

**THE WORLD OF TODAY IN
THE LIGHT OF THE WORD**

Test The test of what you are as a Christian is what you are on your knees.—*Stanley Plunkett*

Babe Ruth Famous as a baseball player and home-run hitter, Babe Ruth paid a glowing tribute to his old minister. Speaking of what this minister's life meant to him, the famous player said:

Most of the people who have really counted in my life were not famous. Nobody ever heard of them, except those who knew and loved them. I knew an old minister once. His hair was white, his face shone. I have written my name on thousands and thousands of baseballs in my life. The old minister wrote his name on just a few simple hearts. How I envy him! He was not trying to please his own soul, so fame never came to him. I am listed as a famous home-runner, yet beside that obscure minister, who was so good and so wise, I never got to first base.

All True—But Two Recent news has leaked out of China—we do not publish the channel—to the effect that in one church area, where leaders were suspected, it would seem, of being especially loyal to the gospel, thirty pastors were called together. All who would promise never to preach the gospel again were asked to stand on one side. Two forsook the faith, while the remaining twenty-eight stood firm and were taken out and shot. These twenty-eight did not reason, as Colonel Schwable who turned traitor, that they would be "more useful by living." Soldiers of the Cross do not have to live; they have to stand true.

All True—But Seven Fifty years ago, during the days of the Boxers, the same dread alternative often faced the Christians of China:

Dr. J. G. Fleming tells how, in the days of the Boxer uprising in China, Boxers captured a mission school, blocked all gates but one, placed a cross before it, and sent in word that anyone who trampled on that cross would go free, but that anyone who stepped around it would be killed. The first seven, we are told, trampled on the cross, and were allowed to go free. The eighth, a girl, knelt before the cross, and was shot. All the rest in a line of a hundred students followed her example.

From *Born Crucified** and *S.S. Times*

The seven stepped forth into freedom—*false freedom*. He that saves his life shall lose it. That is an eternal principle. Let no one of us in this land of ease and safety be too sure of himself. "Who is on the Lord's side?" comes to each of us in lesser ways. Do I save self in these smaller issues? What then would I do in the greater? Let no man deceive himself.

All True Farewell little hero, faithful unto death! You were but a shoeshine boy, but you won a martyr's crown, not back in the dark ages when Rome slew her tens of thousands, but in civilized 1953, when she still craftily kills her thousands.

From the *Missionary Broadcaster* (Jan.) we reprint this heart-breaking account of a recent martyrdom in Catholic-controlled Colombia. Here are the facts as recounted by Elof H. Anderson:

It was promotion day recently for Carlos Julio Tovar, shoeshine boy in Cucuta, Colombia. He now belongs to the heaven-honoured body of martyrs "of whom the world was not worthy."

I first met Carlos when he wandered into the Cucuta church five years ago. Of this world's goods he had nothing. He was an orphan and a street urchin, slept under a park bench or in the streets of Cucuta. He was cross-eyed, buck-toothed, and filthy. He started coming regularly and always took his seat—of all places—in the very front pew. His presence annoyed and

* Sold in Prairie Book Room, \$2.25 postpaid.

outwardly dramatic, sensational, or exciting about the meetings, but there is the power and workings of the mighty Spirit. At the invitation hundreds came forward to seek salvation and were then marched into an inquiry room to be personally dealt with by a number of personal workers. It is said that between four and five hundred thus respond to the invitation every night. Friends say that nothing like it has ever been seen here before. The Lord is truly visiting London these days, and we trust the Spirit's work may continue in power and ever grow deeper. We were told that between thirty and forty Church of England ministers have been converted in these meetings. We noticed two or three of those that came forward last night wore the priestly dress. It reminds one of what is told in Acts 6:7.

Nicotine Throat and lung cancers have frightened "some widely known doctors" out of the cigarette habit. A radio panel of surgeons expressed the idea that in view of the evidence cigarette companies would be obliged to face facts and that "their moral sense should at least conquer their love of gain." Does anyone dream that fallen humanity's "moral sense" can conquer its greed for gold? If that were possible, then the theatres would long ago have been out of business, the barrooms bankrupt, the dance halls nailed up, and Hollywood forever dead. But what has moral sense accomplished in any of these directions? Unless we have a deep spiritual awakening, none of these filthy businesses will ever suffer permanent setback from any moral sense in man. Tobacco sales may drop slightly through passing fear, but nicotine will continue to control multitudes of willing victims.

Deterioration "Easy Living Can Be Path to Disaster" reads an editorial in the *Florida Times* (Feb. 14). The paper adds the warning of Brig. Gen. Louis H. Renfrew, deputy director of selective service: "Civilizations have disappeared when they lost the central core: strength, incentive, vitality, and the stamina necessary to withstand strain and extreme shock in emergencies."

