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The Bible Vision

Fort Wayne Bible Institute

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As We See It
He Went About Doing Good
The Lost Day
A Meditation On Guidance
In Perils In the Sea
Guarding Our Way of Life
With the Fellowship Circle
OF INTEREST TO ALUMNI

The Bible Institute has calls from Christian organizations for graduates to serve in various types of work. Two recent inquiries are:

A young woman for full-time missionary work in Kentucky.

A young man who can play the piano well and who has some singing talent to serve as an assistant to a pastor who has a radio ministry.

Responses may be addressed to the Bible Institute, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Liquor in This War and the Last

The First World War led to the noble experiment known as the Eighteenth Amendment. World War II sees the liquor industry brazenly entrenched in our social and economic order with the blessing of the New Deal upon it. It is responsible for traffic fatalities, industrial inefficiency, dissipation among the armed forces, ruined lives and homes,—and yet it is permitted priorities denied to many doing constructive work.

This past summer the Fort Wayne Bible Institute was refused a recap for one of its cars operated by the Practical Service Committee for the purpose of doing gospel work. At the same time boards in Indiana were rationing tires to breweries.

While the United States Government was urging citizens to collect scrap for its armament program, a portly representative of a brewery called in person at the Fort Wayne Bible Institute to ask that the Institute turn its tin cans over to the brewery to help it carry on without curtailment of operations. We didn’t know that the Devil himself was possessed of that much effrontery.

According to Robert Tate Allen in The Protestant Voice, WPB boss Donald Nelson and his aides are reported to have worked out a compromise with brewers and soft-drink bottlers through which the brewers and bottlers will get all No. 10 tin cans collected in the scrap drive to cut bottle caps out of the sides. What is left will be given back to Uncle Sam.

No, we aren’t praying, “God bless America.” We pray, “God be merciful to America!”

Prophetic Portents

While sane Bible interpretation cautions us to be conservative in constructing a picture of the end time purely from the materials of contemporary leaders and events, yet it is true that “no one can view the awful tragedy of today and not feel that it must be charged with tremendous prophetic portent.” The Apocalyptic Horsemen of War, Famine, and Disease are riding forth in unprecedented fury. Never before in the red record of human history have so many people in the world been regimented into totalitarian warfare. Never before has war been so costly in blood and material. And the end is not in sight! We cannot help but ask ourselves in the light of God’s Word whether history is not entering the vortex of the Tribulation.
HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD
(Sermon preached at the funeral of Rev. T. Pliny Potts by S. A. Witmer, Fort Wayne, Indiana, September 8, 1942)

"God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him" (Acts 10:38).

Ten years after the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ one of His intimate disciples was trying to describe the earthly life of his Master. The Apostle Peter wanted to make plain to the Gentile Cornelius what kind of a life Jesus of Nazareth had lived. He therefore summed up all that Christ did during those memorable years from His baptism to His death by these words: He went about doing good. Only three words in the Greek are used to epitomize a life. If Christ would have had a permanent instead of a temporary sepulchre, it might well have borne the inscription: "Jesus of Nazareth, anointed by God with the Holy Spirit; who went about doing good."

Everywhere He went, He did good; in towns and in the country; in synagogues and in homes; on highways and byways; in cultured Jerusalem and in despised Samaria. The world of human need was His parish. One might as well have tried to gather the light of the sun upon a single country as to confine His compassion to His native Galilee. He was the light of the world; the Savior of all men. When the disciples would have had Him capitalize on His popularity at Capernaum by remaining there, He said to them: "Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also: for therefore came I forth."

Nor did social barriers circumscribe His ministry as He went about doing good. Anyone, whether he belonged to the Jewish sect or not, might have His help. A Syro-Phoenician woman, a Roman centurion, a Samaritan sinner, an ostracized publican, were representative of the many who benefited by His ministry of doing good.

And how varied were these deeds of mercy. He filled to the full the Messianic prediction: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." He opened eyes and brought the world of sight to the blind; He unstopped deaf ears; He raised the dead and healed the sick; He forgave
the sinful and gave them new life; He restored withered limbs and withered souls; He taught the multitudes, speaking as never man spoke; He fed the hungry; He expelled demons and set their victims free. In just plain words, from morning until night—and sometimes far into the night—He went about doing good. That was His mission. As the Son of Man He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.

While this epitome of a life was perfectly realized in only One, the Christ, yet it can with propriety be applied to those choice souls who since have followed the Master faithfully into paths of devotion and service. No clause in Scripture seems to more aptly sum up the life of our esteemed brother, Rev. T. Pliny Potts, than this: he went about doing good. Many, if not all of us here, came within the wide circle of those who were influenced for good by his life. I have known him from my childhood, and I have never known him to be busily engaged at anything else than doing good. This record is his eulogy. His tireless life as a minister of good speaks for itself.

And may emphasis be given to the word good. His work was essentially constructive. He went about leading sinful men to Christ; instructing those who were immature in the faith; giving counsel to the troubled, and sympathetic encouragement to the sorrowing. While the historic conflict between conservative and liberal Christianity raged in Christendom, including his own denomination, he consistently went about doing good. While he stood uncompromisingly for the historic faith, his defense was in deeds and instruction rather than in bitter argument.

And because our brother was a minister to human need, he always had work to do. His services were always in demand. In fact, he was busier after he resigned from a given pastorate because people from other denominations than his own felt free to call upon him. Like his Master, his mission in life did not depend upon ecclesiastical appointment. So long as human woes abound, he had a work to do.

Reverend Potts was endowed with a rare combination of gifts. He had the sympathetic heart of a pastor; he had the analytical and factual mind of a scholar; he had the interest and passion of an evangelist; he had the personal qualities of a leader. All of these qualifications were required for his varied ministries. The range of his ability to do good was greatly extended by the rounded out development of his
personality. He was rich both in the knowledge and grace of his Lord.

That was one of the finest things that I observed in the life of Brother Potts,—the Christlike combination of knowledge and compassion. He was pre-eminent-ly a teacher. Throughout his ministry He was a teacher of the Word of God. He taught in two theological institutions, and gave many hundreds of Bible lectures to study groups in churches. There are many ministers and missionaries as well as church people who are indebted to him for wise and skilled instruction. And because I am privileged to be among that number, I wish to bespeak for them a word of grateful tribute. Reverend Potts was one of the best teachers that I ever had. He not only possess-ed knowledge, but he had the ability to communicate it. His greatest joy was a teacher’s joy—to have his boys make good. His greatest grief was a teacher’s grief—the sorrow and disappointment from failure in one of his students.

But here was a teacher who gave emphasis to his teaching by worthy deeds. Knowledge with him did not exhaust itself in the Dead Sea of speculation and cold reasoning. It was something to be shared and applied to life with its desperate needs. While others wrote books on how to do Christian work, he did it. This beloved teacher was a mission worker in Pittsburgh as well as a theological instructor. After he came to this city, he continued this dual ministry. He established two missions, one of which grew into the Westfield Presbyterian Church while pursuing his calling as a teacher. This teacher had the ability to com-municate transcendent truth to common people. He avoided the peril both of physical withdraw-al from society and mental iso-lation.

And here was a teacher who was approachable—that is why he did so much good. He had no hollow sanctimony or cant to repel; he was possessed of a sin-cerity and genuineness that in-vited confidence. I think Cowper would have admired his freedom from affectation, for it is he who wrote:

“In man or woman—but far most in
man,
And, most of all in man that ministers,
And serves the altar,—in my soul I loathe
All affectation. ’Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of implacable disgust.
What! Will a man play tricks,—will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face,—in the presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes.
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty starves his flock!
I seek Divine simplicity in him
Who handles things Divine; and all besides,
Though learned with labor, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious.
I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause;
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.”

