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THE W.K.B.S. VOICE

"I am a voice"—John the Baptist

VOL. 5

Murray, Kentucky, April, 1937

NO. 46

MY REVERIES AT THE SUMMIT OF 1936 AND AT THE FOOTHILLS OF 1937

Whistles and alarms changed my semi-slumbers into wakefulness as the old year folded his tents as the Arab and slipped quietly away and the new year drove the first stake for the tent of the new. My thoughts burned within me; my soul stretched itself upon the bed of my musings.

I find that David and Asaph had similar experiences. David said "Commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still. Selah." "Be still and know that I am God." Asaph confessed, "I call to remembrance my song in the night; I communed with mine own heart: and my spirit made diligent search."

What one thinks in wakeful moments reflects character. If we think evil thoughts and devise wicked plans, our hearts are corrupt. If our thoughts turn Godward, happy are we. One's night musings betoken and mold destinies.

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations."

"Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

"Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home."

"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

My message today reports in the first person what I thought and felt in that hour of the outgoing of 1936 and the incoming of 1937. I ask you to hear and apply it to yourself.

O Lord, when this year began, Thou didst give me a scratch-pad of 366 sheets. I have written something every day. How often the ink of my failures has blotted the white page of opportunity! How

poorly drawn has been the record of my achievements for my Savior! How blank of good, how crowded with sins and mistakes many pages have been!

But oh, How white and appealing are the pages of the new! God help me to keep the pen of my life dipped in Thy fathomless grace; guide me in the writing of every word. Save me from blots and blunders. How fruitless will be the best resolutions of my heart unless Thou dost make them fruitful!

What the new year holds, I cannot tell. How far it is to its sunset, I cannot see. I am glad that Thou knowest every detail of this new year. Thou lovest me too well to let too much evil befall me. "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." Thou knowest what I can stand.

If I knew this minute what is coming, what shadow of fear the sorrows and distresses that may encompass me, would cast over my spirit. The future is shrouded in a blessed shadow, and out of it I feel an Unseen Hand that will guide me safely along the way. Lord, my clasp on Thee could never hold; take my hand in Thine; yea, may I feel that "underneath are the everlasting arms."

If I knew my joys ahead of time, the thrill of delight at their arrival would lose its edge of keenness. I can better face the troubles one at a time; I can better sound the depths of the joys one at a time. Lord, I will gladly take it from Thy hand as it unfolds. But, Lord, as Thy servant Moses felt, If Thou dost not go with me through every change of this year, carry me not up hence. Thy presence, blessed Lord Jesus, has daily grown sweeter and dearer; I know Thy unchanging love will go before, accompany, and follow me still.

I would not walk this way again if I had to walk alone. Lord, Thou hast been precious near; Thou

(Continued on Second Page)

A BETTER PAPER

Because of the illness of the Editor, there has been no paper for some time. He has been sick most of the time since December 19. Most of the copy for this issue was dictated from my bed.

No subscribers will lose an issue, however.

There will be another issue near the last of this month.

We will soon be a weekly and carry comments on the Sunday School lesson. A radio message will be a regular feature of coming issues. Next sermon will be, "PADUCAH'S GREATEST DISASTER." You will want this for your friends as well as the one in this issue.

Subscribe or renew now. Help us put over this project. Money refunded if not pleased. For a very limited time, the subscription price will be twenty-five cents a year. Just as soon as we run oftener, the price will have to go up.

Big announcements for next issue. Red hot material. You will want it. Send the subscription now.

You can help by getting subscriptions or sending in a list. Also by ordering your books and Bibles from us. Complete announcements in next and subsequent issues.

We want to run local and general news items. Send yours.

The flood in Paducah did not reach our church house. Our home was flooded within 14 inches of floor, but our losses were nothing compared to thousands. We praise our Heavenly Father.

Financial report of School next issue.

The Past

The Past! The Past!

What mighty secrets lie
Hidden from human eye!
Tho there is much revealed,
How huge the book that's
sealed!

Places and their remains
Were once lordly domains.
Ah! What a scene 'twould be
If we could faintly see
What indicated is in rubbish such
as this.

