

The Gospel Witness

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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

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

SATURDAY, JULY 15th, 1922

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The Jarvis Street Pulpit

THE ANGEL OF HOPE.

A Sermon by the Pastor

"We are saved by hope."—ROM. 8: 24.

"We are saved by hope." And Grace will not begrudge the honor thus accorded Hope; nor will sturdy Faith dispute her title to such recognition: they are both fellow-workers unto the Kingdom of God. But how is the fair angel of Hope to be identified? How may she be distinguished from the radiant principles which consort with those good spirits who are sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?

From what bright world does this angel of the morning come? To what unfailling fountain of cheerfulness may her lineage be traced? To what other heavenly graces is she related? And how does she differ from them? What are her own peculiar and distinctive characteristics?

Hope is an angel of paradise. She comes from a land where nothing fails: where the leaves never fade; the trees yield their fruit every month; the springs never run dry; the sun never sets; the inhabitants never say, "I am sick"; and even the oldest never die. She is undazzled by triumphant certainties, because she is native to a realm of regnant principle, where righteousness is manifestly invincible; where goodness leaves no room for evil; where light has prevented the darkness; and life abounds to the exclusion of death. Hope has had a glimpse of the inexhaustible sources of Infinite Love, and has looked into "the unsearchable riches of Christ": there are therefore no tears in her eyes. Hope comes from God. This bright-winged angel is native to the infinite spaces, where there are no limitations, and no impossibilities; where the purposes of God have ample verge; and where it is never said of anything, "This is the end." Hope I say, is an angel of God; a tearless spirit who is stranger to a sigh, save in another's breast. She is never found in spiritually Arctic regions where an attitude of unbelief has turned the soul away from the sun.

This angel has no kinship with Presumption. Though Presumption simulates the voice and attitude of Hope, they are worlds apart. Presumption,

while neither wholly deaf nor blind, hears and sees only that which is favorable to her desire. She is unrelated to Truth, and ignores Fact. Her cheerfulness flows from a cistern and not from a fountain. She has a nodding acquaintance with Mirth, but is a stranger to Joy. Hope is dishonored when mistaken for Presumption; and it is a fatal error to mistake Presumption for Hope.

The angel of Hope is closely related to the angel of Faith. They strongly resemble each other in many particulars. They are indeed twin angels, mutually dependent and complementary. Hope finds her inspiration and example in Faith; and Faith finds her complement in Hope. Like two disciples of old, these two often run both together; but, like Peter in relation to John, Hope outruns Faith, and comes first to the empty sepulchre. Hope verifies what Faith affirms. Faith is sure-footed; Hope is swift-winged. Faith finds renewal of strength in waiting upon God, and saith, "Above the clouds, the sun is shining." Hope mounts on eagles' wings beyond the clouds and revels in the sunshine. Faith plods along the weary road, and walks without fainting. Hope, with fleet foot, runs and is not weary.

The faces of these two proclaim their kinship, though each has its own peculiar beauty. The face of Faith is sometimes drawn with pain, as when she went with Abraham to offer up his only son; yet shining through the anguish, there is always the beauty of a calm repose. But the countenance of Hope is never shadowed by a secret pang—her face is like a summer sky, and her eyes are homes of cheerfulness. While the face of Faith is unmarked with lines of anxious care, and her complexion evidences the possession of the secret of perpetual youth, Hope adds to her equal beauty the eloquence of smiling lips, and the fascination of eyes which sparkle with the promise of the morning. Faith makes Paul and Silas to endure the prison and the stocks without murmuring. Hope supplements Faith's ministry by teaching them to sing at midnight. Faith is the dove going forth from the ark, and returning again to safety. Hope is the dove coming home the second time in the evening, and in her mouth "an olive leaf-plucked off."