Gen. Renfrew's alarm is based upon facts and figures. Of approximately four million young men examined in the U.S. since 1948 under the Selective Service Act, over 42% have been rejected as unfit for military service. Lazy dependence upon machines, especially the automobile, together with intemperate diet, drinks, late hours, and other indulgences—these will strip any nation of its muscle and manhood.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Flowers or Weeds From *Sunshine Magazine* (Mar. '54) comes the following poem, sent in by a grateful reader of these pages:

I must not interfere with my child, I have been told,
To bend his will to mine, or try to shape him through some mold
Of thought. Naturally, as a flower, he must unfold.
Yet, flowers have the discipline of wind and rain;
And, though I know it gives the gardener pain,
I've seen him use his pruning shears to gain
Strength and beauty for blossoms rare.
Thus he tends what's in his care,
Like the Master-florist fashions his lilies fair.
I do not know, yet it seems to me
That only weeds are left to unfold naturally!

With the vast outfield of the younger generation well nigh taken over with the weeds of wickedness and delinquency, it is not too surprising that some progressive educationists have begun to awaken from their false dream. God's Word of wisdom, had it not been denied and discarded, could have spared millions of youngsters from Professor Dewey's guinea-pig experiments. Oh, the awful harvest! And the end is not yet.

In the springtime of our children's lives, may we exercise the same simple and God-given gumption that governs the gardener.

Delinquency "In the fight against [American] juvenile delinquency, this nation can be said to be fiddling while Rome burns. . . . To turn the losing tide of

battle we must immediately dedicate to the waging of this war whatever efforts and resources are necessary. There is no longer time for feints and skirmishes" (*Newsweek*, Mar. 29).

Such is the frightening verdict of the Senate subcommittee investigating juvenile delinquency in the U.S. If the delinquency rate continues to mount at the same speed, the number of youngsters to pass through the juvenile courts will sky-rocket to 750,000 by 1960. But this is not the worst. "For every boy or girl who actually goes to court, at least three other juvenile offenders are known to the police." Of course television, radio, movies, and comics accelerate the mounting chaos.

We urge fundamental leaders and evangelists and pastors to awaken to the need of holding great children's evangelistic campaigns after the manner of the London meetings now in progress. Over 50% of Billy Graham's converts in the Los Angeles meetings were youngsters, though the campaign was not directed toward them. *When will God's men awaken to mass child evangelism as the imperative of the hour!*

Fear The editor saw Hiroshima about five years after that awful atomic blast. There is a hillcrest about a quarter of a mile north of the A-bomb target centre where, prior to the blast, ten thousand Japanese soldiers had been quartered in their barracks. After the blast neither barracks nor men were ever seen again. Yet that was but a "baby bomb." Now we have the Hydrogen Bomb, equal to 2,400 Hiroshimas, or a force of 40,000,000 tons of TNT. The *Manchester Guardian* says "the scientists are moving into realms which are unknown, and the consequences may be most serious." A radio report quotes a New York scientist, saying that 400 cobalt-cased H-bombs could annihilate all life on the earth. A Toronto physicist holds out a straw of hope, that fear of retaliation may halt war and give us twenty years to unite against annihilation. These dark days should keep us on tiptoe, praying, waiting, and working. The night cometh!

Fury Indefinable "The cities of the nations fell." Frightful the day and awful the fall thereof! Lewis L. Strauss, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, states that the H-bomb could demolish any city and render "complete annihilation within a radius of three miles, severe-to-moderate damage out to seven miles, and light damage as far as ten miles."

"Every island fled away." That day is coming. At least one island fled in a flash from the Pacific when that H-bomb blast gauged a crater a mile in diameter and 175 feet deep. Air-raid shelters seem suddenly to have become obsolete. Is there no place to hide? Is flight the only answer? John saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, "from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them."

Flee indeed! But whither? Is there no place to hide? Yea, verily. We have a strong consolation "who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." Christ crucified is the solid Rock of all ages, cleft for me. Let me indeed hide myself in Thee. We need not be panicky, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains and islands be carried into the midst of the sea. Let the Pacific waters roar and be troubled with the latest H-bomb, we need not fear. Thou remainest.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

—Charles Wesley

Sectarian Ecclesiastical dominations are by no means confined to Rome and apostate Christendom.
Selfishness There are also fundamental and spiritual aristocracies which are fast becoming selfishly sectarian and factional. Such religious aristocracies usually seek to dominate and dictate as "lords of God's heritage."

