awakened to what it really means to be lost! "Oh God, give us, give me a glimpse this night of what it means to be lost and along with it a glimpse once again of Calvary where died the Son of God to save sinners from being lost forever!" Another thing which would happen to the fundamentalist ministers of this city if we could visit hell for a few hours. It would teach us how to pray for the souls of the lost who are still living here on earth. **NOT** the souls of those who have left this world. The moment breath goes out of your body and that body lies cold in death, your fate is sealed and set. When you cross the Rubicon of death, the Hellespont of the grave, done, accomplished forever where will you spend Eternity? No intermediate state; no second chance, no purgatory your friends or loved ones can pay or pray you out of; naught but two places out yonder, heaven or hell. What will it be for you, my friend, tonight?

Oh, there are any number of endless silly reasons that men advance

with seeming confidence for not believing in hell. They may ask flippanantly, "How can the bodies of the lost be tormented eternally by literal fire?" I can answer that question by asking you another, in the words of Paul in I Corinthians 15, "**BUT SOME MAN WILL SAY, HOW ARE THE DEAD RAISED UP? AND WITH WHAT BODY DO THEY COME?**" Yes, how will God raise up a body gone back to dust, or cremated or buried at sea? How? I don't know, but I know He will, for He says so. In the third chapter of Exodus we read of the bush in the wilderness burning with fire, and yet was not consumed! In Daniel three we read of the three Hebrews being cast into the fiery furnace of Babylon, yet were they not consumed. Why was this? Because, in some way unknown to us, God preserved the bush and the bodies of the three Hebrews. Is God, then unable to preserve the bodies of the lost in Eternity from being consumed? An awful thought but God's Word is the final test, "**WHERE THE FIRE IS NOT QUENCHED AND THEIR WORM DIETH NOT.**" In the little epistle of Jude is described for us the final portion of the wicked, the rejectors of God's Son, the blasphemers, the whoremongers, the idolaters, the liars, the fearful and unbelieving, "**THESE ARE WANDERING STARS FOR WHOM IS RESERVED THE BLACKNESS OF DARKNESS FOREVER.**" No means of escape! No possibility of a reprieve. No hope of deliverance. No one to be found who will befriend you, help you, intercede for you. "**THERE IS NO PEACE, SAITH MY GOD, TO THE WICKED.**" There will be no resting place or hiding place in hell; no secret corner where the wicked can find a little respite; no cooling fountain at which they may refresh themselves. No change, no variation in their lot. Day and night, forever and ever will the punishment last. Our Lord Himself says so when He speaks of the division of the sheep from the goats, "**THESE SHALL GO AWAY INTO EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT: BUT THE RIGHTEOUS UNTO LIFE ETERNAL.**"

As Jonathan Edwards, that great Puritan divine of the 18th century, puts it so logically and with such terrible vividness, "The nature of man desires happiness; it is the nature of the soul to crave and thirst after well being; and if that soul be under misery or pain, it equally pants and longs after relief; and the greater the misery is the more easily

does that soul struggle for help. But if all relief be withheld, all strength overborn, all support utterly gone, then it sinks into the darkness of death. . . . Imagine yourself to be cast into a fiery oven, all aglow with heat or into the midst of a glowing brick kiln where your pain would be as much greater than that occasioned by accidentally touching a coal of fire as the heat is greater. Imagine also that your body were to lie there for fifteen minutes, full of fire, as full within and without as a bright coal of fire, all the while full of sense and feeling. How long would that fifteen minutes seem to you? If it were to be measured by a clock or an hour glass, how long would the glass seem to be running! How slowly the hands would crawl, how lagging the grains of sand would fall. And after you had endured it for one minute, how overbearing would it be to you to think that you had yet to endure the other fourteen. But what would be the effect on your soul, if you knew you must lie there enduring that torment to the full for twenty-four hours! And how much greater would be the effect, if you knew you must endure it for a whole year, and how vastly greater still, if you knew you must endure it for a thousand years! But the suffering of the lost sinner in hell will be inexpressibly greater than this illustration represents."

Hear the words of Jesus Christ ringing out across the intervening centuries, "**EXCEPT YE REPENT, YE SHALL ALL LIKEWISE PERISH.**" Whoever you are, whether young or old, whether rich or poor, whether religious or irreligious, if you are in a Christless state, then this is what awaits you at the end of your present fleeting, mistlike, vaporous thread called "life." This, this is the hell over which you now hang, suspended over the eternal burning by the frail thread of mortality which may be snapped at any moment. It is vain for you to flatter yourself with hopes that you shall avoid it or to say in your heart, "Perhaps it may not be," perhaps things have been represented worse than they really are." But God has spoken. And what God speaks is True. Think it not strange that God should deal so severely with you, my unsaved friend, or that the wrath you shall suffer shall be so great. For great as that wrath is, it is no greater than the mercy which you now despise. The love of God, His marvelous grace in sending His own Son to die for sinners, is every whit as great and wonderful as this inex-

pressible wrath. If you have refused to accept Christ as the Saviour from the wrath to come—as some of you have as you sit here tonight; if you have despised God's dying love, as some of you are doing right now, why then should you not suffer wrath as great as that grace and love which you have rejected? Does it still seem incredible and beyond belief that God should so harden His heart against a poor sinner as to bear down upon him with infinite power and merciless wrath? Then pause and ask yourself, "Is it any greater than it is for me to harden my heart against Him, against infinite mercy, against the Son of His love?"

I beg of every one of you here tonight who is unsaved or you who are not sure of your salvation to face this question fairly and squarely. Weigh carefully the tremendously solemn issues which turn on whether or not you have really passed from death unto life. You cannot afford to be uncertain. You cannot afford to be uncertain as to the skill of the doctor who will probe deep into your body on the operating table. Your life is in his hands. How much less can you afford to be uncertain as to your eternal relationship with God? There is far too much at stake. Remember you have a treacherous heart. Remember that the Devil is the great deceiver of souls. Remember "THERE IS A WAY THAT SEEMETH RIGHT UNTO A MAN, BUT THE END THEREOF ARE THE WAYS OF DEATH." My unsaved friend, settle this question NOW by accepting Jesus Christ as your own Personal Saviour.

If I saw you in a burning building and I placed a ladder against the side of it to reach you where you were, and told you to climb down quickly, what would you do? You know. If you were physically able you would come down that ladder as fast as you could to safety and away from a horrible death by burning. If I saw you in the icy water, struggling to keep your head above water, and you had gone down once and you were going down again and I threw you a rope, what would you do? If you were physically able you would reach out and grasp it and be saved from a watery grave. If I saw you lying on your bed at home, your body convulsed with pain, because you had taken poison by mistake, and were dying, and I had a medicine that could counteract the poison, and I reached out and handed it to you, what would you do? If you were physically able you would

grasp the bottle and drink it. Friend I see you tonight in this audience lost and out of Christ, unsaved, not yet washed in the Blood of the Lamb, suspended over hell by that slender thread of your uncertain life, drowning forever in your sins, dying because of the poison of sin in your soul which only the Blood of Christ can remedy. I have something that can save you from eternal death, the sure wrath of a God Who must punish sin. I offer you that remedy tonight. What will you do with it? Say "yes" to God's offer of Salvation NOW!

WALNUT STREET, WATERLOO, HOLDS ANNUAL MEETING

The Walnut Street Baptist Church of Waterloo, Iowa, Dr. R. T. Ketcham, pastor, held its annual meeting on January 11th. A total of \$30,000 was contributed in voluntary offerings during 1939, \$12,900 of which was given for various missionary purposes.

The present membership of the church was reported as 1,165. During the last two or three years an attempt has been made to clear the membership rolls of deadwood. 411 were erased from the rolls last year. This makes a total of nearly 800 names removed from the rolls in the past two or three years.

Increased budgets both in the general expense and missions were adopted for 1940 and the church is eagerly looking forward to one of the most blessed years in its history. An offering of \$240 was sent to the First Baptist Church of Princeton for its defense fund, the second week of December.

PROBLEM OF MUSIC IN OUR CHURCHES

By DAVID F. NYGREN

Time and again up and down the United States and Canada ministers come to us and bemoan the situation in which they find themselves regarding their musical programs. The trouble seems to be that churches appoint as music committee members who do not have the right conception as to the type of music desired by the pastor. Very often great classics, oratorios, and heavy anthems are used, while the pastor desires music that will create an atmosphere which will lift him up and help him to do his best preaching.

There is a time and a place for anthems and such like, but in a church where the pastor is on fire for God

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—for—

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and has as his big objective the winning of souls, heavy choir selections will hinder more than help, and the pastor will find himself praying a prayer like the one it is said "Billy" Sunday prayed as he sat and listened to a lady soloist who came up and "neighed like a horse." Burying his face in his hands, he sighed, "Lord, what have I done to be compelled to listen to this?"

The choir loft of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ is no place for exhibition of talent nor for mere entertainment. The sad fact is that a large number of musical programs are put on for the aforementioned purpose rather than for worship. The Word of God, the sermon, becomes an "also" number, and the Lord will not have it that way. Under this same heading can be placed a variety of quartets, quintets, and what-not, whose aim is to entertain more than anything else. When the "vaudeville stunts" are over, the average person in the congregation is in no mood to listen to a message from God's servant. Personally we know this to be true. People who have been attracted to the house of God to be entertained are in the "Must we listen to a sermon now?" attitude. We have seen a number of people get up and go out night after night when the "stunts" were over with.

What does God think about it all?

A man was carried in a dream to a church. In his vision he saw the organist vigorously playing the organ, but no sound was heard. The robed choir stood to their feet in the choir loft, their lips moved, but no song was heard. Presently the congregation picked up hymnals and fluttered, but not a sound was uttered. The minister began, energetically, to pray, but no words came from his lips. The man turned in wonder to his angel guide "You heard nothing," said the angel, "because there is nothing to hear. These people are not engaged in worship, but only in the form of worship. Their hearts are not touched, and this silence is the silence that is yet unbroken in the presence of God. But listen now." And, listening the man heard a child's voice, clear and distinct in all that silence, "Our Father which art in Heaven." "That," said the guide, "is the only true worship in all this great church today: all the others are concerned with but appearance of worship."

