

Devoted to Evangelism, Missions and Bible Doctrines.

The Baptist Examiner

The Paper With a National Circulation

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel!"

"To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." (Isa. 8:20).

WHOLE NO. 354

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ARE YOU A BOSSY WOMAN?

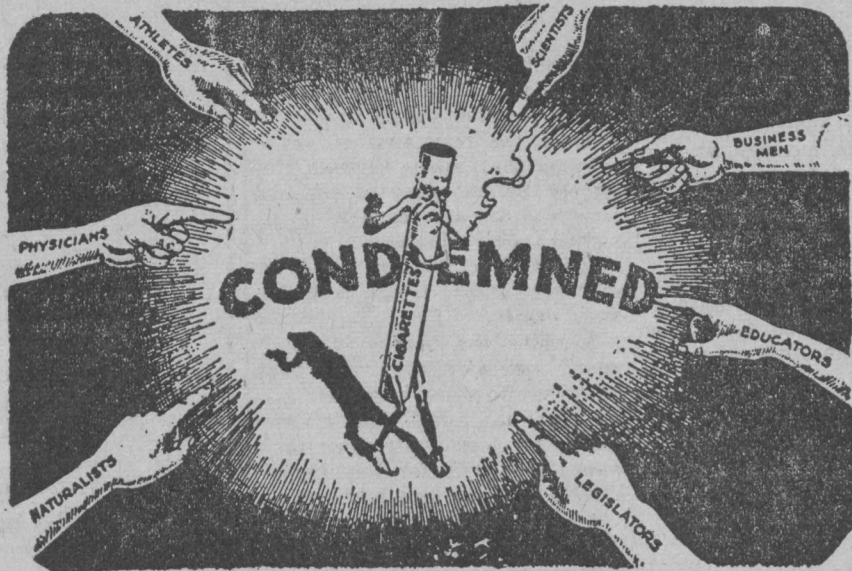
WHO WILL GO FOR US?

By Charles Haddon Spurgeon
"Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me." (Isaiah 6:8).

Brethren, the heathen are perishing, and there is but one way of salvation for them, for there is but one Name given under heaven among men whereby they must be saved. God in the glorious unity of His divine nature is calling for messengers who shall proclaim to men the way of life. Out of the thick darkness my ear can hear that sound mysterious and divine, "Whom shall I send?" While the world lieth under the curse of sin, the living God who willet not that any should perish, but that they should come to repentance, is seeking for heralds to proclaim His mercy. He is asking even in pleading terms for some who will go forth to the dying millions and tell the wondrous story of His love—"Whom shall I send?" As if to make the voice more powerful by a three-fold utterance we hear the sacred Trinity inquire, "Who will go for us?"

I feel in my soul, though I cannot speak it, an inward grieving sympathy with God, that God Himself should have to cry from His throne, "Whom shall I send?" Alas, my God, are there no volunteers for Thy service? What, all these priests and sons of Aaron, will none of these run upon Thine errand? And all these Levites, will none of them offer himself? No, not one. Ah, it is grievous, grievous beyond all thought, that there should be such multitudes of men and women in the Church of God who nevertheless seem unfit to be sent upon the Master's work, or at least never offer to go, and He has to cry, "Whom shall I send?" What, out of these saved ones, no willing messengers to the heathen! Where are His ministers? Will none of these cross the seas

(Continued on page four)



Does The "Fag" Shortage Worry You?

TOBACCO, next to alcohol, is the worst possible investment a nation can make; in reality an investment in deterioration—which destroys capital and creates nothing. In the first place it robs the nation of a vast acreage of land simply to burn it up in smoke. It wastes the lives of countless thousands of good citizens, scattering all their efforts to the winds in smoke.

It is the cause of innumerable fires, destroy-

ing property estimated to run into several hundred millions of dollars annually. Tobacco is the cause of constant bickerings and bitterness between growers of the weed, and buyers, and often gives rise to feuds which results in the burning of barns, and murders.

Its use by many creates a strong desire for alcoholic stimulants. It wastes the time and money

(Continued on page two.)

How One Man Plays With Death

By J. C. Jeffers

"Sin when it is finished . . . bringeth forth death" — James 1:15.

It happened in Durban, Natal Bay, beautiful Durban — where holidaymakers assemble in the thousands to enjoy sea bathing in the waters of the mighty Indian Ocean, or to find amusement in the many attractions with which the "Beach" is well catered for; or better still, to find that "there is society where none intrudes, by the deep sea, and music in its roar." No wonder the people of Durban are proud of their lovely city, this garden of "the Garden Colony," for where

(Continued on page two)

Will Baptist Divide

In the months of November and December, 1920, the Word and the Way published a series of articles on some of the fundamental differences among Baptist. In the issue of December 20, 1920, appeared this editorial:

"We venture to prophecy that within twenty-five years, one of three things will take place.