THE SECRET

I met God in the morning
When the day was at its best,
And His Presence came like sunrise,
Like a glory in my breast.

All day long the Presence lingered,
All day long He stayed with me,
And we sailed in perfect calmness
O'er a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered;
Other ships were sore distressed.
But the winds that seemed to drive them
Brought to us a peace and rest.

Then I thought of other mornings,
With a keen remorse of mind,
When I too had loosed the moorings
With the Presence left behind.

So I think I know the secret
Learned from many a troubled way.
You must seek Him in the morning
If you want Him through the day.

—Selected



THE POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

By REYNOLD M. HAMRIN

DO WE really know what we are asking for when we say we want the power of the Holy Ghost? Sometimes I wonder if we are not like little four-year-old Karen who came to visit us. She was completely fascinated by the tiny football-shaped vitamin pills we were taking.

"I want one," she announced.

So we gave her one with the warning not to bite into it. But being a woman, even if a very young one, she bit. Oh, what a wail when the bitterness of the vitamin concentrate hit her tongue!

Now the pill was good for her, very good for her. But it was not what she had thought she wanted.

"Oh," we say, "we want to see a moving of the Holy Spirit in our midst."

Do we? I wonder if we are not like Karen. We do not know quite what we are asking for.

Most of us would agree that we receive the Holy Spirit when we are born again. "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body" (I Cor. 12:13). Every person who is a new creature in Christ Jesus has the Holy Spirit dwelling within him. "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His" (Rom. 8:9).

But having said all that, we still have a consciousness of something missing—a something more that the early Church had, a something more that we hear of every now and again, but not enough.

We need the power of the Spirit. Oh, how we need it! But it might do things to us that we do not bargain for. That is the thesis of this message.

The power of the Holy Spirit is ours if we want it. Christ said, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" (Luke 11:13). Let us analyze the components of the power of the Spirit to see if we really want it.

POWER TO REPENT

First, it is the power to repent. Repentance is the beginning of the work of the Holy Spirit in our hearts. We recognize that "when [the Holy Spirit] is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment" (John 16:8).

It is the convicting power of the Holy Spirit that smashes our pride, that crashes us to our knees to cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner and save me now, for Jesus' sake!"

But repentance is a continuing work of the Holy Spirit. We still have sin of which we must repent. "If we say

With tears the old man exclaimed, "And can it be I had so nearly refused to let Mendelssohn touch this organ?"

The Holy Spirit asks possession of your nature with all its possibilities and powers. Only He can fill your life and evoke from it all its melody and power. To be filled with the Spirit is to live the life of God.

—Samuel Chadwick

Grace

During the Spanish-American War, Clara Barton was engaged in Red Cross work in Cuba. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt came to her, desiring to buy for the sick and wounded men under his command some of the delicacies in her keeping. His request was refused. Roosevelt was troubled; he loved his men, and was ready to pay for the supplies out of his own pocket.

"How can I get these things?" he asked. "I must have proper food for my sick men."

"Just ask for them, Colonel," said the surgeon in charge of the Red Cross headquarters.

"Oh," replied the Colonel, "then I do ask for them." And he got them at once; but he got them through grace and not through purchase. God's blessings are *gifts*, obtained by grace and not by purchase.

—Selected

Covenant—

Around the turn of the century, a revival was in progress in a small town west of the county seat of Doddridge County, W. Va., and a fervent appeal was being made to the young people of the community to accept Christ as Saviour. Some of the more worldly saw that progress was being made, and that if the youth were won to the Christian life, their plans for worldliness would be in danger, if not totally defeated.

A meeting was hurriedly planned, unknown to the older people. In this secret meeting an appeal was made to youths that the church people were interfering with their business. Religion was good for the aged and simple, a spokesman argued, but of little value to a red-blooded young person with life before him. The leaders did a good job selling their program, and got a practically unanimous vote from the young people that they would refrain from publicly confessing Christ, or responding in any manner to the Gospel as presented in the meetings.

A short while later, the Gospel meetings closed in what seemed to be complete defeat. Somewhere something was wrong, but none of the older people could determine just what.

Several years later, the writer, in conversation with a girl who was present in the secret conclave, asked, "Do you know why that revival a couple or so years ago ended in such defeat?"

I listened dumbfounded as she related the complete history of the case. She said at least a third of those present in that meeting had since that time met tragic and violent deaths. Two had been killed by high voltage, at least two by boiler explosions, three or more while working as trainmen on the railroad, and two or more by disease.

Each time I have thought of this incident I have been reminded of Proverbs 29:1: "He that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

—Benjamin F. Dotson, in *Power*; copyright 1952 by Scripture Press, Chicago, Illinois; used by kind permission.