"There is no power on earth that can control the liquor traffic; it must be destroyed," Jno. D. Freeman.

THE W. K. B. S. VOICE

Published Monthly in the Interest of
THE WEST KENTUCKY BIBLE SCHOOL
MURRAY, KENTUCKY

Edited By

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Subscription Price.....50c a Year

Entered as Second Class Matter, Jan. 9, 1935, at the Post Office at Murray, Ky., Under Act of March 3, 1879

EVOLUTION TAUGHT IN INDIANA

A Baptist Pastor, Verdi Allen, in suburban Indianapolis, found this in a pupil's note book, "Man came to earth as an ape-like animal." He protested to the principal against such teaching in the eighth grade. Indiana's superintendent of public instruction, Floyd I. McMurray, sided with the Principal Mann in these words, "We don't teach organic evolution as an accepted fact. We teach science, and science is a theory. It is one thing to discuss theories, forms of government and the reasoning of scientists. It is a far different thing to advocate these theories. A minister might discuss Satan and his works but we would not expect him to advocate that we follow Satan."

And yet the sentence from Van Loon's "Story of Mankind," a book approved by the state department of education, is written "as an accepted fact."

Supt. McMurray says, "Science is a theory." Does the man know no better than that? He is right that such "science" as Van Loon's statement is a theory or guess. Science is proven facts. The Latin word means knowledge. Webster's New International says, "Science is systematized knowledge." Yet such unsafe educators as McMurray have tacked on to science such theories or guesses.

The minister discusses Satan and his work as facts revealed by Revelation. He goes further. Of course, he does not advocate that we follow Satan but he does advocate resisting, opposing, and overcoming Satan. The Educator's reasoning must have gone on a strike when he made the comparison.

Remember that this is taught to eighth grades, fourteen years of age. Wake up, parents. Teach them right in the home. Wake up, Sunday School teachers. Teach them right in the S. S. Wake up, pastors. Teach them right from the pulpit. Why? Because so many school teachers follow Van Loon, Mann, and McMurray.

SPECIAL !!!

JUST PUBLISHED! !

H.B.T. NOTES ON GENESIS

Here is just what you have wanted, Brother Taylor's notes on Genesis at a price within the reach of all. Thirty-five cents a copy; three copies for one dollar. Six copies for \$1.80. Send for yours today. A limited number printed because of expense of printing. They will go fast; first come, first served.

These notes are just what you will want in the study of Genesis in Sunday School for the next three months. No finer help can be secured. They are long enough to be helpful; they are not long enough to be tiresome. Here is much in little.

You will want to give a copy to a Sunday School friend.

If this venture is a success, there will be seven more just like it, covering Brother Taylor's work on the Bible and as taught by him and this editor in the W.K.B.S.

Many will want it for study classes. Order your need now while they last.

Paper binding, over fifty pages, six by nine inches. Send order to this paper, 2627 Jackson on Rural Route 1. My friends should note the change of address.

MACHEN DIES

Dr. J. Gresham Machen," succumbed to pneumonia January 2. We never met him, but feel we have lost a friend. We have used his "New Testament Greek For Beginners" in teaching in W.K.B.S. for twelve years. The field of New Testament Greek will miss him greatly. He has been one of the stalwarts in opposition to Modernism and Liberalism. Many beyond the ranks of the Presbyterians will miss his noble stand. His books ought to be read more than ever before. "The Christian Faith in a Modern World," his latest book, sells for \$2.00; our price \$1.80. We can furnish his other books if you are interested.

MY REVERIES AT THE SUMMIT OF 1936 AND THE FOOTHILLS OF 1937

(Continued From Front Page)

hast given light in many problems. Thou hast smoothed the rough paths and guided me past the pitfalls. O my soul, I want no better guide; but, blessed Savior, I must have Thy presence.

The changes are sure to come. Burdens may increase or decrease; cloudy days may follow bright ones. Sorrows may multiply and whet their edge; death may come even closer than in the year just past. But, "O Thou who changest not abide with me." "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever." How I thank Thee for an immovable and unshakeable refuge of retreat for my bewildered soul. Keep me under Thy sheltering wings throughout the year; make me to feel that "underneath are the everlasting arms."