There was a secret to his life of usefulness. He had a godly heritage; he came from substantial Quaker stock. One of his ancestors operated the forge in the valley which has come to be known as Valley Forge. In addition, he had a thorough training for the ministry. Both Washington and Jefferson College and Western Theological Seminary were glad to own him among their distinguished sons. But there was an added enduement over and above his fine heritage and thorough training that was the secret of his usefulness. Like his Master, he was anointed with the Holy Spirit and power. Brother Potts gave clear testimony to an experience of the Spirit coming into his life to clothe him with power and blessing.

Doing good through the power of the Spirit for the glory of God is the fruit of the Christian life. Contemplation and even faith in holy things is abortive unless it issues in deeds. Very fittingly the last beatitude in the Bible bestows a blessing upon doers: “Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.” And of such it is said, their works do follow them.

“The saints who die of Christ possest,
Enter into immediate rest;
For them no further test remains.
Of purging fires, and torturing pains.

“Close follow’d by their works they go,
Their Master’s purchased joy to know,
Their works enhance the bliss prepar’d;
And each hath its distinct reward.”

And while his works have followed him to be rewarded at the judgment seat of Christ, they also abide with us. Transformed lives remain to multiply his influence in the tomorrows. And to all of us in this community who share with the family his loss, there is left the abiding example of a life patterned after the Master’s standard of greatness: “Whosoever shall be great among you, let him be your servant.”
"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy" (Exodus 20:8).

There was a time when we preached often on, "The Lost Boy." "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" We still sing of "The Lost Chord." The hour is overdue for a voice of warning on "The Lost Day."

"And God blessed the Sabbath day and sanctified it." "And God said, 'Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.'" And what have we done to the Sabbath, or done with it? The multitude has turned God's holy day into a holiday; day of recreation into a day of rec-reation; substituted revelry for reverence, games for God, dissipation for devotion. And in the place of a day of wholesome meditation, we now have a day of wholesale murder on the highways. 'Tis said, Thomas Carlyle believed in God till Cromwell died. So, multitudes believe in God till the links are green, the roads dry, the mountains cleared of snow, the beaches warm, the sky kissed. Then they kiss God good-bye.

"Well, didn't Christ say, 'The Sabbath was made for man'?
Yes—but made for man to use, not to abuse. The Sabbath certainly wasn't made for man the commercialist, the secularist, the Epicurean. It is preposterous that Christ meant the Sabbath was made to make man more an animal than he is. The Sabbath was made for man. But, not to do with as he pleases. Man is still in a world of law. The law of fluids properly used quenches man's thirst; abused, drowns man. The law of heat, used, warms man; abused, turns his home and him into ashes. There is as truly and as operative the law of Sabbath.

"Well, anyhow we no longer are under the old Puritanical, Mosaic dispensation. We live under the dispensation of freedom." Moses didn't create the Sabbath. In those countless ages before Moses was, when God created the heaven and the earth, and peopled sea and land with flora and fauna, and made man in His image and likeness, then God rested on the seventh day. "And God blessed the sabbath day and sanctified it" — made it holy, a day different, a day sacred. And on Sinai God told Moses to remind the people to "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." In the very beginning God said, of the Sabbath, "It is a perpetual ordinance." It is no temporary device, but as eternal as the law of homicide, of theft, of falsehood. Get you the true picture of that
God-fearing, Bible-believing, Sabbath-observing, church-going old New England village with its sparsely settled country community, gave to America and the world in a single generation, one hundred and thirty-two preachers, doctors, lawyers, editors, scholars, journalists, statesmen, many of whom became noted, and twenty-four preachers' wives.

During the great revival at Northampton, Massachusetts, under Jonathan Edwards, practically every person was converted. Following that period the little Massachusetts city produced three hundred and fifty-six college graduates, two governors, two secretaries of state, one secretary of the treasury, one secretary of the navy, eight congressmen, five senators, two foreign ambassadors and one president of the United States.

That was the period pictured by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in his "Village Blacksmith."

"He goes on Sunday to the church, And sits among his boys; 
He hears the parson pray and preach, 
He hears his daughter's voice 
Singing in the village choir, 
And it makes his heart rejoice; 
Is sounds to him like her mother's voice, 
Singing in Paradise."

Whittier gives us a like picture in "Snow Bound," as does Bobbie Burns in "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

America has travelled fast and far and furious from that day of remembering the Sabbath day and keeping it holy, to this day of Sunday bridge teas, and golf tournaments, and highway madness, and Sunday night parties, ad nauseam.

One of these Sunday morning golf-playing church members, on being asked what he really got out of it, answered, "I get exercise, I get tired, and I get mad, I get 18 holes, I get a shower, and I get a highball." What a substitute for God's house on God's day!

Before taking the last leap into a Sabbathless America, we may wisely pause to recall that France made that experiment. By government order, for one year and two months, no observance of the Sabbath by anyone was permitted. Result, lawlessness and licentiousness swept the land like a murky sea. And in those brief fourteen months there were twenty thousand more divorces than in the previous five years. For her own self-preservation France was compelled to restore the Sabbath. Emerson said, "Sunday is the core of our civilization." What words of truth and wisdom.

But, "The times have changed." I've heard that often too. The law of gravity hasn't changed. It still remains true that he who walks off the roof edge ends with a broken neck. The law of
liquids still operates. So, that he who falls into the sea is drowned. And the law of calorics, he who walks into the fire is burned. No law can be broken with impunity.

And the law of the Sabbath—the law of the Sevens. That law is woven into the warp and woof of the universe. Eggs do not hatch on the ninth day, nor the sixteenth, but on the three times or four times seventh day. Typhoid fever breaks on the three times seventh day, or four times, or five times. If it doesn’t break then there’s a funeral. A business man who thinks he is a law unto himself, drives himself seven days a week for many months. One day he staggers into the doctor’s office. The doctor looks him over about $15.00 worth and says, “Get on a boat, sail the seas for six months.” All the doctor is doing is giving that Sabbath law-breaking business man six months of Sabbaths in one dose.

Prudhon, a n k unbeliever, said, “If anything could make me believe in the truth of the Scriptures it would be their anticipation of the scientific fact that man requires one day in seven for rest.”

Thomas Macaulay has a wise and needed word for this generation. “The day is not lost. While the plow lies in the furrow; while the exchange is silent; while no smoke ascends from the factory; while the wheels of commerce are stilled, a work is going on quite as important to the wealth of nations as any that is performed on more busy days. For man, the machine of machines, the machine compared to which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights a r e worthless, is being repaired and wound up. So that he goes forth to his labor on the Monday with clearer intellect, brighter vision, livelier spirits, renewed corporeal vigor. The day is not lost.” If we obey the law of the Sabbath we prolong our days. If we defy it we destroy ourselves before our time. Man’s physical well-being demands the Sabbath.

And his spiritual well-being. It was on the first day of the week, the day of the resurrection, that Christ walked and talked with those two disciples on the way to Emmaus, and their hearts burned within them. The burning heart. We have lost it. The burning heart. How we need it. To find it we must needs walk and talk with the Lord. That is the high and holy purpose of the Sabbath day.

Ever after that first resurrection Sunday, always on the first day of the week the Disciples assembled together and gave themselves to prayer and praise, worship and waiting, song and sermon. “And there were added to
the church daily, those that were being saved.” The Sabbath is the day for leaving the valley of toil and climbing the Mount of Vision. Christ “as his custom was, went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day.” “As his custom was”—the fixed habit of His life. He did it as a child, as a youth, as a man. To Him the Sabbath was the white library day of the soul, day of soul renewing, refreshing, rebuilding. “Day of all the week the best.”

If Christ needed it, surely we need it. To Christ the Sabbath was a day set apart from the secular week, a holy day for a holy purpose.

I passed a newsstand. The caption of a magazine article caught my eye. The article: “The Sunday Problem.” I bought the magazine with eager anticipation. At last here is one who has solved the perplexing problem. The burden of the article was this: Every fair Sunday every green crowded — over crowded. No chance there; every highway congested — over crowded. No possible pleasure there; the beaches jammed — over jammed. No room there to stick an extra leg; one’s favorite movie—that means standing in line so long all pleasure is lost before attained. The author submits as America’s greatest unsolved problem, where one can go, what one can do on Sunday.