But if Hope is thus differentiated from Faith, by what characteristics is she distinguished from all others? Her vision is periscopeic: she can see all sides at once. Hence she can see the dawn at midnight; she can revel in the delights of spring amid the snows of winter; she can find attraction in a cemetery as being the most interesting of all places on the resurrection morning. Again, her hearing is very acute. She never misses "the sound of a going" over against the mulberry trees; and she is quick to discern the tramp, the measured music of the lightning progress of heaven's reinforcing angels, when the horses and chariots of fire set out on the cloudy road to Dothan. Therefore Hope never spoils her morning voice with moans; nor mars her joyous face with frowns; nor dims her gloom-dispelling eyes with tears; but, living always in the sunshine, she is ever smiling, and always singing to despondent souls: "Why are thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

THE MISSION OF THE GOSPEL WITNESS.

The more experience one has in the Christian life the more convinced he becomes of the truth of the scripture which assures us that "all things work together for good to them that love God." This implies that there is a divine

plan by which our lives are ordered. Hence the things which are of greatest value in life in the formation of character and the direction of effort, are not the things which our own wisdom has devised: they are gradually developed by divinely ordered circumstances; they are the natural and inevitable fruit of experiences which no one would deliberately choose for himself. Thus the really useful enterprises of the Christian Church have generally grown naturally out of providentially ordered events. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord;" and the more experience we have of the untrustworthiness of our own judgment, the more eager we shall be to have the Lord order even our steps.

And this principle has been proved in our experience as a church. One thing is certain, the course of events in Jarvis Street Church of recent years has not been directed by human wisdom nor determined by any human will. Neither among those who support the present ministry in this church, nor among those who opposed it, is there one who foresaw or expected to bring about the present situation. Yet no one can doubt that the things which have happened unto us have rather fallen out to the furtherance of the gospel.

The Gospel Witness was not humanly planned: like Topsy, it just "grewed." But from all parts of the country we have heard of blessing attending its reading. Some of our pastors have been kind enough to say they had long been waiting for just such a weekly message. One pastor has requested that a certain message which he heard some weeks ago from Jarvis Street Pulpit be printed in **The Witness**, and that he be sent copies for every member of his church—about two hundred. For these copies they are willing to pay. In a large church in New York City where the Pastor preached recently, when a few people had seen some copies of **The Witness**, from twenty to thirty people wanted to subscribe at once. Subsequently they supplied a list of names and addresses to which copies of **The Witness** are to be mailed when it is put on a subscription basis.

What then is the mission of **The Gospel Witness**? First of all, it is designed to "broadcast" the pulpit message. God has been pleased signally to bless the spoken word, and already there are indications that a like blessing rests upon the printed message. At a certain Association one minister expressed a wish that certain sermons by the Pastor on Old Testament texts might be printed, as many ministers, he thought, would find them suggestive. He also expressed the view that the finding of the gospel even in the historical portions of the Old Testament was one of the mightiest proofs of its divine inspiration.

Beside all this, many of our pastors are faithfully serving amid many difficulties in isolated places; and it may be that a weekly visit by **The Gospel Witness** would prove a lift by the way to many a hard-pressed worker. For this reason we desire to send **The Witness** to every pastor in the Convention. In doing this we shall suggest that any pastor who prefers to be omitted from our list so advise us; while on the other hand if there should be any who desire and are able to help us a little by subscribing, their assistance will be gratefully accepted.

But **The Gospel Witness** will serve a further purpose. There are many good causes which need support. **The Gospel Witness** will be found on the side of every enterprise which is on the side of the Gospel. Its function will be to use whatever influence it may now have or may in the future develop to further the cause of evangelical truth. **The Witness** will always prefer to do the work of the trowel. It will endeavour to build rather than to destroy. But it may sometimes have to do the work of the sword. Modernism is every-

where on the offensive. It is as subtle as it is aggressive. It can no more be persuaded nor placated than a man-eating tiger... We are not speaking of modernists, but of modernism. Modernists are human: Modernism is Satanic. We must love the sinner while we hate the sin; and we must love modernists, while we hate modernism. But against the principles of modernism we must declare perpetual war, even as the Lord declared He would have war with Amalek from generation to generation.