"First, the leaven of all liberalism will continue to work and the pedit-Baptist conception will be the prevailing conception among the Baptists, or,

"Second, the tide will turn, for the Baptist will take a new hold of their old doctrines and practices, and move on, on their own lines, in their work of carrying out the commission given them

(Continued on page two)

Surely All Hands Belong To God

By Tom Olson

In his column "Everyday Living" in the Schenectady (N.Y.) Gazette, Joseph Fort Newton tells a story that bears repeating. Here it is:

"Laurence Housman, the poet, tells of a lady working with 'the Children's Padre' in the service of a mission in the gaunt, gray slums of east London. In their rounds they met a boy named Mick.

"Do your Mum and Dad come to us, Mick?" they asked.

"They're dead, Padre," he replied.

"Who looks after you, then?" the Padre inquired.

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HERE IS HOW GOD CHASTISED ONE

In Numbers 12 we have the story of the jealousy and envy of Aaron and Miriam. Their pretense was that they objected to Moses having a negro wife. That was sham and pretense. Their real objection was that God sovereignly chose Moses as the one through whom He made all His revelation to Israel and Moses did not divide honors with them. Read Numbers 12.

Miriam was older than Aaron and Moses. She had aspirations to have a hand in running the affairs of Israel. We are not drawing on our imagination in what we say about her. Usually Aaron's name occurs first: but in verse 1 of the scripture Miriam's name occurs first. Aaron was weak and not a very stable brother and Miriam led him into this rebellion.

1. "Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses?"

That little word "only" explains this whole situation. Moses had not consulted Miriam or Aaron about anything. Miriam was older and she got jealous because Moses had never even once advised with her nor asked her what she thought about the best way to do things. That is terrible humbling for the youngest child in the family never a single time, not even once, to ask her what she thought about it nor what was the best way to do it. So Miriam took Aaron into her counsels and they swelled up until they "busted." It is always true, they did not tell the real reason for their bust. They pretended to be all worked up because of the marriage of Moses to an Ethiopian. That was not the reason. God told them what the real reason was. They were left out and not consulted by Moses or God either. God gave Moses' His plans and told him to do all things according to the pattern God showed him in the mount. Moses did not have any more sense than to do what God told him to do exactly like God said to do it. Lots of hypothesis (Continued on page four)

-- The First Baptist Pulpit --

"THE POWER OF A BOOK"

By Robert G. Lee

"Of making many books there is no end" (Eccl. 12:12).

Consider what we can do by means of books.

By means of books we can march with the war-worn spearman of Alexander down beyond the rim of the known world, and watch this conqueror as he rears new dynasties amid the wreck of dismantled kingdoms! We can hear grate on the coast of Britain the keels of the boats of the low Dutch sea thieves whose

children's children were to inherit unknown continents. We can travel afar and thrill to the triumphs of Hannibal as he scales the Alps and rushes down their icy slopes into sunny Italy to threaten the Roman dominion. We can walk with Peary amid ice floes of Arctic seas — go beyond dim centuries and see the banners float above armed hosts and conquerors riding to victories that have changed the course of time—go with Columbus until

he touches the shores of a new world, with Magellan as he girdles the globe, with Hugh Galileo and Newton among star gardens, with Faraday among the universe of atoms and electrons. We can journey on pathless oceans—listen to prophecies of forgotten seers, to dead poets singing to us the deeds of mighty men and the love of beautiful women, to the war horns of King Olaf wailing across the floods, to harps sounding high

(Continued on page three.)

Brain 'Conclusion'

A negro woman appeared at the state employment service asking for help in finding a job.

Her husband, she explained, had been in an automobile accident and suffered "conclusion of de brain."

"Don't you mean concussion of the brain?" queried a sympathetic official.

"No suh, Ah means conclusion of de brain," she replied firmly. "He's daid."

But seriously, death is NOT the "conclusion." "After death . . . the judgement." (Heb. 9:27.)

—Selected

Slipping Gradually

Psychologists have discovered that if you put a frog in a pail of hot water he will immediately jump out. But if you put him in cool water and then gradually heat it up the frog will permit himself to be cooked apparently being unable to decide when the water is so hot as to be unbearable.

When sudden heinous temptation rears its ugly head, most people instinctively shrink back. But the thing that causes many to get away from God is the almost imperceptible drifting, day

(Continued on page four)

THE BAPTIST EXAMINER

JOHN R. GILPIN - EDITOR

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for their continuation.

Book Reviews

The Following Books Are
From Wm. B. Erdman's Pub-
lishing Company, Grand Rap-
ids, Mich.:

BRIGHT HARVEST

A. C. Wyckoff

169 pages, price \$1.25.

When Larry Springer's mother died he went to live with his grandmother. There under her care and guidance he grew into a young man who knew and loved the Lord.

Larry and Dorellen were in love. But when Larry gave his spare time in the service of the "mill people" and later accepted work there instead of work in the city with higher pay, Dorellen broke off their engagement and went off to a "finishing school." Though Larry longed for Dorellen he continued in what he believed was the will of God but he prayed for her that she might realize her own selfishness. It was a happy Larry when she did finally return a changed person and a more faithful follower of Christ.

HERMIT'S HOLLOW

(And Adventures Of The Barberry Boys)

Gloria Young

72 pages, price 60 cents.

When the Drummond twins decided to visit Hermit's Hollow and Lulu, the cook, consented to take them in the old Ford, they didn't know what adventures awaited them. You'll be as anxious as they to know what caused the mysterious sound around the old well and to learn what they really found.

