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on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword" (Matthew 10:34). It is my humble belief that the religion which He came to establish is based upon sacrifice, and that men and women who follow in His train are called by it to the defense of certain priceless principles even at the cost of their own lives. And I can think of no principles more high and holy than those for which our national sacrifices have been made in the past. History teaches us that religion and patriotism have always gone hand in hand, while atheism has invariably been accompanied by radicalism, communism, bolshevism, and other enemies of free government.

Have not those who oppose our modern and reasonable efforts for national defense miscalculated the temper and innate spirit of patriotism in the average American? The fact that our citizens' military training camps are oversubscribed long

before the opening of the camps comforts me that patriotism is still a dominant power in our land. Any organization which opposes the defense of homeland and the principles hallowed by the blood of our ancestors, which sets up internationalism in the place of patriotism, which teaches the passive submission of right to the forces of the predatory strong, cannot prevail against the demonstrated staunchness of our population. I confidently believe that a red-blooded and virile humanity which loves peace devotedly, but is willing to die in the defense of the right, is Christian from center to circumference, and will continue to be dominant in the future as in the past.

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Why Go On?

BY REV. SAMUEL McP. GLASGOW, D.D.

"Lo, I am with you *always*." Matthew 28:20.

"*And he (Jesus) . . . was in the ship . . .*" Mark 4:38.

"*Therefore . . . we faint not.*" II. Corinthians 4:1.

In these darkening days, with relentless tragedy crowding men off the accustomed path of life, as we stand before the open door of an unknown future, this is a primary question, pressing for an adequate answer — "why go on?" Men everywhere must front this question. Many have fumbled their answers. Some have let life sag and become careless and cold. Some have quit trying. Some have quit forever.

Life's gravity current will serve men for a while, for a sunny while, but there comes a day, it always comes, when we must scrutinize and weigh life. When we do, we find that life demands a motive worthy, adequate, always available.

Thoughtful spirits constantly turn to this motive, they feel for it, they must be sure it is there, and they must have their souls certified to the fact that it is worthy.

Often life becomes snarled, twisted and knotted! Some sin admitted! Some testing tragedy! Some sudden change! Is it worthwhile, we say to our troubled heart, to sit down and patiently untangle it all again? Why? Why go on?

Centuries ago when another war was raging in

the land of ancient Gaul, a boatman had a high commission to carry a leader, whose identity he did not know, across a dark lake, through the biting wind and the bitter cold, and the beating waves. When the journey was half accomplished, the boatman felt his strength almost spent. The moon broke forth now and then from behind the scuttling clouds, revealing his passenger silent and impassive. Suddenly the royal passenger, sensing the crisis, arose in the boat, threw back his heavy cloak and revealing his royal identity said, "Row on, my man, row on, your boat carries Cæsar!"

The preciousness of the cargo gives a new courage and motive to the skipper. It summons an inexplicable determination. It issues in otherwise impossible accomplishments. "Row on, my man, row on, your boat carries Cæsar."

Your Boat Carries Your Own Personality

"Most of the shadows of the earth are caused by standing in our own sunlight." Or, as we might express it in other words, "Most of the soot that soils our walls comes from our own chimneys."

Your life, your one life, your one brief life, is in your boat. You are the skipper. You must determine its experiences, accomplishments, issues and destinies.

We can lift life high and turn its facets one after another to catch the changing color and beauty and light. Or we can let life fade and die

amidst things trivial, unworthy, or soiling. The issue is determined by the inner spiritual altitude.

The story is told of Dr. Johnson, to whom a royal messenger was sent with a shilling for a poem he had written. Disdainfully casting the coin at the messenger's feet, he said: "My king sends me a shilling for a poem because I live in an alley. Go and tell him 'your soul lives in an alley.'" It's not a question primarily for us, "where do you live?" The thing that really counts is "where does your soul live?" Many a man lives on the boulevard or in the exclusive residential section, but alas his "soul lives in an alley."

