

## BOB MONROE FACES FACTS:

In view of the valuable lessons learned during my ministry in the prisons of Canada, I feel there is a tremendous need to do more to win and hold our boys and girls for God and Christ and the Church and all the Church stands for. There are many contributing factors to account for the large number of young people going adrift from God.

PARENTAL DELINQUENCY and the breakdown of authority and discipline in the home PLUS lack of the right example in Christian living.

THE EVIL EFFECTS of a generation of modernistic preaching and teaching that undermines the authority, inspiration and validity of the BIBLE as the word of God.

THE ABSENCE OF DISCIPLINE in our educational set up, and the teaching of evolution. If we allow boys and girls in school or college to be taught that they are merely the product of animals we can reasonably expect them to go out and behave like animals.

THE BREAKDOWN of the Sanctity of the Lord's Day with its commercialized sports, open theatres and cinemas, professing Christians lounging around on beaches or off on needless automobile joyriding.

WE MUST RECAPTURE the Glow and Passion and Compassion of our Lord. THE GREATEST NEED OF THE CHURCH TODAY IS A FRESH TOUCH OF PENTECOST. — Selected.

for their support for the two years they would be over there. It was thrilling to hear them tell of God's call upon them and as they went out into deputational work, the way the Lord provided and moved upon hearts to give. Heart thrilling news has come from Japan of real revival fires among missionaries of every denomination and missionaries just back from the Orient feel that this year 1953 is the year of opportunity to reach the millions of Japan for Christ.

Perhaps many of you will be interested in knowing that Dr. Pearson, who visited some of our churches last fall is now in Brazil, supervising the work there, in what Dr. Pearson feels to be the most challenging mission field of the world today.

It is thrilling to be here at the centre of this great work. I love my work, but not only do I feel my work is worthwhile but I feel God is leading me out into a new prayer life. And I am not forgetting our own work in Africa. May God bless our missionaries there, also Thelma in Haiti. Let us be faithful in holding them up in prayer.

Each morning before we go to work and on Fridays at noon-hour, our group meets for prayer, when a particular field with its prayer requests are presented before us and we in turn present them to the Lord.

Young people, don't be afraid to seek God's will for your life. Yes, it may mean sacrifice but is any sacrifice too great to make for the One who loved us so that He provided such a wonderful salvation for us and also for those who still sit in darkness, such darkness!

Through the Highway, I follow with interest the way God is blessing in the different churches and as again the Evangelistic Crusade is being presented, be assured that I will be joining with the many who remember our work in prayer daily.

Yours happy in His will,

VILIS HAYES.

## "Get Me That Book!"

*Reporting a thrilling incident from the early life of the late Bishop Oldham and contributed by a member of the American Bible Society's Board of Managers.*

By JAMES R. JOY

Although it happened many years ago, I am glad to be able to furnish from a stenographic report still another of those incidents that must ever challenge the sacrificial concern of world-minded Christians.

Bishop Oldham, a native of India, related this incident at a student conference at Silver Bay, New York:

"Let me tell you a story. I was a Christian man, living in India, a surveyor in the employ of the Government, and was sent to survey the desert of Rajputana in the Northwest. I entered the desert with the necessary accoutrements. When night came on I would send a message to the little oases (it is amazing what a number of Hindus can live on a little piece of green ground, supported on less than two cents a day); my servants would go and say, 'Our master will be here, and after the evening meal he wants to see you.'

"They knew I was an official of the Government, and perhaps there was a suspicion that I had a Government message.

"On one such occasion when the time came I stepped out of the tent, and there were the people. There was the great silvery moon, dropping such light as is seen nowhere else as in the tropics. There was the moon, and there were the people, all men. I stood and looked out on that company and was strangely moved. I was six weeks out in the desert, 180 miles from any town in any direction. I suppose my thought was absolutely true that those who were listening to me had probably never once heard the name of Jesus Christ. Let me say that there is a certain high tension of spirit, a certain sense of tremendous responsibility, accompanied with a certain profound gladness, when you feel that those who are listening are absolutely hungry, famine-stricken without the Word of God.

"I talked to those men that night. I spoke their language. At the close of that earnest and perhaps somewhat long address—who could help it?—this happened:

"An old man came forward. He was the son of a king, his long beard flowing down to his waist. He came up to me, leaning on his staff. The young men courteously made way for him. He stood there looking up at me, his strong face alert in that bright moonlight. He said: 'You are a young man, and yet the things you have been talking about—how do you know these things? How do you know them?'

"I answered, 'Father, I have not known these things because of my own personal righteousness or wisdom. But these questions which have troubled your heart and all human hearts—our Great Father has written down the answers in a Book, given to men of olden time who struggled with these questions. And the answers to these questions were written in a Book.'

"Do you mean there is a book with all these things you have been telling us about—about a love that is good, and all the rest of it?'

"Then I said, 'There is a Book. It is God's Book, and the answers are in it.'

"Young man,' said he, 'is that book in my language? You speak my language. Did you read it in my tongue?'

## WHAT IS MY RELIGION DOING TO ME?

While discussing the question of religious beliefs with a friend one day he dropped a remark that started me thinking. Said he:

"The thing that concerns me is not what my religion is doing for me but what it is doing to me."

One might press this question too far, yet here is a penetrating question that should cause some serious thinking.

Religion can make men cruel, or it can make them gentle; it can be an opiate, or it can be an exhilarating crusade; it can be an enslaving ritual, or a revealer of new paths to walk in. What it is depends upon the worshipper and the object worshipped.

Is my religion daily making me more God-like in my antagonism toward sin?

Is my religion filling me with the spirit of victory?

Do my beliefs make me charitable toward others; kind in dealing with the one who fails?

Does my religion make me more other-world-minded?

So very often we think of our religion as a means of securing favors from God, and securing to us eternal happiness in Heaven. There is nothing wrong with this conception only that it is but one side of religion. Religion not only does something for us but it does something to us. He whose faith is grounded in love, whose ideal is the God-man even Jesus Christ, will, with each passing day, become more gentle, more gracious, and concerned to help a brother-man in need wherever or whoever he may be.

If your religion is bounded by the performance of certain rituals, mouthing of printed formulas, and discharging endless rounds of required duties, then your religion will make you cold, heartless, and exacting. It will make you a religious machine rather than a living saint.

What is your religion doing to you?

—O. G. Wilson in Wesleyan Methodist.

"Yes, I have the Book."

"I wish you could have seen that old man. He straightened up and, pointing his long finger at me, I shall never forget it as he said: 'Get me that book!'

"I ran back to my tent and brought back two copies of the Bible in their language. Forty brown hands were stretched out for them as I returned. I put one into his hand, and when I told him that the answers to the questions were in that Book, the old man looked up and said, 'Sir, how long has this book been in the world?'

"It has been here for hundreds of years; for hundreds of years."

"Did your people have it?'

"Yes."

"And I am an old man. All my friends have died hopeless. I am nearly gone myself. And all this time the book was here and nobody brought it to me. *Why didn't someone bring us the book long ago?*'

"The question of the old man rings in my ears constantly, and I pass this question on to you. I pass it on to Christendom. Why has not that Book been put into every language in the world? Nineteen centuries after Christ came, and two-thirds of the human family still says, '*Why have you not brought us the Book?*'"—Bible Society Record.—Sel. by P. Wiseman.