The folds of the receding year will tuck away every detail until I meet them at the judgment seat of Christ. Oh my soul, what a day for thee! Tremble not as to thy salvation; years ago I came as a lost sinner and found glorious salvation in my Savior. "I am satisfied with Jesus." I have never found Him to fail. "My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame; but wholly lean on Jesus name. On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand." Rock of ages, cleft for me; I have hidden myself in thee; thank God, the water and the blood, from Thy wounded side which flowed, became for sin the double cure, washed me and I am now pure.

"I am satisfied with Jesus; but the question comes to me as I think of Calvary, is my Savior satisfied with me"? Lord, I cannot say that I am satisfied with what I have done for Thee. How little I have done, how faulty my best, how cold-hearted my love!

My only fear is, that when I face Thee at the judgment seat, I may be ashamed. No shame can come because of my hope in Christ, but of what I have done for Him. How few souls I have won! Will others be there to clasp my hand and say, "You have helped me to find Jesus as my personal Savior"? Will there be any stars in my crown? How easy it has been to pine over my own burdens instead of lifting the burdens of others! O God, forgive me that I have done so little to turn men to Jesus. May this new

year be a new year in winning men to the Savior.

But I must forget these failures. Paul cautions my soul to forget the things that are behind and to stretch forward unto the things that are ahead. The pages of the closing year have been written; no change can now be made. Omar Khayyam, that great Persian poet, had it right in his Rubaiyat, when he wrote

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,

Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit

Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,

Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it."

My worries and frets could not help me; they would only cast a shadow of discouragement over the way. I need the light of the future. They would only be shackles on my feet in Christ's path for me, or impediments in my testimony for my Savior. I have too much to do for my Savior to live in the past. Rest, rest, O deeds that I have done; let me press onward for my Savior.

I must forget the past because I might boast over some effort; I might tarry to count up my reward and miss a golden opportunity for service. After all, my judgment on what I have done is not final. Perhaps, what I have thought my best has been my worst, and what I have thought my worst the Lord will say is my best. I might settle into contentment with past triumphs and be a coward in new soul conflicts. The great motto for my Christian life is, "Grow in the grace and knowledge of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." Others may think they have gained sinlessness here; but, Lord, Thou hast taught me my failings and Thy holiness too well for me to think that I have gained such in my life. Yet, I must keep on growing; I must keep on overcoming. There are greater heights, deeper joys, and more glorious triumphs. "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth MORE and MORE unto the perfect day."

I must face the new year with a full sense of my duty and at the same time of my inability to do anything of myself. How often have I found the word of Jesus true; "Without Me ye can do nothing." How blessed is the triumphant word of Paul: "I can do all things in Christ, Who strengtheneth me!" Be my strength, Lord Jesus; then victory will follow. With Thee as my great File Leader, Lord Jesus, I press on. Lord, I seem to hear Thee saying: "Press on, on, on, and on." I cannot, I will

not stay; I must arise and be busy every day.

How good my friends have been; how few, if any, my enemies! Some of my friends have heard the last call: with some it came as a sudden blast; with others it came as a quiet and ever-nearing call.

But they are not lost; they are with Thee. I sometimes feel the golden chain that ties me to them, pulling me toward that delectable shore. How sad, but some have gone who, though I had witnessed to them of the Savior, gave no evidence that they were ready. My heart bleeds to think of it. Old friends have become dearer! What could I do without them? What kindnesses they have shown! How good my church has been! How willing to overlook my faults and pray for me! How willing to call my worst sermons good! How precious these gifts they have brought me since I have been ill. They are messengers from Thee, Lord.

Surely, I can say with David: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Many have been kind enough to say or write that I was missed last Sunday both at church and over the air; I must be thankful! And I cannot forget the new friends God has given me.