When occasion arises, therefore, **The Gospel Witness** will be ready to speak in defense of the truth. The Baptist denomination in Ontario and Quebec is doctrinally sound. Of course we are not what we should be. We all need a deeper work of grace in our hearts, and a fuller measure of the Holy Spirit's power in our lives. That will be admitted by all pastors, and all churches, and all members. Notwithstanding, the truth of the gospel is dear to us all.

The Baptist modernists are few in number; but they will always be found standing to their arms, and ready to take advantage of every opportunity to establish themselves in official or strategic positions. **The Gospel Witness** will not hesitate, when necessity arises, to do what it can to inform our people of the movements of Modernism within the denomination. Whoever fails to recognize the danger, especially in view of the evangelical collapse which has overtaken some other leading denominations, cannot justly claim to be awake to the religious tendencies of the day.

Let us now speak of the cost of this new enterprise. The subject matter of the paper will cost nothing. It will be a labour of love which the Pastor will joyfully add to his regular duties, while from time to time he hopes to secure the help of some of our ablest denominational leaders in making every issue of the paper a readable and useful number. But the only reward any writer for **The Gospel Witness** will receive will be the greatest reward of all, the reward of doing good.

In regularly issuing even a small paper like **The Witness**, in addition to the cost of printing, certain facilities have to be provided for addressing and mailing, while labour is involved in keeping account of subscriptions, and answering correspondence. Taking all these matters into account, and adding them to printing costs it will cost about five cents per copy to publish **The Witness**; or, mailing included, about \$3.00 per year. Of course the larger the circulation the lower will be the cost per copy.

How can the money be provided? In only one way, by everyone doing something, and that something the best possible. And we shall do our best only as we seriously take this venture to heart as one of our chief enterprises. Let us sound out the word of the Lord from this place to the whole world, let us publish the truth we stand for so that every Baptist church in Canada, and many beyond the seas may know. And as blessings are multiplied it may please God to use us to bring inspiration to many others. Indeed it may reasonably be possible that in a short time Jarvis Street Pulpit may be speaking to more people outside the building every week than the utmost capacity of the building itself could accommodate. In this way **The Gospel Witness** may become one of our major missionary enterprises, and as such may command the support of large numbers outside our own church and denomination.

The Pastor ventures therefore to make this personal appeal to every member of Jarvis Street Church to give something for **The Witness** fund. Give much if possible; but give something, however small. The Pastor hopes

even the children will give, if it is only five cents, or even one cent. An envelope is being sent to every member with his or her name upon it, in order that the Pastor may know exactly how many members are friends of **The Witness**, and who they are. The Pastor expects carefully to examine the envelopes returned after they have been opened and the amount of the offering marked upon them. Some cannot possibly give, for some are out of work and have no money to give. But even they can say, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." If you can give no money, write a little note and put it in your envelope and put it on the plate, assuring us that **The Witness** will have a place in your prayers. This will be greatly appreciated. Help us to have a great report of Sunday's offering for **The Gospel Witness** of next week. We should like to see an offering of at least \$1,500.00. This can easily be if we all do our best. If any could give more conveniently a month or even two months later, put a note in the envelope saying how much and when you will give.

THE STORY OF A GREAT PICNIC.

True religion cannot be departmentalized, nor localized, nor temporized: that is to say, it cannot be confined to one department of life, nor to one place, nor to one time, to the exclusion of others. True religion is spiritual and is therefore atmospheric and all-pervading. Like the blood, its life consists in circulation. To stop the circulation is to invite death. The principles of Christianity, like the blood, must vitalize the extremities. A true Christian is a Christian all over and all through, everywhere and all the time. The religion of Christ refuses to be emotionalized to the exclusion of the intellect; or to be intellectualized to the exclusion of the emotions; or to be monopolized by both at the expense of the body. Salvation is for the whole man, for time and for eternity; hence Paul prayed: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

What has all this to do with a picnic? Just this: There are some people who assume that religion has little affinity with laughter; while others seem to take it for granted that whoever would have a merry time must first dispense with religion. It is surely the mission of the church to prove that, like certain specified words of the Lord Jesus, the whole Christian revelation was given us that "our joy might be full."

