

in the almost complete annihilation of French Protestantism. When the watchmen go to sleep, or the Trojan horses are left unexamined, terrible results may follow.

Youthful Experiences

The need of watchmen to protect the Christian church came to my attention very early. As a boy I heard my mother tell about the time, years before, when as a young woman away from home she attended a Congregational Church in Hartford, Connecticut. There she rejoiced in the work of a godly young minister, devoted to the cause of winning souls to Christ. She once said that she knew her faith would never waver, as long as this minister stood true. Then she and my father were married, and she moved to northern Michigan. Years later the erstwhile Hartford pastor visited us there. What a change had occurred! During the years he had been subject to anti-Christian propaganda. Modernist ideas had infiltrated his mind. By the time he visited us he had completely turned away from the historic gospel of Christ, and had become an ardent propagandist for the gospel of social service. The teaching of salvation through the death of Christ he now described as a "gospel of the shambles."

After we moved to California I enrolled in a Presbyterian college which only two or three years before I entered it had been known as one of the very finest Christian colleges in the United States. I found there many professors who were devoted to the service of Christ and anxious to uphold the truth of the infallible Book that He has given us. But already the process of infiltration had begun. English professors sometimes presented anti-Christian thoughts under the guise of literary criticism. History professors sometimes sneered at Bible state-