Constant pressure is on us for the finest choices. How vital it is to be discriminating; to select things that are pure and fair, true and of good report. They will be built into the permanent pattern which we shall wear. No one else can skipper your boat. Tragic, indeed, it is to find when it is growing late, life's sun is about to set, that we have fastened our lives to something shoddy. Our daily choices, our constant actions, put the ceiling, the granite ceiling, upon our future life and declare whether it shall be hampered and constricted, or limitless and free.

Life—fine life—will not be easy. It is not built after that fashion and some of us are glad that this is true. The daughter of the South's most distinguished commercial chemist, the late Dr. Charles Herty, is said to have had this experience: Home on Christmas holidays, her report in Vassar showed that she had excelled in everything but Botany. Talking it over with her father she expressed the desire to drop Botany. Her father consented, but added, "If I were you I wouldn't drop Botany, I'd master it." With no further conversation about it she returned to her school after the holidays and at the Commencement was awarded a scholarship in Botany. After her graduation a fellowship in Botany was given to her at a graduate university and when her preparation was completed she returned to Vassar to teach Botany.

"Row on, my man." Let every ounce of strength and courage be spent. The cargo is precious and is worthy of our best.

Before we move to our second objective, may I say this further word? Many of the "reverences" of other days have lapsed. We have lost them and the world is poorer and life is not quite so fine. They have to do with our endurance and courage. Years ago a girl tourist was visiting in Europe the museum where Beethoven's piano is kept as a sacred relic. When the guard was some distance away she sat down and played the instrument, contrary to all regulations. The guard returned and said, "Paderewski visited this shrine recently." So which the young girl, in eagerness to enlarge her experience, said, "I suppose he also played on

this piano?" "He did not," said the guard, "he said 'I am not worthy.'"

There is a strength in modesty and a power in self-discipline, and a peace in humility, none of which is found apart from these high possessions.

Your Boat Carries Other Personalities

I carry you. You carry me, and Mrs. Glasgow. You carry each other. Some of you in this audience are carrying a boy who may be at Pearl Harbor or Manila. Their happiness, their welfare, their destinies. You carry them. Life is inevitably interlocked. No man liveth to himself.

Love is a bond which hardship, separation, time, and even disgrace, can not annul. Your life is forevermore linked with those who pray and who have loved and paved the way for your feet hitherto. They travel in your boat for weal or woe. Every generation stems from the one preceding and controls and colors the one to follow. This relationship is costly but when courageously carried is exceedingly precious.

There is a beautiful story of a young man talking with an old sage, whose maturity saw life in all its fullness. The youth is manifestly shocked and baffled by the agonizing groans of the toilers whom he hears far below in the valley. "Who are those and what are they doing?" he asked. The old sage said: "They are the workers. They are those who live not unto themselves; they are pouring out their lives patiently and with the finest sort of consecration to bridge the cataract that roars beneath and cuts across the path of life." Pausing just a moment, the old sage looks at the youth and says, "Will you go down and join them or will you choose only the easy paths of pleasure?" The boy hesitates, splendid, undecided, waiting, and then he hears the tramp-tramp-tramp behind him. "What is that?" he says to the sage. "That," replied the old man, "is the tread of a thousand feet, young and eager, pressing the path toward the valley and the cataract." With a light in his eye that spoke of a soul that knew the call of God when the accents fell upon his ears, the young man hesitated no longer: "I will go down," he said.

Your boat carries others, those closest to you, those who mean most to you, and those to whom you mean the most. Life will be constricted, often barren, unless we remember the obligation. I shall never forget the tender tears of appreciation in the eyes of a strong man as he told me the story of what had happened to his boy at school, concerning whom we had counselled the summer before. His son had gone to his first year at boarding school. Dear friends of mine, of whom I had told him, had given the son a birthday party and helped him over the homesick period. And then suddenly the boy was stricken. A serious operation

was indicated. There was no time to even notify the parents before the operation must be performed. The tender care of these friends, into whose hands this boy had fallen, had left such an impression upon this father and this mother that they were thanking me for a simple service that I had forgotten until they brought it to mind. Have a care, parents. Build the boys and girls strong and fine and true and free. Your life is indissolubly bound with theirs. Have a care, successful business men, professional men, leaders among men and women! Many lives are linked to yours of whom you are entirely unconscious and the blessing or the blight that falls upon them you may never know until the books are open. Your life may yield an upsurge, a lifting power, a strength. Or it may cause men to stumble and bruise themselves and life is spoiled and hearts are hurt and harmed. "Row on, my man, row on. Your boat carries others."