Of course nary a hint about remembering the Sabbath day and keeping it holy. Surely no sane American would consider that article as offering any sensible solution of the Sunday problem.

Within the same month I picked up another—a religious magazine, with an article, “The Sunday Night Problem.” I didn’t need to read it to know what it said. But I did read it. One-third of all the Christian churches of America now closed on Sunday night, due to the indifference and unconcern of the church members. Thomas Carlyle tells of a people who dwelt by the Dead Sea who made no use of their souls and so lost them. Voltaire was asked, “How can Christianity be destroyed?” His answer, “By destroying the Christian Sabbath.” But Voltaire did not dream church members of the twentieth century would destroy it by their indifference and unconcern.

In 1857, speaking of the American Republic, Lord Macauley said, “Your Republic will be pillaged in the twentieth century, just as the Roman Empire was by the Barbarians of the fifth century. But with this difference: the devastators of the Roman Empire came from without, while yours will be the people of your own country, the product of your own misdeeds.”

(Continued on page 18)
**A MEDITATION ON GUIDANCE**

L. E. Baird

**He Guides by His Spirit**

“In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths” (Prov. 3:6).

We speak often of conscience and reason as guides, but they are a part of our human nature, and will. They were deranged by the fall and are not reliable nor trustworthy unless guided by His Spirit. We are counseled to “Trust in the Lord with all of thine heart, and lean not on thine own understanding” (Prov. 3:6). While we are not to be guided by reason and conscience only, God may lead us through them. God leads us by His Spirit “For as many as are led by the Spirit they are the sons of God” (Rom. 8:14).

**He Guides by the Scriptures**

The Scriptures are the revelation of God’s will, and the invaluable light that shines upon the heart of man, the pathway of the unseen world. They who are thus guided are the most reverent, for they walk in the way of His precepts. It is His also to unfold to the heart the power and reality of the written word. “He will bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you” (John 14:26). Those who yield to His guidance shall find the Bible an ever new volume, and the very light of life.

**He Guides by the Still Small Voice**

He never guides by His voice contrary to the teaching of the Scriptures, for in them are the standards of right and truth. Guidance by the Still Small Voice is an exception not the rule of guidance. But God can so speak to us that we know beyond question His leading. By the Still Small Voice He will not guide us in making a decision as to whether we will keep the Sabbath or go to church, pay our debts, love our neighbor. We already have guidance there. But to those who desire to be guided in right paths, He will not let us take the wrong path without speaking to us.

**He Guides Through Consecrated Judgment**

He guides us frequently by intuitions of our sanctified judgment, and the conclusion of our minds. There are circumstances under which we are guided in our judgments, which are perfectly natural. The thought comes as our own with delightful tranquility and a certainty and a sort of intuition that it is the right thing to do, and yet we are made conscious that the wis-
dom and judgment that guides us is not ours but another's. "If any man will to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John 7:17). The judgment of those who in all their ways acknowledge Him will not permit, nor sanction that which is not right.

He Guides by Providence
He who knows the number of the hairs of our head, and who has showered upon us His great love and mercies, guides us by providence. "I will lead them in paths that are not known" (Isa. 42:16). His leading in the way of providence is not understood. His ways in providence are past finding out. He reveals His way as we obey. "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord" (Hos. 6:3). We must trust His guidance and believe that He is with us and is directing us. We must also learn to walk with Him when we cannot understand the way. The "why" of the way is His; to walk in it with simple trust is ours.

He Guides in Life's Problems
There comes in the course of most of our lives those perplexing problems in which we do not know which way to turn. That problem may be domestic, economic, social or other, but if in the face of that problem, whatever it may be, we acknowledge Him, He will direct. I give humble testimony to the reliability of His guidance. What ever your problem may be will you not in all your ways acknowledge Him, and rely upon His promise?

Guidance in Service
It is not enough to desire to serve; we must be fitted and qualified for every service. There are many services to be rendered, but God in His wisdom would direct us each day to a particular service. As a pastor with many calls to answer and services to render, I have started the day by saying, "Dear Lord, I am Thy servant, and I would minister this day in Thy name; yet, Lord, unless Thou dost lead, those services that are most urgent will not be rendered." And the richest experiences in my ministry have followed this daily committal. If you have a desire to serve, ask God to lead you where you can be of service.

Condensation from Cumberland Presbyterian in the Christian Digest.

ABLAZE WITH GOD
I saw a human life ablaze with God,
I felt a power divine
As through an empty vessel of frail clay
I saw God's glory shine.
Then woke I from a dream, and cried aloud:
"My Father, give to me
The blessing of a life consumed by God
That I may live for Thee."
—Selected,
"From heaven did the Lord behold the earth...to loose those that are appointed to death."—Psalm 102:19, 20.

We bear witness to the truth of the words of this Psalm as experienced in the past months on our journey to India. After postponements and cancellations of sailing, we finally embarked on a Dutch steamer from San Francisco, the first of December, 1941. There were about two dozen missionaries in the party headed for India, Mr. and Mrs. Gustafson and myself being the Alliance missionaries. Our boat was heavily loaded with cargo, with even deck space, fore and aft, utilized to hold boxed automobiles. The passenger accommodations were fully taken, and it was indeed remarkable that we were able to secure any space ourselves. The fact that we could so easily have been shut out and yet did get accommodation was a source of courage to us in hard places, for it seemed that the Lord arranged the trip for us, and wanted us to start for India. The boat provided us a good bill of fare, as steamer fare goes; but of the score of ocean liners I have sailed on in the past 25 years, this one was the most unsteady, and even in a light swell, it rolled and pitch-ed. While we had much rough weather, fortunately, we did not have such terrific storms as sometimes come at sea.

Six days of sailing brought us to Honolulu on Sunday morning, December 7th. The blue of the sea, the white of the surf as it dashed against the rocky coast, the green of the abundant foliage and the red of the native rock as it rose to serrated peaks against the clear sky made a peaceful picture as we neared the beautiful city lying white in the Sabbath sunlight. The question that was in our minds was whether we would dock in time to get to church on shore. While having our eight o'clock breakfast, some one noticed some flecks of white in the sky, suggesting that there was parachute drill on. The pilot came on board nonchalantly while we watched the smoke patches increase and turn to black as they drifted away. Great pillars of pearl-gray smoke rose from the direction of Pearl Harbour and planes were visible darting here and there. The rattling of guns came across the glittering waves as the smoke rose in great billows. We all crowded the rail to watch what we thought were intensified manoeuvres, and a tremendous sight it was! As we
passed through the narrow channel towards the docks, a shore battery opened up its anti-aircraft guns with tremendous blasts and flashes, while on the other side a naval vessel blazed away. Just outside the harbor a cruiser raced madly back and forth, turning quickly in its course, with white dashes of foam at prow and stern. On shore sirens were blowing madly as cars dashed hither and yon, although no panic was visible. Planes were diving over Pearl Harbour with an occasional formation flying over us. Several bombs dropped near our boat as it leisurely proceeded on its way. “Pretty good shooting,” someone said, “when they can get so close to us and yet miss us.” Later we realized that the Japs were attempting to bomb us in order to close the narrow harbour mouth. We were appointed to death that morning, but the Lord loosed us. While life and death played hide and seek, the surf broke on the outer reef in long white swells and nature lay serene in its glorious beauty.

