

# The Gospel Witness

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

IN THE INTEREST OF EVANGELICAL TRUTH, BY JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, TORONTO, CAN., AND SENT FOR \$2.00 PER YEAR (UNDER COST), POSTPAID, TO ANY ADDRESS, 5c. PER SINGLE COPY.

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

Address correspondence: The Gospel Witness, 130 Gerrard Street E., Toronto.

Vol. 2

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1923

No. 17

## The Jarvis Street Pulpit

"IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?"

A Sermon by the Pastor.

Preached in Jarvis Street Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, August 26th, 1923.  
(Stenographically reported.)

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger,"—Lamentations 1: 12.

**H**OW doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her: all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies. . . . Jerusalem hath grievously sinned; therefore she is removed." It is thus Jeremiah in the context laments the sorrows that have befallen the daughter of his people. He beholds the broken altar of Israel, its continual fire extinguished; the sanctuary defiled; the walls of her palaces in the hands of the enemy; her gates sunken, her bars destroyed; her king and her princes captives; the law forgotten; the prophets without a vision from God. He sees the Gentiles as they pass by, they clap their hands, they hiss, and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, "Is this the city that men call The perfection of beauty, The joy of the whole earth?"—And the holy city's desolation, and Israel's utter ruin so affect the prophet's pious patriotic soul that he voices the sorrow of the daughter of his people in the pathetic cry of the text: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger."

But Jeremiah looked upon the ruins of a city built by men; the Gentile passers by to whom he called beheld only the ashes of a temple made with hands. They saw a proud nation bow its neck to a foreign yoke; they beheld her king bound with fetters of brass, his eyes put out, and his kingdom de-

stroyed. And that was sorrow enough; a scene tragic enough, to arrest the attention of the most careless observer; pathetic enough to call forth the sympathetic interest of the most callous passer by.

But is there not a prophetic as well as an historic significance in this text? Did He not speak of His body as a temple, was He not the antitype of that "mass of gold and snow"? Was He not the archetype, the original and ultimate of that principle pictured in the cities of refuge? Was He not Himself a King? Was He not more intimately identified with the world's great grief, than was Jeremiah with Jerusalem's? And when I see the veil of that temple rent in twain, the walls of that city besieged by the archers, the Master of monarchs scourged as a culprit, and the Emperor of the universe nailed to the Cross, I take these words from Jeremiah's prophetic lips, and give them to Him to Whom most appropriately they belong. And now above all the Babel sounds of history, this cry rings out from the Cross all down through the ages, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger."

There was never a Prince so royal,  
So worthy of deathless fame;  
There was never a Friend so loyal,  
Such an ocean of love in a name!  
There were never such springs of sweetness,  
Such streams of ineffable bliss,  
Such powers of holy meekness,  
As welled in that heart of His;  
Which moved His hands in kindness,  
O'erflowing His lips with grace,  
Impelling His feet to mercy,  
And suffusing with love His face.

Yet never a fiend did fathom  
Such measureless deeps of shame;  
And never the vilest traitor  
Did bear such a burden of blame!  
There were never such rivers of sorrow,  
There were never such floods of grief,  
As flowed from the hearts of sinners  
Into His, for their relief!  
And where is the heart so hardened,  
And who is so vile as he  
Who beholdeth the Saviour suffer,  
And saith, "It is nothing to me?"

The sorrows of Jesus, therefore, challenge comparison; and the sacrifice of Calvary merits universal attention. To these two observations we shall direct our thought this evening.

I. THE SORROWS OF JESUS CHALLENGE COMPARISON: "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." You will see how incomparable, in the nature of the case, were the sorrows of Jesus, *if you reflect that He was and is God*. Capacity for suffering is, perhaps, the truest measure of a man. There are some natures, so shallow and superficial, that they have but an infinitesimal capacity for pain—that is, for any but physical pain. There are others whose natures are a mighty deep where the rivers of earth's tears may lose themselves. I would remind you that the Lord Jesus was the most perfect man the world has ever known. His was the broadest, the highest, the deepest, the most symmetrical of all human characters; but the measure of his matchless Manhood was infinitized by union with the fathomless deeps of Deity;—though sin had converted the oceans and the rivers into wormwood and gall, His heart was larger than the world.