The criticism voiced as to music can be applied to the preacher and the sermon, if and when the preacher goes "high-brow" and forgets his

high calling in Christ Jesus. Exhibition of talent in the ministry may be a mere stage effect. The only true preaching is that which exalts God and makes men. Preaching is a fiery column out of which the lava of the inner life flows to give warmth to souls. "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified," was Paul's motto (I Cor 2:1.) He said, too, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." (Gal. 6:14.)

Music committees, choir leaders, organists, and choir members who consider it beneath them to sing the "simple" Gospel songs, should never hold positions in the Church of our Lord and Christ. Hundreds of thousands of people today are waiting, yea, even hungering for, the pure, unadulterated Gospel message in sermon and song. The wise pastor will see to it that the people are given this very thing. If by doing so certain members will drop out of the choir and the congregation, God will see to it that they are replaced by others who are more worthy of the place.

Beautiful Gospel songs, old and

new, when sung by consecrated singers, will create an atmosphere which will be helpful to the minister and which the Holy Spirit can use to the glory of God.

Let the choirs put by their anthem books and their heavy stuff and let them turn to the songs which have a simple, saving message, and let them sing these out of redeemed hearts during 1940. We need more of the Gospel in our songs and our sermons! There are anxious, burdened souls in every congregation. God forbid that we should give them stones, when they are looking for bread! Pastors, church members, choirs, musicians, official boards, we are here to present the Gospel of the crucified and risen Son of God! The Chautauqua, the lecture platform, and such places expect entertainment and lectures, but the pulpit and the choir loft of the Church of Christ demands the GOSPEL which is the power of God unto salvation. (Rom. 1:16) Note, the Gospel is the power of God, not of man and his talents; and note, too, that it is unto salvation, and not for display or for entertainment.

"Sing forth the honour of His name: make His praise glorious." (Psa. 66:2.) —Revival Dynamite.

IMMANUEL, COLUMBUS, OHIO, HAS GOOD YEAR

The Immanuel Baptist Church of Columbus, Ohio, Rev. H. Leroy Wortman, pastor, has completed its lovely new building. The congregation reports an exceptionally blessed year.

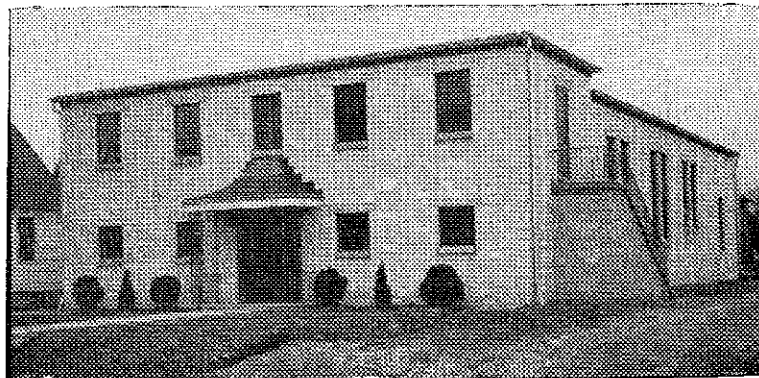
The church was organized six and one-half years ago with thirty charter members. Rev. John A. Vincent was the first pastor, serving until July, 1938. Pastor Wortman was called October 1, 1938, while the congregation was still worshipping in a rented store room.

The new church was dedicated October 22, 1939, with Rev. H. K. Finley, editor of the Ohio Independent Baptist, preaching the dedicatory sermon. The new building is 47 by 84, has indirect lighting, sum-

mer air conditioning, full vision nursery on balcony with glass front and public address system permitting mothers to share in every part of the service without fear of children disturbing any one in the service.

Twenty members were added to the membership last year, most of them by baptism, and missions were increased from \$186 the last fiscal year to \$583 in the present fiscal year.

The Baptist Bulletin and the General Association of Regular Baptist Churches extend congratulations to the pastor and members of Immanuel Church and trust that these good things may be only a foretaste of what lies before.



FLASHES FROM FOREIGN FIELDS

WARFIELDS BATTLING AGAINST BRAZILIAN DIFFICULTIES

Iucaby, Amazonas.

Dear Folk:

Received your letter this month and will try to answer all your questions. Then too, I want to tell you of the news here. In regards to getting a card made up as a prayer reminder, you can get our cut from Mid-Missions. They have the cut we used in our folders.

Now for the news here at Iucaby which you inquired about. We now have six little pigs. The little black pig had six babies. I gave one of them back to Franca and another to one of the Oliveira girls who promised me a male pig in turn. We killed the big pig and got about ten quarts of lard out of her. The corn has yielded fairly well, considering that the souvas (souvas are large ants) and deer ate about half of what was planted. I have replanted half of the second roca (pronounced "rah-sah"—this is the Portugese word meaning farm), for the souvas (ants) had destroyed just about all. It was necessary to put Garcia, Honorio, and Genesio to work in the roca (farm) for a whole week trying to kill them off, but it just couldn't be done. They put poison in the ant holes, dug up all their ant hills, and even burned the eggs, but still they continue to come in from the matt (jungle) and literally cut down everything.

The goiaba and cacau (tropical fruits) haven't made their appearance as yet but the palm trees are growing well. The first roca (farm) is filled with a lot of little trees. They are the only things that have escaped the ants for they have such long thorns on them. The second roca containing the bananas is in better condition although nothing but the bananas seems to be growing. Concerning the burning of a new roca... do you think it will pay? I find that it costs more than they are worth. The only thing that grows and really pays are the palms. We must have about 500 or more of them now and they give filhos (little shoots of the tree). Do you want a new roca? If so, I will need to know at once so that I can get it started by October.

Did I tell you that we took the Galilee out of the water and went to work on her? We cleaned the motor and gave her a new coat of paint. She sure looks nice, but for the roof. The weather has that all shot to pieces. I sent to Manaos for some special boards which we can use to cover her. (The Galilee is the launch used by the missionaries at Iucaby. It is used to get to the different Indian homes, carrying with them the Good News.)

The building of the house is coming along fairly well. There are many things yet to be done before we can put the mud in. However, we look to seeing it all completed by the time school takes up in February. I took some wood out of the matt (jungle) and am now sawing out boards to be used as doors and windows. The Lord has sent us the man that we needed for the work on the building. He is so much superior in his work to Jack (one of the former Indian laborers). It was necessary for me to spend money for extra tools but with these I believe the work of building will advance much better. This new workman, as I told you in the last letter, has already accepted the Lord as his Saviour and is growing rapidly in the Lord. He had been living with the niece of Simao (Simon) although never legally married, but since having received Christ is now saving to get married. They left this month for Sao Gabriel to get it all taken care of and should be returning in another week. She certainly has changed. I recall your speaking of her as "the flirt of the Rio Negro." She isn't the same girl now.

School is going nicely and the boys are really learning. Some of them are growing in the Lord as well. Our biggest joy is the lad named Julio. He is growing in leaps and bounds in the Lord. We hear him many times at night speaking to the other Indians about the Bible and against their superstitions. He is a real help among them. Now that we have our night devotions in the Portugese tongue, he is able to attend and he never misses a one. The services are fairly well attended. There runs an average of 30 to 40 in each meeting. Last week's prayer meeting there were 40 that attended. God is blessing!

Can't think of much more to say

for now, so will close... looking for your next letter to us.

Yours in His service
on the Rio Negro,

Wally and Mildred Warfield

Romans 8:28.

MID-MISSIONS AT WORK IN WEST INDIES

Mount Peto P. O.,
Jamaica, B. W. I.,
October 13th, 1939.

Dear Friend:

Greetings in the Precious Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the coming "Prince of the Kings of the earth" Rev. 1:5

There can be no lasting universal peace until He returns who has "made peace through the blood of His cross." In the meantime, while thanking God for the privileges of "ordered freedom within the law" which those of us enjoy who live under the flags of Britain, France and the United States, and praying for their preservation, we must continue to preach Christ and His precious blood concerning which, the late Dr. J. G. Machen wrote "One drop of the precious blood of Jesus is of more value for our own salvation and for the hope of society, than all of the rivers of blood that flowed upon the battlefields of history" (Christianity & Liberalism p. 128). The Christian in a warring world has the glorious promise "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee because he trusteth in Thee." Isa. 26:3

I returned to North Clarendon to help Rev. D. E. Allen with his baptismal service on August 1st. On the steep slope of a hill overlooking a narrow river which wends its way swiftly down a mountain valley, over a thousand people had gathered before 7 a. m. to witness the ordinance. Many boys and girls were sitting on the top of huge boulders that turn the course of the stream and form the pool in which the baptizing was to take place. The great audience listened reverently while I delivered a short Gospel appeal from John 5:24. Afterwards Brother Allen baptized 28 believers from his four Inquirers' Classes. He told me that those who were immersed in April were walking worthy of their high calling and that there are

about forty inquirers left whom he hopes to baptize in January.

While I was away helping Pastor Allen, our youngest son, Maurice, slipped on the grass in the Mount Peto Churchyard and dislocated his hip. Thanks to the kindness of a neighboring penkeeper (ranch owner) and his wife, Mrs. Smith took him to the hospital in Montego Bay where a skillful doctor adjusted it and after two weeks off his feet, the little fellow was running around normally. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall without your Father." (Matt 10:29-31)

We are all enjoying good health for which we thank the Lord. I was troubled with boils a few weeks ago and had to preach under that handicap. My friend, Rev. J. M. Bee, who printed our circulars, wrote to say: "Job did get rid of his boils you know; his medicine was dust and ashes." It has been warmer than usual this summer in Jamaica so it is not surprising that one's blood gets overheated. We are now enjoying cooler weather.

Since taking temporary charge of the three Baptist Churches in this sphere I have held a week of special services in each. The attendance at Hewitt's View and Nightingale Grove was good but heavy afternoon rains last month kept many away at Mt. Peto. There were several decisions for Christ at Hewitt's View and one new inquirer has joined the class at Nightingale Grove as the result of the meetings. Mrs. Smith helped with messages in song at the Mt. Peto services.