After we had leisurely tied up to a dock near the famous Aloha Tower, the ship’s agent came aboard and calling us all together, said, “The Japanese have started an undeclared war against the United States. You must leave the ship and proceed into the city away from the water front. Come back at five o’clock this afternoon and we will have further word for you.” As we started down the gangplank the officers hurried us off, for the Jap planes were visible just overhead. We waited in the warehouse until they were gone, but while going along the road they again appeared, so we scooted into a store, poor protection if a bomb should fall, but at least protection from splinters. We knew not where to go, but had to go somewhere, in twos and threes, and we were challenged again and again as we went along. There was a Salvation Army nurse in our party, so someone suggested the Salvation Army and we headed for there. Outside their citadel they already had a picture of the shepherds and the angels singing “Peace on earth.” What a paradox it seemed. But as we entered the beautiful auditorium it indeed seemed a haven of refuge, a peaceful spot in the storm. With one accord we stood and sang the Doxology. The Lord had loosed those appointed to death. We understood how refugees felt when fleeing from the enemy, and how David felt when he said, “Thou art my rock and my fortress.”

Brigadier Brewer, the commanding officer of the Salvation Army soon came to give us a
hearty welcome, and wonderful to us, was able to provide us with a good dinner. We had forgotten about eating, but it was now afternoon, and we found we were hungry. We were also promised some sort of accommodation for the night, so when toward evening we went back to the boat and were told to take things with us for a few days' stay and to get away again, we were thankful for the Salvation Army. I shall never see the uniform again without being grateful all over again. Darkness had fallen by the time we returned to the citadel. A number of us crowded into a station wagon in the darkness, with everything blacked-out along the way and only dim lights on the car, and started for the Girls' School, about five miles away near the outskirts of the city. It was an eerie ride. The Japs had made another attack late in the afternoon, and we knew not what the night might hold. Arrived at the school we stumbled around in the darkness, as the only lights were flashlights covered with blue paper, and after a late supper, found ourselves in the school gym with camp cots to sleep on, but no bedding of any kind. The rain sprayed in on us in the night and the mosquitoes made a blitz attack, but anything was better than lying at the bottom of Honolulu harbour. The next night we had some bedding, but my face bore for many days the marks the mosquitos had left that first strange night in Hawaii. The newspaper reports have given you an idea of the losses inflicted at Honolulu that day.

After another night amid the beautiful surroundings of the school, where the attractive Island girls thrummed ukuleles and sang their grace before meals to the familiar tune of Aloha-ee, we were recalled to the steamer. Rumours were rife about another attack, about Jap planes and subs (the two-men subs were a reality) and sinkings of vessels, but as a group of us prayed together before leaving the quiet beauty of the school, we felt the Lord would have us keep moving towards India as long as we could. Our stay in harbour was almost two weeks, but finally one day we moved out into the perilous Pacific. We learned later that bombers were near us as we sailed, and a raider destroyed a steamer about 25 miles away from us, but providentially there was poor visibility at those times, and our boat was a fast one. After wandering in the Pacific, we knew not where, for the ships officers gave us no information at all, one morning we awoke to gaze again on beautiful mountains and green fields after
almost three weeks with nothing to see but sea. When the pilot boat came alongside, we learned we were in New Zealand, and that it was one day later than we thought, as we had crossed the international Date Line. After a few days in this decidedly English spot in a far corner of the earth, we were on the bounding main again, destination still unknown, but evidently we went far to the south of Australia, through rough and cold waters, until we entered tropic seas again and finally after two weeks of uncertainty, cast anchor in a port in Java. Java, a beautiful island with its towering mountain peaks and vivid green rice fields, but next to Singapore and the Philippines, the hot spot in the war.

One morning, while lying at anchor, we went ashore in the company's launch, landing at the main dock where a naval vessel was berthed. As we put foot on shore, they were bringing casket after casket from this boat. The flag was flying at half-mast, the sailors were standing at every vantage point on the ship, while several rows of them were drawn up as a guard of honour on the wharf. The ship's band was playing the old familiar and comforting hymns of the church such as "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Nearer my God, to Thee" and "Abide With Me." As each casket was brought out from the ship and placed in trucks furnished by the Dutch government, everyone stood at attention. The pile of caskets grew and grew until it seemed it would never end. After the last one came, the chaplain of the cruiser read the Scriptures and offered a simple and comforting prayer, and an unsteady bugler played taps for his comrades. How our hearts ached for the men who were left as well as for the men who had gone. Some were in tears as they saluted their departed buddies, and we were not ashamed of the tears in our own eyes. Several of the women in our party were crying openly; so although far from home, those boys had a woman's tears shed for them amid the rites of church and state.

As the funeral cortège moved away at the slow Dead March, we went around another way to the cemetery. Here the procession at last appeared, the band playing the sad, sweet strains of Chopin's Funeral March. One after another the caskets were again handled and lowered into the hastily dug graves, the guards holding an American flag over each grave until the funeral ceremonies were completed. The usual three volleys were fired over the graves and taps again played. Almost fifty of our lads lay at rest in a part
of Java that will be forever America. There were wreaths from the Dutch authorities, and a guard of honour of their green-clad troops, Dutch and Javan, but I think that the three of us, the only other Americans there aside from the soldiers, were a guard of honor, too, to represent the sorrowing ones at home who would receive word of these casualties. They would have given much to stand where we stood that day to pay last respects to these American lads laid away on a foreign shore. The cemetery was beautifully green from the recent rains, with palms and pines growing amid the graves, and many-hued crotons adding their touch of colour; while tropical birds twittered in the trees and the moan of the surf, not far away, sounded a requiem for our noble dead. Formations were made again, and as the men marched away the band struck up the lively “Washington Post March.” Some time later as we went back to the boat in a shower of rain, the flag was flying on the ship, no longer at half-mast. The flag still flies—The India Alliance.

THE LOST DAY
(Continued from page 11)

A pastoral picture. An Ohio hamlet. A mere handful of houses. On the Sabbath the farmers wend their weary way over roads rough and rutty to the village church. How simple the services—the songs, the sermon, the prayers, the testimonies and the tears. But from within a radius of three miles of that holy place, in a single dozen years twenty-five boys went out to become preachers of the Gospel of the Great God; of which my oldest brother was one and I another. As Bobbie Burns shouts, “From scenes like these Old Scotia’s Grandeur Springs”—and America’s. But it doesn’t happen over empty pews. It never has.

“A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And strength for the toil of the morn-
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever is gained,
Is a sure forerunner of sorrow.”

—Publication of the Lord’s Day Alliance.

There must be a Christian atmosphere in the home. This atmosphere is not created by the display of the Holy Bible on the table, a religious picture on the wall, the hymnbook on the piano, or the church paper in the magazine rack. But it is created by one of the essential elements of a Christian home, namely, the family altar or family worship conducted in all sincerity, faith and devotion. The re-establishment of a simplified form of daily worship in the family circle should be encouraged.
GUARDING OUR WAY OF LIFE

Rev. J. E. Harris, B.A.

Our democratic liberties are the gift of Jesus Christ. In a broadcast service recently a minister asked, "In this dark hour when human slavery and human liberties are in a fierce conflict, do we see as we ought to see that all the true blessings of democracy flow from the Christian faith?" We fear that many do not see it as they ought, or there would be less neglect of Christ and His Gospel. It is no accident that Britain and America stand today as the great bulwarks of democracy. It is because the life of these nations still is deeply rooted in the Christian faith and its principles.

It needs but a backward look to see that all our basic liberties flow from Christ. In Paul's day the Roman father might sell, enslave, or will his child. Women were often little better than the chattels of their husbands, as they still are in pagan lands. Slavery was an accepted institution of the time. But as the Gospel has spread and its implications been more clearly seen, women and children have come to enjoy a far better status, and slavery has succumbed to Christian protest.

All our religious and civil liberties have their roots in Christianity, for Christianity proclaims the sacredness and the value of human personality. It dignifies the soul of the slave as of equal worth with the soul of the king, for Christ died for slaves as much as for kings.

Behind the clash of arms today is a clash of doctrine concerning man. Christianity insists on the worth and sacredness of personality. Fascism swallows up the individual in the state. Men must obey the dictators or die. The individual may have no freedom of speech, no independence of thought. The sacredness of individual personality is denied, and it is denied because Christ is denied. For He put the worth of a single soul above that of the whole world when He asked, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

This emphasis of the Gospel on the value of each human soul lies at the root of the freedom that the democracies hold so dear. And proof of it lies in the fact that it is the Christian Church that dares to speak out against encroachment on human right and liberty in places where the Nazi tyranny holds sway.

