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## EDITORIAL

"The Real Issues That Divide Us" — "Intellectually Static But Emotionally  
Dynamic" — In God We Trust - Is It Legal? — Progress And Change  
Pity The Heathen! — Is It Settled? — Judgement — "Profit?"  
Running Away Or Running With Patience — The Tragedy Of  
Neutralizing Our Witness — The Origin Of The Apostles' Creed

## A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE ACCORDING TO THE SHORTER CATECHISM

By Rev. J. Allen Cabaniss, Ph.D.

## THE BOOK OF JOB

By Rev. E. J. Young, Ph.D.

## OFFICIAL PRONOUNCEMENTS OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

By L. E. Faulkner

## A DYING TESTIMONY

By Rev. J. B. Green, D.D.

## SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

(April 18-25)

Edited By Rev. J. Kenton Parker

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

(April 18-25)

Edited By Rev. W. G. Foster

## WOMAN'S WORK

Edited By Mrs. R. T. Faucette

## BOOK REVIEWS

Miss Mary L. Thornton  
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the Council. Those who are against F.E.P.C. legislation, non-segregation and the enactment of Civil Rights legislation in accordance with President Truman's recommendation to Congress on February 2, 1948, should urge the Commissioners at the next meeting of our General Assembly to vote in favor of the Southern Presbyterian Church withdrawing from the Federal Council of Churches. The course that the Federal Council would commit our Churches to in accordance with their objectives as set forth by their official pronouncements leads us down the road to the left away from the Constitution of our Church, away from states' rights (as given to us by Article 10 of the Constitution of the United States) toward a form of national socialism that would destroy the individual competitive enterprise system, constitutional government, and finally to a goal that would be incompatible with the Christian religion.

## A Dying Testimony

By Rev. J. B. Green, D.D.

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The witness was dying, but her testimony was and is living. And that it may live more widely, it is being written and published. Through her example she being dead, yet speaketh.

The subject of this story was a nurse. For more than twenty-five years she taught and practiced nursing in the same hospital; and through her nursing she served. All her life she lived for others. A sister said of her that she was the most unselfish person she had ever known.

Rather suddenly she became seriously ill. When the attack began, she was engaged on a case. In her weakness and pain she was seen lying on the floor. A little later she laid herself down on a table. Someone seeing her on the floor and on the table called the doctor to her aid. Tests were applied to determine the nature of her ailment. It was decided that an operation would be necessary. Her sisters were notified. The surgeon found that peritonitis had already developed. The operation over, the doctors and nurses made every effort to save the patient's life. They inserted four tubes into her body: one in the incision, one through her nose into her stomach, and two in other openings. These tubes were meant to drain out the fluids of her body and eliminate the poison. They administered medicines hypodermically and fed her through her veins.

It was in that condition that this rare nurse-patient gave her testimony. She sang and sang and prayed and spoke words of confidence and hope. She sang psalms and hymns and recited scripture. Some songs she sang over and over again. "He Taught Me How To Watch And Pray," "Jesus Lover Of My Soul" "What A Friend We Have In Jesus," "The Old Rugged Cross," "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto The Hills," "The Lord Is My Shepherd," "Tell Me The Old - Old Story," "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," "Is My Name Written There?" These are some of the songs she sang. She prayed the Lord to let her live, if living, she could continue to serve. She closed her prayers with these words of submission: not my will, but Thine, be done. Like the Lord she placed "mine" under "Thine." Shortly before she lapsed into unconsciousness, she laid her hand in a sister's hand and calling her name said: "We

The two articles, "God And The Federal Council" and "Non-segregation Means Inter-marriage," appearing in the March 15th issue of The Journal, are now available as reprints. The price is 15c per dozen or \$1.00 per hundred postpaid. Send 10 cents in stamps for sample packet of reprints.

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need not worry. We only need to place our hand in Jesus' hand, and He will lead us on."

Those in the room with her listened with wonder and deep emotion. They had never witnessed anything like what they were seeing and hearing. A sister told the writer that experience was one of the high points of her life; that she would carry the memory of it in vivid recollection as long as she lived.

One testimony like that of this praiseful sufferer is worth a hundred sermons. How one could wish that worldlings—all worldlings—could have witnessed that deathbed scene. What a testimony to the power of divine grace, to the comfort of Christian religion, to the reality of the Saviourhood of Jesus Christ. Joseph Addison, the British essayist, had a wayward nephew. When Addison lay a-dying he sent for the ungodly youth to come to his bedside that he might see how a Christian can die. Oh, it is a great thing to go out singing!

Death is swallowed up in victory,  
O death, where is thy sting?  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
The sting of death is sin;  
And the strength of sin is the law.  
But thanks be to God who giveth us  
The victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

As the writer listened to the story of the triumphant death of that child of grace, his heart melted within him; and he said to himself: How beautiful must have been the life that was crowned with such a death. What are houses and lands, what the wealth and wisdom of the world, when compared with the true riches of her estate? As I thought on the glorious ending of that unselfish life of service, I remembered the prayer of double-minded Balaam, and made it my own:

"Let me die the death of the righteous;  
Let my last end be like his."

It was my privilege to look upon the face of this child of God as she lay in her casket. It was a picture of perfect rest. I recalled with new understanding of its meaning that fine phrase of one of Whittier's hymns: "The beauty of thy peace." As I mused, the heart-finding words of Rev. 22:3-4 came to mind . . . and his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face; and his name shall be on their foreheads! What does that mean? I think it means that when his servants shall see his face, they shall have faces that answer to his face—faces like his. What glory that will be! That glory is hers whose testimony is here recorded. Will it be ours?