Nineteen have joined the Inquirers' Classes since May. A young woman who was living a sinful life wept at the close of a short yard service near Hewitt's View, two weeks ago and last week a young man professed to take Christ as his personal Saviour in an open air meeting held not far from the Nightingale Grove Church.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Knight expect to sail from Montreal with their five children on or about November 8th; consequently Pastor Cummings will be returning to Mt. Peto about the end of November. After much prayer for guidance and watching for a providential opening, we have felt led to rent a house at Nightingale Grove, near Newmarket, in the Parish of St. Elizabeth and we shall move into it then.

I shall continue to help Brother Cummings in the work of the Nightingale Grove and Hewitt's View Churches while at the same time

seeking to establish a new testimony some distance from the last mentioned Church in a needy district. The Hewitt's View Church is situated near the Black River swamp in a malarial area. We shall be living in the hills eight miles away in a healthy spot. I might add that I was the Pastor of the Nightingale Grove and Hewitt's View Churches when I first came to Jamaica for nearly three years. We are therefore well known in these parts.

Rev. O. T. Johnston has invited me to assist him with his Missionary meetings in the five Baptist Churches of the Sav-la-mar sphere, Nov. 26th to 30th inclusive and to hold evangelistic services early in the New Year.

Many of my readers will be glad to hear that Dr. Oswald J. Smith, pastor of the People's Church, Toronto, expects to hold a six weeks' campaign in Jamaica, commencing February 26th. I have been asked to serve on the Committee of Arrangements and I take this opportunity of asking prayer for the success of this mission for spiritual revival and the salvation of souls. Dr. Smith, it is planned, will be in western Jamaica from March 17th to April 2nd.

I would request prayer concerning the testimony contained in "Conquests of Christ in the West Indies" a short history of Evangelical Missions, which I hope to publish shortly. A pamphlet setting forth the Foreword and Preface is enclosed with this letter.

Friends are also asked to pray for us as we endeavor to establish a new testimony to the glory of God and for the salvation of souls in St. Elizabeth. We serve under the auspices of a Baptist Faith Mission. The Lord has so far supplied our needs in answer to prayer. "He is faithful that promised."

We may trust Him fully, all for us to do

They who trust Him wholly, find Him wholly true

Wishing you every blessing as you trust Him and seek to hasten His coming

Sincerely yours in the Saviour's Service,

G. W. Smith

Tell Others

About

THE

BULLETIN

PAULSONS CHRISTMAS WITH NATIVE CHRISTIANS

Fort Crampel,
Oubangui-Chari, A. E. F.

Dear Ones in Christ:

Our sincere Christmas greetings to you all and a Happy New Year in the truest sense of the word.

Our spiritual eyes look back to Bethlehem where our God clothed Himself with humanity and condescended to the birth of a helpless babe in the manger. We cannot thank our Father enough for His great Gift to us. We look back with pleasure to Happy Christmas days that we have spent together and almost long to be with you these days.

The above quoted Scripture verse (Mal 4:2) is not the one we generally read during Christmas time. But as we rejoice in His glorious Birth, we have through this the blessed hope of His coming again. We are serving and worshipping a living Christ who shall come as King of kings and Lord of lords. How this sin-sick world does need His healing touch. It is with winged swiftness that He shall appear.

In this letter we shall try to tell you about our native brethren's Christmas Day. We trust that it will be of interest to you in enlisting your prayers for these benighted brothers in Christ. We praise God that Christ has been born in the hearts of so many of these natives. And after all, it isn't the outside celebrations that count in His sight, but the birth of Jesus in our hearts. When we have accepted Him and have experienced new birth—that is true Christmas.

"'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring;
Not even a mouse."

You'll find our native curled up around his little fire in his grass-roofed mud hut. His little children in like manner cuddle up together to keep warm, as the dry season has some cool nights. Goats, a dog or cat and whatsoever he possesses is safely sheltered in his hut measuring about eight or ten feet in diameter. No, he doesn't have a fireplace or its equivalent—merely three stones arranged in the middle of the mud floor to hold the pot over the fire. Little children don't hang up their stockings with glad anticipation, for they don't have any clothing, much less such things as stock-

ings. There hasn't been any preparation made for Christmas except the learning of some familiar Christmas carols for Chapel service. Santa Claus never thinks of riding this way with all those lovely colorful toys—these are a forgotten, neglected people

At the first alarm of Mr. Rooster our natives begin to arise. We always have Christmas services on Christmas morning; so they all come with all the children to hear about the first Christmas day. Most of our natives know the meaning of Christmas and they thank God for His great Gift

Christmas dinner—so well planned and prepared in America—is never thought about in the native home. Perhaps they will go without food all day until evening, when the mother pounds out the gozo into flour and cooks a doughy ball. At the same time she makes a sauce out of either snakes, field mice, worms, locusts, plain greens that she gathered in the woods, antelope meat, fish or whatever she has on hand. The doughy ball all done and the sauce deliciously cooked, she announces "kobe aoue" i. e. "food is ready" or "food is done." The gozo ball is cut in half and the sauce is divided the same way, the women and children sit around their pot and the man or men, as the case may be, (for the neighbors like to come over to help with the food), sit around theirs and after a few noisy smacks, the food suddenly disappears. No Rogers silverware is used, or special dinner sets. Our native dinner isn't at all complicated. They all squat down on the ground with the pot in the center and everyone dips with his or her three forefingers.

Just imagine in your own mind what one of these would do if he saw the great big Christmas trees, gifts, etc., then at dinner time the well-set table loaded with the best of everything I imagine that many of them would think that they were in heaven at Christ's Wedding Feast. On the other hand, dear friends, our table cannot be compared with what is awaiting us in Glory. It will be a real spiritual feast and just think of the surrounding glory and the Glorious Presence of our Redeemer. How wonderful it shall be! "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." I Cor 2:9.

We covet your continued prayers for these native children of God; pray that they might grow in grace; that they might be strong in the

Lord in standing against the wiles of the devil. Pray for us missionaries, too, for we need much guidance and wisdom in working with these people.

May God fill your hearts with a lasting joy and gladness throughout the Holiday Season and may it abide in your hearts through 1940 and until He comes for us

Yours in Him,
Dick and Irene Paulson

MISS AYER IN MIDST OF GREAT BLESSING

Fort Sibut,
Oubangui-Chari,
F. E. A.,
October 2, 1939

Dear Ones of the Waterloo Church:

Another Sunday has just passed. It seems that I feel just a bit nearer to you on Sunday than on the other days of the week. As you are met together I know that we are not forgotten by you and as you are having your Sunday School and Church Service we are able to pray for you even though our clocks over here say three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Again before retiring on Sunday evening my prayers are very definitely for your evening service that God will glorify Himself in your service and save souls.

Yesterday morning while you were still fast asleep our "tam-tam" beat at eight o'clock calling the people to Sunday School. From our front door we were able to see groups of natives as they made their way along the road that leads from the Post past our Mission. A short time afterwards around five hundred were gathered in various classes in the chapel and in the shade of nearby trees. A native teacher is in charge of each class. At the close of the class period all assemble in the chapel and under the direction of the native superintendent the verses learned during the hour are repeated.

At the beginning of the Church Service we were led in prayer by one of the deacons. Our hearts are always blessed and drawn closer to God as we hear these natives pray to their "Nzapa." We can not doubt the reality of Christ in their hearts. During the song service the favorites, "Nothing but the Blood of Jesus," "Revive Us Again," "Bringing in the Sheaves," and "Every Day with Jesus," were sung. Following the songs the people came forward bringing their gifts. One who perhaps did not have money to bring

brought an egg and laid it upon the table. Sometimes a dish of peanuts will be given. To an on-looker this would appear to be quite a gala procession for each one is dressed in his best. There seems to be no prevailing fashion for the men, but various outfits of khaki, white, and blue and even the scant apparel of the loin cloth has its place. The women's dresses of European cloth present every style, color, and design to be imagined. A few still wear the former dress of a string of beads tied around the waist from which raffia tassels are hung. Most of the women are so dressed while working in their gardens or doing their work around the huts.

Before the sermon a few candidates for church membership were examined. When a native expresses his desire to accept Christ the deacons talk with him. If they believe there is a sincere desire to become a Christian he is admitted to the converts' class, which he is required to attend for four months. In this class they are taught spiritual truths and are given instructions concerning the walk of a Christian. After having attended this class each person comes before the church and anyone may question the candidates. If the questions are answered satisfactorily and there has been a definite change in the daily walk the person is ready for baptism and church membership. Many customs must be given up, such as a man having more than one wife.

Perhaps you would be interested in knowing some of the questions which are asked the candidates. They are often asked: "Do you believe Gringou (spirit of the water) or Jakoro (spirit of the hills) exist?" "If you were offered meat which had been offered to the spirits would you accept it?" (When meat is brought in from a hunt the custom is to offer it to the spirits before eating of it. If a Christian refuses to eat such meat it is a testimony to those about him that God comes first in his life.) "What is the difference in the desires of your heart now than formerly?" (They sometimes mention their deliverances from dancing, cursing, and gambling.) A single girl is asked, "Would you refuse to marry a man who is not a Christian?" Now the girl is seldom forced to marry a person against her will. However, many of the Christian girls have been known to go through much persecution because of their refusal to marry an unbeliever. It is true here as it is in the home-land that some after showing every evi-

dence of conversion will go back and live in sin, yet there are many who remain true.

It is indeed encouraging to know that an increasing number of Gospels, New Testaments, and Song Books are being sold. Many come to the Mission each week to buy them and many are sold in the villages. It is almost impossible for the missionaries to keep the Gospel of John in stock. There are approximately 7,000 New Testaments in the hands of the natives throughout this section. This is a cause for real rejoicing, especially when we think of the perilous days in which we are living and the possibility of missionary work being cut off at any time.

Pray that we may make the most of every opportunity. Also continue to pray that the natives will realize their responsibility in giving out the Gospel Message. Sunday one of the women who had made a prayer list in the women's meeting, came up after the close of the service and had three marked from her list whom she had led to the Lord.

