

THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN JOURNAL

*A Presbyterian monthly magazine devoted to the
statement, defense and propagation of the
Gospel, the faith which was once for
all delivered unto the saints.*

"Entered as second-class matter May 15, 1942, at the Postoffice at Weaverville, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879."

Volume I — Number 9

JANUARY 1943

Yearly Subscription \$1.00

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In the stress and turmoil of today we need to keep ourselves in the love of God. And we can only keep ourselves in the love of God as we turn not to the pictures that men are making of God but to the saving revelation which God has made of Himself in Jesus Christ. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to save us. As we hide in the cleft of the Rock of Ages, He proclaims His own Name, the **Lord**, gracious and merciful . . . forgiving iniquity and transgressions and sin. God accompanies the preaching of the word of His grace with the Spirit who sheds abroad His love in our hearts. Holding a crumpled yellow telegram in her hands, an American mother said to her minister: "No, they are mistaken. My son is not lost. If he is not on his ship, he is in his Father's house." By the grace of God that mother met her supreme test in the love of God.

The Bible is a letter from God with your personal address upon it. It is the inspired testimony to the loving, living God, the God that doeth wonders, the **Lord** who made known His ways unto Moses, whose deeds were remembered by the children of Israel. The living God is the one who acts decisively in the lives of men and women and churches and nations so that they remember the years of God's right hand. The God of the Bible is the God of people whom He brings into fellowship with Himself and loves and leads through life, so that thereafter He is known as the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Israel, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Christian revelation is the story of God's saving, redemptive acts which were decisively and finally manifest in Jesus Christ, in whom God became flesh and revealed His grace and truth. In His Word God reveals Himself, acts, speaks, brings individuals into fellowship with Himself. God saved us. God called us with a holy calling. God shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of His glory in the face of Jesus Christ. The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham. God wrestled with Jacob. God appeared unto Moses at the burning bush. Suddenly there shone a great light around Saul and he heard a voice from heaven saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" When John was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, he heard a great voice as of a trumpet and the risen Christ revealed Himself to John. God is a spirit. God is infinite. But it is not less important to remember that the heart of the Triune God has a great glowing affection for us, and that, out of that loving fellowship, Father, Son and Holy Spirit act for our salvation. When that brilliant French writer, Blaise Pascal, passed away they found sewed in his clothes this confession:

"God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, not of the philosophers and scholars, God of Jesus Christ, my God and thy God. Thy God shall be my God."

I. God gave unto our Lord Jesus Christ a Revelation that brings grace and peace to us from Him Who is and Who was and Who is to come, from the seven Spirits that are before His throne, and

from Jesus Christ, the faithful witness, the first-born from the dead, the Prince of the kings of the earth. Then the King James Version reads: "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood." This is the Gospel. As John walked and talked with the Master, as he leaned on the Saviour's bosom, he so appropriated the personal love of Christ that he described himself as the disciple whom Jesus loved. This disciple so fully learned the love of Christ in the days of His flesh that even when Jesus waited four days to heed the call of Martha and Mary for their brother Lazarus, John could still write: "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister Mary." John knew the love of Jesus so well that he introduces the Lord's ministry of service in washing the disciples' feet with these words: "Having loved His own that were in the world He loved them to the end." He did the uttermost act of lowly service to teach them just how much He did love them. Similarly in First John love is of God. Herein was the love of God manifested in our case, that He sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Oh, my friends, the Gospel is not our love but His, not our merit but His mercy, not our desert but Christ's death, not our righteousness but the forgiveness of our sins for His Name's sake. Lay aside all confidence in self, anchor in the Gospel. He loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.

However, the American Revised Version adds a further richness to this precious Gospel text. Translating from the oldest manuscripts, the Revisers read: "Unto Him that loveth us." This reading fits exactly into the situation and need of John and adds a blessed truth for us today. For John it was over fifty years since Jesus walked in Galilee and died upon the Tree. For a half a century now He has been reigning upon the Throne of His Father as Prince over the kings of the earth. His eyes are as a flame of fire, His voice is as the sound of many waters. He has the keys of death and of Hades. John may well have been pondering, Does He still love us, is He concerned with our little trivialities on this earth? Before He left, He said: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and manifest myself to him." Perhaps, John is wondering: Have I kept His word, have I obeyed His commandments? One of my congregations is lukewarm, another has lost its first love, another is seamed with factions and a fourth is disgraced by immorality. I am a persecuted exile in a Roman concentration camp. I was arrested and scourged and consigned to labor in the mines. Does the Christ of glory still love these little groups of His people and their exiled pastor? If these doubts were rising in John's mind they are dissipated as the morning mist before the rising sun. Yes, His love is the same. He stopped Saul the Inquisitor with the words, "Why persecutest thou me?" The Son of Man appeared to Stephen standing at the right hand of God, rising from His throne to welcome His dying

martyr. And now He has appeared unto John. Though His countenance shineth as the sun in its strength, it is the same loving face that spake from the Cross: "Son, behold thy mother." "Mother, behold thy son." And once again John is leaning on the Saviour's bosom with every doubt and hesitation gone while he pens the blessed words, "Unto Him that loveth us."

