

The Gospel Witness

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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

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PASTOR AND EDITOR

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 14th, 1922.

Vol. 1

(\$3.00 per year, postpaid, 5c. per copy.)

No. 31

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

THE GLORY OF GOD

A Sermon by the Pastor

Preached in Jarvis St. Church, Toronto, Sunday Morning, Dec. 3, 1922
(Stenographically reported)

"When Jesus heard that, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby."—John 11: 4.

We are all familiar with the picture of that Bethany home where Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus lived. And you know how the days of sunshine were succeeded by days of gloom and grief,—how sickness came in at the door, and then death, and with death, the darkness of a great sorrow that was almost akin to despair. And you know, too, how that in the early gladness, in its gradual eclipse by the shadow of death, and in the subsequent sudden outshining of the glory of Lazarus' new life,—you remember how that Jesus was inseparably associated with it all. And as the door shuts, at last, upon that Bethany home, and we leave the loved ones there feasting in the fullest enjoyment of the favour and fellowship of the Son of God, we are compelled to admit that each of the colours of the picture, some of which, when viewed in a single relation, seem dark and forbidding, plays its own part in the harmony of the whole: the shadow is as necessary as the light, the clouds as essential to its beauty as the sun. The distance of the Master from the death-bed of Lazarus, which appears at close view to be the chief defect in the picture, when viewed perspectivevly is seen to be its chief charm, and to furnish its supreme claim to immortality.

And our lives, even the most commonplace of them, are reproductions of this picture of Bethany, with all its mystery, with all its majesty of power and glory. We are all familiar with its pain and its parting, with its grave and its grief, and with its lonely path to the sepulchre watered with tears. Only we cannot view our own lives perspectivevly as yet; and therefore, we cannot understand why Jesus does not always come the moment we send for Him, why sometimes He tarries until we have dug a grave! I have thought, therefore, that if we can come to an understanding of these profound words of the Master, it will help us perhaps to understand Him better; and therefore also the better to understand ourselves.

I want to give you at the outset this morning an outline of my thought, in order that you may the more easily follow my argument.

First of all, this text suggests a divine prerogative: Jesus lays down the principle that God has a moral right to glorify Himself, even at the expense of human pain; and secondly, He mentions a human occasion for the exercise of that prerogative: "This sickness," He declares, "is not unto death, but for the glory of God." He then teaches us that God is supremely glorified through Jesus Christ, and through Him in His human relationship, "that the Son of God might be glorified thereby."

I. Here then Jesus names **A Divine Prerogative**. He has been told that Lazarus is sick. He answers as an authoritative interpreter of the problems of human life: He dares to go to the very root of things, and to give the 'why' of human experience. He writes the history of the individual as He would write the history of the world, by saying, "In the beginning God." It is a bold answer; an answer perhaps, which some may find it difficult to receive; for immediately the question will arise in our minds, whether God has a right to glorify Himself at the expense of human suffering. Our Lord Jesus boldly asserts that He has that right; that it is His own peculiar prerogative to glorify Himself. And we shall never come to understand God until we, in our thought, and in our conduct, accord Him that supreme place. We are disposed to change the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like unto corruptible man. There is a humanizing tendency in the religious thought of to-day—a disposition to summon God to the bar of human judgment, to measure His character, and to try His every action by human standards of equity. It is assumed that God may be interpreted by our own standards of what is right. Whittier has said—and I think, though written years ago, it still expresses very clearly the thought of the day: it involves a recognition of God's transcendent greatness; that He is above us; that He cannot always be understood,—

"Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see;
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me;"

but that is not wholly true. There are things which may be, and are, good in Him, which would be evil in us; for the simple reason that He is God and beside Him there is none else. Thus, for a man to work for his own glory can be only evil; while for God to make His own glory the end of all is pre-eminently right: again I say, for the simple and sufficient reason that He only is God.

