

The Gospel Witness

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

IN THE INTEREST OF JARVIS STREET BAPTIST
CHURCH, TORONTO, AND OF EVANGELICAL TRUTH.

REV. T. T. SHIELDS, D.D.
PASTOR AND EDITOR

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." Romans 1: 16.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17th, 1922

5

THE NEXT TWO MONTHS.

The Pastor will return to his pulpit the first Sunday in July; and he hopes to make July and August two of the busiest months he has ever spent in his life. He has declined all invitations for out-of-town services for this period, and expects to fill these two months with labor with the Lord in Jarvis Street. Last summer, notwithstanding great difficulties, God blessed us abundantly. This summer we hope for a harvest of hundreds of souls.

If this is to be, we must renew our strength by much prayer. We really believe that by waiting upon God we may find such renewal of spiritual and physical strength as no sojourn by the seaside, or trip to the mountains could possibly provide. Therefore, when you feel tired of a warm summer evening, come for rest and refreshment to the place where we breathe the same atmosphere as pervades that place and condition of life of which it is written, "neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

Where shall we find material to work with? First of all, let us begin with our own church. God has done wonders; but among our members there have been some of the Lord's own dear children who have been greatly perplexed by the experience through which the church has been passing, who now may be brought into full co-operation in our great work. We have great prayer meetings, but what if we could get all our members to come and share the blessing? Let us aim at this. Let us pray earnestly for this.

And further: beginning with our own families, our friends and associates, shall we not seek "by all means" to bring the unconverted to Christ? While multitudes spend the summer seeking only the pleasures of the hour, let us taste the joy of the Lord and of the angels who rejoice over sinners repenting.

May it not be that those who speak disparagingly of the church as an institution which, like priest and Levite, "pass by on the other side" in indifference to human ills, have some ground for complaint? Is it not a fact that many a church is like a fig tree which bears "nothing but leaves"—only a disappointment to those who would find therein the way to Him who is the Tree of Life? Let us pray and work that Jarvis Street during the summer may be "like a tree planted by the river of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in his season; whose leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever it doeth shall prosper."

"COMETH DOWN FROM ABOVE."

This is said of "every good gift and every perfect gift." The stream of divine benevolence never dries up. God is always giving. The Lamb was slain from before the foundation of the world. Calvary is more than an historic event. The atonement is timeless; it preceded man's sin, and its merit is eternal. In the gift of the eternal Son all good was comprehended, and from Him all blessings flow.

In the Cross we should find inspiration for continuous giving. Our lives should be fountains of benevolence; rather, they should be channels through which the streams of divine grace continually flow. Thus we do well to remember the financial requirements of our own church. Our obligations are many. **The Witness** adds to our weekly expense. Let us not cease to pray for God's blessing upon the treasury of the church. God gave His people bread in the wilderness every day. There was never a surplus of manna. We thank God for the supply of all our needs; but let us remember that He is the only endowment we have, and all we need. Only let us ask Him daily to continue His loving kindness. He has been pleased to use many who were not members as His agents in this respect. We have great hopes for the future. We are looking to God to supply means for many new activities. We ask our friends to continue to intercede in our behalf that we may have funds for every necessary work.

THE GOSPEL WITNESS FUND.

This paper has been launched as an experiment, and yet, as a venture of faith. At present it is circulated freely. We have not felt that its place was sufficiently secure to invite yearly subscriptions. There is no possibility of estimating with any degree of accuracy the number of subscriptions we should be able to obtain. It is really necessary to have some capital to guarantee its continuance, before we solicit subscriptions.

We therefore, here and now, appeal to every member of the church to take this matter into serious consideration. All will have got a glimpse of the tremendous potentialities for good which lie in this paper. Will you take a dollar share in it, or a two dollar share—or five dollars, or ten, or twenty-five, or fifty—or more? We believe this paper will prove one of the most powerful weapons in Truth's warfare, and one of our most useful tools in building the walls of Zion. Therefore, come to our help. We feel we ought not to charge **The Witness** to our general fund for too long a time. Many hands make light work. Many small gifts make a substantial sum, but if you can give a large sum, do it. But give something. Put something in an envelope this Sunday or next marked "Gospel Witness Fund," and tell us in this way what you think of it.

"HE ENDURED."