The Barberry boys had some strange experiences too when they went on their two-day camping trip. Even though they promised their parents they would do nothing foolish, they had a thrilling time. Boys and girls alike will enjoy these stories.

THE TRIPLETS GO SOUTH

(Fourth In Series)

86 pages, price 60 cents.

The three Baers are really thrilled when they learn they can go to Florida to spend their

Easter vacation with their Aunt Mary. They had an exciting time driving down with Mr. Thompson, staying over night in a cabin, and seeing the Atlantic Ocean. They had a good time too on their return trip on the big bus but they were really glad to get home again. You'll want to read all about this journey of the Baer triplets and to learn the big surprise that awaited them when they got home.

THE TRIPLETS SIGN UP

Bertha B. Moore
(Seventh in Series)

66 pages, price 60 cents.

You won't want to miss this latest adventure of the Baer triplets. Wanting to help out in this great the war Baers decide to turn their home into a day nursery for the mothers who are working in the big defense factories. They had an enjoyable time helping care for the children until one day their junior partner, Baby Baer, disappeared from his crib. It was quite an anxious family until Baby Baer was back home all safe and sound.

This is an interesting Christian story for boys and girls.

DR. MOORE'S FAMILY

Mary C. McLellan

72 pages, price 60 cents.

This story is centered around the lives of Lily and Laurie, the twins in Dr. Moore's family. In her own way Lily tells about Laurie's lameness, and how with the help of her teacher she devised a plan whereby to get the money for the necessary operation. She also relates some of the incidents which occur during Laurie's absence and of the day when Laurie comes home without crutches. Lily's faith in God and Laurie's witnessing to the great specialist provides a Christian atmosphere throughout the book.

AT THE LITTLE WHITE CABIN

Marian Schoolland

72 pages, price 50 cents.

When the new neighbors moved in at the little white cabin down the street, Bonnie and Besie became very much interested. They soon became acquainted with the old couple and promised to help entertain their crippled grandson, Jack, who was coming to spend the summer. Grandpa helped solve the problem of entertaining when he introduced the plan of studying nature. Jack not only learned much about the insects and birds but was benefited spiritually under the influence of Grandma's faith in God.

This is a book that both boys and girls will enjoy.

From Zondervan Publishing Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.:

THE AUSTIN BOYS — MAROONED

Ken Anderson

100 pages, price 75 cents.

The Austin boys have some great adventures on this south-sea island on which their par-

ents are missionaries. They had much enjoyment diving for oysters and exploring the jungles. The real thrill came when they found a large pearl in one of the oysters. But when the natives of the island stole it they went far into the jungle to get it back. The boys had many narrow escapes but God was with them and they not only recovered the pearl but were instrumental in spreading the gospel to the people of the island. Boys will enjoy the thrills and adventures of the Austin boys in this book.

DOES THE "FAG" SHORT-AGE WORRY YOU?

(Continued from page one)
of millions of our young men—not to mention young women. It reduces the resistance of young men so that many through this agency become prey to tuberculosis and are less capable of resisting other diseases.

It is a direct incitant and cause of cancer of the mouth in thousands yearly.

It ruins the nerves of many young men at a time when they are about to enter into their active life in the world, making them unable to concentrate upon their work, and unfit for the responsibility of important business.

As a cause for so many fires, it imposes heavy taxes on the community by reason of the destruction of property, and increase in expense of insurance, as well as the expense of supporting the fire department.

It is particularly harmful to women who are not so able to throw off its effects on the nerves by physical exercise.

Dr. Howard A. Kelly.

WILL BAPTISTS DIVIDE

(Continued from page one)

by their Lord; or,

"Third, the Baptist will divide, and we shall have two great divisions, one known as the conservatives and the other known as the liberals."

Well twenty-five years have just about passed. It is evident to all, that Baptists have not taken a new hold on their old doctrines. Instead, there has been a steady infiltration of modernism and religious liberalism. Unionism, Feminism, Lodgism, and Arminianism now control the majority of pulpits. Sticklers for Baptist peculiarities are few and far between. Now instead of magnifying our peculiarities, the majority of preachers and church members try to see how nearly alike the heretical denominations they can be. Every one who contends for Baptist principles, as well as every one who condemns the heresies of the Arminian pedo-baptist denominations, is considered a crank and a back number. The universal church has all but swallowed up Christ's true churches. The seminary is producing a crop of unionistic, spine-less compromising Baptists, the average one of whom does not know as much Bible as the average deacon did twenty-five years ago. The denominational papers, instead of teaching Bible doctrines, are merely aiding in building a hierarchy, all the while shouting, "Great is Diana of Denominationalism." The state secretaries, enlistment men (alias presiding elders), and denominational dignitaries are but piston rods and NUTS in the denominational machine. Surely it must therefore be evident that there is no hope of the denomination turning back to the old paths and to the doctrines of God's Word.

Only one course remains — Baptists must divide! Already

WHAT THEN?

When the great, busy plants of our cities
Shall have turned out their last finished work,
When our merchants have sold their last order;
And dismissed every tired clerk;
When our banks have raked in their last dollar,
And have paid their last dividend;
When the Judge of the earth wants a hearing,
And asks for a balance — WHAT THEN?