What if the approaching year should be my last here, as the retreating year has been for my friends! What if God should say this year, "Set thine house in order for thou must die." Thank God, for my own part I am ready to answer the last call; I have no fear, for my soul is sheltered underneath the precious blood of the Lamb of God.

Oh that all my friends had been under the blood. Lord, I tried to win them, but I shall do better this new year.

Though the house of my own soul is safe under the blood, I want to do several things to set in order the house of my relations to others. I pray for grace to love God better, to honor Christ supremely, and to yield wholly to the Holy Spirit. I long to be more helpful to men, to lift some heavy load, to cheer some saddened heart, to drive gloom from some sick room, and to lead many souls to the Savior.

What a year this has been! What is that I see? Look, my soul; dark clouds are hovering. It is the story of the carnage of war and the rumblings of more strife. How dark! When will the light appear?

Some fool optimists tell us that we are coming to world peace; yes, but not by human efforts and

treaties, however good they may be. No lasting peace, no universal peace will this world know until the Prince of Peace shall come in His personal, visible, premillennial return, and transform the kingdoms of this world into the kingdom of our Lord and God's Christ.

Then will all earthly monarchs abdicate, whether willingly or by force, for the accession and enthronement of King Jesus. Till then I must be busy in preaching the gospel to sin-burdened and terror-stricken souls. What sweet peace have they that possess by faith the peace made at the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ!

About my home, Lord, Thou hast hovered. In illness Thou hast been my stay. My loved ones Thou hast guarded and restored. In trying troubles Thou has often heard my cry.

I have shared the comforts and delights of new inventions and discoveries; the new year will likely multiply these two-fold or more. I regard them, Lord, as Thy gift and shall strive to be more efficient this year than ever before.

After all, Lord, I have been an unprofitable servant; in this respect this passing year has brought nothing new. I still have no merit; I cannot claim God's salvation because of what I am or have done. I am still only a sinner saved by grace; salvation by grace through faith is the only power that can reach any sinful soul. Jesus alone, Jesus always, for the salvation of my poor soul.

What glories have burst from the pages of God's holy word. The Bible has been more precious this year than ever before; its precious promises have been my unfailing support. "O Lord, how love I Thy law." "I esteem Thy word above my necessary food." May I have heavenly guidance as I mine in the new year some of its priceless nuggets. It shall be my daily food. How pleasant have been the services of Thy sanctuary! "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

I stand in the doorway of the new year and rejoice; I face it bravely and trustfully. For, blessed Lord Jesus, Thou only art my guide, my guard, and my reward.

My new year wish for all my friends in radioland and prayer to God for them is this:

For my brothers and sisters in Christ I wish for you the fullest year yet of sacrificial service to the Lord Jesus; I beseech you, yield to Jesus, just now;

For my friends who are yet in sin, I could not wish for you a bet-

ter thing than that this year you might come to know the Savior as your own personal Savior. I beseech you; trust Jesus, just now.

"LAY BAPTIST ASSOCIATION OF KENTUCKY"

This is the name of a layman revolt against the stand of Kentucky Baptists for Bible and Baptist baptism and against alien baptism. They announce that one hundred laymen were present at its organization in Louisville, December 29, 1936.

They charge that the General Association of Kentucky Baptists "set itself up as an ecclesiastical heirarchy;" that means in plain language that the Baptist preachers of Kentucky who have stood against the alien immersion of the Georgetown President are a bunch of self-appointed bosses. May God give it to the Baptist Churches of Kentucky to answer in unmistakable terms this unfounded charge.

Mr. McChesney of Frankfort, who presided, said: "Each local Baptist church is a sovereign body, with no human agency higher up to tell us what to do." He is right in statement but wholly wrong in application. The independence of each local church, we love and will defend even to death. But the question here is one of a revolt against the Baptist Churches of Kentucky. Thrice, in Henderson, in Ashland, and in Paducah, Kentucky Baptists have spoken.

He has thrown out the challenge. Let us take it up. I suggest, as I thought to do recently at Paducah, that a referendum on this Sherwood affair be taken by the individual churches of Kentucky. Before the meeting in Louisville next fall, let each church speak its mind, and then we shall know.