You have seen, perhaps, the father standing at the graveside of his wife, his little ones around him; and as the casket is lowered into the grave, the fountains of the great deep within are broken up, great tears of sorrow roll down his manly cheeks, and the strong man is convulsed with grief. But the little ones look up and wonder "what papa is crying for?" They, too, will cry,

a little later, when mother does not come to give them their good night kiss; but they will soon cry themselves to sleep, and dream that mother is only sleeping too! Not so the bereaved husband and father, who waters his couch with his tears, and will not be comforted because he knows, as his children cannot know his own and his children's irreparable loss. They sorrow as children; he sorrows as a man. There is sorrow in the cradle over a broken doll; and it is a real sorrow to that little heart; but, O, ye mothers! it is nothing like mother's sorrow when the cradle is empty and the broken dolly's little mother has been carried by the angels beyond the skies. Just as a father's or a mother's tears exceeded in bitterness the tears of their children, so, but infinitely, do the sorrows of Jesus surpass all human woe. Let it never be forgotten that it was into the hands of God the nails were driven; let it never be forgotten that it was into the feet of God the nails were forced; that it was on the brow of Incarnate Deity the crown of thorns was pressed; that it was before Him Who was Himself God, man bowed in mockery; that it was into the face of God men rebelliously spat; that it was in the sovereign hand of God they placed in mockery a reed; that, at last it was into the very heart of God sin drove its spear! That must have been a veritable deluge of grief which broke to the overflow the heart of the Son of God. When I remember that it was the Son of the Eternal Who was with the Father before the worlds were,—that it was He Who bowed His head and gave up the ghost, well do I know that there never can be sorrow like unto His sorrow.

And now add to the volume of His Deity, *the vicariousness of His suffering*, the fact that He suffered for others, and you will see how pertinent is the inquiry of the text: "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." He died beneath the weight of the iniquities of the whole world.

And we read of a place "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched;" of a place where "the smoke of their torment ascended up for ever and ever;" "these shall go away into everlasting punishment;" we read of a "lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." I do not know what these things mean. I would not attempt to expound such a terrible phrase as this: "Sodom and Gomorrha . . . are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." I pray God nobody in this house may ever know what it means. Dimly I apprehend this truth, that sin is eternal in its nature and consequence: "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned"—and there is no end to it; it goes on—and on—and on. I do not know what the Scripture means by a "bottomless pit," except that sin needs infinity in which to do its deadly and its damnable work. If you and I could see sin as it is; if we understood the meaning of that awful tragedy; we should, I fear, despair of ever receiving forgiveness. But whatever it means, whatever the significance of hell, Jesus Christ died to save us from it. And if there be no such place, if there be no future reckoning, no time at which God will bring all men to account, then the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ were a denial of the moral government of the universe. He died "the just for the unjust"; He came "to give His life a ransom for many." Suppose a man is sentenced by a military court to receive forty-nine lashes. Suppose one thousand men found guilty of some misdemeanour are similarly sentenced. And suppose one man volunteers to receive the forty-nine thousand lashes himself that the nine hundred and ninety-nine may go free. But you cry, "It would be impossible. He would die ere half the lashes had fallen, ere half the penalty were paid." Of course he would. Have you ever wondered that Jesus did not die in Gethsemane? Others have sweat drops of blood in hours of extreme anguish, but invariably they died. Jesus alone survived such grief as that. Had He been a man only, your forty-nine lashes would have killed him without mine, or mine without yours. It was because He is God that He was able to die for us all. Unitarianism can provide no atonement. What this sin-sick world needs is a vision of a suffering God, a knowledge of the vicariousness of the death of Christ. I beg of you to hold fast to that great truth. I hope we shall none of us ever be ashamed to sing—

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood."

Oh, "it is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul"! And only the blood of Him "who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life," only the blood which is the wealth of all worlds in solution, can possibly pay the price of your redemption and mine.