Einstein, before the war, paid striking tribute to the Christian Church in Germany as alone having the courage to oppose Hitler's denial of individual liberty. In a notable protest, seven Bishops of occupied Norway re-
recently declared, "When the authorities permit acts of violence and injustice and exert pressure on our souls, then the church becomes the defender of the people's conscience. One single human soul is worth more than the entire world." Similarly in Holland the voice of the church has bravely been raised since the occupation by the Nazis against infringements on freedom of religion, education, and opinion. When, at grave peril from their conquerors, Christians dare to protest thus, it is evident how vitally connected are the Christian Gospel and democratic liberty.

It is not too much to say that the freedom enjoyed in the democracies is the gift of Jesus Christ. The liberty for which the democracies contend today is a liberty wherewith Christ has set men free.

This being so it follows inescapably that democracy must die without Christianity. We need to lay it well to heart that where Christianity dies, or becomes corrupt and enfeebled by decay, there democracy becomes decadent and must eventually die.

By democracy we mean, to use Lincoln's definition, government of the people, by the people and for the people. To that end the British and American systems of rule have been developed. But a country ruled by the people will have as good or as bad government, by and large, as the people are good or bad. For a democracy to be sound the people composing it must be sound. Democracy demands more of the individual citizen than any other form of government. Its success depends on the integrity of the individual citizen. It requires a considerable degree of Christian quality of character in its citizens. It is only through the power of Christ that man's natural sin and selfishness can be overcome so that the sense of responsibility, the love of one's fellows, and the general integrity of character requisite in its citizens for a successful working of democracy can be secured. Therefore democracy can be maintained only where Christian principles largely control the life of the individual citizen. Let Christianity be abandoned by the citizens of a democracy and the state becomes the prey of forces that destroy democracy.

The greatest peril to democratic nations is not from without, but from within. The case of France is a case in point. The enemy from without succeeded largely because democracy had rotted within. More than the threat of the dictatorships we need to fear the inner weakening going on in our national life because of the drift of many from the Christian teaching, practice, and loyalties that gave birth to British and American democracy, and have made their continuance possible. Because the
free institutions of our democracies are so largely the result of the Gospel of Christ, we are in the way to lose those institutions and the liberties attending them when we abandon or neglect Jesus Christ.

And when that happens the way is open for the tyranny of a dictatorship. Men are so constituted that they must worship something or someone. If they fall away from the true God, they will receive a false god and a false faith. That is what has happened to many in Germany.

Said a German student to a British preacher visiting Germany just before the war, "Der Fuehrer ist mein Gott." (The Fuehrer is my God.) That explains the power of Germany under Hitler. Men are fanatically devoted to him. A generation has arisen that knows not Christ and His Gospel and instead has received an anti-Christ. And if we let a generation arise that knows not God and His Son, we open the door to some manifestation of anti-Christ. A society that has lost Jesus Christ soon loses the blessings that have their source in Him. It soon becomes entangled in the confusion and destruction that go with false creeds and false Christs.

Therefore if the democracies are to stand fast for liberty their citizens must hold fast to Jesus Christ. The best safeguard any of us can provide against the loss of our democratic "way of life" is to live lives dedicated to Christ and His cause. Thus shall we best "stand on guard."

The democracies are in a great struggle to resist mighty forces of tyranny. In that struggle there is a crying need for men, munitions, and money. But greater than the need of man power and material is the need of a return to the Christ who redeems men from sin's bondage and then adds all other true liberties therewith. Stand fast therefore in the liberty where-with Christ hath made us free. (Gal. 5:1.) That must be our watchword today and all the days.

ATTEND FAITHFULLY the church of your conviction and choice.

GO WITH your children to Sunday School EVERY SUNDAY.

There's a place for you in the Adult Class.

HAVE GRACE before every meal.

READ the Bible to your children daily.

Pray daily and teach your children to pray.

If you know not Christ vitally deal directly with Him. Confess your sins and tell Him you accept Him as your Saviour. Then unite with the Church and live a consistent Christian life. He says, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out."

—The Evangelical Christian.
With the Fellowship Circle

NEWS ITEMS

Miss Emma Rickert ('22) from Oklahoma City, Okla., stopped at the Institute in August en route to Washington, D. C., where she will be employed as a translator in the educational department of the United States Government.

Mr. ('39) and Mrs. Al Zahlout of the New England Fellowship in Boston, visited at the Institute on September 9. Mr. Zahlout was a former instructor of violin at the Institute.

The following students of last year are in the service of their country:

Royal Steiner, of Fort Wayne, is now at Bakersfield, California.
Darrel Journall, of Salem, Indiana, is now at Fort McClellan, Alabama.
Gerald Wyandt, of Van Wert, Ohio, is in Camp Swift, Texas.
Earl Steiner, of Pandora, Ohio, is in Camp Grant, Illinois.

We pray that God may keep them true and use them as a testimony of His grace and goodness to those they contact.

Word has reached us that the following former graduates have accepted calls:

Mr. ('42) and Mrs. Billy Lewis have taken a pastorate in the Penn, Michigan, Friends Church.
Miss Ethel Adams ('40), of Fostoria, Ohio, is doing missionary work at Burningspring, Kentucky. She began her work on August 23rd and is associated with Miss Flo Siemantel ('39) of Illinois.
Miss Esther McCartney ('40) has accepted a call to missionary work in and around Copebranch, Kentucky.
Miss Elsie Ueberschar ('41) of Cleveland, Ohio, began work on Sept. 14 with the Howard Street Mission in Detroit. Her work will include secretarial work as well as home visitation, having charge of the Sunday School, and assisting in other services of the Mission.

WEDDINGS

On August 1st Miss Ruth Geiger, of Pandora, Ohio, and a student at the Institute last year, became the bride of Mr. Richard Reilly ('42) of Detroit, Michigan. They have accepted a pastorate in Nappanee, Indiana.

Miss Lucy Crawford ('42) and Mr. Howard Laughbaum, of Pellston, Michigan, were married in Lima, Ohio, the home of the bride, on September 5th.

Miss Dorothea Martig and Mr. Dan Demmin, both of Peoria, Illinois, and graduates of the class of '42 were married on September 5th. They have a pastorate in Secor, Illinois.

May the blessing of the Lord be upon each union and may the joy of the Lord be their portion throughout the years to come.

JUNIOR ALUMNI

On August 5th little Kathryn Jean came to gladden the home of Mr. ('39) and Mrs. Alfred Zahlout. She was born in Marquette, Kansas, at the home of Mrs. Zahlout's parents.

FOREIGN GLEANINGS

Bungalow 20, Cantonment, Ahmedabad, B. P., India.

"I will say of the Lord, He is my Refuge and my Fortress: my God, in Him will I trust." Ps. 91:2. How we thank God for His unchanging presence these days. How often we have listened to the radio news (have been thankful I was where there was a radio) and then have had to go to our Heavenly Father for new courage and to stay, our minds on Him these days. But how often, too, He has given various ones of us a special strengthening by some portion of His own Word. We do not
know what is before us, nor how soon it may come, but we know our “Hitherto” has been so sure that we need not but trust for the “Henceforth.”

I am not at the address above—that is my home address, and where I hope to be soon after you get this. But I am down in beautiful South India about 2780 ft. up in a semi-hill station (that makes it a bit cooler) where there is a lovely Methodist hospital. Our Miss Krater has been here since last May 27th suffering from stomach cancer, and although she gets every care from these dear doctors and nurses—Indian like American—yet her teething is a problem, and there is her correspondence, and the 100 things one’s friends and family at home would do. So I am here to help with them. The dear soul has clung tenaciously to the hope that God would deliver her and still does, but for some reason, He has not seen fit to do so, and unless He does the miracle in a very short time, I am sure she cannot be with us more than a few weeks. She did weigh less than 70 lbs., but is going into more or less a dropsical like condition. She suffers pain in her limbs from undernourishment, thin nerves, etc., but how often I’ve thanked God that in His mercy, that excruciating inner pain has not bothered very much these last few months.

