

# The Gospel Witness

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

IN THE INTEREST OF EVANGELICAL TRUTH, BY JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, TORONTO, CAN., AND SENT FOR \$1.00 PER YEAR (UNDER COST), POSTPAID, TO ANY ADDRESS, 5c. PER SINGLE COPY.

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PASTOR AND EDITOR

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

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## The Jarvis Street Pulpit

HOW TO BE HOSPITABLE TO THE TRUTH.

A Sermon by the Pastor.

Preached in Jarvis St. Church, Toronto, Sunday morning, September 2nd, 1923.  
(Stenographically reported).

And it fell on a day, that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman; and he constrained him to eat bread. And so it was, that as oft as he passed by, he turned thither to eat bread.

And she said unto her husband, Behold now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually.

Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick: and it shall be when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither.

And it fell on a day, that he came thither, and he turned into the chamber, and lay there.

And he said to Gehazi his servant, Call this Shunammite. And when he had called, she stood before him.

And he said unto him, Say now unto her, Behold, thou hast been careful for us with this care; what is to be done for thee? wouldst thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host? And she answered, I dwell among mine own people.

—II. Kings, 4: 8-13.

"all the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again"; so whatsoever things are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and if there be virtue, and any praise, these have their source and end in Christ. He is the ocean whence all goodness rises to be distilled in rain and dews of heaven, and He is the end to Whose attraction every virtuous impulse of the soul is due.

That we are safe in identifying any and every "man of God" with the Jesus Christ, for it is He Who makes him a "man of God." We should be justified in finding Christ in this narrative, even if we had no specific biblical warrant for calling Elisha a type of Christ. Indeed, I venture to say that this chapter has a special significance and has particular teaching for us, as it could not have if it were found in the New Testament; for there

are Old Testament elements in every Christian life. That is to say, He comes to us still anonymously. He comes to us in types and in shadows as well as in the clearer and more direct revelation of His Saviourhood.

I. And so I want to use this story, first of all, to illustrate **THE HOLY PRIVILEGE WHICH BELONGS TO EVERY ONE OF US OF EXTENDING HIS HANDS TO THE TRUTH.**

The text is the story of a hospitably disposed woman, who is known as "a great woman." In what respects was this Shunammite "a great woman?" She was not in any sense a public character. She lived a quiet, unobtrusive, and obscure life. She was a housewife; she cared for the things of her household. She dwelt among her own people. And yet, although she was not conspicuous in the life of the nation, the inspired writer describes her as "a great woman." Wherein, then, lay her greatness? First of all in this, that she had the wisdom to recognize the messenger of truth. That is the beginning of wisdom. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Elisha came, without a name, without credentials. He came as a stranger without introduction, and his hospitality. The door of her humble home was thrown wide to welcome him, and he was hospitably received for his own sake; for she perceived what other people did not perceive, that there was a divine quality about him. She was in communication with Heaven, that he was in very truth the messenger of God. She said, "I perceive that this is an holy man of God, who will be with us continually. Let him find in Shunem one place of welcome, and he will have a home with us." And thus, my dear friends, the Lord Jesus Christ comes to us in the person of His representatives. He comes to us through the lips of His own Word, through the precepts and promises of His Word. And they are the wise men and the wise women whose hearts are open to receive the truth by whatsoever messenger the truth may come. There are many who do not so receive the truth, the doors of whose minds are fastened by pride and prejudice. Will you refuse to listen to the song because you do not know the singer's name? Will you refuse to hear or to read the Word because for some strange reason you are prejudiced against the messenger? Will you refuse to open your letter because you do not like the postman's hair, or because of some peculiarity in his walk? Will you refuse to receive God's Word, the principles of His gospel, when they come to you through the lips of those who may bring them? Are you prepared to receive the Lord Jesus Christ when He comes anonymously? There is never a chance for a gracious and kindly word, there is never the knock or the knock at the door of the mind, but the sound of the Master's voice, and He will enter by the open door. We are thronged with messengers. Is it not said of the angels, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Jesus meant, I think, when He said: "He that receiveth you and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me. He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward. He that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man shall receive a righteous man's reward. And whosoever shall give to drink of cold water only in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward." We, too, have the privilege of receiving the message of truth as it comes to us, even as it came to the woman of Shunem, of long ago.