Last Tuesday's Sunday School and church picnic was an experiment in holiness, which is another word for wholeness. The result was that nearly seven hundred people came home from the Island convinced that if one would have a day of unadulterated pleasure the Lord Jesus must arrange the programme.

How shall we resolve the day's pleasure into its elements? To begin with, the gathering was characterized by a delightful spirit of unity. It is extraordinary to see so large a company of people of all ages, and temperaments, and tastes, all enjoying the same things. No word of criticism, or disappointment, was heard. The gathering was unified by the dominance of one Spirit.

Another characteristic was the unselfish consideration for others everywhere displayed. And that is the secret of happiness. The vicarious principle runs through every ramification of the Christian life. The only way to be happy ourselves is to endeavour to make others happy. The only way to find is to lose, and the only way to get is to give. And we should be having picnics every day—the ice of winter to cool our tropical days, and the warmth of summer to

mitigate our Arctic experiences—if we could make it the habit of our lives to live for others rather than for ourselves.

Still another feature of Tuesday's picnic was the large attendance of adults. It was evident that the church and school are one. As the children find delight and participate in the prayer-meetings conducted by their elders, so the seniors delighted to be children still. We are finding that as the body is more than raiment and the life more than meat, so the spirit is more than organization. And as the cross destroyed "the middle wall of partition" between Jew and Gentile, so the spirit of the cross dissolves all barriers between ages, and ranks, and dispositions, and unites the children of God in one happy family.

Moreover, we had a lot of pure fun on Tuesday. It is true there is much of weeping in the world, but there is much of laughter, too. Surely monkeys were divinely made to be funny! Life is full of humour and playfulness. And it could not be so if God did not delight in these things. One cannot think of the presence of Jesus as casting a shadow anywhere. No baby ever ceased to smile or coo at His approach! True, we are not told that Jesus ever played; but we know that certain mothers brought their children to Him, and that He took them in His arms. And we who know Him ought to love little children too. And we do! But what a heap of pure fun we had! And what useful fun it was! What discoveries were made! Men who can trim hats are unusual; but women who can drive nails are phenomenal! They may both be sorry they displayed such aptitudes! But, seriously, it is a divine art to find holiness in happiness, and happiness in holiness; to rejoice religiously, and to worship while at play.

What shall be said of the number attending? Certainly over six hundred and fifty were there. Someone in charge of the pavilion said it was the biggest Sunday School crowd they had ever had in the pavilion. Beyond question it was the biggest crowd Jarvis St. has had at a picnic for more than a dozen years. The Pastor has never seen anything even remotely approaching it.

Provisions? The rule of the Father's house obtained: "Enough and to spare," and both words should be strongly emphasized—"Enough and to spare." Thus the joy overflowed to some families whose cupboards were not as full as healthy appetites demand. Don't forget the overflow—it is by what we have "to spare," the world will know we are Christians.

The Workers? Mr. Fred Turney distributed tickets. Can anyone guess who paid for them? Turn it over in your mind. We hope we shall not be considered undignified if we say of the commissariat that it was done up Brown, and when it was over, everyone felt it was double-you double-you too! Ah, well, well, well—as Dickens would say (at least we think he would), "What a picnic! What a picnic!"

And the **Chief?** Ruth calls him "Hutch," but some of us don't know what to call him because he is a little bit of everything. But really, was there ever another such a children's man as W. J. Hutchinson? Perhaps there are others, but we have never known them. God was with us; but He always uses a man, or a woman, or both, to do things. Hence we thank God for the Chief! He is father and mother, and big brother, and little sister to them all—and never does he forget the secret—Jesus Christ first.

The absence of our incomparable Church Secretary, Miss Violet Stoakley, and our splendid Sunday School Secretary, Mr. Wanless, through illness, was the one defect.