Our Lord alone excepted, the name which represents probably the most influential personality of all human history is Moses. And his distinguishing characteristic was endurance. He was a long-distance runner, a full-time worker, a persevering servant: "He endured, as seeing Him who is invisible." And the great things of the world have been done by those who were possessed of the quality of steadfastness. The Lord's war against evil is a long one, and cannot be won by a single brilliant skirmish. The most useful church members are the souls who persevere; whose faith is unshakable; whose zeal is unquenchable; who see the Invisible, and endure. "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

THE SECOND MILE.

A Sermon by the Pastor.

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

—Matt. v. 41.

As the Roman soldiers were escorting Jesus to Calvary, "they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to bear His cross." And it is to this Roman custom of compelling whomsoever Caesar's officers chanced to meet to do menial military service, the Saviour alludes in our text. When speaking from the mount He anticipated the hour when He would leave Pilate's hall in His journey to Golgotha. All the circumstances of that great tragedy were ever present to His view. The whole scene would be, to Him, prophetic of the attitude of different classes of men, and of the world generally, toward Himself. Every person gathered about that cross was representative of other persons who, in succeeding generations, would, of necessity, give some answer to the proclamation of Pilate's decision to crucify Him; and would elect what attitude they would assume towards the Crucified. And there is Simon—compelled to go a mile, bearing His cross; and Jesus sees him from the mount, even as He saw us. And in this text, if I may be allowed to paraphrase it, Jesus is saying to us to-day: "When my cross is laid upon you and you are compelled to bear it; when its influence has so permeated society that many of the principles of My teaching have become crystallized into custom, and others into statutory requirements, so that the bearing of My cross, in much of its meaning, becomes a legal obligation, which you are compelled to undertake; then, when you have trodden the mile you are compelled to go, and the law releases its grip, and gives you permission to lay down the cross on the top of the hill—show that you are My disciple by volunteering for the second mile. Identify yourself with the cross, and with Him who died thereon, and walk with Him the second mile, which stretches away from Golgotha to beyond the gates of pearl."

I shall try, therefore, to show you that the atmosphere of heaven; the "heavenly places," the companionship of angels, the fellowship of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, all lie beyond the limit of the first mile; that heaven is a fraction over a mile away from the place where a man begins to walk the mile of duty imposed by law.

I. The first mile is a common track, for it is not uncommon for men to yield such service as they are compelled to give. Many yield to the compulsion of the first mile in **family life**. There are husbands who are faultlessly attentive, but not considerate; who are scrupulously polite, but never manifestly affectionate. There may be wives who are publicly, apparently, proud and fond of their husbands, who privately are only civil; who are too polite to be petulant, but too selfish to be kind. There are parents who are respectably provident of everything but sympathy, and strictly just in dispensing everything but gentleness. And there are children who are respectfully obedient to their parents' express commands, but are not thoughtfully serviceable; who are civil to each other, but seldom unselfishly helpful and kind. But some one will ask: "What keeps such families together?" Merely the law of respectability. By that law they are compelled to go a mile.

You will find people yielding to the compulsion of the first mile in **social life**, outside the family circle. How many walk the paper-flowered mile, and

wear the smile by law established, while they leave their hearts at home! Many of the accepted customs and habits of life in refined circles, so-called, do not at all express the tastes or characters of those who observe them. They are only the particular dress required by the king of fashion's court; and men and women conform to them because they are compelled. And the same principle holds good in our wider social relations. There are many who are no better than self-interest or public opinion make them. Many enjoy a reputation for beneficence who are about as much entitled to it as a man would be who gives up his money when he feels a revolver at his head.

And this same compulsion operates in **commercial life**. The measure of some men's honesty is the measure of this first mile. It is amazing that men should be found who boast of their honesty because they pay one hundred cents on the dollar, and give sixteen ounces to the pound; that they should strut around as a species of unfledged angels, because, forsooth, they owe no man anything! As though the rest of us were unaware that there are prisons and other uncomfortable things for those who give only ninety-nine cents and fifteen ounces. There are many in business to-day who never overstep by so much as an inch the honest mile they are compelled to go.

The principle of the first mile determines too often **the relation of employer and employed**. There are employers with whom it is a fixed rule to make no concessions to their work-people unless they are compelled. In wages, and time, and conditions of labour, they show no consideration for anyone but themselves. And there are workers who are not one whit better. Apparently they have no conscience at all. They would glory in receiving a full day's pay for two hours' work if they could compel their employer to give it. And failing that, it is their rule to give the minimum of service for the maximum wage. In quantity and quality of labour they keep strictly to the first mile; and when the whistle blows at the mile limit they are on the street before it has finished its blast. It is impossible that differences between Capital and Labour should be amicably settled within the first mile.