We are able to keep fairly well informed as to the happenings in Europe by the radio at the Poste and through those had by some of our missionaries. Various war measures have been adopted here in the colony. We can praise Him that we have been given every consideration by our local French Administrator. The work has been able to go forward with few alterations.

By this time no doubt all are back from summer vacations and the fall work of the Waterloo church is well on its way. I pray much for you and desire God's richest blessings on the work there. I truly appreciate your gifts. I know that they denote your continued interest and prayers.

Yours in His glorious service
Catherine Ayres

FOGLES HAPPY PARENTS OF BABY GIRL

"Matabissi ti ndjoni koue na matabissi koue so alingbi koue alouda na ndouzou a jou, a louda na ti ti Baba ti lumiere,"—Jacques 1:17.

This is part of James 1:17 in Sango. Truly God has blessed us with a gift which is a blessed privilege to be trusted with, and also a great responsibility, for the Word exhorts us to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. We want Lois Jean to remember her Creator from the days of her youth. Pray with us that she might have that unfeigned faith that was

found in Lois the grandmother of Timothy, and that we might be the parents the Lord would have us to be.

Friday, I, Lester, was called to the children's class where many hands were reaching out gifts to me for the baby,—22 ears of corn, 3 eggs, some peanuts wrapped in a banana leaf, and 20 centimes (about half a cent); 18 ears of corn and 85 centimes have come from them since. They appreciate the Gospel that God sends to them through the missionaries. It reminds us of the gifts that were brought to Jesus after His birth.

It was necessary for us to make the four hundred mile trip to Bangui for this "blessed event," but we are hoping to be able to get back to Fort Archambault soon. However, the Lord has much work here at Bangui, too, and we have been happy to help in whatever way we could.

There is always much of the King's business to be taken care of everywhere, and it truly requires haste as we consider the condition of the world today.

We take this opportunity to wish you a very Merry Christmas. May this season bring you into a closer fellowship with the Christ Who came into this world to save sinners; and may the New Year be filled with His richest blessings for you, and find you bearing much fruit for Him.

Rejoicing in Him Who is worthy of all our praise,

Lester and Martha Fogle

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." II Cor. 9:15

BARBER AND STULL LAND IN BRAZIL

Belem, Para, S America,
December 27, 1939

To the Faithful in Christ:

Loosing from Staten Island, New York, Dec. 13th, at 5:45 p. m., Willard Stull and I Diesel Motored directly to Para, arriving Saturday night, Dec 23rd. We had one suitcase apiece checked through customs but we remained aboard our ship due to the lateness of the hour. The next morning, the police would not allow the checked baggage to be taken off until Tuesday after passing customs again. We fared all right after going ashore for Dynes McCullough, who came from Manoa to meet us, loaned us his clothes.

The Atlantic was as restless as ever. Being on it ten days, I found

it still tossed about continuously in a mad frenzy as the lost, unsaved man does. I felt a good deal better in bed the next day after embarking. All of you were praying and trusting God that He would give journeying mercies and I experienced the answer to your prayers, for not once did I have to go through the usual tribulation that unseaworthy people sometimes experience.

Willard and I both tried steering the 3,400 ton vessel on its course for one whole minute. The irregular surging, attacking waves kept me busy turning the wheel to the right and then to the left to keep the needle on the course chosen by the captain. Not one moment could the ship be without a pilot at the helm. To me, that was just a lesson of how dependent we are upon the Captain of our Salvation to pilot our lives day and night by His Spirit until we reach the heavenly haven.

The Lord took my personal belongings through customs without charge. The packages that were wrapped up in paper for those on the field were charged only because it looked as though they were to be sold.

Everything is so strange, yet I feel that this is my home because my Lord and Saviour brought me here. Oh, how I rejoice in Him that He, Jesus Christ, has led you to pray for these Indians, for His servants on the field, and for those coming.

Yours for His service in the
Amazon,

(Signed) Wayne B. Barber.

Address:

Wayne B Barber,
Caixa 103 Amazonas,
Manaos, Brazil, South America

(If there is any change or correction of your address, please advise Rev. L. McCauley, Swaledale, Iowa.)

SHAW'S BEING USED OF GOD

Bria, Oubangui-Chari,
French Equatorial Africa.
Jameson Baptist Church,
Alton, Illinois.

Dear friends in Christ:

Much has happened since we last wrote you in July, thus not finding much time for correspondence. Also we wanted to enclose receipts when we wrote, and our money was delayed two months, so that we just received it the 1st of September. It was received with thankfulness to God, for we were in need of it, and we do thank you friends for your continued faithfulness. We are en-

closing receipts in the amounts of \$6.54 and \$6.77.

Our fellow missionaries, having a radio, has kept us in touch with the rest of the world, so we weren't too shocked yesterday to learn that war had been declared in Europe. Naturally we are glad that we got out when we did, and we don't know yet, whether it will have any effect on us out here, but if you don't hear from us within another month or two, it will not be our fault. We cannot write anything of Government affairs in our letters, and even this may not reach you. But "the Lord will perfect that which concerneth us," and we know that your prayers will ever ascend to God for us. Surely the Lord's coming draweth nigh, and we say, "Even so, Come, Lord Jesus!"

Must tell you about a trip Mrs. Warnken and I took in the bush preaching the Gospel. We left our husbands at home to care for the building duties on the station, and we went by push-push for five days. No missionary had been over the road since 1935, and they seemed to

have forgotten all they might have heard before. We were gone five days, held 21 meetings with an average attendance of 66. It was my first experience, and one that I'll never forget. In my limited knowledge of Sango, I was able to speak about 5 minutes at a time in some of the meetings, telling the fundamental truths about who God was; how He loved this old world so that He gave His only begotten Son, etc. And oh what a thrill, to be able even to do that little bit for our Lord.

Our little Carol went with us, and it was quite a trip for the three of us. She created quite an interest and some of the chiefs wanted to buy her for a wife, saying that she should never become the wife of just an ordinary man!! We slept in native huts most of the time, and one morning after a rain, awoke to find leopard tracks about 10 feet in front of our door (which couldn't be locked), where he had walked through the village during the night. We went through many stretches of jungle land, with the path just wide enough for the pushes, the tall grass and tree

branches hitting us in the faces as we passed. Also had the fun and fright of crossing the large river in a little hollowed-out canoe made of a log. The water was up as this is the rainy season and Carol was just white with fear, but we got back safely. One evening we were caught in the dark without a flashlight or lantern and had to walk a half mile in the dark to the rest house. An approaching storm had brought night-fall sooner than we had expected, but the lightning was our only aid in crossing a little stream with wiggly logs for a bridge. How we felt that God was indeed lighting our pathway!

We arrived safely home, tired but happy. Even two days of malaria fever that followed for me, could not dim the joy in my heart!! Pray with us for these poor darkened souls!

Let us thank the Lord for His mercy, and labor together for lost souls while we wait for our redemption! God is still on the throne!

Joyfully and Lovingly in Christ,
Harvey and Vera Shaw.

(Continued on page 16)

THE BAPTIST BIBLE SEMINARY

DR. EARLE G. GRIFFITH, Pres. DR. EMERY BANCROFT, Dean
DAVID V. STOWELL, News Editor

January 2nd saw the students again busily engaged in their studies after two weeks Christmas vacation. Many of the students took advantage of the opportunities of service in their home churches. They are now looking forward to the week of examinations.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sinderson have been visiting the Seminary and have proven a blessing to all. They are returned missionaries from French Equatorial Africa under Mid-Missions.

ALUMNI NOTES

The Hayden Brothers are leaving their respective churches. Rev. Clarence Hayden, '33 of Laceyville, Pennsylvania, has accepted a call to Tonowanda, New York, where he will take up service soon. He served as pastor in Newark Valley for almost four years before going to Laceyville. He covets your prayers as he goes to his new pastorate.

Rev. Robert Hayden, '36 of Brooktondale, New York, has accepted a call to Florence, New Jersey. This

will be his second pastorate. He also covets your prayers. It makes us rejoice to see brothers going on for God.

(Editor's Note: One of the first assignments for Freshman English is the writing of a composition on "Why I Came to the Baptist Bible Seminary." We have printed one below with the expectation that it will prove to be a blessing to many.)

God has definitely made it known through His word that He needed two young people of the middlewest for His service in the winning of souls. Short evening Bible courses had been taken, but this was not proving to be too satisfactory, in that time was passing rapidly. The basic fundamental teaching needed for Baptist young people was hard to be obtained in that locality.

They were found on their knees much in prayer for God's guidance. Christian magazines were investigated, and personal contacts made in trying to locate a school. A sound Baptist school was preferred, and

expenses could not be very high.

The catalogue of a small Bible school in New York was read through one Sunday afternoon late in February. Immediately there was a desire in the hearts of those concerned to know more. Arrangements were made that evening and the next day found four young people speeding across the country to investigate the Baptist Bible Seminary at Johnson City, New York. It was all they had anticipated. The spiritual atmosphere of the school was wonderful. The faculty were found to be men and women of God, who were ready to do their utmost to see young people in His service. Introductions were given by the faculty to students and graduates. An unlimited amount of information was obtained in a very short time. Dean Bancroft kept the young people all night, and saw them happily on their way early the next morning. Their parting words were that they would meet again in September, the Lord willing.

On their arrival home arrange-

WATCH NEXT ISSUE for GREAT NEWS CONCERNING SEMINARY

ments were started for the fall term. During the middle of May application was made for entrance.

Questions were asked by many friends as to why that particular school was chosen. That was easily explained: it was a Baptist school; the articles of faith were exactly as they believed; souls were being saved through the personal work of the students; classes were not too large so that personal attention was given to each student; and some of the greatest men in the realm of Baptist orthodoxy were found on the Board of Directors.

NEXT ANNUAL MEETING

of

General Association of Regular Baptist Churches

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

BETHEL BAPTIST TEMPLE

MAY 13-14-15-16

BARNEY ANTROBUS SAYS

SEVEN YEARS BETWEEN

In 1899 Dr. A. H. Strong wrote: "Even now Christ is leaving society with His Spirit, and we are to better the world instead of leaving it. The governments and institutions of our times are slowly but surely becoming moral—because the immanent Christ impresses His own ethical character upon the whole evolutionary process." In 1906, seven years later he wrote: "We seem upon the verge of a second Unitarian defection that will break up the churches and compel secession—our churches will become secularized, our mission enterprise will die out, and the candlestick will be removed out of its place."