And now for a moment *contrast His original glory with the shame of the cross*. It was the fact that Jerusalem which now lay in ruins had been the city which men called, "The perfection of beauty, The joy of the whole earth," that intensified her sorrow, and aggravated her shame. The measure of her present humiliation is the measure of her former exaltation, the measure of her sorrow the measure of its contrast with her former joy. The most fine gold was changed, the gold become dim, the precious sons of Zion comparable to the most fine gold were esteemed as earthen pitchers. They who had fed delicately were desolate in the streets, and they who had been clothed in scarlet embraced dunghills. It was this great contrast that made her feel the incomparableness of her woe. None had descended so low, because none had soared so high. And you see that principle illustrated every day. I heard of a man who was so reduced in circumstances that he had to somehow or another manage to make ends meet on twenty thousand a year. He was very poor; he hardly knew how to get along; and he had to cut down his benefactions in many directions. He really felt himself to be a hardly used man. And I heard somebody speak of it somewhat scornfully, as though they would suggest that a man who could not live comfortably on twenty thousand a year ought not to live at all. I suppose most people would feel like that; but, after all, it is quite possible that such an one would suffer far more than a man who had never known the luxuries of life. I have seen a beggar who possibly through all his life had never known what it was to have a week's supply in hand. If he had enough to satisfy his hunger when the next mealtime came around, he had no anxiety about the future. He drifted along a mendicant through life, and that was all he wanted. He had never known anything better. But if you take a man from some exalted situation, and reduce him to a condition like that, the contrast with his former experience is so great, he suffers immeasurably more than one who has never had experience of the heights. Similarly, my dear friends, there never was any one so reduced in station as was the Lord Jesus. When we read of the ex-Kaiser in his comparatively humble position as an exile in a foreign land, while we can scarcely offer him our pity, yet there is a pathetic aspect to it all, that any human soul should so have missed the meaning of life as he. Read of Napoleon at Elba, or at St. Helena, or any others who have sat upon the thrones of the world, and who have lost their crowns and kingdoms; and not one of them did ever explore such depths as the Lord Jesus. O, ye angels! Come measure me this infinite stoop—

"From the highest throne in glory  
To the Cross of deepest woe!"

Those nails had no power to wound other hands as they did His, Who laid the foundations of the earth, Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. The thorns could wound no other brow as they did that brow upon which had rested the diadem of heaven. Those cries of "Crucify Him!" the curses of the multitude, would have made no music even in our ears; but who can tell what excruciating torment they were to Him in whose ears there still were ringing, the songs and anthems and choruses, the mighty, holy, hallelujahs of the skies!

And you will see that *the Saviour's sorrow belonged to the day of the Lord's fierce anger in a deeper sense than did Jerusalem's*. Nations and individuals have been given earnestness of the divine judgments, just as the saints are afforded foretastes of bliss. But "the day of the Lord's fierce anger"—"the day of His wrath" is not yet. There is a sense in which even the lost in hell do not know fully the pains of judgment yet. We have scriptural warrant for believing that the condition of those who pass from this life into the future

without Christ, is a state of woe indescribable. But there is a still more terrible day in prospect for the wicked; for there is a day when soul and body are to be reunited, and when men are to be judged according to the things done in the body; when they are to suffer not only in their minds and in their spirits but in their bodies. There is a resurrection unto condemnation; and in that dread day men will taste of death as they never have tasted it yet, and as no one can taste it until their complete nature of spirit, soul, and body—partners in iniquity, shall be partners in suffering under the fearful wrath of an offended God. But our Lord Jesus anticipated the judgment of the great white throne. I read—and I do not know what it means, but I beg of you to ponder it—I read that He “tasted death for every man”—He tasted death as no human soul has ever yet tasted death, but as all men must taste it who reject Him, and who “drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation.”

Among the multitudes whose hearts ingratitude has broken, whom shame has crushed, bereavement bruised, or treachery betrayed, Jesus is incomparably the chief. A lonely Nansen was He, exploring the summerless region behind the back of God, where the rays of divine love never fall, where the beautiful feet of mercy never come. A solitary Columbus was He, sailing the ocean of sorrow, braving the billows of wrath, and treading with bleeding feet the hitherto undiscovered continents of infinite grief and pain. O Gethsemane! Thou has never had a rival! The shade of thine olives is still the deepest that ever wrapped a human soul about. And among the mountains of suffering, upon whose unsheltered, devoted, summits have broken tempests of trouble and tornadoes of pain, Calvary still stands out in unrivalled pre-eminence. For ever the Lord Jesus remains in splendid isolation, as the Prince of sorrows, the King of griefs, and the Emperor of woes! “Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.”

II. We come now to this further observation: **THE SACRIFICE OF CALVARY MERITS UNIVERSAL ATTENTION.** Let me speak a word first to *you who are not numbered among the passers by*. Christian, you profess that the Cross has arrested your attention. You have stood by the Cross of Jesus. You have learned something of its meaning. To-night, I ask you a great question: What does it mean to you that Jesus died? What changes has that great truth made in your life? To what extent do you feel its influence to-night? The unutterable sorrows of Jesus mean something to you, but how much? What does it mean to you that the Lord Jesus went down into the grave and explored the lowest depths of the bottomless pit, and the deepest shades of the outer darkness, and tasted the wrath of God? What have you done for Him? In what relationship do you stand to Him to-night? Our churches are crowded with members who dare to profess that they have seen the blood. But what difference does it make? There are men who will not give up their cards even in face of the blood. A man says, “I will have my pleasures notwithstanding the blood.” Men will give themselves with whole-hearted devotion to the affairs of the world notwithstanding the blood. Yonder is a man who sees others deny the Lord Jesus, repudiate this Book, bring dishonour upon the Word of God, but because of his social and business relationships, or because, in some cases, of his ecclesiastical position, because of the position he occupies in the denomination,—notwithstanding he says he has seen the blood, he has not courage enough to stand for Christ against the world, the flesh, and the Devil. What is Christ to you? Is He more than father and mother, more than wife and children, more than all the honours and preferences this world can confer upon you? Are you willing to go down into the grave with Him as these believers professed to have done to-night? Are you ready to say with Paul, “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ?” Why? “By whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world”—between me and the old life stands the blood-red cross, and since He died for me, I never can be the same man again. Is that what it means to be a Christian? I challenge you in the Name of the Lord to face that Cross this evening, and put an estimate upon the precious blood, and to answer before God what difference that Cross is making in your life.