The compulsion of this first mile, moreover, determines for many the length of their Sabbath day's journey; or, in other words, **its limits are the exact measure of their religious life**. In all their religious exercises they do no more, they go no farther than they are compelled. They have never outgrown the question, "What must I do to be saved?" That is a good and important question for a convicted sinner; but it is a lamentably low standard for a Christian bought with blood. Yet there are many who are never weary asking, "What must I do to be saved?" And they will do no more than they judge is necessary to save their own selfish, shrivelled little souls. These are they who pick and choose between Christ's commandments. They label some as "non-essentials," and with these they will have nothing to do, because they may, as they think, be saved without them. They read as much of the Bible as may be necessary for them to know "What must I do to be saved?" but beyond that it is convenient for them to be ignorant of its teachings. They would cross the continent on their knees if that were made a condition of salvation; they would pray night and day; they would give not one-tenth, but nine-tenths of their income, or even ten-tenths, if that were necessary to save their wretched, selfish, contracted, infinitesimal fragment of what God meant to be a soul. They are resolved to save that.

Ah, Simon! thou dost not volunteer to lift so much as an ounce from the shoulders of the "Man of Sorrows"; thou seest no cross until the strong hand of the law impresses thee, and lays the cross upon thee. Yes, that is Christ's

cross thou bearest, but thou art carrying it to save thyself, not to save Him; it will crucify Him, but not thee. Ah, Simon! There is no blood on the cross which needs compulsion to bear it. Thou wilt lay it down on the top of the hill, and when thou hast seen it crimsoned with thy Saviour's blood, then, perhaps, thou wilt volunteer to carry it another mile.

Is Simon a Christian? Hush! "Judge not, that ye be not judged." It is something to have come to Calvary, even though driven there by Sinai. The first mile is not far from the second. Perhaps Simon will see the blood and understand! Only let no one presume. There is no heaven within the reach of that first mile. "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." A man may carry His cross and never touch the Crucified. You may profess the name without possessing the nature of the Son of God. God's true children are not under the law of the first mile, but under the free grace of the second.

II. Let us look now at the transcendent course of the second mile. Naturally it lies just beyond the first. Shall I show it to you in the home, in society, in business, in religion? It is not the affection you feel for your wife, but that which makes itself felt in a hundred unrequested little ministries. Your wife's second mile is not her well ordered home; it is the atmosphere which is as inseparable from her presence as fragrance from a flower; it is that mysterious something which makes home "sweet home." And you children, listen: Your second mile is the thing you do for mother which she did not ask you to do, but which you know she would be pleased to have done. For that is the very heart of the text: not the service commanded, but that which is volunteered; not civility, but kindness; not the conventional "thank you," but the warm appreciative smile which accompanies it. The second mile is your attitude toward the amusement in which you might engage without harm to yourself, but with which you will have nothing to do because your example might work injury to another.

In business, behind the counter, it is the extra half-ounce to the pound, the extra inch to the yard—by God's measurement that inch is one full mile. It is the merchant's frank description of an inferior article; his refusal to take advantage of his customers' ignorance. You say that is not business—I did not say that it was. Most of the business houses are built within the limits of the first mile. But there are vacant lots for sale on the second. There is valuable real estate to be had there. There are splendid sites for factories, and warehouses, and stores, and offices; and a garden where flowers bloom and birds sing, goes with every lot. There are none too many stores on the second mile, and competition is not particularly keen. But many an embittered heart, longing to find a human ministry of love, waits to enrich the man who will open a store on that unfrequented street. And you may walk the second mile outside the counter of a little corner store. It is the customer's consideration—his or her remembrance that the merchant's time is money. Bargain-hunters never go shopping in the second mile. This unpopular mile is that lady's refusal to let the shopman send a man and horse and wagon a mile with a parcel weighing less than half a pound. It is the path she walks while carrying it herself.