This is a democratic age. The king must be surrounded by constitutional restrictions. We are proud of the parliament. We boast that we are our own masters. And this is well enough as a political principle. No man may safely be trusted with absolute power, just because he is a man. A human despot soon becomes a human devil. We recognize that, and glory in the constitutional principle. But the principle that "Jack is as good as his master," has invaded the religious realm; and the church barons are disposed to draw up a new Magna Charta, which they demand the King of kings shall sign. They would frame a constitution, and surround Him with a parliament. They would reverse the principle of election; for they prefer that the creature shall elect the Creator, rather than that the Creator should elect the creature. The only principle of election which they would favor would be one which would result in a responsible, representative government of things spiritual, in heaven. The only laws of God of which they approve are such as are enacted "by and with the consent of His counsellors." Thus they

would strip the Absolute of His prerogatives, and reduce the Kingdom of God to a condition that would be little better than a state of anarchy. What would follow if this human desire, which is not new to this age by any means, could be realized?

I remember being entertained in the home of a certain gentleman some years ago. We were sitting talking on Saturday evening when our conversation turned upon the subject of divine sovereignty. He was a strong-minded, strong-willed man; and getting up from his chair, he walked up and down the floor of his library, and then pausing before me he said, "Look here, sir, if the Bible left no alternative but to believe in the doctrine of election, I should be an infidel!" What a terrible thing that would be—for him! As there was little likelihood of our reaching an agreement, I changed the subject.

Then he told me of a man who telephoned him one day, and said, "Can you find employment for a poor man who is at my door?" "Yes," he said, "I will telephone the factory, and tell the foreman to take him on." He was accustomed to go early to his office (he was an employer of labour) and about eight o'clock the next morning the foreman came into his office, and said, "I have trouble in the shop, sir." "Well, what is the matter?" "The men have taken off their aprons, and have put on their coats; and they are going to walk out." He said, "I will go down and see what is the matter." So they went to the factory, and he said, "Now men, what is the matter? Are you not getting wages enough?" "No complaint as to our wages, sir." "Are the hours too long?" "No complaint on that score." "Are the conditions surrounding your labour not satisfactory?" "No complaint there," they said. "Well, what is the matter?" And they replied: "You sent this man into the factory to work; he does not belong to the Union, and we simply will not work with him." "Oh," he said, "is that what is the matter? Now listen! If you have any complaint to register against me as your employer; if I do not pay you wages enough; if I do not treat you fairly in every respect, remember, I am always ready to sit down with you and talk the matter over; but," he said, "I want you to understand that I own this factory; I built it; it is mine; and I will run it as I like. Now, if you are not satisfied with that, there is the door—Walk! This place will stand here and rot if need be; but I will be master in my own house!" That was the man who a few minutes before insisted that he would not allow God to be sovereign. He would himself be master, and do as he liked with his own; but the creature must be permitted to dictate to God!

Do not all history, observation, and experience prove that in the life of the individual, of the nation, and of the world, nothing but the sovereignly directed power of that God, Who "in the beginning" brought order out of chaos, can prevent a return to that chaotic condition? Men would fain tell God how to do them good. But they can know no real good unless "All things work together for good." If there be but a single exception to that universal "all," that one thing may neutralize all others; and as Naaman's leprosy threatened to bring his honour into the dust of death, as the sickness of Lazarus temporarily did, that one thing may convert all life's delicately woven purple and fine linen into a shroud to wrap a reeking corpse. There can be no good for any one of us, unless "all things, in all realms of life, in all ages, in all dispensations"—unless "all things work together for good to them that love God." And all things cannot work together for good to them that love God unless there be an intelligent, benevolent, directing Power, to Whom all things are subject,—unless it be true that is written, "Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet." So that we come to

this by a process of purely philosophical reasoning: we are led to the conclusion that there can be no good to any one of us unless God's rule in all realms, over every atom and spirit, is ultimately, absolutely supreme.

You see, therefore, that in this matter, enlightened reason and revelation, from whatever standpoint you view it, are in perfect accord.