When the choir has sung its last anthem,
And the preacher has voiced his last prayer;
When the people have heard their last sermon,
And the sound has died out on the air,
When the Bible lies closed on the altar
And the pews are all empty of men;
When each one stands facing the record
And the great book is opened—WHAT THEN?

When the actors have played their last drama,
And the mimic has made his last fun,
And the movie has flashed its last picture,
And the billboard displayed its last run;
When the crowds seeking pleasure have vanished,
And gone out in the darkness again—
When the trumpet of ages has sounded
And we stand up before HIM—WHAT THEN?

When the bugle's call sinks into silence,
And the long marching columns stand still,
When the captain repeats his last orders,
And they've captured the last fort and hill.
When the flag has been hauled from the masthead,
All the wounded afield have checked in;
And a world that rejected its Saviour.
Is asked for a reason — WHAT THEN?
—National Voice

this has happened in the North.

Blessed be the day when it comes to pass in the South! Those who believe the doctrines stood for in this paper are only "kidding" themselves when they think things are getting better in the denomination. May the day of division soon come!

PLAYING WITH DEATH

(Continued from page one)

shall be found a more delightful setting than this Queen of the Indian Ocean?

Mr. Webb ran one of the side shows of the Beach. Night after night he gave an awesome exhibition of his snakes, allowing the venomous creatures to bite him in the sight of the assembled spectators. Truly he was playing with death, yet he seemed to bear a charmed life and to have succeeded in discovering a sure antidote. In fact, he regarded his snakes with affection. On being interviewed he said he loved those snakes, and that they loved him.

But some hitch occurred. After the tenth snake had bitten him he felt unwell, the deadly poison spread through his body, and it was not long before the papers announced that he had succumbed to the tenth snake bite.

How many, like Webb, are playing with death — with the infinitely more terrible snake of Sin. Ah, like him, they love their snakes; but even now those sins are working in them eternal death, and sooner or later there must be an awful awakening. Little snakes they may seem to be, but they have in them all the venom of hell; and unless an antidote be found they will harass the lost soul through the countless ages of eternity, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." For "the

sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law" — I Corinthians 15:56.

But thanks be to God, there is an antidote for sin; not that people may play with it and still be happy, but that they may be saved from its terrible eternal consequences and from its present power. That antidote is the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son. Has the reader tried it? If not, let him do so now; for it is written, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" — and the blood of Jesus Christ. His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (I John 1:7-9). Oh, the power of the precious Blood! How it neutralizes the fearful venom of sin. Praise be to Him who shed it! Well may we sing with heart and voice:

"There is power, power, wonder-working power
In the precious blood of the Lamb."

Or again:
"Oh, precious blood! oh, glorious death!

By which the sinner lives;
When stung with sin, this blood applied

New life and healing gives.
The blood that purchased our release,

And purged our crimson stains,
We challenge earth and hell to show

A sin it cannot cleanse."

"Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death" — James 1:15. "But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ" — I Corinthians 15:57.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" — St. John 3:14, 15.

WHAT CANCELS SIN?

A clergyman, talking about death-bed conversion, said to a Christian woman, "Do you think that a death-bed repentance does away with a whole life of sin?" "No," she answered quietly, "but Calvary does." — Selected.

THE POWER OF A BOOK

(Continued from page one)

festivals in forgotten halls. We can sit down with the kings of Ninevah and Tyre, enter at leisure into the intellectual heritage of centuries, see all the kingdoms of the world with the glories and tragedies thereof, and walk with the noblest spirits through the most sublime and enchanting regions.

Thus we get some conception of the power of a book. And, when we use a book, we see how the hand pulls back the curtain from the events of a life, and helps us travel to the uttermost parts in time and space. We understand how wars that devastated continents rage, without creating a disturbance, in a narrow room. We see how, without moving from cozy nook or swinging hammock, or warm fireside, we can crawl through jungles with an explorer, fight Indians with Custer, or take a flight into the high realms where Shakespeare's marvelous creations flock to meet us and Milton's choral hymns of Paradise peal in our ears.

Consider the GOOD BOOK.

A good book is a ship of thought, voyaging to us with precious cargo of truth and beauty. A good book is an artist painting the vision splendid in various colors before the dulled eyes—an orator speaking with power—a soloist singing a song that, passing from itself, enters the memory with great transfiguration. A good book is an author, writing the literature of godliness on the fleshy tablets of human hearts—a jeweler, adorning the mind with thoughts that give light. A good book is a comrade giving instructions, continuing with us on the intellectual road, in mute fidelity, from childhood to the end of life. A good book is a tailor, keeping the rustle of divine garments in the ear—a musician, building before the eyes of the soul rhythmic palaces of melody—a pilot, guiding away from the shallows into the deep things of life, of God. A good book is a telescope and microscope in one—showing us God's signature, written sometimes hugely large and sometimes very small on every page of this universe—God's vast autograph album.