You may walk the second mile from pole to pole—on a telephone wire. What a nerve-racking business that telephone operating must be. The first mile will demand nerves of steel and the promptness and accuracy of a machine of the operator, and will scold in pitiless tones if these are not forthcoming. I read of a poor girl, a telephone operator, after a day of trying to satisfy first mile scolds, going out and committing suicide. Ah! the first mile leads always to crucifixion and has driven many a weary soul to death. I heard of a tele-

phone girl who turned to another and said, "He's a patient man. I was flustered and gave him the wrong number four times, and he said so kindly, 'You gave me the wrong number four times, operator. Try once again.' I'd like to meet that man." And the other enquired, "What was his number?" When she was told, she said, "I know him; he is my minister." "Then," said the other, "I'm going to hear him preach next Sunday." Oh, yes! The second mile, if practised generally, would fill all our churches with happy, grateful worshippers; and would speedily make up the total of the multitude which no man can number before the throne where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The employer's second mile is the voluntary increase in wages, the spontaneous recognition of the worker's worth. The employee's second mile is the conscience he puts into his work, and his readiness to consult his employer's interests as well as his own. If Capital would erect its factories, and Labour establish its unions on Second Mile Road, strikes would be unknown.

But what is the second mile religiously? Ah, that is the charm of it! **It is all religious.** It is all sacred. It is essentially a Christian mile; it runs through all a Christian's domestic, social, and business relations. He walks it on Monday as well as on Sunday. It is the substitution of the Christian's "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" for the sinner's "What must I do to be saved?" The first mile is Martha's wearisome kitchen, where service cumbers because it is compelled; the second is Mary's alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, whose odour carries the silent message of Christ's presence through all the rooms of the house, and is wafted away by the wind of the Spirit to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The second mile is where we show that we are Christians. "If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners to receive as much again. And if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?" That is the measure of our witnessing for Christ. What we do more than others. Publicans, and sinners, the world, the flesh, and the devil, in Sunday clothes, will bear us company when one compels us to go a mile; but they all stop at the mile limit, and we begin to show that we are Christians when we "go with Him twain."

But we go in better company. We join hands with all the holy prophets. There we are in the goodly fellowship of the apostles, we walk in step with the noble army of martyrs, and with the holy church throughout all ages. This second mile lies beyond the wilderness, across the Jordan. It is the promised land, and flows with milk and honey. Here are the restful pastures of tender grass, and the waters of quietness. This is the path of righteousness, wherein we are led for Christ's name's sake that He may be glorified in us. Here angels spread dainties for weary Elijahs, and come to minister to such as have been tempted of the devil. The wilderness and the solitary place are made glad for all who walk it, and for their sakes the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose.

But whose hands removed the stones and plucked the thorns? Whose feet were they who first explored this holy, happy second mile? From the place where God made man in His own image, and put him in the garden to dress it and keep it, to where "He drove out the man, and placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life"—that was God's first mile, the thing which, in simple justice, He was compelled to do. But raise thine eyes! Look! look! Yonder,

that mysterious track from gates of pearl to Bethlehem, stretching away through Egypt, Nazareth, and Capernaum, and up to the holy city, and anon to Calvary, and through the grave, up yonder to the everlasting doors—that blood-marked track, which, in the giving of His all, our blest Redeemer trod—that is God's second mile! I charge you to receive His spirit, take up His cross, and go with Him twain—to glory.

THE WHOLE FAMILY.

We have a right to assume that every member of the church who did not ask to be transferred to the new organization is in full sympathy with the message and mission of Jarvis Street Church. For fourteen months we have not always known where a call would be acceptable, or how many were out of sympathy with our work. But the church has been sifted to the bottom; and we may now take it for granted that every member who elected to continue with us, will be glad to co-operate in our collective effort to do good. Therefore, let us together try to round up the whole family during the summer. We hope it may be possible in some way to touch every family during July in an endeavor to rally the whole church family for the monthly Communion, August 6th. This will be unusual to choose midsummer for a special Communion; but we are getting used to unusual things in Jarvis Street, and we ask all our members to pray and work to make this service the largest in our history. The article in **The Gospel Witness** of last week showed that in times past many members regarded the ordinance of the Lord's Supper with indifference. Let us inaugurate a new conception of things by honoring the Table of the Lord, and let us begin at once.

NEUTRALS.

"Thou art neither cold nor hot." These Laodiceans were neutrals, devoid of passion, destitute of any enthusiasm, loafing along in moral indifference. In times of great crisis they were "any way," "either way," altogether tepid regarding the issues. And in times of great laxity they maintained the same tepidity, utterly unconcerned with the degeneracy. "Thou art neither cold nor hot."