But what was the best part of it all? Ask the little children or their elders,

and they will all tell you the same story: the hour of praise with which the happy day concluded. We all came together in a great circle, as happy a family as could be found in Canada, and everyone felt that Jesus was in the midst. Then with the Chief at the organ and Mr. Rudd as leader, the hour of praise began. It was now evening and not as warm as when the sun was high; but Mr. Rudd proved an instantaneous heater, and the circle was soon hot. For pure and unadulterated joy, can anything equal the privilege of being one of a great company of people singing the praises of God? Especially on a perfect summer evening, out in the open, and under the twilight sky; and when, as elements in a great organ, the company are inspired by one Spirit, even the Wind which bloweth where it listeth?

Following about an hour's singing of the songs of Zion, the Pastor spoke briefly, and then the great company stood to sing—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!"

A moment of silence was followed by a brief prayer, and the most wonderful picnic we have ever attended was at an end.

OUR OPEN AIR TESTIMONY.

There was a great crowd at the open air meeting on Gerrard St., at the gate of Allen Gardens, Thursday evening last. Our own people formed a fine nucleus. It is a healthy sign when so many of our own members gladly come and stand on the street, and take their places on the car. Many hundreds heard the Word, by far the majority of whom were men. Two men came on to the church afterwards, enquiring the way of life, and promised to come again Sunday evening. It was a great meeting. Those who gathered were as attentive as they could have been in church. Let us pray that witnesses may be raised up all over this city. There ought to be hundreds of such meetings all over the city every evening. What a testimony would thus be given!

Remember the three weekly open air services, Sunday, 2.30, at Sunnyside Board Walk; 5.30, on Gerrard St., and Thursday evening, at 8, at the same place.

LAST SUNDAY EVENING.

There was a great congregation. Two were baptized. At the close of the sermon the Pastor gave an invitation, and one came bravely forward before the whole congregation. In a glowing testimony in the after service she told how she had said to her sister, who was in the pew with her, "Please stand aside and let me go quickly." Her sister had been converted nine or ten months ago, and it was by her prayers and testimony this dear soul had been influenced. This rejoicing convert will be baptized Sunday evening. It is good to see them come one or two, or more at a time—but, Lord, send us hundreds! Send in hundreds of souls this summer!

PRAYER FOR THE TREASURY.

God has graciously supplied all our needs and has enabled us to meet all our obligations, as they became due. But as our work expands our requirements will increase. We could profitably invest large amounts of money in Jarvis St. activities. We must, however, await God's time and leading, and as He opens the doors we will endeavour to enter. It must not be said that

Jarvis St. fails in her duty to our own denominational missionary enterprises. But we have need, also, for many things in Jarvis St. itself. Some day the unfinished building must be completed. We have praised God that its construction was discontinued because we think the original plans can be improved and adapted to our clearer outlook. We hope to see Jarvis Street a Bible teaching and evangelistic centre. Our great Monday evening gatherings for the teaching of the Word last season, generally comfortably filling the downstairs of the auditorium, seem to us clearly to indicate that God is leading us in that direction. Again, there is the Jarvis St. Hospital proposal. Already over a hundred dollars have been contributed toward this object. We shall have to begin very modestly. But we are sure such a hospital is urgently needed. Therefore, let us have this in mind when we pray.

For all these and many other ventures of faith God will provide the money. We do not know how, but if He wills that these things should be done, He will find a way. It may be that He will send us men and women of means and of abounding grace; or it may be that He will glorify Himself by multiplying the dedicated gifts of the poor. However it is done, it will be His doing.

"Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through."

JARVIS STREET CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

The Church Calendar

For the week beginning Sunday, July 16th, 1922.

SUNDAY

10.00—Prayer Service in the Church Parlor, Mr. George Greenway.
10.30—Communion Service.
11.00—Public Worship. The Pastor will preach.
3.00—The Bible School will meet.
Lesson for the day: The Handwriting on the Wall. Dan. 5:1-31.
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—Service at Parliament Street Branch.
Service at Parliament Street Branch.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY—8.00—Prayer Service.
THURSDAY—8.00—Open Air Service, Gerrard St. gate of Allen Gardens.
FRIDAY—8.00—Choir Rehearsal.