We are made to wonder how much Dr. Strong's theistic evolutionary philosophy contributed to this defection he saw coming and which is now full upon us? The good doctor says in his introduction to the eighth edition of his *Systematic Theology*, that between the first edition in 1886, and that of 1906: "My philosophical and critical point of view meantime had somewhat changed." And if he were living now we imagine his views would by this time have undergone other changes.

* * * *

STRANGE TWISTS

Some wag said that the psychiatrists would soon have to have some other super-psychiatrists to pass on the psychiatrists' mental twists. To us it is a strange mental twist that would enable the pious and scholarly Dr. A. H. Strong to defend the virgin birth, the deity of Christ, the inspiration of the Bible and the new birth, and at the same time defend theistic evolution.

A supernatural Bible, a supernatural Christ, and supernatural birth for sinners postulates a supernatural God back of all, which Dr. Strong

gladly believed. Why then his concessions to evolution, when his God and our God could as easily have made Adam by direct creation, as the Bible plainly indicates?

Laying aside the thought of Dr. Strong's possible fear of scholasticism, we see no other reason for his concession to evolution other than his fixed belief in God's method of orderly development in nature. But the God of orderly processes in nature is also the God of miracle, which so far as we know reverses the order of nature frequently.

* * * *

ADAM'S BIRTHDAY

If as the theistic evolutionists say that Adam suddenly appeared from the lower forms of life, brute forms, when was his birthday? Now Genesis plainly says: "And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years: and he died." We are writing this on December 2, 1939. If Adam should have died on a December second, then his birthday was exactly nine hundred and thirty years before that December second.

Back of that particular December second was Adam or was he just partly Adam? And if he was only part Adam and part brute, would his human birthday date from sometime back there or from the time he became all Adam? Since the theistic evolutionists cannot answer, some one should call up the shades of Mary Baker Patterson Glover Eddy and ask her.

The Bible says that God created Adam out of the dust of the ground nine hundred and thirty years before he died. This seems natural and easy to believe, provided that God is able to create a man without limiting Himself to the "evolutionary process." We still believe our God was and is able.

WHAT PART OF A SECOND

Since the theistic evolutionists insist that the creation narrative of Genesis means days of countless ages, we are puzzled to know what part of the sixth day Adam was made, since we know how long he lived.

It must have been so late in the day that finite minds are unable to measure it. If the day of his creation, that sixth day, was a million years, and Adam was created or "appeared" on that day, he must have lived awhile on that particular day. Since we know he only lived nine hundred and thirty years, how many of those nine hundred thirty years lapped over into that supposed million year "day"?

And if there was no lapping over, then Adam must have been created in the last sixteen hundred millionth part of a split second to get in any time in that memorable birth day of his.

* * * *

SUBSTITUTION NOT SYMPATHY

Horace Bushnell said that Christ suffered in sympathy with His creators while on earth, and that His ministry was and is one of sympathy with suffering humanity. This is polite modernism as always. It is true that Christ was full of compassion for the race, but His sufferings were the sufferings of the one who took the guilty sinner's place. And that is the gospel we are to preach.

The Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all. By His stripes we are healed. The blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth us from all sin. Blessed be His glorious name!

* * * *

NOT UNFORTUNATES

A noted lecturer in the Chicago University said many years ago that Jesus Christ reminded him of a kindly man going about helping those

that had been knocked off the road and injured, and the lecturer urged his audience to go and do likewise.

A young lady came out of the hall radiant over the lecture and seated herself beside a Baptist minister on a park bench. The minister had also heard the lecture. Said he: "Young lady, my Bible teaches that my Lord did not represent a kindly gentleman going about to help the injured of the human race, but he came here to die in the place of sinners. And my Bible also teaches that men are not just unfortunates that have been knocked off the road by accident, but are wilful sinners by choice and justly condemned to death."

* * * *

CHRIST IN A PRISON CAMP

The prisoners of cruel war were homesick, bitter, hopeless. The daily opiates were cards, cigarettes, profanity and vulgarity. Then came some red hot preachers of the gospel of Christ and the cross. The soldiers called them "Heaven Stormers." A revival broke out. Fritz was cynical, a sort of society dandy when at home, fond of the theater and all the gay round. But his tired body and soul found Christ. This is his testimony: "When we prayed and the blessed assurance of salvation entered my heart I could only stammer and say, 'I thank thee, Lord Jesus.'"

* * * *

GOD'S WAY

God's way of working thrills us. He comes down to us in our human weakness and does things in the way comprehensible to our poor minds. His way of revealing Himself to us through Christ appeals to our imaginations. We see first the humble shepherds worshipping at Christ's manger. Then we see the wise men bringing their gifts to the growing child. Then we see the twelve year old boy in the temple growing conscious of "His Father's business." And we read that "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." When we read that statement we pause and are amazed. But our greatest amazement comes when we hear Christ with His own lips say: "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." Many of the learned through the ages have puzzled over this. Why should they? It is God's way with the Son. He was Son of man, and Son of God. A sovereign God can and does do as He wills, and His will is always right. The

Son humbled Himself — emptied Himself and became obedient. The Son was willing to thus manifest the Father, and to be so represented as related to the Father. It is God's way

* * * *

THE PENALTY EXHAUSTED

The other day some young person, we have forgotten whom, asked us how Christ could have been received back into the bosom of the Father after being loaded with the sins of the world and dying under them, being forsaken of God.

We confess this was the first time that question had ever been asked of us. And blessed be God there is an adequate answer. Christ in His infinite character exhausted the penalty for all sin and sinners. His sacrifice was infinite. Had the sinner been forced to meet the judgment on sin he would have perished because he could never exhaust the penalty.

But Christ could meet the penalty; and more, He could and did exhaust it. Every sinner in hell could be saved if he could exhaust the penalty for sin. But only Christ could do that, hence when he had accomplished that, He could again be received into the bosom of the Father.

* * * *

THE CURSE AND ITS REMOVAL

"For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain. For the creation was subjected to vanity, not of its own will, but by reason of Him who subjected it, in hope." R. V. A travailing universe suffers with a travailing race, proof positive that the tragedy of Genesis is no fiction.

But this vanity, this decay, this constant pain are to be taken away. Hope shines o'er the dismal lowlands of a wrecked universe. A new universe is to appear. The new race is already being born. When completed they shall be as the stars in number. There are to be new heavens, new planetary systems, and a new earth will appear free from the curse, upon which the redeemed shall live through the eternal ages.

And all this through and by the One we love and adore, the Lord Jesus Christ, the second Adam, head of the new race and Creator of the universe. The four living creatures of Rev 4:8 who rest not day and night will cry: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, celebrating the deliverance of the universe and the human race from the curse; all four grand divisions of animate creation swelling the chorus. Hallelujah!

CHRIST SUFFERING IN THE BELIEVER

The Holy Spirit is the spirit of Christ. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Eph 4:30. Paul said: "I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake, and fill up on my part that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the church."

There are sufferings in Christ's mystical body which He feels, as there were in His visible body. He said to Paul on the Damascus road: "Why persecutest thou Me?" And this startling fact should be the strongest motive to restrain the believer from sin.

Of God's ancient people Isaiah says: "In all their affliction He was afflicted. But they rebelled and vexed His Holy Spirit." Again Paul says: "The sufferings of Christ abound in us." Sufferings from all eternity!

* * * *

FILLING UP WHAT IS BEHIND

The more Paul suffered for Christ and with Christ as a member of Christ's body, the more he knew he was honoring the Head of the church whose honor was often sadly besmirched by those who were backsliding from the faith once delivered. Though Calvary could happen but once, the physical body writhe there but once, His sacrificial death and suffering continues through His body, the mystical church, and will so long as sin is here and His suffering church remains.

* * * *

LIKE AS A FATHER

A brother writes to tell us how the page has helped him in his struggles as fightings without and fears within beset him. It is midnight and after as he writes. One of the children cries out and wants its legs rubbed. He drops his writing and rubs the aching legs that had run too much that day in play, then resumes his letter saying: "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." Ps. 103:13. So the Lord does pity and care for His little ones as multiplied millions will testify. Our little aches ache. Our little hurts hurt. He knows it and cares. Try Him honestly and earnestly and see.

* * * *

NOT IDOLATRY

The worship of Christ is not idolatry as one prominent pulpiter warned some while ago. Christ is God manifested in the flesh. Only once in the history of the human race did the Maker of the universe come

down and manifest in human form His near relationship to mankind. He is the Creator and upholder of all things, and without Him was nothing made that was made. To turn our backs on Him is to turn our backs on God.

* * * *

SO WE COULD UNDERSTAND

Christ is God objectified, brought down to earth in human form that we mortals might see Him and understand his compassion for the race. This was the Father's only way to personalize and demonstrate His concern for men. Christ was perfect Man and perfect God. Therefore He is the only name given under heaven whereby we must be saved.

* * * *

JOY AND SORROW

Believers in Christ need not think it strange that their experiences in grace are mingled joy and sorrow. Remember if we are to reign with Him we are to suffer with Him. This is the divine order. Paul yearned for the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, and we think he fully knew what that involved. When we were seventeen years of age we well remember choosing that passage in Phil 3:7-14 for our very own. Perhaps at that supreme moment we did not understand all it could mean, but today we believe we have learned much of its depth. We do not regret that day so many years ago. We seem to remember the spot in the corn field where the choice was made.

* * * *

INTERPRETATION

Differing minds can conduct discussions calmly and with the sole aim of ascertaining the truth. Our only purpose is to search out exactly what the Scriptures say on a given subject and then lay the Scriptures down verse by verse side by side and look at them without trying to make them fit any theory of ours.

We are not saying a theory may not form in a human mind and by honest search a great Scriptural truth be found thereby, but we do say emphatically that we have read much for many years after men who were vainly trying to make the Scriptures say things to fit a cherished theory, and they just would not fit when all the pieces were found and put together.