Now the subtle temptation for characters like these is to regard their tepidity as something better, and to call it by a grander name. Lukewarmness is described as tolerance, or moderation, or charity, or largeness of mind or breadth of temperament. And so dispassionateness comes to be thought of as piety, and moral distinctions lose the sharpness of their outlines. I am not, therefore, surprised to find that these "neutrals" were unconsciously losing the truth of moral judgment. "Thou sayest, I am rich . . . and knowest not that thou art poor." The unexercised powers of discernment have become weakened, and are no longer sensitive to the primary contrasts between real poverty and real wealth. These "neutrals" had forfeited their power to appreciate the ideal. They looked upon the commonplace, and regarded it as superlative. They looked upon trifles, and thought them great. They had ease, and they interpreted it as peace. They had many comforts, and they confused them with comfort. They had knowledge, and they thought it wisdom. They had many gifts, and they confounded them with grace. They handled ordinances, and they thought they were touching God. And this is always the nemesis which attends the soul that haunts the ways of compromise. It loses sight of the ideal, and forfeits its appreciation of the unsearchable riches of Christ. These "neutrals" of the olden time regarded themselves as rich in wealth and raiment, and in reality they lacked the true treasure and the discerning sight and the incorruptible vestures of the soul.—By John Henry Jowett in the Watchman-Examiner, N.Y.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Sunday School and Church Picnic. Remember the date, July 11th, at Centre Island. Our aim is to have every member of the church present. There will be games for the little folks, and a good time for all. But it will be different from any other Sunday School or Church Picnic you ever attended. There will be singing—oh, such singing! And open air testimony, and altogether a holy, happy day, with the Lord Himself in the midst! Get ready for it by making your plans now.

Next Sunday, the Rev. P. W. Philpott will preach in the evening. Mr. Philpott needs no introduction to a Toronto congregation. His great work in Hamilton is an abiding monument to his fidelity. We have learned with some regret that he has accepted the call of the Moody Church, Chicago. We congratulate Chicago and the United States, but we feel his departure means a serious loss to the religious forces of this country. We trust, however, that it is all the Lord's doing, in which case there should be no regret. Mr. Philpott's going to Chicago will mean that opportunities of hearing him in Toronto will be rarer. Therefore, let us make much of next Sunday evening.

In the morning, at the request of many, **Rev. E. E. Shields**, of Brantford, will again supply the pulpit.

The Branch Picnic. As already announced in *The Witness*, the Branch Picnic will be held at Centre Island, June 27th. The Committee has obtained the grounds immediately to the right of the pavilion, only a minute's walk from the boat. You are cordially invited to come and spend a pleasant outing with the Branch workers and scholars. Subscriptions to defray expenses will be gratefully received by Mrs. Allen Maclean, Mr. McKay, or the Church Office.

JARVIS STREET CHURCH DIRECTORY.

T. T. SHIELDS, Pastor, 72 Lowther Avenue. Tel., Hill. 563.

A. W. RECORD, Treasurer, 41 Victor Avenue. Tel., Ger. 5273.

VIOLET STOAKLEY, Church Clerk and Office Secretary. Tel., M. 5670.

WILLIAM FRASER, Pastor's Secretary, 64 St. Alban's Street. Tel., N. 5714.

C. LEONARD PENNEY, Director of Music, 36 Earls court Ave. Tel., Ken. 7086W.

W. J. HUTCHINSON, S. S. Superintendent, 295 George Street. Tel., M. 3321.

The Church Calendar

For the week beginning Sunday, June 18th, 1922.

SUNDAY

10.00—Prayer Service in the Church Parlor, Mr. George Greenway.

10.30—Communion Service.

11.00—Public Worship. Rev. E. A. Brownlee, B.A., will preach.

3.00—The Bible School will meet.

Lesson for the day: The Downfall of Judah. II Kings 25: 1-21.

2.30—Open-Air Work with the Gospel Car, starting from Jarvis Street Church.

3.00—The Parliament Street Bible School, at 250 Parliament Street.

5.30—Open-Air Service on Gerrard Street.

6.00—Prayer Meeting in Church Parlor.

7.00—Public Worship. The Rev. E. A. Brownlee, B.A., will preach.

Service at Parliament Street Branch, Mr. W. L. McKay.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY—8.00—Prayer Service.

FRIDAY—8.00—Choir Rehearsal.