... this woman not only recognized the "man of God" for w

ered him a generous, a cordial hospitality. It is said, "She constrained  
to eat bread." She did not give him a mere formal invitation, but she  
led him to make his home with her. I remember some years ago going  
to a certain place to hold some evangelistic services. I had been there for a  
few days when our Brother Brownlee, whom you all know, came to lead the  
service. When the service was over, we were accustomed to walk along  
the main street of the town in company with the Pastor to a certain corner  
where he turned to go down to his home. And I remember the first night  
Brother Brownlee and I walked along with this good brother, when we  
reached the corner he said exactly what he had said to me every night when I  
was there alone. Looking down in the direction of his home, he said, "Well,  
how do you won't come down, will you?" And after he had gone Brother  
Brownlee looked at me and said enquiringly, "Was that an invitation to go  
home, or to go home?" "Well," I said, "that is what I have been wonder-  
ing the last few nights. Needless to say I have not accepted his invitation."  
In the way some people invite you to dinner. But when people invite us  
to dinner, we usually say no, don't we? And there is a way, of course, of  
completely shutting the door against the truth, but no Christian does that.  
There is a possibility, too, of extending to it a grudging, a reluctant hos-  
pitality. There are some people you have to persuade to believe things; you  
have to argue the point with them. The "man of God" must stand almost like  
a guard agent at the door, and then force his way in. But when one is  
hospitably disposed toward the truth, as was this Shunammite, the door is  
naturally wide open, and he says, "Come in. I am glad to see you."  
Thus, my dear friends, we may welcome the truth in every good book we  
read, in every noble impulse born of the Spirit of God, in every testimony  
given, and in the power of God's grace—in every promise and precept of this holy  
Scripture we may be hospitably disposed toward the truth as it is in Jesus. And  
just as we do, we shall find, as did this Shunammite, that *our Elders love  
the truth, and coming they stay with us a while*. For it is said, "that as oft as  
he was called by, he turned in thither." He knew where he was welcome. He  
went without embarrassment to this door; and he knew they would be glad to  
receive him within. It is possible to close our ears against the truth, I say, or to  
receive the truth so reluctantly that often the things which are good, and pure,  
and honest, and lovely, and of good report, pass us by. Somebody recom-  
mends to you a book from which they had received some great blessing.  
When you read it, or tried to read it, you said, "I found no interest in it  
at all." Somebody expressed enthusiasm for the Word of the Lord; but  
you declare that it is a task for you to study the Bible. Some people there  
to come eagerly to the house of God, and who can scarcely wait for  
the Lord to come. There are others to whom the sermon is always more or less  
irksome. And, of course, they say it is the fault of the Book; the Book had  
no message. And as for the Bible, there are parts of it, they say, they think  
they can do without. As for the sermon, some man says, "I think twenty  
minutes ought to be the limit." It ought to be the limit for you, my friend.  
I remember hearing that once when Dr. Justin D. Fulton was delivering one  
of his great messages, there were a few people there who were evidently  
impressed by the great preacher's utterances. And after enduring it for a little  
while they got up; and as they were walking down the aisle, he said, "That is  
all. As soon as you are full to capacity, go home." And there are people  
who think they are reflecting on the preacher because forsooth the preacher

could not interest them. The trouble is, my friend, there is a spirit which is inhospitably disposed toward the truth.

There were many in Shunem who offered no welcome to the "God"; but this woman did, and because of that, "as oft as he passed by, he turned in thither." Have you not noticed that when you are in the right frame of mind, that when the Spirit of God has touched you, and you have a glimpse of the face of Jesus Christ, that somehow or another all your friends seem to you as prophets? You meet a man in the morning, and words of wisdom seem to drop from his lips. You open, perhaps, in the few minutes you have at your disposal in the morning, God's Word, and, behold, it is like a bush that is burning with fire. You glance at your newspaper and, by contrast or coincidence, you find even that has a religious message. As often as the truth passes by, it seems to find its way thither to the heart that is hospitable to its coming.