Your Boat Carries Christ

After a busy day, tired and spent, he sleeps in the bow of the little ship on Galilee, centuries ago. "And He (Jesus) . . . was in the ship." He is in your boat today, fellow-Christians, and He is not asleep. Your boat carries Christ. This, however, does not insure a tranquil voyage. Ah, no. Quite the contrary; for these disciples toiling with the sea encountered the direst storm of their experience. All their craft and knowledge was exhausted and yet the boat was filling with water. Here was a storm beyond their experience and power. So it may be with your life and mine. So possibly it has been with us. But remember that there is not only the wind, shredding the sails, and the waves, beating over the little ship, there is also and always the "peace be still," and the power to quiet the angry waves.

The unfolding of Christ's plan, the issues of His holy purpose, the evidences of His love—these you carry, fellow-Christians, in your boat, in your life. His interests are linked with you for today and tomorrow. How He is depending upon us!

All that many men know of Jesus is from the way you skipper your boat; for they know He is in your boat. "Lo, I am with you always," and He (Jesus) was in the ship"; therefore, "we faint not."

Many lives today are hurt and confused. Tender feet are stumbling and fumbling in life and many Christians are finding the way steep and the burden very heavy. "Most of the difficulties of trying to live the Christian life arise from trying to half-live it." Men toy with Christianity, they play with it. They do not believe what Jesus said about Himself, and about their utter need and about eternal destinies.

*"I lived for myself, I thought for myself,
For myself and none beside;
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
And as if He had never died."*

When I left Knoxville, Tenn., and took up my work in Savannah, beloved, I was in my study one day preparing a message on the text, "Sir, We Would See Jesus." As I sat there it seemed to me that the policeman on the corner, who guide the children safely across the street from school to the shop people, the business women, the professional men, the colored man in the elevator—on after another they came up my study steps and with one voice seemed to say: "Learning, eloquence gifts, you may or may not have, but we are no concerned for them. Is there not something, or some one who has the answer to life? If we could only really see Him, and be sure of the path! Sir we would see Jesus, in you and through you."

That experience crystallized into a bronze plate which meets me on the level of my eyes every time I go down my steps into my pulpit and on that plate is the legend—*Sir, We Would See Jesus.*

I must never lose my sense of responsibility and the poignant reality that my boat carries Christ

The first day that I spoke in the pulpit of the Independent Presbyterian Church, I said: "I have come to Savannah and to the Independent Church to love you and to serve you and to make the Name of Jesus glorious in this midst." Ah, beloved, that name is the only light that does not flicker in the storm. There is no wind created that can blow it out. But your own light, it may be selfish and darkened. Yes, some one has well said "Your light will go out, unless it goes out, faintly, steadily, always out."

God's great leader of other days, Moses, sensed the load upon his heart as he notes the wilderness journey and the order of a Nation's life therein cries, "If thy presence go not with me carry us not up hence." Swiftly and completely, Jehovah answers, "My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest." The generation with Moses passed and his successor, Joshua, in the same confidence leads on. At the end of his mighty career we hear Joshua saying: "And behold this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in all your hearts, and in all your soul, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you. All are come pass unto you, and not one thing has failed thereof

Why go on? Why step across the threshold a threatening, unknown future? We can be sure that testings of furnace intensity await us on that journey:

Your boat carries your own life. It carries t

ives of others. And it carries Christ. He has a ask. He has a testimony. He has a service. He has a dedication. It awaits those who hear, who understand, who undertake.

Shading His eyes He scans the far distant horizon where men and life are badly broken. He sees the reign of the dark shadows of sin. Leveling His arm and pointing to the conflict, His eyes upon

you and upon me, He says: "All power is given unto me . . . go ye therefore . . ."