I read where a woman, whose name has been forgotten, gave a tract to a very bad man—Richard Baxter. It seemed to be a matter of no importance. But Baxter read the tract, and it was the means of his salvation. Then, later, Baxter wrote a book, called, "The Call of the Unconverted," which brought a multitude to God, among others—Philip Doddridge. Doddridge wrote a book, called, "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which brought tens of thousands into the Kingdom—among them Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote a book, called, "A Practical View of Christianity," which brought a multitude to Christ, among them—Leigh Richmond. Leigh Richmond wrote a tract, "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of salvation of unconverted multitudes. And that tide of influence rolling along on through Richard Baxter, rolling on through Doddridge, rolling on through Wilberforce, rolling on through Richmond, on, on, on, forever and forever—because of a good book.

No wonder Rufus Choate said: "A book is the only immortality on earth." No wonder Whipple said: "Books are lighthouses

SECRETS



"The secret things belong unto the Lord our God" — Deut. 29:29.

"For nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither anything hid, that shall not be known, and come abroad."—Lu. 8:17.

erected in the great sea of Time." No wonder Plato said: "Books are immortal sons defying their sires." No wonder Kingsley said: "Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book." No wonder Bartholini said: "Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in darkness." No wonder Bulwer said: "A thousand ages were blank if books had not evoked their ghosts and kept the pale, unbodied shades to warn us from fleshless lips."

The good book! Have it as a companion!

Consider the EVIL BOOK.

For evil books we need a bonfire as consuming as the one in the street of Ephesus.

"Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver." (Acts 19:19).

An evil book. Who can describe the contamination that comes from such a stream of pollution? Who can cause to ripen into righteousness the immature fruit bruised and beaten by such a printed hailstorm? Who can show the tragedy of the blight of such verbal volcano spewing corrupt lava through the green gardens of life? Or know fully the overtopping and underlying curses of a profligate book?

A bad book lives on, whenever a copy of that book is read, long after—sometimes even centuries after—the author is in a coffin. The influence of a bad book spreads and persists to a distressing extent. The vicious influence runs on in successive harvests of evil. A crushed rattle-

snake bites no more. A lion with a bullet through its brain devours no more. But a bad book continues to wound and destroy. It continues to agitate the current of the world's thoughts and life, planting the seeds of dissolution and misery, chilling religion, lowering the moral tone.

There is no worse burglar or robber than a bad book. A bad book cannot repent. If the devil cannot keep men in ignorance, he will do all he can to poison man's books. A bad book, like an intoxicating drink, furnishes neither nourishment nor medicine. A man who writes an evil book may be followed into eternity by a procession of lost souls, each soul a witness against him at the judgment, to show him and the universe the immeasurableness of his iniquity.

You can kill a bandit or imprison a criminal and stop their evil conduct, but you can't kill the evil started and maintained by an evil book. The influence of a criminal is but a few short years, while that of an evil book that corrupts the imagination and influences the passions may be for ages. What a scourge is an unclean book! It helps fill insane asylums, penitentiaries, dens of shame. While plagues count their bodily victims by the thousands, a bad book has power to put tens of thousands in the morgue of the morally dead—power to bring putrefactions in the land.

Reading an evil book is like jumping through a hedge of thorns to get one blackberry—like swimming through fifty yards of sewage to get one teaspoon of truth—like jumping into a volcano to see if the fire burns. Burned be the book that tries to make crime attractive, hypocrisy noble, and impurity decent! Cursed be the infidel book that summons the Script-

ure to appear at the bar of human reason, that persuades men to give up the Gospel and spiritual religion as a myth, that blatantly declares God is a nonentity, that persuades people to give up the church of Christ as a useless burden on humanity's back, that asks youth to give up good morals as an infringement on personal rights and expressions!

There is the Book of Books —

One gem from that Book is worth all the jewels from all earthly mines. This blessed book have countless hosts found to be "the ladder to heaven's open skies — stairways that lead them to God."

The Bible, settled in its sources (Ps. 119:89), is a Book above and beyond all books as a river is beyond a rill in reach: The Bible, so sure in its promises (Jer. 1:12), is above and beyond all books as the sun is beyond a tallow dip in brightness. The Bible, so satisfying in its contents (Jer. 15:16), is above and beyond all books as the wings of an eagle are beyond the wings of a sparrow in strength. The Bible so secure in its guidance (Ps. 119-105), is above and beyond all books as an orchard is beyond a roadside weed in fruit bearing. The Bible, supreme in God's estimation (Ps. 138-2), is above and beyond all books as Niagara is beyond a mud puddle in glory.

The Bible, coming to us drenched in the tears of multitudinous contritions, is the Book our fathers touched with reverent hands. The Bible, coming to us worn with the fingers of agony and death, is the Book our mothers stained with grateful tears. The Bible, coming to us steeped in the prayers of myriads of saints, is the Book against which tyranny has issued its edicts, against which infidelity has loosed its blasphemous tongue, against which agnosticism has hurled its anathemas — the Book which many enemies, ancient and modern, have tried to exterminate. But this marvelous Book is still "the Word of God" that "liveth and abideth forever."