But what was the secret of it? This woman said unto her husband, "Behold now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by continually. Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall, and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick—let us have within our home a home for him, and let us tell him that it belongs to him, and that whenever he comes he may open the door and walk in and sit down at home in our home." And so they made a home for the truth within their home. I do not wonder that Elisha loved to tarry there.

What is a Christian? What makes a Christian? It is not in any special act. The thing that differentiates a Christian from everybody else is that he or she has a little chamber specially reserved for God, a place within her heart where God dwells. The Psalmist said, "I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord to dwell, a habitation for the mighty God of Jacob." He would make a little chamber for God, and God would find a place where God could be at home. I read the programme of a certain church not far from here, in which it said that that church would obey the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And when it reads that and says, "That is very good indeed." O yes, so far as the commandment goes. But it is indicative of the awful drift of the time—"This church will obey the command: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'" If we were to draw out a programme for this church, I think we would say, "This church will magnify the first and the great commandment: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,'—a place for God, and then a place for your neighbours too. Do you see that is the tendency of the time, to welcome all the prophets in Shunem but to have no place for the prophet of God? A Christian is differentiated from all others by this fact, that there is a place within the heart to God and to God alone. And God shall have the first place, and then a place at home within the human heart, if you extend hospitality to Jesus Christ your friend. "Oh, I love my neighbour." Well, I question it, unless you love God first. As a matter of fact, I do not believe it. Now, that is very plain. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"; but no man loves his neighbour who does not love God first. Some neighbours are not very lovable, and some are not very lovable to your neighbours either; it takes a good deal of love to love most of us. And indeed, we shall never do it unless first we love God. We shall make a little chamber for God, and "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Then we can love our neighbour. The first and the great commandment is always the first at

ndment—it is never the second—a little chamber on the wall reserved  
"holy man of God," a place reserved for the truth.  
w this woman wanted to have as much of the presence of this "man of  
s she possibly could; and so she gave him, as I have said, a home within  
n home. And the only way by which she could give him the freedom  
house was to give him first of all a little place for himself alone. I do  
ean that we should confine God to a little chamber. We cannot confine  
to a little chamber. When I say that there is a compartment in life  
should be kept for God, I do not mean that God should be excluded  
all other departments of life. You give a guest in your own home his  
and say to him, "This is your room" and as he feels at home there, he  
self at home in all the rest of the house by your invitation. The truth  
efore, it is our privilege to invite the Lord Jesus to come and live with  
ing Him His own place—the supreme place—and then every room of  
ouse will be blessed by His gracious presence.

WHAT WAS THE REWARD? What was the result? Does it pay to  
ain angels unawares? The grace of hospitality, to make literal applica-  
of this, is almost a thing of the past, in some quarters. There are some  
who seem not to know how to entertain strangers, nor how to enter-  
nobody. I suppose it is the high cost of living, and particularly the high  
of rents; so that the little chamber on the wall is an expensive sort of  
y. It is not, perhaps, that we would not have it if we could. But does  
? What was this woman's reward. Well, first of all, her reward was  
presence of the man of God Himself. And that was a benediction. Somehow  
ther the house was different while Elisha was living there. He brought  
thing with him; there was an atmosphere about him that all the servants  
But I believe she found her chief reward in the presence of Elisha him-  
Some good housewife throws up the windows and opens the doors, and  
y to her, "What are you doing?" "Oh," she says, "I love to entertain  
sh air. I love to open my house to the sunlight. I love the music of  
ds, and the fragrance of the flowers." But do you say to her, "What do  
t by being so hospitable?" If you did, her answer would be, "I get  
ir; I get sunshine; I get music; I get the fragrance of the flowers. They  
eir own reward." And you cannot entertain the Lord Jesus without  
rewarded by the simple fact of His presence. You cannot entertain a  
ul thought but your life is enriched by it. You cannot open your heart  
dness anywhere but you are the better for its incoming. There is a  
delight in doing good," and even if there were no great day of rewards  
God will reward His servants, there is a delight, a satisfaction, in the  
self.