Mother, father, brother, sister, wife, are you on some Isle of Patmos this Lord's Day, exiled from a son or husband or lover far off on the tossing ocean, or separated from those who have gone on before, are you suffering like this persecuted witness, or are you simply trying to carry on in His name? May He so manifest Himself to you this day that you may know you also are the disciple whom Jesus loves. May His present, living love chase the shades of night away, give you garlands for ashes, the oil of joy for the spirit of heaviness, until this ascription of praise rises from your heart: "Unto Him that loveth us . . . be the glory and the dominion forever and ever. Amen."

Yes, we are each to individualize the love of Christ. John was able to tower above his colleagues in the apostolic college just because he took unto himself so much of the love of Christ. There is one thing about the love of Christ that is different from other possessions, the more we take unto ourselves the more we have to give to others. It takes all of the rays of the sun to ripen one cherry, but while that cherry is taking all of the sun to itself the same sun is ripening millions of cherries. You may dip your cup to the full, but the great ocean has water for every other cup. Such is the love of God in Christ that the more one takes it unto Himself the more he realizes its fullness for the world. As soon as we realize that He is the propitiation for our sins, immediately we add and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the world. As soon as John says I am the disciple whom Jesus loved he must needs add, God so loved the world. As soon as Paul can say, He loved me and delivered Himself up for me, he must add, if One died for all then were all dead and He died for all that they that live should henceforth not live unto themselves but unto Him. The two greatest interpreters of Jesus—John and Paul—are just the two men who appropriated to themselves most of His love. An old Scottish Divine had a dream in which the Lord appeared unto him saying that He wanted the minister to know just how much God loved him. Thereafter that man's life was marked by a sanctity and sweetness that are seldom seen.

The seventy-first and the one hundred and thirty-ninth psalm speak of God's love and care from the very beginning of the psalmist's life. The psalmist thanks God for presiding over His unformed substance, for numbering His members when there was none of them. When he is old he leans on the everlasting arms and when he is weak he whispers, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God." To the psalmist: "The Lord is my helper. I shall not want." Paul says, it pleased God who separated me from my mother's womb to reveal His Son in me. So each of us ought to stand before the whole revelation of God's love—the rays of the love that shine like stars through the Old Testament and the sunburst of that love a Christ and drink it all into our own hearts. His love is for me as individually as it is for John who leaned on His bosom, for penitent Peter whom He met on the shores of Galilee and recommissioned to feed His flock, for doubting Thomas to whom He unbared the cruel wounds, for Paul who persecuted Him, for John Mark who needed a second chance, for Matthew the Publican, for Mary, the Magdalene, for Nathanael and Martha and the weak churches of Asia Minor. Beyond death and the Resurrection the reigning Christ loves us with the same individual love that John knew in the days of His flesh.

"Warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He,
And love hath still its Olivet
And faith her Galilee."

As Francis Thompson looked back over a life torn by sin and wickedness it seems to Him that the living, loving Christ like a hound from heaven had been pursuing him until He opened to a lost sheep the gates of gold.

"Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom after all
Shade of His hand, outstretched,
caressingly?"

II. Before our Lord reveals the scrolls unfolded, the trumpets pealing, the wine-cups from the wrath above, He shows His own face so that we may meet these awful facts with the assurance that the Lord over them all loved us. This present individual love of Christ for each of us is the greatest thing anyone of us can take into the future. We are travelling perilous days together. Brave men are standing in the places of danger and death for us, our freedom, our country, our homes. In appreciation of all that they are doing for us we want to give them the best we have. And the best we have is the present individual love of Christ for us. Soldier boy, sailor friend, may our God be your God, our Saviour your Saviour, our heavenly Father your heavenly Father.

Taking the love of Christ into tomorrow does not mean indolence in sin. Christ says, As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. The loving Christ is also the purifying Christ. His flaming eyes penetrate every one of the seven congregations and point out the wickedness and condemn the evil. His gaze that nought escapes, without, within, sees us through and through. And knowing our weakness and wickedness He metes out life's circumstances for our eternal good. But through it all we know that His loving heart goes with us. No punishment that our fathers gave us seemed good at the time, but grievous. But as I look back over his dealing with me I would that I could tell my father just how much I love him for his great continued love for me. The great loving heart of the Christ is disciplining our congregations and our hearts for glory. No chastisement seemeth to be good but grievous, yet it worketh out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. First Peter teaches us that it takes suffering to separate us from our sins.