And all its enemies yesteryears and nowadays have not extinguished one spark of its holy fire nor diluted one drop of its honey, nor torn one hole in its beautiful vesture, nor broken one string on its thousand-stringed harp, nor weakened its vitality by one pulse beat, nor shortened its march of triumph by one step. Today this Bible walks more by-paths and travels more highways and knocks at more doors and speaks to more people in their mother tongue than any book this world has ever known, or will ever know.

The Bible, possessing the wonder of self-authentication, is infinite in height — infinite in depth. While men have come, and do come, to attack and destroy, the Spirit of Christ comes to validate and to confirm with divine conviction and with a divine certainty that is incommunicable by reason, and unpervious to the assaults of doubt. Time is too short for it. Too narrow the universe for it. It is as deep as the foundation of eternal justice, as high as the throne of the Infinite, as wide as the moral government of God, as enduring as the lift of the Almighty. Inexhaustible! Volumes have been written on single chapters — yes, on single verses.

Pause a minute! Consider the wonders of the Bible. It is wonderful in its inspiration, in its translation, in its preservation, in its sanctification, in its consummation. Addressing it to the universal conscience as no other book does, it creates lives and

alters destinies. Speaking with binding claims, it inaugurates world-wide movements and gives birth to immortal works. Commanding the obedience of mankind, it comes into communities of unrighteousness as the leaven of regenerative force. The plot of heaven-blessed and vitalized soil out of which has blossomed our every social and national blessing, it causes philanthropic and redemptive enterprises together with educational and therapeutic institutions to arise and stand as a tribute to its vitalizing power.

And the best we can say with tongue or pen, is but man's mean paint on God's fair lilies, but man's paste jewels in God's basket of pure gems. Our best efforts to praise it are but disfigurement. For it is the living Word of a living God—the Book supernatural in origin, eternal in duration, inexpressible in value, immeasurable in influence, infinite in scope, divine in authority, human in penmanship, regenerative in power, infallible in authority, universal in interest, personal in application, inspired in totality. And today, wherever it is read and treasured, it breaks the fetters of the slave, takes the heat out of life's fierce fevers, robs death of its sting, and parting of its pain. Even as in the centuries gone forever into the tomb of time, it unbars to the hastening soul the gates of everlasting delight beyond the grave. Still, as in ages ago, dying martyrs cool their hot faces in its fountains. And multitudes, as saints in other years have done, pillow their heads upon the one book which is the softest pillow a dying head can press.

And beware lest we forget that the Old Testament and the New Testament alike tell of Jesus. Of the Bible truly it can be said that Christ, the Glory of God, "doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof." The name of Jesus, the Supreme Personality, the center of a world's desire, is on every page—in expression, or symbol, or prophecy, or psalm, or proverb. Through the Bible, the name of Jesus runs like a line of light. The thought of Jesus, literature's loftiest ideal and philosophy's highest personality and criticism's supreme problem and Theology's fundamental doctrine and Spirituality's cardinal necessity, threads the great Book like a crystal river winds its way through a continent. Yes, this living Word of our living God stars Jesus. And you can't hold on to Christ and give up the Bible. You can't believe in the Cross and surrender the infallible authority of the Bible. Faith in the deity of Christ is married to faith in the inspiration of the Bible. All the Bible's analogies, all the Bible's types, all the Bible's pictures, all the Bible's truths are so related to Christ that Christ alone explains them. And the explanation is filled with such perfection of harmony in every detail—the relationship between them and our Lord Jesus is so strikingly self-evident that any discussion of it would be useless. No one ought to have to argue to get folk to see that the diversified and systematic sacrifices of the Jews, the significant shadows of redemptive entity still ahead, the adumbrations of a substance yet to come, were elemental, preparatory, rudimentary, introductory—and pointed to Christ, the propellant center to which the faith of mankind, before and since, gravitated. The promises to fall-man in Eden and the ceremonies of Judaism mean Christ.

(Continued on page four)

THE POWER OF A BOOK

(Continued from page three)

The music of Israel's sweetest harps and the light that burns in prophecy mean Christ. Jesus is the vital substance that gives meaning to the Bible's genealogies, meaning to its histories, meaning to its chronologies. Take Jesus out of the Bible and it would be like taking calcium out of lime, carbon out of diamonds, truth out of history, invention out of fiction, matter out of physics, mind out of metaphysics, numbers out of mathematics. For Jesus alone is the secret of its unity, its strength, its beauty. This is what Jesus meant when He said:

"Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me."

And let me say, it is this Christ who is the very essence of the written Word, who says "Come ye after me" (Mk. 1:17). May we say to Him:

"I am willing to receive what Thou givest;
"I am willing to lack what Thou withholdest;
"I am willing to relinquish what Thou takest;
"I am willing to suffer what Thou inflictest;
"I am willing to be what Thou requirest."

—The Baptist Evangel

BUMP OF OFFECTION

When Gipsy Smith was conducting a very successful series of revival services in Kansas City, an old preacher came into the room where Smith was sitting after the service, placed his hand on the evangelist's head and felt about it.

"I am trying to find the secret of your success," he confessed.

"Too high! Too high! My friend, you are too high!" admonished Smith. "The secret of whatever success God has given me is not up there, but down here"—and he placed his hand upon his heart.