Sinning to the Last The Rev. Henry White was rung up in the dead of night to go and see a dying man. Arriving at the house in a squalid court, he found a man of about forty years of age, already within the touch of the hand of death. He bent over the bed as he talked to him, and offered to pray for him. As he spoke, he noted a sudden gleam in the man's eye; still he went on talking of things past and things to come, and then, as the woman who had led him to the house stood sobbing her heart out, he knelt and prayed. When he rose from his knees, the man was dead, his fast-stiffening fingers clasping the chain of the curate's watch. The man was a noted burglar, and even as he was dying, the sight of a gold watch and chain in the possession of a preoccupied man was too much for him. As Mr. White prayed to God to forgive him his sin, the dying thief tried to pick his pocket.

—*The Sunday School Chronicle*.

Like My Dog A little lad of six was invited out to lunch in a neighbour's home. When all were seated at the table the food was served. The little boy was puzzled, and with the forthright frankness of a child, asked the host: "Don't you say any prayer before you eat?"

The host was highly embarrassed over the boy's blunt inquiry, and mumbled, "No, we don't take time for that."

The lad was silent for a time, then said, "You're just like my dog. You start right in."

—*Selected*

POWER REALIZED

By SAMUEL CHADWICK

I HAVE WRITTEN and preached much on the Holy Spirit, for the knowledge of Him has been the most vital fact of my experience. I owe everything to the [power of the Spirit] I came across a prophet, heard a testimony, and set out to seek I knew not what. I knew that it was a bigger thing and a deeper need than I had ever known. It came along the line of duty, and I entered in through a crisis of obedience. When it came I could not explain what had happened, but I was aware of things unspeakable and full of glory.

Some results were immediate. There came into my soul a deep peace, a thrilling joy, a new sense of power. My mind was quickened. I felt that I had received a new faculty of understanding. Every power was alert. Either illumination took the place of logic, or reason became intuitive. My bodily powers also were quickened. There was a new sense of spring and vitality, a new power of endurance, a strong man's exhilaration in big things.

Things began to happen. What we had failed to do by strenuous endeavour came to pass without labour. It was as when the Lord Jesus stepped into the disciples' boat that, with all their rowing, had made no progress; immediately the ship was at the land whither they went. It was gloriously wonderful.



IS GOD WAITING?

By JAMES H. McCONKEY

I WAS STANDING on the wall of a great lock. Outside was a huge lake vessel about to enter. At my feet lay the empty lock—waiting. For what? *Waiting to be filled.* Away beyond lay great Lake Superior with its limitless abundance of supply, also waiting. Waiting for what? *Waiting for something to be done at the lock* ere the great lake could pour in its fullness. In a moment it was done. The lock-keeper reached out his hand and touched a steel lever. A little wicket gate sprang open under the magic touch. At once the water in the lock began to boil and seethe. As it seethed I saw it rapidly creeping up the walls of the lock. In a few moments the lock was full. The great gates swung open and the huge ship floated into the lock now filled to the brim with the fullness in-poured from the waiting lake without.

Is not this a picture of a great truth about the Holy Spirit? Here are God's children, like that empty lock, waiting to be filled. And, as that great inland sea outside the lock was willing and waiting to pour its abundance into the lock, so here is God willing to pour His fullness of life into the lives of His children. But He is *waiting*. For what? Waiting, as the lake waited, *for something to be done by us*. Waiting for us to reach forth and touch that tiny wicket gate of consecration through which His abundant life shall flow and fill. Is it hard to move? Does the rust of worldliness corrode it? Do the weeds and ivy vines of selfishness cling about and choke it? Is the will stubborn, and slow to yield? Yet God is waiting for it. And once it is done, He reveals Himself in fullness of life even as He has promised; even as He has been all the time willing and ready to do. For all the barriers and hindrances have been upon our side; not upon His. They are the barriers not of His unwillingness, but of our unyieldedness.

You got all of Christ, you say, when you were saved! Doubtless you did, but the point in issue here is not whether you got all of Christ, *but did Christ get all of you?*



INDWELT

Not merely by the words you say,
Not only in your deeds confessed,
But in the most unconscious way
Is *Christ* expressed.

Is it a beatific smile?
A holy light upon your brow?
Oh, no! I felt *His* presence while
You laughed just now.

For me 'twas not the truth you taught,
To you so clear, to me still dim;
But when you came to me you brought
A sense of *Him*.

And from your eyes *He* beckons me,
While from your heart *His* love is shed,
Till I lose sight of you, and see
The *Lord* instead.

—Beatrice Cleland