We open our columns to every brother who would like to write his opinion on this matter. If you have a better plan than the suggested referendum, let us have it. Make it brief and pointed (Address 2627 Jackson, Paducah, Ky.)

They insinuate that the General Association is composed of preachers only and that on their own authority. Note two grievous mistakes: that is a slander against all the good Baptist laymen who attend; no preacher is a messenger unless appointed by his church or district association. The real insult is against the churches and associations who sent these preachers.

The promise to circulate "a printed statement of grievances and intentions." Let them tell us how many of these one hundred

laymen had authority from their own church to take this stand; also, how many Baptist Churches of Kentucky were represented by this one hundred.

WINE IN ARGENTINA

W. C. Taylor, Mission Secretary for Latin America, tells this in his "LONG DISTANCE CALL" from Argentina:

"In Mendoza one is in the vineyard of Argentina. The effect of so much wine shows markedly and tragically in the population. The daily papers gave a total of one hundred million gallons of wine in the warehouses of Argentina, a large part of it in Mendoza. There one finds one hundred wineries. One of them, visited by some of our party, had four and a half million gallons of wine stored away. In every central block there are drinking places for wine, several in a row in some blocks, and then there will be a German beer parlor to vary the monotony. All full, at certain hours, on Sunday especially."

A. V. MISSIONARY

Latest news from the Hallums in Iquitos, Peru, dated February 4, says in part, "I believe we are making progress in the work here, although we are having opposition from various sources. I have baptized three persons. I am hoping to baptize others in the near future. We are expecting to constitute a Baptist Church soon. So far as I know it will be the first Baptist Church in Peru. We were pleased to get some letters from Bro. Oliver Bell at Trujillo. Bro. Bell seems to be happy in his work."

WEST END BROADCAST

At two o'clock each Sunday afternoon tune your radio on WPAD to 1420 kilocycles to hear the broadcast of West End Baptist Church. We are sorry our station is weak and will not reach some of you.

Some ways you may help us in these programs:

Pray; tell others; give if God lays it on your heart. It costs us \$4.00 a Sunday.

H. C. Sanders, M. D., Selmer, Tenn., writes about our July article on Repentance. Almost 10,000 of his tract on repentance have been distributed. He says of The Voice, "I always read it."

ANOTHER BEAMAN PREACHER

Oscar Beaman, Beaumont, Texas, a cousin of the Editor, became pastor in October of the Loeb Baptist Church, near Beaumont. He has our heartiest congratulations and sincerest sympathy. Our fifteen years have taught us that a spiritual ministry will have both its trials and triumphs. Up to this time careful search has not revealed another preacher in my family tree closer than a fifth cousin. I hail with delight the birth of the Beaman fraternity of preachers; may its tribe increase.

Some of us wonder why Hitler hates the Jews so bitterly. Hans W. Thielborn of Paulsboro, N. J., who served with Hitler during the World War and ate and slept near him, says in the Pathfinder, "Hitler was very much in love one time with a Hebrew girl who later turned him down." Could it be that his prejudice has this as a basis? We would not put it past the whimsical dictator.

Crittenden County voted dry in a local option election February 20. The drys had 1,295; the wets had only 297. We congratulate another Kentucky county upon entering the dry column. By the way, John Barleycorn will get it down in Calloway soon. The vote will be in June if the number of petitioners for a vote can be secured. It would be glorious if McCracken could do it as easily as Calloway. But Paducah and Murray are quite different on the liquor issue.

A Catholic Missionary rightly protests the evil influence of "sex" pictures and magazines sent to Africa from Europe and America. Such is true in China. Here is the evil of it. Once the missionary had only to combat the vices and religious prejudices native to these peoples; now he has this barrage of filth from professedly Christian lands. Moral: let us combat these evils at home.

Christianity in action is the Apostle Paul going forth as a missionary of Jesus Christ, preaching the word of God, organizing churches out of new born creatures produced by the word and the work of the Spirit of God—Ashland Avenue Baptist.

Mussolini is trying to put Spain in his grab bag, as he did Ethiopia, in his march toward world conquest.