And as we poise and wait, we hear him adding this glowing word: "Remember, you do not go alone. Lo, I am with you always." "For He (Jesus) was in the ship." Beloved, hear me, "Therefore, we faint not!"

A United Church

BY REV. D. S. GAGE, D.D.

The statement that "A divided Church can never conquer the world" is one frequently heard. Like all "slogans", it is likely to lead to careless and hasty consideration of the matter it concerns. In what sense is the word conquer used? What sort of conquest is in mind? Does it mean the winning of the heathen world to Christianity? Certainly, till this is done, the Church cannot be said to have conquered the world. The Master's command, "Go ye into all the world, etc." will not be fulfilled till the Church has done that. But will organic union of the now divided denominations further this end? Do members of unions which have been consummated do more **after** union for Foreign Missions than the separated churches did before? The facts do not so testify. In Canada, does the united church give more for Foreign Missions and send out more missionaries than the formerly separated denominations? Figures do not so testify. Then mere union into one body will not of itself increase any member's zeal for the Lord, for His Gospel, nor for the spread of the Gospel. Why should it? In fact, the effect of union into a body, larger than the formerly separated bodies, is likely to have the opposite effect by making individuals feel that **now** their individual responsibility is not as great as it was before union. Figures show that the United Presbyterian Church has lead other denominations in per capita gifts. Why? Several reasons. And one certainly is that they have undertaken pretty heavy loads and members must do their part if the work is not to fail. Organic union with the Church U.S.A. had several times been considered. It has been declined by the United Church. Suppose they had united, would that fact have increased the gifts and zeal of the members of the United Presbyterians? Why should it have had such an effect? Would it not almost certainly have made them feel that now the responsibility was not as great individually as before union because now they were members of a very large organization, which is wealthy besides? Mere union will not help spread the Gospel to^o foreign and heathen lands.

But, next, before the world is conquered for Christ there must be the real subjection of our home country to His will. The U. S. is nominally Christian,—so called because other religions here are very small in comparison with Protestant and Catholic Churches. But is it really a Christian land? As a nation does it obey the rule and seek to do the will of our Master? **Very far from it.** A very wise man learned in history and government said to me many years ago, "There has never

been a Christian Government in the world." Is he not right? And in our own land how many are out of Christ? Does the above slogan have this conquest in mind? Here, again, will union of itself alone increase evangelistic zeal on the part of our members? Will it help to make our Government more Christian? Further, does this conquest of the nation mean that all shall be led to accept Christ? If so, it is something that will never occur because there are some who **will not come** to Him. Further, will they be led to accept Him better by a church united outwardly but whose members do not all believe the same about Christ? Some who believe in His Deity,—some who do not,—some who believe He saves men by a vicarious atonement,—some thinking quite otherwise? Will not such a church speak with divided counsels? Would not a group all of whom has a belief which they held with firm assurance speak to men with more effect? And, does this conquest of the nation by the "united" church mean that the nation shall be cured of its grievous sins? Does it mean that intoxicants shall no longer be sold, that divorce shall cease save for the scriptural grounds, that other deep-seated national sins shall be eliminated and if this is the conquest which it is hoped and asserted that a united church can win, can union bring this about? It is clear that a united church including all denominations as things now are will have no specific beliefs. I read today an appeal for "unity of faith" on the part of all Christians. Would to God that it might come if it should be the Faith which is pleasing to God! But who shall bring us to that unity? Can any one accomplish it but the Holy Spirit? And is it not clear that man-made attempts bringing an outward unity can only delay the day of real inward unity of true Faith?

Evangelistic zeal on the part of individuals is increased when Christians realize that it is the duty of every disciple to preach the Word. A church of which I know recently undertook to use its members in personal work for Christ. Of course not all could be effectively used. But putting their personal responsibility before the membership, and using them, there was a large ingathering this Easter. Organic union would have had no part in arousing such zeal. That is, organic union by itself, alone. No, mere organic union will do absolutely nothing toward conquering the world for Christ, either here or among the heathen of the world.

But, it may be said that the mere spectacle of a divided Church has a powerful influence upon