Courts and juries seek to find all the facts in a given case in order to arrive at a correct judgment. All the Scriptures applying to a given subject are necessary to establish

without controversy the doctrine involved.

* * * *

CHILDREN IN THE MARKET-PLACE

"We piped and you did not dance." The religious and denominational controversies that rage year in and year out in certain sections of our country remind us forcefully of the quaint rebuke the Lord offered the fault-finding Jews.

Dignified and Scriptural discussion of great themes on which men may differ is always desirable and necessary. But the furious wars of

adolescent mentalities that rage through a type of religious papers make one wonder if this is 1939 or the days of the primeval forest dweller.

Tons of print paper are consumed annually that men may scream at one another "you are another and you are another." Bellicose writers aver that anybody that differs from them must be consigned immediately and forever to gehenna fire. The hopelessness of the thing exists in the fact that there is yet a sufficient reading constituency to keep it alive.

GLEANINGS

Edited by R. F. HAMILTON

DR. L. EDWIN BARNES, NOTED EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST OF CHICAGO SAYS:

"As a medical doctor, I see a rising generation of drug addicts, especially among our young girls.

When a package or two of cigarettes a day is not enough to soothe their frazzled nerves, then they need additional sedatives, and today these habit-forming sedatives are being sold by the tons.

I know you would want to save yourself from this unhealthy habit, which once started, many a person in their own strength has never been able to break, therefore I have permitted my name to be used in connection with this printed message. Smokers are actually doping their nerves and poisoning their systems. You ask 'How do I know?'

Because I smoked heavily up to the year 1920, and when I did quit once and for all, I was weak and miserable and mean for six weeks before the dopish effect wore off, but I have not smoked at any time since then.

How did I stop?

My answer is this: I prayed and asked the Lord Jesus Christ to give me the will power to overcome this filthy, foul-smelling habit, and HE DID.

The Lord never made anybody's lungs to be filled with any kind of smoke because it is not fresh air and we need fresh air.

Those who profess the Name of Christ should avoid these carnal, worldly lusts that rob them. Remember that any smoke or drug that sedates the nerves and brain, slows up

your mentality and reduces your productive ability. Therefore it is not honoring to God. Col 3:17.

Christians (meaning disciples and lovers of Christ): "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, which is in you, which you have of God, you are not your own, you are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." —I Cor 6:19, 20.

Some innocent boy or girl now smokes because they see you smoking. Therefore be careful how you carve upon these precious young lives.

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself"—Rom 14:7.

The Apostle Paul wrote: "Be thou an example of the believers, in word, conversation or behaviour, in love, in spirit, in faith, in purity, flee also youthful lusts."—I Tim. 4:12; II Tim. 2:22."

(Taken from Christian Laymen's Tract.)

* * * *

"DAME NATURE'S" "OMISSION"

I have walked in summer meadows
Where the sunbeams flashed and
broke,
But I never saw the cattle
Nor the sheep and horses, smoke.

I have fished in many a river
When the sucker crop was ripe,
But I never saw a catfish
Puffing at a briar pipe.

I have walked in early morning
When the world with dew is wet,
But I never saw the robin
Puffing at a cigarette.

Man's the only living creature
 Dwelling in this vale of woes
 That goes puffing like an engine,
 Belching smoke through mouth
 and nose.

If "Dame Nature" had intended,
 When she first created man,
 That he'd smoke, then she'd have
 built him
 On a widely different plan:

She'd have fixed him with a stove-
 pipe
 And a damper and a grate—
 Why not a smoke consumer?
 Then he'd be right up to date!
 —Wallace G. Hendren,
 Chief Constable,
 Lakefield, Ont., Canada.

—Copied from Revival Dynamite
 * * * *

HEMET BAPTIST OF CALIFORNIA

During the year 1939, sixty-five Bibles were purchased by members of the congregation, sixty-two were added to the church; twenty-three by letter and testimony, and thirty-nine by baptism \$263 was raised for Home Missions, and \$143 for Foreign Missions. Henry Poole is the pastor.

* * * *

PRAYER

When the light of day is dawning
 O'er the eastern hills afar,
 And the jeweled brow of heaven
 Is bright with the morning star,
 When the first sweet rose of summer
 Perfumes the sultry air,
 And the mind is fresh for labor,
 There's nothing so sweet as pray-
 er.

And when the day is departing
 And the sun sinks in the west,
 And the lilies close their petals,
 To sleep on the river's breast;
 When the cross we bear is heavy
 And we tremble with despair
 And faint by the wayside fountain,
 There is nothing then, like prayer

When the mighty foe is pressing
 Hard and close on every hand,
 And the shot and shells are flying
 At the leader's stern command,
 And our comrades they are falling
 All around us everywhere,
 It is then we need new courage—
 And there's nothing, friend, like
 prayer.

When the soul is bowed with weep-
 ing,
 And the eyes are dim with tears,
 And no one is near to comfort
 Or to lull or soothe our fears,

When we cross Death's dark, cold
 river,
 We shall need God's presence
 there;
 Yea, we need His guidance ever!
 So there's nothing, friend, like
 prayer!

—Adelbert Clark

—Copied from Hemet Baptist
 Church Calendar.

* * * *

THE BAPTIST BIBLE INSTITUTE OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Baptist Bible Institute of Buffalo began its second Semester for the year 1939-40, on Tuesday, January 30th

This Institution, housed temporarily in the First Baptist Church, Dr Harry G Hamilton, pastor, began last September with an enrolment of 98 students from five denominations

The course is designed to cover a period of four years, beginning in September and closing in May of each year, offering the following subjects: Biblical Introduction, Greek Word Studies, Bible Prophecy, Bible Synthesis, Elementary Theology, Practical Christianity, Homiletics, Missions, Evangelism, and Ecclesiology

The Preamble of the Prospectus reads as follows: "For a number of years several Baptist Churches in Buffalo and vicinity have conducted classes in the study of the Bible under the auspices of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago with great blessing attending them. The time has come when a sufficient amount of interest is manifest which warrants the establishment of a Baptist Bible School to meet the demand of Christians for the study of the great truths of the Bible, so that they might be better qualified to serve God and the church of Christ more efficiently."

Signed by: Pastors Kenneth A. Muck, Frank L. Wasser, Clayton E. Bacon, Harry G. Hamilton, Howard Rich, Kenneth R. Kinney, Harvey O. Olney.

* * * *

GOSPEL SENT TO STUDENTS

The Tabernacle Baptist Church of Ithaca, N. Y., of which the Rev Joseph M. Stowell is pastor, has recently finished an effort of sending gospels of John to College and University students in the city. More than 7,250 gospels were sent to students at Ithaca College and Cornell University. Each Gospel was sent in an attractive envelope with a letter inviting the student to read the gospel and attend the Tabernacle Church. A number of interesting

letters were received from students in reply and quite a number were attracted to the church, some becoming regular attendants. The Cornell Daily Sun ran articles concerning the distribution which advertised the work greatly.

* * * *

MEETINGS AT HORTON, IOWA

"Rev. R. J. Kees, a young evangelist of Evanston, Ill., was scheduled to be with us December 5-17, but the Lord's blessing was so evident that the services were extended through December 20. Capacity crowds were in attendance several nights. Many testified the meetings were the best in years

Some of the greatest blessings were received as Mr. Kees and myself visited in the homes. Although it is not wise to count heads, there were twenty-two professed conversions. Approximately two-thirds of these were adults, too. The blessing of the meetings will be felt in the church and community for many days to come.

Mr. Kees' ability as a song leader and musician, and his sound preaching, appealed to both young and old. He is tentatively scheduled to return for meetings next fall

Rev. Judson McClure, pastor
 Horton Baptist Church.

* * * *

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me, seemed insufficient for that day.—A. Lincoln.

* * * *

GOSPEL CARDS IN BUSES

Gospel cards have been placed in 117 buses serving Grand Rapids, Michigan, by the Wealthy Street Baptist Temple of that city. The buses carry approximately one million persons a month. What a testimony these attractive gospel cards will give forth. We pray that many may thus be drawn to our Lord Jesus Christ.

* * * *

KANSAS CITY YOUNG PEOPLE'S FELLOWSHIP

The young people of four Regular Baptist Churches met in Faith Baptist Church, December 18th and formed a Regular Baptist Young People's Association, which will meet each month. The program will alternate between devotional and fellowship.

* * * *

ON AN OLD TOMBSTONE IN ENGLAND:

"Remember, man, as you pass by,
 As I lie here, so you must lie;

As you are now, I used to be;
Prepare yourself to follow me”

Years later someone added:

“To follow you, we are not content,
Until we know which way you
went”

* * * *

FELLOWSHIP AT ALTON, ILL

The Regular Baptist Churches in the St. Louis area held their monthly fellowship gathering in the Milton Heights Baptist Church of Alton, on January 20th. Among those on the program were: B. G. Ham and William Strader in charge of the music, W. M. Richardson, Edward Roustio and D. L. Osburn as speakers. Bob Mayer is pastor of the entertaining church.

* * * *

“I HAVE SWORN, AND I WILL PERFORM IT.”

Psalm 119:106

Theodoricus, Archbishop of Cologne, when the Emperor Sigismund demanded of him the most direct way to attain true happiness, made answer in brief, thus:

“Perform when thou art well
what thou didst promise when thou
was sick.”

David did so; he made vows in war, and paid them in peace; and thus should all good men do; not like the cunning devil, of whom the epigrammatist writeth:

*“The devil was sick, the devil a
saint would be
The devil got well, the devil a saint
was he.”*

Be not like unto many now-a-days, that, if God's hand do but lie somewhat heavy upon them, oh, what promises, what engagements are there for amendment of life! How like unto marble against rain do they seem to sweat and melt but still retain their hardness! Let but the rod be taken off their backs; or health restored, then, as their bodies live, their vows die; all is forgotten; nay, many times it so falleth out, that they are far worse than ever they were before.