A friend of mine told me the story of a fireman who travelled out of Montreal. The engineer was not a Christian; and for a long time that fireman tried to get up courage to speak to his mate and ask him if he were a Christian. And one day as the engineer was waiting at a junction point for another train, they took advantage of their leisure to eat their lunch. The fireman felt that now was

his opportunity. He turned to his engine mate and asked him if he had ever given consideration to the claims of Christ; and his mate said, "Yes, a little." "Well, what do you think about Him?" "Oh," he said, "I do not know. He does not interest me very much." The other began to preach to him, but the man had no interest. And then he began to ask him why it was nothing to him. The engineer had a little tissue paper bag out of which he was eating some biscuits. It was before the war my story belongs, because the biscuits were ten cents a pound! I do not think you can buy anything for ten cents nowadays. But at all events, he was sitting there eating his lunch, and he said: "Well, it is just like this: You know my wife is a Christian, a member of the church. She is a good woman, and I think the best wife in the world. I am not criticizing at all; but I do what every wise man does, when pay-day comes, I hand over all my wages to my wife. She is a better manager than I am. She banks the money, and I never ask her what she does with it. She knows she has perfect freedom to do what she likes with that money." And the fireman asked, "Well, what has that to do with it?" He took a biscuit out of the bag, and held it up, and he said, "Well, according to my wife's estimate, Jesus Christ is worth to her one pound of these biscuits per week. That is what she gives for her religion." And he added: "If Jesus Christ is worth no more than ten cents a week, I think I can do without Him." The principle underlying it all being that every day we live we are, in the presence of the ungodly, putting an estimate upon the cross. Therefore remember next time you go to the theatre; next time you engage dishonestly in business; or the next time you instruct somebody in your employ to turn a sharp corner to increase the profits; remember that when you disregard the principles of the Lord Jesus you are, in the view of those about you, by so much estimating the value of Christ, teaching men to regard Him as necessary to life, or as One about Whom they need not be much concerned.

Let me address a word to you who are unconverted, you who up to this present time have said, "It is nothing to me." Why is it nothing to you? Is there one of those superior men here this evening who would tell me, if I gave him opportunity to speak back from the pew, that he is too refined to subscribe to that doctrine of the shambles, that he has long since advanced beyond the gospel of the slaughter-house? That is taught from professors' chairs; and how utterly foolish it is, not only theologically but psychologically too! What makes the theatre popular? What makes the latest novel of the day popular? What gave to that great actress whom they called "the divine Sarah" her great fame? Her portrayal of the tragedies of life. I do not go to the movies, but I see the signs outside, and they are nearly all scenes of violence, crime, and bloodshed. Let it but be known that some great catastrophe has occurred, involving a great loss of life, and the newspapers must run off an extra edition to supply the popular demand. Let it be known that two men, so-called, are going to stand opposite each other and batter each other like animals in the jungle until the blood flows freely, and so-called civilized people will pay fifty dollars a seat, and look over acres of humanity through glasses to see that bloody spectacle. And some philosophical simpleton tells me that if I want to interest people I have to give up preaching the doctrine of the blood! Whatever be the explanation, that is not the explanation of human indifference to the cross of Christ. Do not bring it forward again if you would retain your reputation, not only for intelligence but for simple sanity. With all the facts of human life and history before you, be it remembered that men are not indifferent to scenes of blood.