This then is the revelation of God in Christ Jesus. It is true that Jesus said, "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven:" He is pleased to speak of God as our Heavenly Father, rather than as a King. But Christ's conception of fatherhood was far removed from the modern view. He came not to destroy the law, or the prophets, but to fulfil. And the teaching both of the law and of the prophets, and of the New Testament, is to the effect that the father should be supreme in his own household. I know that the modern family is a kind of republic in which everybody rules but father, in which the children and, not the parents are the legislators, and in which no one is regarded as eligible for the presidency unless he has been born in the family! But the New Testament sums up the whole revelation of God in respect to this matter when it says, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord,"—for I will give you a penny if you do; for you shall have some sort of a treat if you are obedient?—No! "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right." That is all—it is right! "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven;" and, His children must obey Him, because it is right!

According to Christ's teaching, therefore, this world is subject to a benevolent, paternal, Despot, Who makes His own glory the supreme end of every purpose, of every act; and because He can find in all the universe none greater nor worthier than Himself,—the motive which actuates the divine Ruler is a supreme, a sovereign determination to glorify Himself. If you say it is a selfish motive, my answer is, that the glory of God is the glory of a holy, everlasting love.

II. Here is **A Human Occasion For The Exercise Of That Prerogative.** "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God."

And before we proceed further let me call your attention to the importance of keeping our place as children in the Father's household. We shall find some doors locked against us until we are older. We shall find there are some big words in our Father's speech which we must wait to understand. There are mysteries in the kingdom of God into which even the ancient and honoured servants of the household,—the angels—are forbidden to look. We shall be wise, in the presence of the problems of life, and the mysteries of the divine government, to humble ourselves, and sometimes to say, "I do not know; I cannot understand; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Our entrance into the kingdom was conditioned upon our becoming as children: our enjoyment of the kingdom is dependent upon our remembering that the most mature Christian is never in God's sight a learned philosopher, but only a little child. We must therefore trust our Father's wisdom as well as His love though He make darkness His secret place; and His pavilion round about Him be dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.

You see then that here Jesus asserts God's right to glorify Himself at the expense of human pain. What a tale of physical and mental suffering, of heart-agony, of bitter tears, is told in these two words, "This sickness." They paint a familiar picture. There is not one of us who does not understand it. Two sisters have sent an urgent message to Jesus, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." The loved frame is become a playground for the furies; "every nerve is a road for the hot feet of pain to travel on; and every vein a canal of grief." A ministry of human love has

exhausted itself, and discovers its impotence in the presence of death. There are broken hearts whose sorrow issues in scalding tears. Two sisters mourn in a house that feels empty, in a world that is cold and dark. And Jesus points to that scene, and says, "It is for the glory of God." And we may see that picture in real life, and learn its moral every day. But I want you to "dwell deep" this morning, to look beyond the bounds of the physical to spiritual things.

I cannot help seeing in that Bethany where Jesus was wont to visit and where death has now taken His place, a representation of another scene. Did not God walk in the garden in the cool of the day even as the God-man rested at Bethany? But a shadow falls across the path of the man that He has made in His own image and likeness; notwithstanding. He carries until this moral sickness issues at last in spiritual death: "So he drove out the man," even as the dead Lazarus was carried by loving hands away from Bethany's home and laid yonder in the sepulchre; and the garden is empty of its chief charm.

But is there any sense in which it may be said of the tragedy of Eden as of the empty chair at Bethany, "It is for the glory of God?" Is there any true analogy between physical and moral disease? Are the underlying principles in the two cases identical?

What was the cause of Lazarus' sickness? We do not know what his ailment was. Ignoring for the moment the moral or religious aspect of the question, it is indisputable that sickness results from transgression. Science will declare that some natural law has been broken; and whether ignorantly or presumptuously, the result is the same, inexorable law exacts the penalty. The organism has failed in some way to adapt itself to its environment—and that is another name for natural law—and disease, and perhaps death results.

The principle, therefore, underlying the text is this, that even a broken law may be made to contribute to the glory of God; and whether it be a physical or moral law, it is the same in principle, for law is universal, and God is one. I am not now dealing with the origin of evil; that must remain for the present a mystery; nor do I attempt to designate the first cause of "this sickness" of the text: I observe only that both are the result of a broken law; and that as Bethany's grief has glorified God,—if God is to be God,—so Eden's sin and sorrow must!