—The Gospel Banner

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MORAL COLOR-BLINDNESS

"Color-blindness is more common than folks suppose," said a car-starter on Canal Street, New Orleans, the other day. And he continued: "We fellows have a first-rate chance to find out. It's a common thing for me to tell a man to take a green car and then see him stand stock-still and let it go by. He will swear it was blue. The same thing happens with yellow cars, which look pink to lots of people. A good many of them don't know that there is anything wrong with their sight, and think that the trouble is with the other fellow. Why, I had a man advise me, not long ago, to see a physician because I told him to get on a yellow car, which he thought was pink. He warned me, in confidence, that I would be discharged if the company found out my condition. It's no use arguing in a case like that, so I thanked him and told him that I would." Annoying as this kind of color-blindness is, and indeed it would be very dangerous many times, it is not of so much importance as moral color-blindness. Many people are morally color-blind through their prejudices. They take the wrong path and think they are right. Isaiah said of such people: "Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness;

that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!"

—The Trumpet Call

SLIPPING GRADUALLY

(Continued from page one)

by day. First there is neglect of the daily reading of the Scripture, and prayer. Then unnecessary Sunday work and pleasure are countenanced. Next church attendance becomes desultory and spasmodic. And then evil and worldly companions enter in and lead the once-earnest Christian into first the "questionable" amusements, and later into open, flagrant sin.

The best protection is, get out of the pot when the water even begins to get warm! LET SIN STRICTLY ALONE. Be puritanical. Don't take the first drink; don't try the first smoke. Sin, in any form IS OUR WORST ENEMY.—Christian Victory

"ALL HANDS ARE HIS"

(Continued from page one)

"Granny," the boy answered. The lady followed Mick to his home.

The streets had been badly blitzed; scarcely a house had its windows intact. Mick and the lady climbed upstairs, where they met Granny, a very old woman, feeble but friendly, living in one room.

"How do you manage to live?" the lady asked Granny. She explained that she had a small old-age pension. When she told how much — or rather how little — it was, the lady wondered how they made ends meet.

"Who finds the rest of the money?" the lady asked. "Our Lord brings it," Granny replied. "By what hand?" asked the lady. "All hands are His, lady," was the reply. "Then, in His Name, from mine take this," the lady said.

The lady learned that Mick's last suit was bought on 'a dead cheque,' paid off at a shilling a week. She began to plan for Granny to have an outing, and for Mick to go to camp somewhere, somehow.

"All hands are His"—the words echoed in her mind and heart. She repeated them to others, who chipped in to make a little sum large enough for Granny and Mick to get away into the country.

"No wonder the words haunted the lady in her work, as she went from case to case — some even more sad, hard and lonely. They gave a new glow to her

task, added a new grace and tenderness to her touch.

"All hands are His" — your hands, saved reader, and mine. If we allow Him to use our hands in His glorious and honorable work, how dignified the most menial task appears!

The Scriptures mention various kinds of hands. The following are some of them:

Clean hands — Job 17:9

Willing hands — Proverbs 31:13

Strong hands — Genesis 49:24

Skillful hands — Psalm 78:72

Diligent hands — Proverbs 10:4

Kind hands — Ruth 2:16

Giving hands — Matthew 6:3

How many of these descriptive terms apply to your hands, dear child of God?

Hands represent service. And when our hands are "His hands," incalculable good is wrought by them.

Have you ever experienced the intense pleasures of saying to a needy one, "In His Name from my hand accept this gift" and to a weary one, "In His Name let my hands do that bit of work" and to a burdened one, "In His Name, let my hands carry that load?"

If not, it is not too late to let your hands be His hands in reality and go about doing good.

— "Now"

"WHO WILL GO FOR US?"

(Continued from page one)

to heathen lands? Here are thousands of us working at home. Are none of us called to go abroad? Will none of us carry the Gospel to regions beyond?

Are none of us bound to go? Does the divine voice appeal to our thousands of preachers and find no response, so that again it cries, "Whom shall I send?" Here and there a young man, perhaps with little qualification and no experience, offers himself, and he may or may not be welcomed, but can it be true that the majority of educated intelligent Christian young men are more willing to let the heathen be damned than to let the treasures of the world go into other hands?

We shall not always throw the emphasis on the last word, "me," but read it also thus, "Here am I; send me." He is willing to go, but he does not want to go without being sent, and so the prayer is, "Lord, send me. I beseech Thee of Thine infinite grace qualify me, open the door for me, and direct my way. I do not need to be forced, but I would be commissioned. I do not ask for compulsion, but I do

ask for guidance. I would not run of my own head under the notion that I am doing God service. Send me then, O Lord, if I may go; guide me, instruct me, prepare me and strengthen me." Make no terms with God. Put it, "Here am I; send me — where Thou wilt, to the wildest region, or even to the jaws of death. I am Thy soldier; put me in the front of the battle if Thou wilt, or bid me lie in the trenches; give me gallantly to charge at the head of my regiment, or give me silently to sap and mine the foundations of the enemy's fortresses. Use me as Thou wilt; send me, and I will go. I leave all else to Thee, only here I am, Thy willing servant, wholly consecrated to Thee."

