

A TRUE WATCHMAN

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It is indeed an honor to be invited to give the message at the *Beacon* banquet. I well remember the night when I first heard Dr. McIntire make the announcement that a Christian newspaper was to be started. It is hard to realize that nearly 25 years have passed since that time. During that period the *Beacon* has expanded and extended its influence until now it has readers on every continent and in many sections of the United States. As I think of the service that it renders, I feel that it is one of the watchmen of whom the Lord speaks in Isaiah 62:6, where He says: "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night. Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence."

Today our nation is surrounded by a vast network of radar screens, early warning systems, etc., designed to detect the coming of any enemy that might seek to destroy us. In ancient times every city had watchmen on its walls throughout the night, peering into the blackness around, seeking to detect any sign of a stealthily approaching foe.

History records a tragic instance where the efforts of the watchmen accomplish nothing. For ten years the ancient city of Troy had resisted a devastating frontal attack. At last the invaders had given up the effort and had sailed beyond the horizon, leaving only a large wooden representation of a horse. Gleelessly the relieved defenders dragged the horse into the city, a trophy of their joy that peace had come. As they celebrated into the night, the watchmen on the walls glanced into the distance, thankful that the enemy was gone.

All the world knows what followed. The city that thought itself safe from attack from without was suddenly overwhelmed by the warriors who crawled out of the wooden horse, overwhelmed the guards at the gates, opened them to new swarms of invaders, and soon left the city a blackened ruin.

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 cannot 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 beneath the surface and to see what really is happening. He wants them to expose the forces that would infiltrate and destroy all that is true to Christ.

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