I have read that science has discovered how to convert the sweepings of a city's streets into a distilled essence whose sweet odours perfume the apparel of fair ladies in brilliant drawing-rooms. I have read that filthy rags, and even broken reeds of straw may be made into immaculate paper, upon which letters of love may be written. I was told by an expert that the finest quality broadcloth has in it always an admixture of "shoddy." I said to him, "You do not put 'shoddy' in the best broadcloth?" He said, "We could not make it without." And when he said that, I said, "Who knows? Perhaps it is made from some poor prodigal's ragged coat." And so above the clouds of mystery which impenetrably enwrap the origin and ultimate of things, my faith would enthrone an infinitely more perfect wisdom, and more consummate skill than can be found on earth. And if transforming grace can convert "the filth of the world and the off-scouring of all things" into golden vials full of incense; if these poor fallen natures can be made white by means of blood so that Love's name may be written thereon; and if with an admixture of the shoddy of human experience, sorrow of heart, and contrition of soul, if this may be interwoven with the infinite and absolutely perfect merit of Jesus, and cunningly wrought into a robe more durable than one of innocence, even a robe of righteousness, resplendent with the beauty of holiness; if sighs may be converted into songs, and tears may be crystallized into jewels, which sing the praises and reflect the glories of redeeming love; my heart shall cry, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darkness are round about him (but) righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." True faith, which is the soul's apprehension of God as God—of God as absolutely sovereign,—will lead us to rest in the assurance that even the world's great sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God.

III. And now in conclusion we are to see **How God is Glorified in Christ Through His Human Relationship**—"That the son of God may be glorified thereby." What a wonderful saying that is! That this sickness, this physical malady which reduces the loved frame to a reeking corpse, until love itself is afraid to look upon it—that this sickness, in the purpose of God, may be used to glorify Him in the Person of His Son, Jesus Christ!

It is necessary that we should have some intelligent idea of what is meant

by the glory of God. When you speak about a man's being glorified, you mean that he is had in reputation, that he has established himself in the good opinion of his fellows: his glory is his fame. But God's glory is not His reputation among His creatures; His glory is infinitely more than what men think Him to be. An opal's glory is not its reputation among connoisseurs, nor its golden setting which holds it on the finger of a queen: it is its own inherent beauty which children's eyes may see. The diamond's glory is not the fair figure it adorns: it is its own independent, inseparable, unquenchable light. And the glory of God is not His reputation: it is His character, His nature; God's glory is His own essential nature, what He only is. The history of His dealings with the world is the history of His shining, of His making Himself known, of His self revelation. And in Jesus Christ, the Sun, which in the day-dawn of truth, bathed the dewy grass beneath the patriarchs' feet with beauty; whose later, higher, fuller ray, made the face of Moses radiant; and whose ascending brilliance encircled the prophets' brows with light—in Jesus Christ, the Sun of Truth shines from his zenith, full-orbed: "And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Thus it is through the Word made flesh, by His human relationship, God makes Himself most fully known. In the measure in which He is known as He really is, by men or angels, God is glorified.

As you read this narrative are you not impressed with the disciples' ignorance of the Master's person, of His purpose and power? He might have said then as later, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me Phillip?"—"Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep. Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well. Howbeit Jesus spake of His death; but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep. Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead." And He adds, "And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe." What does He mean? He said to His disciples, "Let us go into Judea again;" and they said, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." They did not know Him! They did not see His glory. And when the word came, "He whom thou lovest is sick," He said in effect, "I am going to take you into a set of circumstances, into a certain situation, which will enable Me to show you Who I am. I am going to draw the veil and let a little of the glory shine; for otherwise you cannot know Me." So, too, man did not and could not know God fully in Eden. The prodigal, after his wanderings, knew the largeness of his father's heart, and the luxury of his enduring love, as even the brother at home did not know. He who is forgiven most will love the most; and redeemed souls will know God better than the angels, and therefore will glorify Him more.