With my appeal, in earnest and at once, for it is the appeal of God, sit down and listen to that sorrowful yet majestic demand, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" And then respond, "Ready, aye, ready; ready for anything to which our Redeemer calls us." Let those who love Him, as they perceive all around them the terrible token of the world's dire need, cry in agony of Christian love, "Here am I; send me."

A BOSSY WOMAN AND HER WEAK BROTHER DISCIPLINED

(Continued from page one)

crisy and jealousy in the folks, who want to be leaders and won't work in the church or in the association or in building God a house because they can not lead. God says that was the trouble with Miriam and Aaron.

2. God's Defense of Moses.

God told them that Moses was the meekest man in the world. A meek man is a non-resister. He does not defend himself. He commits his case wholly in God's hands and leaves results with Him. God got busy and called Miriam and Aaron before Him. The Bible says that in addition to God talking very plainly to this bossy woman and her weak brother, that "the anger of the Lord was kindled against them." And when God departed, Miriam was smitten with leprosy. No happen so. God did it for three grievous sins: rebellion against Divine leadership; the sin of presumption in pushing herself to the front; green-eyed jealousy and envy. Those three sins explain lots of divisions in lots of churches.

God still knows how to take care of His own. We think we know a good many preachers, who are having a mighty hard time getting a job, because they let some bossy woman and the men she could control, cause them to resign from the places God put them, when God would have kept them there, if they had not played the coward. Moses did not resign nor compromise, but let God attend to the case and He did a good job of it. God brought Miriam and Aaron down in humility and contrition to where they were very glad to confess their sins and ask Moses to pray for them. He prayed and God forgave; but as a rebuke to their rebellion and pride, he kept an army of 600,000 warriors and their families, including at least three million people, marking time for a whole week. That lesson they would not soon forget.

3. Some Lessons to Southern Baptists.

We are as numerous as these Israelites, may be more so. We may not learn as rapidly as they did, because we are a spiritual

people. We have no pillar of cloud and fire as they did; but we have the Holy Spirit; and these things are written for our admonition. Paul said so. I Cor. 10:1-10. Our case is parallel to that of Israel.

(1) Bossy Women and Weak Men

Moses was God's chosen leader of Israel. Pastors or elders are God's chosen leaders in Baptist churches today. Miriam, backed by Aaron, raised a rebellion against Moses. First Moses followed Jethro, a worldly leader, and failed. Then Miriam and Aaron took things into their hands and God smote Miriam with leprosy. Elders, God called and church-elected elders are God's chosen leaders. Elders, not doctors nor teachers nor laymen nor young people are God's leaders. Preachers are God's leaders. We are having a hard time learning that, but it is so all the same.

The Bible has a mighty plaid word to say about God's folks when they get to following women and children. Look it up in Isa. 3:4,12. Jethro, Miriam, Aaron—none of them God's leaders. God's leaders are God-chosen and God-ordained men. No women leaders nor lay-leaders nor children-leaders. God's leaders for Baptist churches are preachers. He has no other leaders. All the rest are to followers. Paul said: "Follow me as I follow Christ."

(2) A Repudiated Leadership

Miriam and Aaron were repudiated by God and Israel as leaders. Miriam was shut out of the camp seven days. All Israel was idle and got nowhere because of repudiated leadership. That is the trouble with Southern Baptists — a repudiated leadership. The executive committee has been repudiated by God the Spirit and by the churches. Instead of increasing the number of co-operating churches, they are getting fewer all the time. The dishonesty of the seminaries in not paying back what they borrowed from the mission boards has caused the leadership to be repudiated. The enlistment men (alias siding-elders) are an eye-sore to everybody. Their bossiness and sycophancy disgust so many friends of missions, that they either designate their gifts, or if they do not know how to designate them, they withhold them. Members of our boards who have dances and card parties in their homes and smokes and cigarettes are repudiated leaders and ought to be fired. Secretaries who wear lots of jewelry and make trips to Europe and elsewhere and are noted for their extravagance and big overhead expense accounts are repudiated leadership and ought to be fired. Denominational men of all kinds, who serve and do not, who hold their membership in country or small town churches, away from where they live, because they can't get by and give nothing, ought to be fired instantly as dishonest with God and their brethren. All leaders of the Aaron and Miriam type ought to go: and God now as then is in the repudiating business.

THINK IT OVER

LIFE IS CERTAIN,
DEATH IS SURE.
SIN IS THE CAUSE,
CHRIST IS THE CURE!

IF . . .

If I were a "Mom" or a man called "Dad,"
If I could say "Son" to a service lad,
If that were my "Sailor" far out from the land,
If "my soldier" fought on a desert sand,
If that were "my boy" and I should feel
That tomorrow he'd face the bullets of steel,
I'D WALK, I'D RUN, I'D CRAWL, to get where
Some folks who knew Jesus would join me in prayer.

If I had a "Son" who was likely to go,
If his letter said "soon, but none of us know"
If this were "my lad" — though he'd always be
In the camps, or the ports of this country,
If he had been spared from sickness and sin
I'd walk, I'd run, I'd crawl, if need be
To the house of my God who spared him to me.

—Bulletin of Unity Baptist Church, Ashland, Ky.