The same is true of human suffering. I could this evening, if I had a tale to tell of somebody suffering yonder in the hospital, some woman bereft of her husband, without food, without means of support; if I had sufficient ability to portray it eloquently and appeal to your hearts, your hands would go down and you would pour out your money for a suffering body. There was no difficulty in getting money for the Red Cross. But here is the story of the greatest Sufferer in all history. Why is it nothing to you? I heard a young man say once—he is a preacher in this city, preaches ably in many ways, although I do not agree with him, and I do not suppose he cares—but I heard him say that there are two ways of preaching Christ; one is to sing, "Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe," and put people to sleep; and the other—and he drew himself up—is to appeal to the heroic, and to bid men stand upon their feet and play the man. But you cannot appeal to the heroic if the first be not true. For Jesus was no hero if He did not die for us all; He was a mistaken man; He was Himself deceived. But the way to appeal to the heroic, my friend, is to put the Cross

in the foreground, and to give it its true significance as the vicarious sacrifice of the Son of God. If there are men here this evening who would play the hero, enlist in the service of the Lord Jesus. Somebody said before the war, what the world needed was the moral equivalent of war. If that be so, get in the train of the Son of God, and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and you shall have the moral equivalent of war. But, oh, what a Saviour and what a Hero He is! I have no quarrel with the idealists, I have no objection to those who talk about the moral influence of the Atonement, providing they first preach the vicarious Atonement. The moral influence is but a half-truth. But it is that. He left us "an example, that we should follow His steps"; and if you want to play the man, then follow after Jesus.

If you were to learn to-night that one of the tallest buildings in the city were on fire, and your way lay past the place; and if as you reach it, you hear that in the topmost story some one is cut off from escape, you hear the call for volunteers, and as the ladder is reared against the tottering wall, some brave fellow springs forth to the rescue. He ascends round over round until the window-sill is reached. Within it is burning like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace—but, nothing daunted, he steps over the sill. Would it be nothing to you? But, see! he emerges bearing in his strong arms the unconscious but living form of the one he jeopardized his life to save. And now he begins his perilous descent. Would you go on your way and say, "It is nothing to me?" or would you wait with the multitude in breathless silence till he had reached a place of safety, and then join in the tumultuous "well done"?

This is the story of One Who descended into the crater of Sinai, the hottest volcano that ever burned, down, down, where fiercely raged the wrath of an offended God. And anon He emerged bearing in His almighty arms the trophy of His grace, crying, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" But why do you not cheer? "Is it nothing to you?" You admire David. That was magnificent daring when he went to meet Goliath, laid him low, and routed all his army. But that is only a type—a picture of what Jesus did:

"O loving wisdom of our God!  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight,  
And to the rescue came.

"O wisest love! that flesh and blood,  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against the foe,  
Should strive and should prevail."

Single-handed, He met the serried hosts of hell championed by Satan himself; He met them at the cross; He bruised the serpent's head; He put His triumphant heel upon the neck of death, and with His wounded hand extracted its sting; He robbed the grave of victory, and sin of its power. And still men are indifferent to that! I could go on and on and tell you about the golden City, and the people who are there. I think if I never got there myself, I would praise the Lord Jesus for what He has done for others. There is a mother, and she has not any doubt that her darling baby is safe in the great Shepherd's arms. She cannot be sure where all her children are; but she knows where that child is. And some husband whose wife has gone home. I was at a dying bed only a week ago—with one who has preached in this pulpit, shortly before the companion of his life went home. She said to me, "Hold my hand"; and I did for two hours. And all she could say in her agony was, "It is all right. It is all right." And just a week ago this morning, hardly able to speak, they heard her say, "Jesus, Jesus, give me grace to die." Oh, how often we have seen it! What if we had no Jesus? What if there were no gospel of the blood? What if there were no assurance of a blessed hereafter? Is it nothing to you? I long even to this day

"For the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

And sometimes I almost imagine that I can hear it. There is a little article in this week's *Witness* of my father's. I used to hear him preach. He was my

Pastor, and my Theological Professor; and I think all I have ever learned, I learned from him. We talked together of the Lord Jesus; and just before he went home he asked us to sing—

“The sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks;  
The summer morn I’ve sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn, awakes:  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel’s land.”

And sometimes we seem to catch the music of his voice still, joined in that great chorus. You remember those words of Pope:

“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?”

What a glorious triumph the death-bed of a Christian is, as we hear such words as these coming from their fainting lips!