The loving Christ is prince of the kings of the earth. He has taken the book of destiny and loosed the seals. The white horseman of conquest, the red horseman of war, the black horseman of famine and the pale horseman of death are not beyond His control. The Messiah is the Lord of destiny and history. He is directing all to its God-appointed end. And in and through it all He loveth us.

"Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

In all our affliction He is afflicted and the angel of His presence saves us. As we pass through the furnace there is the form of another with us and His form is as the form of the Son of God.

In the hour when the shadows were darkening about Himself Jesus prayed that His joy might be in us so that our joy might be full. For the joy that was set before Him He endured the Cross despising the shame. His joy is our strength when we tread shores of Jordan. The blessing of communion with the Father filled His heart to overflowing with joy even as the darkness of the Cross fell over Him. By that expiatory Cross He has opened the way of access to the Father and made us priests unto His God and Father. The way of access to God has not always been open. Sin closed it. Only the High Priest and he only once a year and only with the blood of a sin-offering was permitted to enter the presence of God. But when Christ died the veil of the Temple was rent asunder—the way to God was open. In all our trials and afflictions we can have access to God and find in the midst of sufferings the joy of fellowship with God. Our comfort is the comfort of the early Christian testimony: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or anguish or persecution, or famine or nakedness or peril or sword? Nay in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I have been made certain that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor things present nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"The Revelation prophecies of that tremendous day
When Christ—and Christ alone—shall
be the trembling sinner's stay."

But we go even before the Great White Throne of final judgment with the pulsating, living love of Christ. The One who cometh with the clouds is the One who loveth us.

"When I soar to worlds unknown
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

In the great Presbyterian Catechism drawn up in the Palatinate and authorized in Scotland in 1590 we have this glorious assurance: That in all miseries and persecutions I lift up my head and wait for Him, who did before stand in my stead before God's Judgment-seat and take away all curse from me, to come again from heaven as a judge to throw all his and mine enemies into everlasting pains and to receive me and all the elect unto himself into heavenly joys and everlasting glory.

III. The great love of Christ revealed on the Cross and living and pulsing in undying affection for us now bows our wills to His dominion and constrains our lives for His Kingdom.

"Here is the magic of the Cross; it presents a scene of love such as the world had never seen before and will never see again. When the world

was lost, ruined and undone, when all hope had fled from earth, and apparently fled forever, Jehovah bows the heavens and comes down, and, travelling in the majesty of His strength, works out a redemption for His imprisoned subjects which astonished the angels and made the universe stand agast. Here was love, unspeakable love, 'When God the mighty Maker died for man the creature's sin.' And when this amazing love is fully comprehended and distinctly realized, the stoutest heart of the proudest sinner will yield to its mighty influence. Love is the talisman by which God subdues the sinner's heart and gains his supreme affection. Let him firmly believe and strongly realize that Jesus was indeed the Lamb of God slain for the sins of the world, and that it was Love, almighty Love, which occasioned the awful sacrifice, and he will bow his soul in the depths of humility and give his heart to God."

As long as Satan could represent God to the sinner only as the awful judge armed for his destruction he could arouse the heart of man to hatred and rebellion against God. But God Himself, God in Christ, hath loosed us from our sins by His own blood. That awful load of guilt and curse no longer hangs over us. For us Christ hath drunk damnation dry. He bore our sins in His own body on the tree. He was made a curse for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. And now the living, loving Christ stands with His nail-pierced hands overflowing with the gifts of His redemption, forgiveness of sins and the new nature with the law of God written on our hearts. His arms are outstretched in gracious invitation: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." The shackles of sin just fall away as the heart turns to her heavenly Lover. As the Holy Ghost shed abroad the love of Christ in our hearts we are delivered from the thralldom of Satan and translated into the Kingdom of the Son of His love.

The gates of man's soul may remain barred to every effort to crash an entrance. But when the nail-pierced hands of love tenderly knock, when the Holy Spirit sheds abroad His love, the gates of that soul, in its first knightly act, rise like the castle gates of yore and admit the best Friend a sinner ever had. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

A man can only be free in so far as he thinks and feels and acts in terms of what is not himself. Freedom comes when some great cause, some great loyalty lifts a man out of the thralldom of his own sinful affections.

"My will is not my own,
Till Thou hast made it Thine.
If it would reach a monarch's throne
It must its crown resign."