This is not the work I expected to be doing after I had finished my language studies in November, but these people use English nicely, so I have had opportunities to help in the services, and I even use the little playing I can do on the piano. Then sometimes when some of the doctors or nurses have come to see me or we have gone for walks together in the evening, there have been opportunities for witnessing. Then, too, it has released someone else who had really gotten grounded in the work and was needed. I am not weary, and should have stayed on gladly, but I do think it will be nice to have one of her own close friends with her (Julia Derr), so I shall probably go to Ooty to spend my hot-season with Tilman’s (Amstutz) and Schlatter’s and all the rest of our children in the home where they stay while attending school. I still cannot realize that Mr. Schlatter has gone to Glory. He always seemed so strong and so busy. He took typhoid at Ooty after he took the children to school. Mrs. Schlatter was called as soon as he became ill, and Tilmans were called to help when he became worse. Mr. K. D. Garrison wrote that Mrs. Schlatter is taking his Homegoing in a most victorious spirit.

Miss Luella C. Burley (’31).

Note: The India Alliance reports that Miss Burley has passed her Higher Standard Language examination in Gujarati.

Akola, Berar, India.

The interesting work of the school was turned over to us two weeks after we arrived in Akola from furlough. It was a joy to witness a baptismal service, in the school tank, of eleven boys, just when we were taking over the school from brother and sister Lauren Carner, who were going on furlough.

It was considered expedient in caring for the district as well as the school for us to live in the Akola District bungalow, two miles from the Santa Barbara School, and although we are not with the boys day and night we are thankful that the Lord is with them. We are also thankful that consecrated young Indian brethren are in charge of the institution. All the teachers but one are Santa Barbara “Old Boys.” Our headmaster, Mr. R. P. Chavan, is the son of one of our early evangelists. He was in school during Miss Beardslee’s faithfiul ministry there. After high school, he began teaching and also studied at home for the B.A. examination in which he was successful. He is the Akola Church
secretary, and on many occasions has brought good messages, for he has ability as a preacher. Our oldest teacher, Mr. Narayan Meshramker, was a lad taken in during the famine, forty years ago. He is the general superintendent of the three Sunday-schools of the Akola Church and he has a strong influence in the Christian community. For a number of years, he has been the editor of our Marathi Paper, "The Spread of the Good News." Mr. P. F. Hivale, who came to us from another mission is an energetic organizer and a pillar in the church. The latest addition whom the Lord has sent to us is Robert Bonsod. He is a son of an Alliance pastor, is a product of Santa Barbara School, and of our Marathi Men's Bible School. He gives promise of usefulness in translation work. We also have a happy combination in Brother Barnabas Kularni as "housefather," and his wife, Kantibai, a daughter of our Akola pastor, is the cheerful, well-trained teacher of classes one and two.

About the time of the opening of the new school year "Barnabas master" became seriously ill with a virulent type of malaria. The fever burned for forty-six days. One morning a heart attack all but cut short his ministry, but God answered prayer and he is again with us, well and strong. His testimony is this, "I cannot tell you how thankful I am to the Lord for returning me to my place of service in the school. It means more to me now than ever before." Our living away from the school has thrown added burdens chiefly on the shoulders of "Barnabas master." This brother has supervision of the housing arrangements, the forty-acre school farm, sick boys and minor discipline outside of school hours, as well as the spiritual welfare of the boys. He came originally from the Ramabai Mukti Mission but grew up in our school under Miss Beardslee's kind hand, and took our Bible Training School course. He is treasurer of the Akola Church, has a keen mind for business, a love for his boys, especially the orphans, and a deep love for the Lord.

There are seventy-three boarders in the school this year, and thirty day-scholars. The results were about ninety per cent passes for the past year.

The health of the boys has been good and "Barnabas master" says that the discipline has been easy because of the co-operation of the boys, and because of the effective working of the "house system" instituted by Brother Lauren Carner, "and," Barnabas added, "by taking everything to the Lord in prayer."

The boys have helped in singing and preaching bands, and have helped in the short time Bible school work for village Christians. Special stress has been laid on training the boys for this work and they love it. We believe it to be practical to sing the gospel messages into the hearts of India's villagers. They cannot argue with a song.

God is working in the hearts of both the boys and masters. We are definitely praying for the salvation of every boy and for an evangelistic vision and fervour throughout the school. We request you to pray with us to this end.

Albert C. Eicher ('31).

Pengshui, Szechwan, China.

"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the Lord Jesus Christ." Eph. 5:20. Our hearts are full of praise and thanks to our Heavenly Father who has so miraculously protected the Mission Compound when in danger by fire. One night in September shrieks and cries were heard and then the large flames leaping into the sky told the story of a large fire on the main street near the mission compound. The family in whose house the fire started were all burned to death. The flames rapidly spread toward the mission. Soldiers
began taking off some of the tiles from our buildings along the street. Every precaution against further spread was made. Miss Birrell who was alone at the time with the servants began moving out some of our most needed things to a safer place. God performed His miracle. The fire stopped only about fifteen feet from our mission door and none of the buildings were touched by the flames. While the servants were carrying out things two men entered the house and were about to leave with some of our clothing and bedding but the servants returned just in time to stop and rescue the things from this method of theft. About fifty odd families not only lost their homes, but many of their things were stolen and burned. Waking up in the middle of the night with houses on fire, caused them to become panicky and thus thieves had a good opportunity to carry things away. Had they succeeded in removing our things we should not be comfortably situated for these winter months. Truly God is good and we praise Him for His watchful care over property and personal effects.

Immediately after Chinese Conference we held our Short Term Bible School. Most of the newly baptized Christians with others attended. Three classes were conducted daily in the study of the Word in addition to a class in music instruction. The students enjoyed these classes very much and often tarried to ask questions.

Among the students were a couple who used to gamble but Christ coming into their lives had so completely changed them that they had no desire for gambling. They now enjoyed Bible study and were blessed. One of them said: “I have not the least desire for the former things I used to enjoy, for Christ is my satisfaction.” Another one had previously had much sorrow in his home, for of the family of nine or ten children, all but one had died. He now found great joy in searching the Scriptures. He is one of the two first ones to be baptized from Yushan-chen. Please pray for him that he may be a light for the Lord. In one of the evening evangelistic services a man from this town came forward for prayer and our Mr. King said to him, “Do you have a Bible?” We were glad to note that he told his friend to be a possessor of the Word of God. Several of the Kieniang women said to Miss Birrell and myself: “Do come to our place and teach us more about God’s Word, we know so little.” A young student who could not stay for the full session wrote: “What was taught in class on John 15:16 has been very profitable to me.” Thanks be to God who so richly blessed the students and the workers. I believe the Lord will be pleased for us to have a similar one next year in the district.

A request for prayer: A man in Yushan-chen was very ill and suddenly became blind. Although partly recovered from his illness his eyesight has not been restored. His unsaved friends criticize him, saying, “Since you have become a Christian you have become blind.” However, his faith is still in the Lord who redeemed him. His wife has not stood the test as her husband and is now in doubt and perplexity. Intercede for restoration and a deeper faith in the Lord.

Praise God for the following lines from a student: “I feel happy to recall the period when I studied in Pengshui, especially studying the Holy Bible with you. Thank God. Now I have a position in the Central Police Academy—the school where I graduated. I think that you are glad to hear that we have a Bible Class too. We have learned several chapters of St. Matthew but the difficulty is that we have not enough English Bibles for we do not know where to get them. I hope you may solve this problem for us.” The Bible Society was able to solve this problem for them. Earnest prayers are coveted for Scriptures in circulation for they are the power of God to
save souls and give people an understanding of salvation in Jesus Christ.