Oh, my brethren, there are so many reasons why we should praise the Lord Jesus. But I must close with this, and tell you why men are indifferent to the cross of Christ. Down in the city yonder men and women are coming from their offices; the main thoroughfares are crowded, and people are jostling each other on their homeward way trying to get to their cars. The boys are crying their papers—“Paper, sir? All about the murder!” And instantly there is a new interest. People who have their papers at home, or who are unaccustomed to reading one, can scarcely wait. The boys are handing them out, and still they cry here and there and everywhere, “All about the murder!” And there is one man passing by to whom the boy says, “Paper, sir? All about the murder”; but he is quite indifferent, and shakes his head, and walks on. Presently he comes to another boy, who says, “Paper, sir? All about the murder;” but he does not care. He turns the corner of the street; and if you could see him, he quickens his step as soon as he turns the corner. And still the cry follows him. He turns another corner, and still another, and when no one is looking, he breaks into a run, and he goes on and on, but still he hears the cry, “Paper, sir? All about the murder.” The one indifferent man in the city! But is he? He knows more about the murder than the papers can tell him—that is why! And you know, the cross of the Lord Jesus is not unrelated to your sin. It is a feigned indifference, or an indifference that is the result of spiritual blindness. Oh, that God would open our eyes! Then the cross of Christ may mean, will mean, must mean forgiveness of sins, restoration to divine favour, the peace of God passing all understanding here and eternal life hereafter.

“Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

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### THE MINISTRY OF SILENCE.

“The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness,” but more often the Lord speaks to His people softly. We are accustomed to associate great movements with great noises. But the spring comes silently. The orchards and the vineyards are clothed with fruit while people sleep. Of Solomon’s temple, which was divinely planned, it is said there was not heard the sound of hammer, axe, or any tool of iron while it was in building. Most of us are fond of making a noise with our hammers. It is well, however, to learn both the importance and value of being quiet before the Lord. Incessant talkers find no leisure for thought. It is wise to think much and speak little.



**T**HE publication of this paper as a missionary enterprise is made possible by the gifts of members of Jarvis Street Church and others, and is sent to subscribers by mail for \$2.00 (under cost) per year. If any of the Lord's stewards who read this have received blessing, we shall be grateful for any thank-offering you may be able to send to The Witness Fund at any time; and especially for your prayers that the message of The Witness may be used by the Holy Spirit for the defence of the Faith, the salvation of souls, and the exaltation of Christ. As our funds make it possible, we hope to add to our free list, from time to time, the names of ministers at home and missionaries abroad.

## EDITORIAL

### THE BAPTIST BIBLE UNION URGENTLY NEEDED.

It is becoming increasingly evident that between modernism and the religion of the Bible, "there is a great gulf fixed." It were folly to close our eyes to the facts of the case. The principles of modernism, the methods by which they are propagated, and the spirit shown by modernists when they are effectively opposed, all go to show that modernism is positively anti-Christian. We have said this before, but we repeat it for the sake of emphasis. There are many sincere Christians who are religious pacifists. They are averse to contention of any sort, or for any reason. They want peace and are prepared to pay any price for its possession. We are compelled to believe that the reason for this attitude in the main is that many of our people have not yet awakened to the perils of the hour. They allow themselves to be persuaded that modernism is only a new dress for the old truth, and that its tenets demand the sacrifice of nothing that is really vital. If once the people can be led to see that modernism in the end involves the sacrifice of every fundamental of the faith, they will not be long in gathering to the defence of the truth.

What then is the principle that is fundamental to modernism? What is the root from which all these errors spring? We believe that can be answered in one word—Evolution. President Faunce's pronouncement in "The World's Work" on "What are the Fundamentals?" makes it perfectly clear that in his view the whole controversy hinges upon the doctrine of Evolution. That accepted, belief in the divine inspiration and authority of the Bible is at an end. And when the Scriptures are put on one side, it is, of course, an easy matter to dispose of every inconvenient doctrine they teach.

The Baptist Bible Union is attempting to rally all Baptists who believe the Bible to be the Word of God in one great fellowship. When this is done, it is proposed that the Bible Union shall be an army on the march. Attempts have been made to placate the modernists, to find some middle ground of agreement; but all such efforts have made it clear that the only way to deal with modernism effectively is to fight it. To do this it will be necessary to enlist not a few leaders only, but the rank and file of the whole Baptist Brotherhood of America.

Such publicity as has been given to the work of the Union up to date has brought the most favourable results. The thing we hoped for is now becoming abundantly evident—the people are interested. We are receiving communications daily practically from all over America, and from people of all ranks and conditions in life. Many of them are saying that they thank God for the Baptist Bible Union. Many of them have been praying for just such an organization to be established. Furthermore, we are learning that the unrest prevailing in our own denomination obtains in other denominations as well. We have had a number of communications from people who are not Baptists, enquiring whether any others than Baptists are eligible for membership in the Union. All this would seem to show that the Baptist Denomination in America, at this present hour, is facing one of the greatest opportunities of its existence. The denomination that will magnify the Word of the Lord and insist upon the authority of Scripture will command the attention of true believers of every name in this day of religious declension. This has many local illustrations.

