

God. It was a group of men who had real faith in God and were trying to do something. As the Lord said, the children of this age are wiser than the children of light in many ways. The tendency of the believer is to be very tolerant, and not to see unbelief until it gets so bad you can't resist it, and then he jumps from one extreme to the other, and then any tiniest differences of doctrine, he's ready to fight over. And to find the proper place in between is not easy.

Speaking of McCartney, there was one other thing I thought I would mention. He was a great defender of the faith and made a tremendous stand against Fosdick. I have tremendous regard for him. One time when I was going to California, I got on a train in Albuquerque where I was visiting and there was Dr. McCartney on the train heading for California. I was intending to go up into up into the mountains to climb the so-called San Francisco mountains which are 60 miles south of the Grand Canyon----- to Flagstaff. I talked to him and said, Why don't you come with me? He said he would so ~~we~~ he got a stop over and he went into a little town and rented a blanket. I had my sleeping bag with me. We walked up into the mountains and got caught in a rain storm and had to go into an Indian hogan and had to spend the night. It was quite an experience. The reason I mention it is because we discussed all kinds of things. It was very interesting hearing him talk about one thing and another. But one thing he said made me very sad. It was. I knew that in Pasadena the great Presbyterian church of Pasadena had a minister, Robert Freeman who had a wonderful Scotch brogue and people just loved it. I don't think he believed anything. I think he utterly tore people's faith to pieces. I heard that at one time that as many as 200 people from Pasadena were going 20 miles away to