"When he heard therefore that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was." But they said, "Death is coming: death is in hot haste after one whom we love." But He answers, "I shall be there in time." At the grave of Lazarus, and by His own empty sepulchre, Jesus reveals the glory of "the Living God, the King of eternity"—"who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." Quite leisurely the Lord Jesus makes His way back to Bethany; and they meet Him on the way, and they say, "Lord, Thou art too late. If Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." But she did not know that He was "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last;" that He could anticipate the last day and by His almighty fiat banish death. Therefore He comes into the place of storm and tempest, where men and women are convulsed with grief; and His voice of power rises loud and clear above the tumult, "Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go." And, behold, the flesh-walls of human limitations drop away, the barriers of human temporality are dissolved; and we see God at work in the amplitude, the leisure, of unnumbered years; and Jesus of Nazareth grows upon our vision as "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity." Hallelujah!

Did He not know that death was coming to Eden? Did the serpent move so quietly, and speak so softly in Eden that God did not hear him? Did He not know that Death was on the track of the man He had made? Why did He not make haste? Why did He not prevent it? Had He not been so

great in power and might; had He to measure His days by the rise and set of sun, He might have hastened in His walk to the garden; but He waited for centuries, for millenniums: "He abode two days still in the place where he was," until He was ready to "bring life and immortality to light in the gospel."

It was asked at Bethany, "Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" Have you ever asked that question? Could He not have done otherwise? Why did He wait? Why was He so long in coming? Had they known it, He was even then using this human clay which was called Lazarus to open the eyes of the blind. "I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe. I am glad that I was away that I might give Lazarus time to die." Think of it! "To the intent ye may believe." In principle He says "The most important thing in the universe is that you should believe. The essential thing is that there should be some fixed centre; that there should be some One Who from everlasting to everlasting is the same. There can be no peace; there can be no rest; there can be no order; there can be no good; unless there be some One Who can be believed. And I am dealing with you, if you only knew it, so that you can believe. I am leading you on step by step, from one experience to another; until I bring you to the place where you can believe Me for everything." And when you come to the place where you can believe God absolutely, you are in heaven!

Well, I can partially understand that: can you? I have learned to be glad that He was not there. He promised Martha that if she would believe she should see the glory of God. But the sisters could not see, His glory till their eyes were washed with tears,—and since then tears have often proved lenses to bring God's stars, especially the Bright and Morning Star, nearer than the most powerful telescope could bring them. Had He prevented our tears He might have spared Himself the pain of weeping, but our eyes had never been opened then; we should never have seen the King in the beauty of His self-disclosure; deep had never called unto deep; but for the depth of human folly and ignorance—we had never known the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; and but for the depth of human guilt we had never known the depth of the riches of redeeming grace—deep had never called unto deep, and we had missed the sublimest harmonies, had not His waves and billows gone over the world!

An artist, who had made a reputation for himself as a man of skill, and who had painted many pictures, conceived a picture which he designed should be his masterpiece—his last work which was to establish his fame in the world of art. He laboured on his picture for many months. He had done much; but he could not find a background properly to set off the picture; notwithstanding, he had tried, as he thought, every possible combination of colours. One morning after some hours of labour, he laid aside his brushes and his palette, and walked, almost in despair, out of his studio, to rest his mind; for again his utmost effort had resulted in failure. His little boy, three or four years of age, got out of the nursery away from his nurse, toddled along the hallway, and seeing the door of his father's studio open, as proprietor of the place, walked in. He went up to the easel, and looked at the great picture, and at the paints on the palette, and the brushes which he had seen his father use. He had seen his father put paint on the picture, and why should not he? So, dipping his brush into one colour after another he mixed up the paint, and began putting it on. Presently his nurse missed him and looked all through the house but could not find him. Seeing her master's studio door open, she came to the threshold, and, transfixed with horror at what she saw, cried, "Master, Master, baby's spoiled your picture!" The artist, hearing her, came running from another part of the house. When he came to the door he stood first of all in wonder; and then his look of amazement changed into one of pleasure and infinite satisfaction. He stood there with folded arms and let the boy go on painting. At last he said softly "It is the thing I have long been looking for." Presently he stood beside the child, and putting the little fellow aside very tenderly, he took the brush from his hand, and with a few master strokes brought order out of confusion. Thus baby's blunder was used to establish the father's fame!