The church that preaches the Word uncompromisingly will find a place for itself in public respect; and the same is true of the denomination at large. The policy of the Baptist Bible Union, therefore, is not only theologically sound, but it is psychologically sound, too.

We are also discovering that there is a growing apprehension in the minds of multitudes of Baptists in respect to the soundness of our Foreign Mission enterprises. In many parts of the United States, churches are withholding their gifts. The people are feeling that it is wrong to entrust their money to modernist control. And we feel perfectly sure that the day is not far distant when our Foreign Mission Boards will have to give to the people unmistakable assurance that their money is being used for the support of missionaries who are true to the Gospel, in order to maintain their revenues.

From all reports that we have read from the World's Baptist Congress at Stockholm, it appears to us that the Baptists of the world are overwhelmingly conservative. The incident to which we referred last week, the shouting down of Dr. A. C. Dixon, and the violation of sound principles of parliamentary procedure in order to defeat Dr. Dixon's resolution, is illustrative of the methods of modernism everywhere. We do not read that Judas Iscariot ever made a public speech. His only recorded words are contained in his criticism of Mary in her offering of spikenard, and in his approach to the enemies of Christ enquiring the price of betrayal, and his despairing confession when his dreadful deed was done. Judas does his work as a member of a committee and behind closed doors. And modernism accomplishes its purpose by electing its representatives to denominational boards and committees, and to the teaching staffs of universities and colleges.

What is needed to-day is that the Baptist people of America should be informed of the present dangerous situation, and that the conservatives among them should then unite their forces in a determination to clean house. We believe this can be done. This is, indeed, the programme of the Baptist Bible Union of America. We do not hesitate to announce that we are a militant body. We are not organizing for a picnic but for war. Our appeal is not to the coward and the poltroon, but to heroic spirits who are ready to dare everything for the honour of the Name they love.

Toronto will be greatly favoured in having the opportunity of hearing from such great Baptist leaders as are announced on another page what they themselves know of the present situation in the Baptist world.

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### THE CHURCHES AND MODERNISM.

"Modernism and other delusive doctrines are drawing away thousands from the churches," writes Mr. John Warren, of Lowestoft, in the *Christian*. "I heard Rev. A. Douglas Brown, in an address here recently, say that in a short time he did not expect the pure Gospel to be preached, and that it would not be a mere question of having to go out bearing Christ's reproach, but that we should be 'kicked out.' The words of the apostle Peter come with force to us in these days, 'Ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness.'" In connection with this, we learn that modernism is gaining ground throughout Canada. Dr. T. T. Shields, minister of the historic Jarvis Street Baptist Church, who is a stalwart defender of the Bible, last year arraigned the Faculty of McMaster University (of which he is a governor) for teaching doctrines opposed to those set forth in the trust-deeds. For a sermon on "Worldliness in the Churches" he was reproached by certain of his deacons, who demanded his resignation. A church resolution to this effect being twice defeated, they withdrew their fellowship, and with 340 members organized a church after their own hearts elsewhere. Their prediction was that in six months Jarvis would close down for want of funds, "but God . . ." Within that period the church experienced a revival which, after eighteen months, is still in progress, says the latest report. The membership is stronger than before the defection; congregations are larger than ever; finances have improved; conversions are frequent; whilst peace and concord prevail.—From *The Christian Herald*, London, England.

The article above is fairly correct, except that it was certain members of the Board of Governors, rather than the Faculty of McMaster University, who were under fire.

## GREAT NEWS.

On Wednesday and Thursday, September 12th and 13th, the Executive Committee of the Baptist Bible Union of North America will meet in Jarvis Street Church. Their committee meetings will, of course, be private; but there will be great public meetings in Jarvis Street Church, which will be addressed by the following outstanding Baptist leaders. A few words about the personnel of this Committee will be of interest to all our readers.

Dr. A. C. Dixon, formerly Pastor of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, is one of the members, and will speak in Jarvis Street while in Toronto. Dr. Dixon is one of the most popular preachers in the world, and is greatly beloved by all who know him. He is well-known in Jarvis Street, and his name will be sufficient to pack the building with eager listeners.

Dr. R. E. Neighbour is a Bible teacher of wide repute in the United States. He has spoken on more than one occasion in Toronto, and is recognized as a great preacher of the Word.