—From Spurgeon's great life work,
“The Treasury of David”

—Copied from Wealthy St Baptist
News

* * * *

EAST SIDE BAPTIST CHURCH OF TERRE HAUTE, IND.

“The closing months of the year have been wonderfully blessed. God gave us the privilege of conducting evangelistic services in Bristol, Tennessee at Lynnwood Street

Chapel and gave us also a vision while there of the need in the mountain sections where there are many souls, for whom Christ died, unevangelized and untouched by the Gospel.

“Returning from there we conducted evangelistic services at the East Side Baptist Church at Terre Haute where since August sixth we have been supply pastor. Oh! The joy of seeing souls trust Christ and watching as the new-found joy breaks and beams from their faces. God is good to us and eternity alone will afford us adequate opportunity for praise to Him for the privilege of preaching.

“Now just a word about the East Side Baptist Church. This is a newly organized Regular Baptist Church being born from the death of a Convention Church and disposal of the church property. Time and space forbid details, but a great and effective door is open to us and there have been and are many adversaries. We are trusting our God for He is able. Our building is rented but all equipment is paid for and there are no outstanding bills. Our present membership is something over fifty and average church attendance about twenty-five. Our great responsibility is ministering the Word to the children who come to our Bible School, many of whom would not be in Bible School were it not for our work. Ours also is the only fundamental Baptist Testimony here unattached to the Convention.

“We are accepting a full time call to the East Side Baptist Church to begin January seventh, since we feel God's leading to undertake this work of faith and should be glad if you would acquaint the people with the work that Bible believing Baptists may fellowship with us at the Throne of Grace about the difficulties we encounter about this work that is so much needed here.

Yours in Gospel Bonds,
(Pastor) Esten A. Boyll,
667 Fourth Ave.,
Terre Haute, Ind.

* * * *

MY THOUGHTS

I thought it hard that Christ should
ask of me

To walk through life along a
blood-marked way,

And thus it was, I shrank back,
tremblingly,

Then paused, and bowed my head,
and said Him, nay!

But, looking down I saw, with tear-
dimmed eyes,

That all the blood-marks came
from pierced feet,

At which I learned, with sad yet
glad surprise,

That they were proofs of love, en-
during, sweet;

'Twas thus again I looked on Christ's
dear face,

And once again began to follow
on:—

Since then I've only thought of His
great grace,

And fear of blood-marked ways is
wholly gone

—Anonymous.

FLASHES

(Continued from page 11)

A THRILLER FROM THE TRIMBLES

November 11, 1939.

Dear Mr. Ross and Herthel:

“If God be for us who can be
against us?”

Well we are waiting for you so don't be poking around, and don't listen to all the voices telling you to stay. I'm glad you didn't get a string on your leg at Gary, as much as we think of the Church and sympathize with its need. Also get a move on the others if you can. We need help as bad as a drowning man here, and you know how the Lord supplies here so quiet their fears.

We got the repairs for the organ, which you sent in June, but they are still in the custom house as we couldn't get them out before we went up river and now Amazonino's wife is very sick so he doesn't work much; but they are here.

I am glad you had a good time among our own people and hear many reports of good times. I even got a letter from Leo Sandgren, State Secretary of G. A. R. B. He has decided to write to missionaries and since his letter has waited a long time I answered by air.

I don't think I shall do much deputation work when I get home since both Moffat and you have been so busy. I'll just have a little tinkering done on this old broken down bloke, named Trimble, make the rounds of the friends, a few special invites, pack the old kit bag and away. I already have more plans for coming back than for going, so if any one you know wants to hear the Trimbles, you tell them it is going to be a scarce privilege and they can see my MOM about it at 808 Third St., So., Bemidji, Minn.

You know we had a Baptism: Maria, Maude, Redmans. We went on a trip up the Branco as Fern wrote you just before we left. Say,

old man, you think the river is great along to Iucaby Come along now and see the Branco and judge for yourselves! If you don't hurry I'll not take you as I must go again soon. When we got back the old BUGS took me into camp again and I was up in the air crazy with the heat for two days—104 plus—just like before I left Say, Atabrinha and Plasmaquina are like Pepper Martin in the World Series though they certainly play ball for me! I thought the last night, if I have another day and night like this one the JIG will be up "Bless the Lord O my soul." It was our God who did it all I'm going on but beans would find it hard to climb on this pole, and I feel I must get home and rest. (Not much left to climb around)

Well, first of all, I got a Beaner of a bunch of pictures: Killing an Onca (tiger), rounding up steers, preaching the Gospel, shooting the rapids, serras (Mts) scenes, and all that stuff I have a real camera and I'm learning her A. B. C's. It was a great trip! I preached four nights on the Parahyba (the steamer) with one soldier saved. Then one night at Caracaraby There was great interest in the midst of a "Festa de Nossa Senhora" (a feast of the Virgin Mary), especially was this true in one home where the husband was saved and then later on the return trip his wife was saved Tough trip as to traveling: low water, rocks and rapids, etc I lugged bag and baggage overland, and I'm selling my big trunk Let them gnash their teeth as has them and let 'em carry big trunks as likes 'em I doesn't, says my bones the next day! I carried a woman over for good measure, too, coming down. Up there we turned the world upside down and the "Padres" didn't like it and held a special meeting and the following day a great procession to "Nossa Senhora." They had to call out the army as some of the duffers got out their gats and tried to make it impressive I preached on the Past, Present and Future three nights and being they talked so much about being the Church, I told them what the Word says about the Church and apostasy, citing Matthew 13:6 parable, all the letters from the saints, and seven letters of Rev When I came to the mustard tree, I told them they were Urubus (Vultures), eagles, owls, etc, evil birds of the first parable, who steal the seed, and make nests in the Church to hatch cockatrice eggs. And the next day, the "Padres" were up in the air about it Well, we didn't pay as

much attention to them as they did to us and one of them bought a Bible. I think there is still room for a few ex-Padres in heaven

We preached every day and visited under the boiling sun. That's the hottest place on the old fire ball according to my tell, and I thought we should lose our eyesight. We were actually knocked out with only a three or four blocks walk sometimes. We held all meetings in front of homes where we were invited with an attendance of fifty growing to one hundred before the end. We had prayer meetings with the Christians, and organized this to carry on in our absence. Organized a Sunday School with officers and teachers and about twenty members who professed acceptance of Christ. And then we came home. You know it was hard and how I long to return. When will we have the force here? Oh, Lord, when can we go back?

Warfields will be down, leaving Iucaby without a missionary again for a little. They have been gallant Kids and good soldiers, enduring hardness and getting ahead with the work of the Lord I sent up five barrels of cement last month They are in the hole financially but we'll try and balance the budget when they come down I feel that real prayer is getting to the throne for us all and our people, who are staying by the stuff, are happy in it. They have their reward but not all It's the toughest thing to get things down here, but it's in our prayer to establish a Church, organized and housed, before we leave.

We'll need another boat on the Branco!

Well, Bye, Bye, with love in Jesus,
Garnet & Fern Trimble.

WHY FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES SHOULD BE JUNKED

By Carl Sweazy

The following reasons appear in the Christian Victory Magazine of June, why the Federal Council of Churches should be junked The Tabernacle pastor finds himself in full accord with these statements

These statements were taken from an article written originally by Glenna Robbins Post, in which the author sets forth reasons why the United Presbyterian Church should withdraw from the Federal Council.

We believe they furnish reasons why the whole thing should be junked by all who consider them-

selves loyal citizens and Christians. Here they are:

1 The Federal Council is not in accord with the traditions of the United States government, for,

(a) It threatens the separation of Church and State

(b) It is ultra-pacifistic, opposing war even for national defense

(c) It is definitely committed to subversive policies.

2. The Federal Council is not in accord with the heritage of the Protestant faith, for,

(a) It is a super-church, containing many of the evils that brought about the Reformation

(b) It usurps the function of secular organizations.

(c) It neglects the true mission of the church.

(d) It exerts an unwholesome moral influence on the youth of our nation.

3 The Federal Council is not in accord with the Word of God, for

(a) Its leaders deny the basic doctrines of salvation

(b) It fosters unbelief in institutions of higher learning

(c) It distorts the Scriptural teaching on social and economic questions.

(d) It exalts the Church instead of the Head of the Church.

(e) It leads directly toward atheism.

(f) It fulfills certain prophecies about the "last days."

4. The arguments advanced in favor of the Federal Council do not warrant affiliation, for,

(a) "Christian Unity" is a fallacy.

(b) "United Front" against godlessness is also a fallacy

My Christian reader friend, there is enough in this consideration for you to think upon until you declare yourself.

The Calvary Baptist Tabernacle believes that every single church should follow Christ and the Bible and fellowship with other religious bodies, only on the basis of absolute loyalty to Christ and the Bible

Other spiritual warriors should rise up in all Christian bodies to decry this gross evil until the un-Scriptural Federal Council of Churches is JUNKED.

DON'T EXPIRE

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

RENEW NOW!

THE WATCHMAN

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *There are many stories based on Christ's resurrection but this account is different in that it is told from the pagan point of view. A Roman soldier who had been set as captain of the guard at Jesus' tomb has returned to his wife Claudia and relates to her the happenings of that first Easter morning. This poem has been in our files for many years and there is something about it which impresses us deeply every time we read it. We, therefore, pass it on to our readers*)

My Claudia, it is long since we have met,
So kissed, so held each other heart to heart,
I thought to greet thee as a conqueror comes,
But Jove hath willed it should be otherwise—
Jove say I? Nay, some mightier, stranger God,
Who thus hath laid His heavy hand upon me!
No victor, Claudia, but broken man
Who seeks to hide his weakness in thy love.