It is but a poor illustration; but I am sure of this, that against the background of the world's sin and sorrow, the divine Artist is to display His supreme glory. And I am glad for your sakes, and mine, that He was not there. I am glad of any opportunity for Him to display His faithfulness, His covenant-keeping grace.

What does it mean? What is the meaning of the two empty graves—

the empty grave of Lazarus, and that of which it is but a type, and symbol, the empty grave of Jesus? Does it mean that the rocky, empty sepulchre from which the Saviour rose, is a surer foundation for the feet of faith, than the flowered paths of Eden could possibly have been? If it does, I say again, I am glad that He was not there. For even my little vision can see, thus far, that there can be no heaven for anyone without faith in God. And if immortal faith could not bloom in Eden, it is well worth man's while to have taken a long and painful journey, if the unfading flower of a perfect trust may be gathered from the garden which stretches away from the open, empty sepulchre of Jesus.

I have done when I have told you this: you have read how the great tyrant Napoleon, the murderer of nations, laid Europe waste; how he returned a conqueror from every field of blood. And you remember that our own Wellington was given command of the allied British, Portuguese, and Spanish armies? And you recall how many victories he won in the Peninsular Wars over the French armies, commanded by some of Napoleon's ablest marshals? for which he was accorded a high place of honour by the nations whom he served. And each victory served to establish Wellington in the confidence of the nations whose armies he commanded. But still they could not help asking, "What if he should meet Napoleon himself? Would he prove the equal of that great conqueror?"

But the meeting came at last. On the eve of Waterloo as Napoleon jumped into his carriage to go to the battle, he said, "I am going to measure myself with this Wellington." And he did measure himself with our great English Captain,—with the result that his empire was destroyed, and he was driven into exile never to return. And when the victory of Waterloo was won, Wellington is reported to have exclaimed with great emotion, "Thank God, I have met him at last."

At Bethany and at Calvary, Death, the world's great conqueror, came to measure himself with our Jesus—and Jesus won! Death was driven into exile, his empire destroyed: "Death hath no more dominion over him." His power is broken, and "the last enemy" shall one day be utterly destroyed. Do you not see the great truth,—that hell has done its utmost, and has failed; that Jesus has triumphed over the utmost power of evil? And I am glad that He had His opportunity to the intent we might believe. Christ's grave, the saved sinner's grave is empty. Go my brother! go bury thy sins and thy doubts in the empty sepulchre! There is nothing left for us to do but to believe! The tyrant Death is exiled and soon shall be destroyed. Meanwhile, the monster by God's sovereign pleasure is harnessed to His golden chariot and made to drag His ransomed children up the shining pathway of the skies, and they go home—yes, I have seen them go; and I have heard their spirits singing,

"The earth recedes; it disappears,—
Heaven opens on mine eyes, mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave where is thy victory?
O Death where is thy sting?"

And from beyond the gates of pearl, from beyond the veil, we catch the echo of their music ringing down the skies as they sing, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father: to him—to Him—be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

The Church Calendar

SUNDAY.

For the week beginning Sunday, December 17, 1922.

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.

6.00—Prayer Meeting in Church Parlor.

7.00—Public Worship—The Pastor will preach. Baptism will be administered.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—8.00—Prayer Service.

Wednesday—Junior Mid-Week Service—7.15.

Thursday—Dorcas, 2.30. Tea, 6.30.

The Parliament St. Branch, 250 Parliament St. Sunday: Bible School, 3.00;

Evangelistic Service, conducted by Mr. W. L. McKay, 7.00.

Wednesday, 8.00, Prayer Meeting. Friday, 7.15, Junior Service.