Dr. J. Frank Norris, of Fort Worth, Texas, is one of the most widely known men in America; and, perhaps, there is no man whom Modernists more fear or more cordially hate. He is Pastor of a church of over six thousand members, which has a Sunday School with an attendance of over four thousand six hundred. Dr. Norris will be present, and will speak probably on Thursday evening.

Dr. Wm. L. Pettingill is Dean of the Philadelphia School of the Bible. He is a great preacher and teacher, and will be heard with great delight by people of Toronto.

Dr. W. B. Riley, of Minneapolis, needs no introduction to a Toronto audience. He, too, is one of the most widely known preachers in America, and is always greeted by great audiences wherever he goes.

Dr. O. W. Van Osdel is Pastor of the great Wealthy Street Baptist Church, Grand Rapids, where he has done a remarkable work. The building he has erected is a triumph of church architecture. He has a great Sunday School, and a great membership, which is noted for its intense missionary zeal.

Mr. E. C. Miller is not a preacher, but is an outstanding Christian layman of New York. He is a member of the Calvary Baptist Church, and was responsible for the establishment of the First Baptist Church in Jerusalem.

The name of any one of these preachers and teachers is enough to assemble great crowds of people almost anywhere in America. It is a most unusual thing to have six men of this calibre on the platform at the same time. Full announcement of the programme of public services will be made through the daily press.

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## PARLIAMENT STREET RE-OPENING.

The main auditorium of Parliament Street Branch has been handsomely re-decorated. The money for this improvement has been raised by the Parliament Street workers themselves. Sunday and Monday will be observed as re-opening days. Sunday afternoon will be Rally Day in the Sunday School, and Mr. P. E. Roberts will be the special speaker, and Mrs. R. B. Whitehead will sing. In the evening Rev. W. L. McKay will be assisted by the Rev. C. W. King of Mount Pleasant Road Baptist Church, former Pastor of Parliament Street. On Monday evening at 8 o'clock, we hope to have

## EVERY MEMBER AT PARLIAMENT STREET.

The Pastor of Jarvis Street will speak briefly. We shall have a warm spiritual service. It is hoped also that the Rev. C. M. and Mrs. Carew—greatly beloved by everybody—will be present. Opportunity will be given to inspect the building; and it will be a rare chance for the Jarvis Street members to see what is being done at Parliament Street. Come one! Come all!

# A GREAT WEEK

MONDAY, 8 o'clock

**EVERY MEMBER AT PARLIAMENT STREET BRANCH**

TUESDAY, 8 o'clock

**DR. W. L. PETTINGILL and DR. A. C. DIXON or  
DR. R. E. NEIGHBOUR**

WEDNESDAY, 8 o'clock

**DR. O. W. VAN OSDEL and DR. W. B. RILEY**

THURSDAY, 8 o'clock

**DR. A. C. DIXON and DR. J. FRANK NORRIS**

FRIDAY, 8 o'clock

**DR. R. E. NEIGHBOUR and DR. W. L. PETTINGILL**

The above arrangements are tentative, as we are not sure, when going to press, about the Tuesday and Friday appointments; we are only sure that (D.V.) all the above-named distinguished preachers will speak at some time during the week.

SATURDAY, 8 o'clock

**A GREAT MEETING FOR PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING.**

## **JARVIS STREET CHURCH DIRECTORY.**

**T. T. Shields, Pastor, 96 Winchester Street. Tel. Randolph 0628.**  
**George Greenway, Treasurer, 28 Broadway Avenue. Tel. Hudson 0910.**  
**Violet Stoakley, Church Clerk and Office Secretary. Tel. M. 5670.**  
**W. J. Hutchinson, Sunday School Superintendent, 295 George St. Tel. M. 3321.**  
**C. Leonard Penny, Director of Music, 1139 St. Clair Avenue W. Tel. Ken. 0557.**  
**William Fraser, Pastor's Secretary, 40 Nanton Ave. Tel. Randolph 1268.**

## **The Church Calendar**

**Sunday.** For the week beginning Sunday, Sept. 9th, 1923.  
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.  
9.00—The Pastor will preach in open air on church grounds.  
**Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—8 o'clock—Great public meetings, addressed by Drs. Dixon, Neighbour, Norris, Pettingill, Riley and Van Osdel. Prayer-meeting each evening from 7.15 to 7.45 in the Parlor.**  
**Saturday—8 o'clock—Usual prayer meeting.**  
**The Parliament St. Branch, 250 Parliament St. Sunday: Bible School, 3.00; Rally Day. Evangelistic Service, 7.00—Rev. W. L. McKay, assisted by Rev. C. W. King.**  
**Monday—8 o'clock—Every member of Jarvis Street at Parliament Street re-opening.**