Last of all my heart is full of praise to God for the many faithful prayer warriors at home.

**Fannie Baumgartner ('07).**

Lungtan, Szechwan, China.

Through the instrumentality of two Christian teachers a number of students accepted Christ in the refugee Middle School at Ch’inglungts’un. Though both teachers have gone to serve elsewhere these students are studying the Word together and having regular services for prayer and praise. Recently when the weather turned too cold for them to conduct their service out in the open, they were able to rent a small room for their meetings. It was a great joy for me to visit them recently and to see their fervent love for the Lord. Pray that they may remain true and be guided of the Lord in their plans for their future lives.

**Paul H. Bartel.**

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**LAST GlimPSES OF REV. ARCHIE HALLER**

One of the last missionaries to visit Rev. and Mrs. Haller in the Congo before his passing away was Miss Helen Hilda Tieszen. Upon her return to America she wrote the following letter to the Haller family:

“When I left for America I stopped at Mangungu to visit them, but Rev. Haller was out in the villages preaching the Gospel. I stayed with Mrs. Haller from April 22nd to 27th. I asked her if he still had heart trouble like the attack about four years ago. She said that he never had one like that again, and that he was feeling much better.

“I left there on April 27th and traveled quite a long way till I came to Iwungu on May 3rd, and there to my surprise I saw Rev. Haller. Rev. and Mrs. Kroeker have a Mission here, and as Rev. Haller was preaching in a village quite near he stopped in to see them. In the evening while the Kroeker’s were doing their daily evening work, he was telling me about his experiences in the villages. He told me about some who had accepted the Lord and were so happy, and others seemed to be so hungry to know the Lord, while a few had drifted into sin and he seemed so sad about it. . . .

“He left the next day for the villages and when saying good-bye, said that we might not meet again in this life but we would meet in Heaven. He said they were quite anxious to go home but did not see how they could till someone came to take their place.

“I left for Kikwit in a car on May 11th and when I got there I went to a store to buy some things for my trip home, when who should I see but Rev. Haller. In the evening we were all together in the Kikwit Mission where Rev. Jantz has charge. That evening the ten of us were singing gospel songs when Rev. Jantz asked Rev. Haller to give a message in behalf of my home going. He read Psalms 90 and 121. Spoke about God’s protection and that nothing would happen unless it was so planned by the Almighty; even across the ocean. He then asked all to take part in prayer, and when he prayed he asked the Lord to especially guide and protect me across the ocean and that the Lord would lead them about their furlough, and our meeting again in Heaven if no more in this dark world. Then he asked that we might sing together and we sang until about eleven.

“The next morning Rev. Haller, Mr. Kroeker, and Rev. Jantz took me to the steamer, ‘Anvers’, on which I was to leave that morning. Rev. Haller again mentioned their desire to go home for a rest if someone would come to take their place.

“Rev. Haller’s main object was to win souls for the Lord and live to God's glory day by day. . . .

“As far as I know Rev. Haller was
well, but he looked very tired. We do get very tired from the heat. I did not hear that he had jaundice or heart trouble when I left. I believe he must have taken sick later on.

"He has gone to a better place, there he is resting but also beholding God and looking this way to see us coming his way. He has been truly faithful in God's service, which I am a witness, and His reward will be great."

Yours in Christ,
Helen Hilda Tieszen.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ACTION

In Spain
"Roman Catholic Franco with the aid of the Italian and German Legionaries won the Spanish Civil War, and as a result 300 Protestant places of worship in Spain are reduced to ten. Nearly all Protestant Sunday Schools are closed, and the Ministry of Education writes, 'We must be absolutely intolerant to ideas and views that are contrary to the Roman Catholic Church.'

"Bibles of the Bible Society have been confiscated. The President of the Madrid Y.M.C.A. was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment for his religious convictions. A shipment of 110,000 Bibles, and Gospels sent by the British Bible Society to Spain were confiscated and converted into cellulose.

In Canada
"In the Province of Quebec, Bibles and Religious Tracts may not be distributed and the National Anthem cannot be sung in Roman Catholic Churches without special permission.

In Japan
"It may not be generally known that the Roman Catholic Church even today is very sympathetic to Japan. As late as April 1941, after all the Japanese atrocities in China, the Pope was able to say to the Japanese Foreign Minister: 'I have sent my Apostolic Blessing to your dear, far-off country.' The Pope blessed Matsuoka, said he was a great statesman and pinned a medal on him." (Evangelical Christian.)

In the United States
"The Catholic Directory says there are now 36,580 priests in the United States; of these 'many hundreds' are now acting as chaplains with the armed forces. There are 17,545 seminarians in this country studying for the priesthood. Within the next six years they will increase the number of priests 50%. A total of 2,056,198 pupils attend Catholic elementary schools and 501,088 attend Catholic high schools and colleges." (Prophecy.)

In Britain
Principal Nathaniel Micklem stated last May in the British Weekly that there are very few conversions from "Catholicism" to Nonconformity, while there are frighteningly many conversions from Nonconformity to what calls itself Catholicism. He added a rarely stated reason for Roman growth. 'I do not minimize the Roman danger.' Political Catholicism can afford to play a waiting game; let the Protestants continue to practice birth-control and the Romanists to demand large families, and without a single conversion Protestant countries will become Roman in measurable time."

"So Rome leaps forward. In 1837 Rome had about 500 priests in Great Britain: a hundred years later she had nearly 5,000. Today there are more Monastic houses in Great Britain than before the Reformation." (Dawn.)

Throughout the World
Catholic Action means to take advantage of the present world chaos and contemporary Protestantism diluted by liberalism to promote its ecclesiasticism. As a hope of the world's liberation it promises no more than National Socialism, according to Dr. Arthur C. Cochrane in "The Church and the War." He writes, "Both are totalitarianism systems. Both are hierarchical systems. Both claim infallibility."
Bible Institute News

HOME-GOING OF REV. T. PLINY POTTS

Our esteemed brother and fellow-teacher, Rev. T. Pliny Potts, passed to his reward on September 5th after a heart attack at his home on Indiana Avenue in Fort Wayne. Brother Potts was a full-time teacher of the Bible Institute from 1909 to 1916, and for some years was a part-time instructor. Just last year he conducted a class in the study of prophecy during the second semester for evening students. All who attended were appreciative of his teaching ministry. At the age of 79, he was the oldest active minister in Fort Wayne. Two weeks before his death he preached his last sermon at the Waynedale Gospel Tabernacle on "This Is the Victory That Overcometh the World, Even Our Faith." For twenty-five years he had been pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Fort Wayne.

Brother Potts was born October 23, 1862, in Millville, Pa., of Quaker stock, Thomas Maxwell and Mary Miller Potts. He graduated from Washington and Jefferson College in 1891 and from Western Theological Seminary in 1894. After teaching at the Pittsburgh Bible Institute between 1902 and 1909, he and Mrs. Potts came to Ft. Wayne to teach at the Institute, then known as Bible Training School. Many are the students who have left the halls of the Institute to be enriched by his skillful teaching. As a fellow-worker he was congenial, co-operative, loyal, and sincere.

Funeral services were held on September 8th in Fort Wayne. Rev. Robert Strubhar read from the Scriptures and offered prayer. The sermon, at the request of Brother Potts some time before his death, was given by Dean S. A. Witmer. (See forepart of this issue.) Rev. J. E. Ramseyer spoke a few words of appreciation of his life and ministry and concluded with prayer. It was a simple service for a man who never was moved from the simplicity of the Gospel.

An encouraging and inspiring aspect of Brother Potts' home-going was the spirit of exultant victory and hope manifested by the bereaved, particularly Mrs. Potts. While passing through the shadow of loss, she was buoyed up by the grace of God and the hope that maketh not ashamed.

