

ments, under the guise of historical examination. In my senior year a new president was inaugurated. A few months after his inauguration he gave a wonderful message one day in the short chapel service, on the theme, "Feed my sheep." He seemed to pour his soul into these words, and to present the message of the Scripture with great force and conviction. I was tremendously impressed by what he said, but rather puzzled by the fact that during the previous months I had never heard him give a message that was at all similar. Just as he finished I happened to run my eyes over the faculty who were seated on the platform and there among them I noticed an old gentleman of great wealth, who was devoted to the Word of God. Three months later this man died and left \$25,000 to the college.

#### The Siege of Damascus

By the time that I graduated I was quite aware of the infiltrating tactics of Modernism in the college. Its Christian testimony had already greatly diminished, although this fact was not yet known to the world at large. At Commencement, in my address as Valedictorian, I took the siege of Damascus as a figure, pointing to that city, once a great Christian center, besieged by the forces of infidelity and eventually becoming a center of anti-Christian movements where the gospel was scarcely heard. The president, who was sitting behind me, clapped his hands vigorously. As he handed me my diploma he said, "That was a great speech." But I was later informed that during the following year he frequently declared in faculty meeting: "There will never be another Allan MacRae on the platform of this college."

Thus I early learned that one can not always take people's words at face value, but that it is our duty to look behind them and to seek for their real purpose and intent. God has set watchmen upon the walls of Zion. He wants them to look