

THE PASTOR'S MESSAGE

THE WORD OF GOD

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In Matt. 24:36 our Lord declares: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

What is true of the immediate words spoken by Jesus Christ when here upon earth is also true of the entire word of God.

We hear the Psalmist saying, "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in Heaven." The prophet Isaiah exclaims: "The grass withereth, the flowers fade: but the Word of our God shall stand forever." We thank God for the Word; for having been born where we have the Word; thank Him for the privilege of living in a land of Bibles. We don't half appreciate it.

The Word is God's message to man. How wonderful that we have His message. His will is revealed therein, yes, His love, power, wisdom, long-suffering and judgments all made known within its sacred pages. Thus we should study the Word to find out all these things.

The Word of God is **immutable**. Thank God for that which is dependable, unalterable, unchangeable.

The Word of God is **everlasting**. As God cannot change, so neither shall the Word of Truth change. "Jesus Christ the same forever." The poet has said, "Jesus never fails, Jesus never fails, Heaven and earth may pass away, but Jesus never fails."

Jesus Christ was the Incarnate Word of God. The Word that was made flesh and dwelt among us. The Word is unchangeable because it is founded in eternal truth and in the fixed counsels of the immutable God. Omnipotence spoke it, Almightyness accompanied it, immutability dwelt in it, thus it can neither turn, change or fail.

The Word of God is **permanent**. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away." We have here the great contrast between that which shall and shall not pass away. When Jesus spoke these words of our text He may have been looking upon the hills round about Jerusalem whose stability promised to be of world-long life. But these, He says, "shall pass away." Men have built great structures and have stood back and said, "that will last forever," but they pass away. Man built the steamship Titanic, boasting a steamer that could not be sunk, but she passed away. We look upon the great mountain ranges and think of how permanent they look, but just a little shaking of the hand of God and they'll pass away. The Word of God has met with its tests but it still stands, and every little while something comes up that proves its authenticity. In the Woman's Missionary Magazine of the United Presbyterian church for April, 1921, there appeared an account of an interview between Dr. Hamlin, of Robert College, Constantinople, and a Turkish Colonel. The Colonel asked Dr. Hamlin to give him one certain proof that the Bible was God's book. Dr. Hamlin asked him if he had ever visited Babylon. "Yes, I did," said the Colonel, "and let me tell you an experience I had there. I hired a rich Arab shiek and his men to take me there to hunt. We found all manner of wild animals, owls and birds dwelling among the ruins. We had the best hunting I ever had in my life, but

were annoyed when the Arabs informed us it was time to be going. They said no Arab would ever camp there for the night as the place was haunted by evil spirits."

Dr. Hamlin read to the Colonel Isaiah 13:19-20. "And Babylon, the glory of the kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation, neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there . . ."

By this one prophesy was the Colonel convinced that the Bible was the Word of God. When God spoke these words through His prophet, Babylon was a magnificent city, but He knew it was going to pass away.

A number of American students on a train in Palestine were talking about the rocky appearance of the country. One said: "Why, look at this land, said to be a land flowing with milk and honey. It is nothing but brimstone." A gentleman nearby, upon overhearing this remark, stepped over with an open Bible and handed it to the young man and asked him to read aloud to his companions a certain verse. He read from Deut. 29:33: "And the stranger that shall come from a far land, shall say, when they see the plagues of the land, that the whole land thereof is brimstone."

Yes, the Word is authentic and permanent. It will abide forever. Hallelujah! Men have written books but have had to change them. There was a time when men wrote that the world was flat, but they had to change their statements when they learned it was round. Had they read the Bible they need never have written falsely, for there we read, "God sitteth on the circle of the earth."

The Word has met with opposition. Many volumes have been destroyed, in some countries it has been burned. Voltaire declared, in his day, that in 50 years the world would hear no more about the Bible. In that very house where that statement was made, millions of copies are being printed and sent out to bless the world. Voltaire has passed away, but the Bible still stands. Glory to God.

The Word of God is **perpetual**. Men come and go, their words change; nations rise and fall; God is the same; He continues on and so will His Word.

The Word is here, here to stay and stand as long the the world stands. "Earthquakes, deluges, might sweep this world, but you must unpeople it before the words of Christ could pass away from it."

"Though the last Bible perished, as perish it may in the wrecks and ruin of this world, though the blessed words of Jesus were to do that, they never can fade away utterly from the remembrance of the glorified soul; even then these words would live on in the effects they had produced."

Yes, the Bible is the Book,

It is the Word of God,

It tells us all to whom to look

E'er we're placed beneath the sod.

All glory be to God on high,

Upon His word we can rely;

We'll read its sacred pages sweet,

Until we meet at Jesus' feet.

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The Christian that does not believe in foreign missions does not believe in the doxology in long meter. Repeat it and see.

FILM WRITER TURNS TO BIBLE TO ADMONISH HER SEX

(The following article, written by Hedda Hopper, prominent film writer, was released by the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate recently, and by request has been reprinted in various large newspapers. The clipping was sent to our office, and we pass it on to you as the view, not of someone the world would call a "religious crank," but of a woman of the world, who knows Hollywood, filmdom, and women.—Editor).

There is something about Easter that makes most of us take stock of things. It always seems much more the birth of a new year than does January 1.

Last night, almost 2,000 years after the first Easter, I read the Sermon on the Mount, then the Proverbs, and then the Parables; and I wondered all over again at the wickedness of the human heart and the mess that men who call themselves Christian have made of the world.

For 2,000 years we've known good and done evil; for 2,000 years we've been building churches and praying in them, and then going out into the world again to deny those prayers, to break every law that Christ laid down—to make a mockery of the very forgiveness on which we depend for the salvation of our souls.

And suddenly, a dreadful thought came to me: "Why do I say, 'Men have done this; men have spoiled that'? What of us women? What account can we give of ourselves?" It was almost as if someone stood beside my bed, a Presence that would not be denied—a Voice that would not be stilled.

"What of women?" it said. "Every man that walks the world today was once a baby at his mother's breast—was once a grubby little boy at his mother's knee. What of the mothers of all these generations? What of the wives? Read, there in your hand, the Book of Proverbs: 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

"The rich, greedy man who exploits the poor; the crooked politician who hamstring the law; the venal statesman who makes wars; the selfish, ignorant labor leader who jeopardizes a nation's freedom in his lust for power; the gangster who preys upon his fellow man like a wolf upon sheep—who are the women in these men's lives? Where are they? What are they doing? What have they done?"

"Oh, no!" I said. "That isn't fair. Women are working everywhere; women are doing wonderful things, taking men's places." But still that voice went on:

"Women with equal franchise, women in business, women in politics, in medicine, in law, in government, on newspapers—heading committees, presidents of clubs, on educational boards—all these things has woman taken to herself, and what has she to show for it?

"Woman has come into the fullness of her power, and half the face of the world is a smoking charnal house. All over their brave new world people are starving, killing, hating—every mother's son of them!"

"Oh, stop!" I said. "Help me! Tell me what to do!" And suddenly I put my hands to my

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