RECENT VISITORS

Visitors at the Bible Institute since the last issue of the Bible Vision have been many. The Convention and Conference of the Missionary Church Association and the Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene filled the dormitory rooms. Although space forbids the mention of these guests by name, we are happy to take room to say that they were welcome, we invite them to return, and our souls are still being nourished upon the blessing that their presence brought to our campus. The Bible Institute was honored by a visit of Reverend and Mrs. P. L. Lunati and their three children, Miss Kathleen Lunati, Mr. Pete Lunati, and little Miss Betty. All the dormitory residents appreciated the splendid musical talent and the good Christian fellowship of these friends. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Zahlout, who are connected with the New England Fellowship, stopped at the school as they were passing through the city on their way to Boston. Mr. Virgil Stout brought a new student, Mr. Earl Cochran, to school. A number of others, including several parents and brothers and sisters of new students, were visitors of the opening days. All have made us richer, and we are hoping for their return.
CONVENTION

From August 7 to August 16, for the first time, the Missionary Church Association occupied its new home in Founders' Memorial of the Bible Institute. Since the Lord our God dried up for the Institute the waters of both impending and actual war until the construction of Founders' Memorial had "gone over," the building seemed a sign among the congregation both of the brightly beaming mercy of our Father and of His commitment of the lights along the shore to His children. Such excellent equipment provided for their gathering, instruction, and training could suggest only His "all power" and His commission to "go therefore." And the combination of this commission and provision did indeed constitute the keynote of the Convention. The missionary speakers, as well as others, emphasized the need for keeping the lower lights burning brightly in the storm-tossed waters of this day. Early in the Convention, the District Supt., Reverend J. A. Ringenberg, prefaced his exposition with the remark that the world is dying because it doesn't know the price that Christ paid as the penalty for the world's sin and the power that raised Him from the dead. He then unfolded a great missionary plan from Luke 24:45 to 49. The subject of the plan is that Christ suffered and arose, resulting in repentance and remission of sins for whosoever will. God's will as to what we shall do with this subject is our task, and that is to preach it. The charge is to witness of these things. But there is also a prerequisite: "Tarry until ye be endued with power from on high." Then on the last day of the Convention, Mr. Ringenberg emphasized the imperative need of carrying out this plan. The early morning prayer meeting, women's meetings, young people's services, and children's meetings all helped to keep the lamps filled with oil. The Convention was followed by the Conference, in which the Lord graciously blessed and favored with His presence and counsel.

OPENING OF SCHOOL

It could hardly be supposed that the opening of any year in the history of the Bible Institute could have given greater promise than these early days of the present year. Rooms in the residences are more than filled. Three are occupying one of the rooms in the administration building; and rooms in Bethany Hall formerly used for mimeographing, storage, and offices are now students' rooms. The practice rooms in Founders' Memorial are much in demand; and the spacious, airy new classrooms make the class sessions a double delight. But the joyful anticipation for the year does not lie chiefly in the number of students nor in the places where they live and work, but in the quality of the young personalities who have come with open minds and hearts to be taught by the Lord of His will and ways for them. It is our prayer that they may not be disappointed.

Speakers

Mission Band and Chapel already have been seasons of blessing. Mission Band has been favored with two very unusual speakers: Miss Elizabeth Zernov and Mrs. W. J. Guilding. Miss Zernov is a native of Russia and is working among Russian people in Chicago. She gave us important information concerning the condition of the church and missions in her country. Mrs. Guilding, who was a survivor from the Zam Zam, spoke on "Some of My Experiences As a Prisoner in Germany." In Chapel, our own faculty has been bringing the messages. President Ramseyer opened the year with a message on the inspiration and effectiveness of God's Word. Other speakers were Mr. Leightner, Mr. Ringenberg, and Mr. Slote. The week of September 21 to 25 was "Spiritual Emphasis Week," in which chapel periods were lengthened and special
speakers invited, ending with a climax at the Mission Band service on Friday night.

Music

The Institute misses Raymond Weaver and Ira Gerig from its music department this year. Mr. Weaver is serving his country in the army, and Mr. Gerig is spending time in study, but he also is now about to be inducted. We welcome Mr. C. A. Gerber, returning, and Mr. Robert L. Pfundstein, Mrs. Juanita Gray, and Mr. Leo Podolsky into our splendid new music hall. These are all teachers of outstanding ability and unusual qualifications. Mr. Podolsky, who is a distinguished concert artist and teacher of piano, will supervise advanced instruction in piano.

Voices

The most peculiar people live at the Bible Institute! Every now and then, one approaches a room and there stands someone talking into space with no listener anywhere to be seen. And then there comes a voice in reply from nowhere. Not another person but the first speaker can be found. Upon investigation, however, one finds that there are no ghosts or witches. It can all be explained as a part of the new public address system installed from Rounders' Memorial throughout the campus. Messages can be sent from the music hall to anyone in either of the other buildings and answers received without the use of a telephone. Moreover, services can be relayed to any who might be on duty in the other buildings and not able to attend the meetings. Again, amplifiers increase the volume in the auditorium itself, so that everyone can hear.

Another improvement is the two-trunk telephone line. Now important messages can be sent out or received in either building without waiting until another person, already on the line, is through. These evidences of progress are much appreciated by the entire constituency; and for them, we praise the Lord, for though we are unworthy, He has graciously extended many benefits for the profit and enjoyment of this work.

REST

To step out of self life into Christ life; to lie still and let Him lift you out of it; to fold your hands close and hide your face upon the hem of His robe; to let Him lay His cooling, soothing, healing hands upon your soul, and draw all the hurry and fever from its veins; to realize you are not a mighty messenger, an important worker of His, full of care and responsibility, but only a little child, with a Father's gentle bidding to heed and fulfill; to lay your busy plans and ambitions confidently in His hands, as the child brings its broken toys at its mother's call; to serve Him by waiting; to praise Him by saying, "Holy, holy, holy," a single note of praise as do the seraphim of the heavens, if that be His will; to cease to hurry lest you lose sight of His face; to learn to follow Him and not run ahead of orders; to cease to live in self and for self, and learn to live in Him and for Him; to love His honor more than your own; to be a clear and facile medium for His life tide to shine and glow through —this is consecration and this is rest.—Selected.

"THE LAST CHRISTIAN"

Will Durant quotes Nietzsche as saying that the last Christian died upon the cross. While we admit that the great departure in "nominal Christianity" from the original is most lamentable, yet the saying is too sweeping and too cynical.

For Dark Days

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed,
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God,
The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:
God shall help her, and that right early.
The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved:
He uttered His voice, the earth melted.
The Lord of Hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord,
What desolations He hath made in the earth.
He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder
He burneth the chariot in the fire.
Be still, and know that I am God;
I will be exalted in the earth.
The Lord of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

—Psalm Forty-six.
FINAL REPORT OF CONSTRUCTION COSTS OF FOUNDER’S MEMORIAL

On September 22, the Building Committee for Founders’ Memorial submitted its final report to the Board of Trustees. It was with deep thanksgiving to God that the Committee could report that this project was carried through to completion in these difficult days. The beautiful building stands as a monument to the faithfulness of God even more than to the splendid vision of pioneers. To Him be all of the glory!

COST OF BUILDING

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<td>Architect</td>
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Approximately $69,000 has been given in cash for the new building, and approximately $15,000 more has been subscribed in pledges. This leaves a balance of approximately $25,500.00 yet to be raised for the building.

A liquidation committee composed of S. A. Lehman, P. L. Eicher, J. A. Ringenberg, and S. A. Witmer was appointed. The Committee has had its first meeting, and in view of the fact that many in our fellowship who are interested in this undertaking are urging that the DEBT BE REDUCED NOW, the Committee decided to present this need to all friends of the Bible Institute and give them an opportunity to help liquidate the indebtedness while working conditions are good.

Gifts and subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer, Rev. P. L. Eicher, Bible Institute, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Payments or Fellowship Circle pledges may be sent to Miss Jane Bedsworth of the same address. All are urged to pay.

LIQUIDATION COMMITTEE.