How beautiful thou art! The years have brought
An added splendor to thy loveliness,
With passion of dark eye, and lip rose-red,
Struggling between its dimple and its pride.
And yet there is somewhat that glooms between
Thy love and mine! Come, girdle me about
With thy true arms, and pillow on thy breast
This aching and bewildered head of mine
Here where the fountain glitters in the sun
Among the saffron lilies I will tell—
If so that words will answer my desire—
The shameful fate that hath befallen me

Down in Jerusalem they slew a man,
Or God—It may be that He was a God—
Those mad, wild Jews whom Pontius Pilate rules.
Thou knowest Pilate, Claudia—a vain man,
Too weak to govern such a howling horde
As those same Jews. This Man they crucified.
I knew naught of Him—never heard His name
Until the day they dragged Him to His death!
Then all tongues wagged about Him and His deeds!
Some said that He had claimed to be their King;
Some said that He had blasphemed their Deity—
'Twas certain He was poor and meanly born, and He taught
Doctrines that surely would upset the world!
And so they killed Him to be rid of Him
Wise, very wise, if He were only man,
Not quite so wise if He were half a God!

I know that strange things happened when he died,
There was a darkness and an agony,
And some were vastly frightened—not so I!
What cared I if that mob of reeking Jews
Had brought a nameless curse upon their heads?
I had no part in that blood-guiltiness.
At last He died and some few friends of His
Took Him and laid Him in a garden tomb.
A watch was set about the sepulchre
Lest friends, His friends, should hide Him and proclaim
That He had risen as He had foretold.

Laugh not, my Claudia, I laughed when I heard
The prophecy! I would I had not laughed!
I, Maximus, was chosen for the guard,
With all my trusty fellows! Pilate knew
I was a man who had no foolish heart
Of softness all unworthy of a man
I was a soldier who had slain my foes!
My eyes had looked upon a tortured slave
As on a beetle crushed beneath my tread!
I gloried in the splendid strife of war,

Lusting for conquest. I had won the praise
Of our stern general on a scarlet field!
Red in my veins the warrior passion ran,
For I had sprung from heroes, Roman born!

That second night we watched before the tomb,
My men were merry; on the velvet turf,
Bestarred with early blossoms of the spring,
They dined with jest and laughter! All around
The moonlight washed us like a silver lake
Save where that silent, sealed sepulchre
Was hung with shadow as with a purple pall
A faint wind stirred among the olive boughs—
Methinks I hear the sighing of that wind
In all sounds since, it was so dumbly sad!
But as the night wore on it died away,
And all was deadly stillness. Claudia,
That stillness was most awful, as if some
Great heart had broken and ceased to beat,
I thought of many things, but found no joy
In any thought, even the thought of thee!
The moon waned in the West and sickly grew,
Her light sucked from her in the breaking dawn.
Never was dawn so welcome as that pale,
Faint glimmer in the cloudless, brooding sky!

Claudia, how may I tell thee what came to pass?
I have been mocked at when I told the tale!
For a crazed dreamer punished by the gods
Because he slept on guard; but mock not thou!
I could not bear it if thy lips should mock
The dread vision of that Judean morn.
Suddenly the pallid East was all aflame
With radiance that beat upon our eyes
As from the noonday sun; and then we saw
Two shapes that were as the immortal gods
Standing before the tomb; around me fell
My men as dead, but I, though through my veins
Ran a cold tremor never known before,
Withstood the shock, and saw one shining shape
Roll back the stone; The whole world seemed ablaze,
And through the garden came a rushing wind
Thundering a paean as of victory.
Then—that dead Man came forth! ! ! Oh, Claudia,
If thou couldst but have seen the face of Him!
Never was such a conqueror! Yet no pride
Was in it—naught but love and tenderness,
Such as we Romans scoff at, and His eyes
Bespake Him royal. Oh my Claudia,
Surely He was no Jew but very God! ! !

Then He looked full upon me! I had borne
Much staunchly, but that look I could not bear!
What man may front a God and live? I fell
Prone, as if stricken by a thunderbolt,—
And though I died not, somewhat of me died
That made me man; when my long stupor passed
I was no longer Maximus—I was
A weakling with a piteous woman soul
My Claudia, dare I tell what foul curse is
Mine because I looked upon a God?

I care no more for glory; all desire
For honor and for strife is gone from me,
All eagerness for war. I only care
To help and save bruised things, and to give
Some comfort to the weak and suffering;
I cannot even hate the Jews; my lips
Speak harshly of them, but within my heart

(Continued on page 20)

WELL TAUGHT CHRIS- TIAN AT PHOENIX

Dear Co-Workers and Prayer
Helpers:

We want to thank God first of all
for returning us safely from our
Eastern trip, and that although we
arrived here in the peak of the hot
season, we were exceedingly happy
to see our dear people once again
contending for the faith once deliv-
ered unto the saints

*The Big Borrowed Tent was Re-
turned June 20th
Desert Storm in the City*

The evening services have been
held in the open-air and with great
success, for the evenings are a won-
derful time to have these out-doors
meetings except when it rains or
"when she blows" Sunday evening,
for instance, we held a wonderful
prayer meeting in the corner build-
ing while the people were assemb-
ling outside for the regular evening
meeting. When at eight o'clock a
group of us filed out from the brick
building into the yard where the
benches were beginning to be filled
and the song service had just begun,
we took our places, led the second
song and at the end of which I look-
ed up toward Heaven and there
wasn't a single star in sight which
of course was very unusual here.
We began singing a third song after
a couple of prayers, and as we did
so, I looked toward the East and I
began to see that we were due for
another one of our terrible dust
storms which many times are accom-
panied by real rain. The people
stood while I read the Scripture and
I happened to be reading about Noah
going into the ark and as I read how
God closed the door of the ark, I felt
the first dust of the terrible storm
knew we were headed for trouble,
but still it looked as though we
might finish our service without
much more than the dust. The wind,
however, kept increasing as I start-
ed to preach and the dust also in-
creased in volume, until after fifteen
minutes we could stand it no long-
er for the wind was howling and
the dust was blowing so that we
could hardly see. I hollered at the
top of my voice for the people to
crowd into the building and leave
the seats just as they were, for I
knew we would not have time to ar-
range any seats with the people try-
ing to get into the place all at once.
It was quite a sight that met my
eyes as I entered the building after
seeing that everybody was in, for
one of our Deacons was quite wor-

THE WATCHMAN*(Continued from page 19)*

I feel only compassion; and love
 All creatures, to the vilest of the slaves,
 Who seem to me as brothers Claudia,
 Scorn me not for this weakness, it will pass,
 Surely it will pass in time, and I shall be
 Maximus, strong and valiant once again,
 Forgetting that slain God. And yet—
 And yet—
 He looked as one who could not be forgot!!!!

TRIUMPH

“Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought your courage
 raise!
 Swiftly God’s great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be changed to
 praise:
 We shall triumph when the world
 is in a blaze.”

ried outside looking for one of his children that had strayed during the storm, and of course the Pastor had to see that even the little lambs had to go in before he would go in, so when we found him we all entered the building which was also filled with dust that had come in when the people were coming in, and there they all stood. I immediately made a motion for silence and I continued our sermon and the rest of the meeting while all the people stood up for another half hour of the service. No sooner had we pronounced the benediction than the rain began to descend and many of us had to stay in a little longer until the rain subsided enough for us to go out as we of the Salt River Valley are never prepared for such a thing as rain. This is a very uncommon occurrence in this Valley. We rejoice to tell you that in spite of these difficulties, between one-hundred and sixty and two hundred people for these evening services is not uncommon, so we take courage and continue to trust that our God will answer our prayer for a Tabernacle that may help us reach the many other hundreds and thousands who still are without Christ and without hope in this Valley.

“Sheep Chasing Wolves”

The Pentecostal element tried to come in like wolves, in our absence, but we are praising God for the stand taken by our people and especially brother Romero’s firm attitude which was followed by the rest of the leaders. Thus some of these misguided people that saw what they thought was an opportunity while the Pastor was away, found to their amazement that our people are well grounded in their belief and that the joy of our Lord in our hearts is not to be confounded with fanaticism and emotionalism that is not grounded in Scripture.

“Young People’s Street Meeting”

The third thing that happened in our absence was the desire of our young people to serve as a group in

the open-air meetings. Having gone down to help the Phoenix Bible Institute in a meeting in one of the main corners of the city where Mexican people congregate, our friends of the Bible Institute, seeing the desire of the people to listen to the messages in Spanish rather than in English as they were bringing them, gave up their corner in favor of our young people’s group, and as a result we now have two street meetings, one managed by the young people and the other one which has been going on for a long time is carried on by the older people in another corner two blocks away.

“Outstanding Happening”

The outstanding happening that will effect our work greatly is the fact that our brother Romero who up to a few days ago had been working as a teacher for the Government, and due to the shortage in funds for all teaching projects, was dismissed with many, many others from the pay-roll. We praise God for this brother and for his faithfulness in co-operating with us, especially while we were gone, and now while he could probably seek employment elsewhere, which would mean practically giving up the Mission work, he feels, that the Lord will have him spend all of his time in the service of the Lord, and for this reason both he and his good wife are determined to trust the Lord with us for the supplying of their needs and those of their six little children. We especially beseech you, my dear Brethren, that you remember these two faithful helpers in your prayers and that if God puts it upon your

heart to help support them you may do so, writing to us and telling us what God has spoken to your hearts, for this is a real definite need and one in which our many friends may especially take part.

We are very joyful about our radio work which will soon celebrate its second year of consecutive Sunday broadcast in Spanish and which we know is reaching literally thousands of our people through the ether-waves.

The Gospel of Christ continues to be proclaimed, simple but sincerely in song, Scripture reading, prayer and sermon, and as it is God’s word, we know it will not return void.

Plans for a special summer Evangelistic endeavor to take place next month, are being worked out, and we ask you, dear friends to specially remember us during this campaign that when so many folks are thinking of vacation and of closing the doors of the churches, God may pour out a blessing upon us who have no Church doors to close but that He may open the hearts of our people to the Lord Jesus Christ who will enter therein and make happy the hearts of those who receive Him.

You, my dear reader, please do not put this letter aside without breathing a prayer in behalf of our people, and if God puts it upon your heart to share with us in the burden and privilege of this work, “Give as unto the Lord for the Evangelization of my people.”

Very sincerely yours,
 Mexican Gospel Mission,
 Leonardo and Hazel Mercado,
 Directors.

THE ANSWER

A beautifully printed and bound booklet of fifty-four pages, describing what non-convention Baptists are doing for missions and for fellowship. Any number may be had free of charge.

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