He that seeketh his life shall lose it, he that loseth his life for the Son of Man's sake shall find it.

"Make me a captive, Lord,
And then I shall be free.
Force me to render up my sword
And I shall conqueror be.

I sink in life's alarms
When by myself I stand.
Imprison me within thine arms
And strong shall be my hand.

"My heart is weak and poor
Until its master find;
It has no spring of action sure;
It varies with the wind.
It cannot freely move
Till thou hast wrought its chain;
Enslave it with thy matchless love
And it shall deathless reign."

—George Matheson.

Being made free from sin and having become servants of God we have our fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life. There is now a new kingdom stretching before us, the Reign of the King of Love. That Kingdom rests upon the everlasting Throne of Christ and cannot be shaken. Therefore, we know that our labor in this Kingdom shall not be in vain in the Lord. The certainty of fruit for our service in this Kingdom and the love of Christ constraining our hearts move our service in the Kingdom of His God and Father. Generally there is seed time and harvest so that the planter is assured he will reap a harvest for his labor of planting. Occasionally war and flames destroy the crop as it is doing today in Russia. We are more certain that Christ will not allow our labor to be in vain in His Kingdom than any farmer is that he shall reap what he has sown. The Kingdom of Christ is moving through the ages, carried onward by the great throbbing, loving heart of the Christ. The waves of war and destruction may mount higher and higher, they

shall never touch the Throne where He sits at God's right hand. His Kingdom cannot be moved. Love for Him, zeal to manifest the glory of His gracious love nerves our hands and hearts and gifts to spread His Kingdom from sea to rolling sea.

In His Kingdom, Christ is enthroned. Unto Him who loveth us be the dominion. That means that Christ is to reign on the throne of our lives and hearts. It means that every motive, every purpose, every plan ought to pass before His holy, loving eyes. In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths. Search me, O God, and know my heart: Try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me and lead me in the way everlasting. With Christ on the throne there are some things that ought to pass out of our hearts: bitterness and envy and hate. There are some things that ought not to pass over our tongues: filthy stories, unkind judgments, profanity. There are some things that ought not to enter our lives: drunkenness, dishonest gains, abuse of our positions, fornication. The great sanctifying, purifying power is the present, reigning, personal love of Christ. Christ loves you, my brother, and He is counting on your life, your heart, your hands in His advancing hosts. Do not disappoint Jesus Christ who loved you and died for you on earth, who loves you now on the Throne of heavenly glory.

"O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

Imperishable Results Justify A Revival

By Rev. Gipsy Smith, Jr.*

Never was the church more richly organized than she is at the present hour. Her ministers were never more thoroughly equipped for the proclamation of the Gospel. Yet who does not feel that there is something lacking, some large and heavenly baptism of power, to give authority to those who preach and reality to those who hear. I recall the remark Sir Walter Scott once made as he stood before a portrait of Robert Burns. He looked at it for a moment, and then said, "Yes, the lustre is there, but it is not lighted up." And it seems to me that what Sir Walter missed in the portrait of the poet is what we all miss in our church. The lustre is there of method and efficiency, of able preaching and devoted service, yet somehow, if I see things aright, that lustre is not lighted up, and nothing will light it up except revival.

Our Christian faith has not come down the centuries like a steadily expanding river. There have been times of deadness, seasons of inertia, long ages of weary formalness. And then, always at the appointed hour, has come the opening of heaven's windows, and an awakening to lost simplicities. So it was with St. Francis. So it was with the Reformation. The Reformation was not a thing of politics; at its heart it was a spiritual revival. So it was with John Wesley; so has it

been in our land with every secession and disruption. No secession is just ecclesiastical; at its deepest it is spiritual. It is the protest of the heart—the challenge of the soul—the trammelled spirit breaking through to God. The history of Christianity is one long checkering of light and darkness, and the light is always near unto the darkness. Just when everything seemed lost, the battle was on the point of being won. A thousand times the extremity of man has proven the opportunity of God. And today, when we seem to have tried everything, and still lack the authentic mark of power, taught of history we reasonably hope that the hour of our redemption draws nigh.

I pass on to consider one or two objections that are commonly urged against revivals. And first, and perhaps especially in England, where I was born and lived most of my life, there is the deep dislike of their emotionalism. The pride of the Englishman is to repress emotion. No sober Englishman is ever quite at home in the exhibition of excited feeling, and when we find, as we generally find, that revivals are times of very great excitement, that alone is sufficient to discredit them. Very often feeling is so tense that it leads to hysterical phenomena. With that attitude I have the greatest sympathy. I understand it thoroughly. Trained in the reserve of English