then there was a very special reward in this case. She entertained the  
t, and one day the prophet said to Gehazi his servant, "Call this Shunam-  
And when he had called her, she stood before him." And he said,  
hast been careful for us with all this care; what is to be done for thee?  
est thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host?" What  
e day some humble stranger were to come to your door, and you were  
ertain him and give him a place in your home, and if he were to come  
n the morning and disclose his identity, and you were to discover that  
one of the richest men on earth, that he had so much wealth, and so  
fluence, and so much power, that he scarcely knew what to do with it,  
were to say to you, "Now you have cordially received me. You have  
ed the hospitality of your home not knowing who I was; and now all

my wealth is at your disposal. What shall I do for you?" Would it be a great day? But that is just exactly what the Lord Jesus does. Why He comes. He comes to take up His abode within our hearts—forthwith, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give you." "What shall I do for you?" is God's call to all of us. The prayer of that church, to which I referred, would rather suggest that it is our chief obligation to say, "What shall I do for God?" God has never called you to do anything for Him. There is not a word within the pages of the Bible that suggests that any man is ever required to work for God. God does not need your work. "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for I am the Father, and the fulness thereof." We are "workers together with Him; ye work with God or you do nothing. You might as well save your money. God is doing His work in the world. He does not need your puny efforts. Being the channels of His grace, and the instruments of His power, through the Holy Spirit, we may be used of God to do God's will in the world. He never has He said to anyone, "Work for Me." We are to work with Him. He does say to us, "What shall I do for you?" The thing we need from my brethren and sisters, is that we need God to do something for us. Once sent for his Pastor, Nathan the prophet, and said unto him: "Should I dwell in an house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within?" "Wouldst thou like to build an house for the Lord?" "And Nathan said unto David, Go, do all that is in thine heart." But when the prophet was alone with the Lord gave him another message. And if I may paraphrase it, "When did I ever ask anybody to build an house for me? When I build an house, I will build it myself." And then he drew the curtain, and said unto David, there is a plan. The Lord shall build thee an house." And David fell prostrate before God, and he said, "I thought I had to do something for Thee; and I have just learned that all Thou requirest is that I be a worker. Thou shouldest do something for me." "What is to be done for us? That is what Christ asks of every one of us. That is why we meet three times a week for prayer—it takes us so long to tell out the desires of our hearts. What a wonderful privilege is accorded this church! And every one of us we have given to Jesus Christ His place in the life of this church, and He says to us and says, "What shall I do for you?" He is the Head of the church. He is the power and the glory of it. He is the same Jesus, and to-day what He did in time past.

"Shall I speak for you to the king," said Elisha, "or to the captain of the host?" Would you have the Lord Jesus speak to the King of the world? I think we do not make enough of that. Never lose sight of the fact that "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures; he went down into the grave, and He was raised again, and He shewed himself after his passion by many infallible proofs." Hold fast to the fact of His resurrection. He is our risen Saviour; but where is He now? He has departed, and He went up, up, to take His place at the Father's right hand. He shall come again. He is now in the presence of God interceding for us. "Wouldest thou be spoken for to the king?" The modern church is not called upon to do anything; and the great mass of professing Christians are not called upon to do anything; for the Lord is in the midst of His people. "What shall I do for you?"

Do we not need him to do something for us this morning? He is here to do something for me. Whatever it may be, He comes with

morning. He will speak to the Captain of the host: "He shall give his charge over thee, to keep thee in, all thy ways." He is the Captain of the Lord's host, and He will look after you, my friend, if you ask Him. But I must hasten to say this: *The wonder of it all was that this woman had no request to make.* She could not think of anything she wanted. And he said, "I am going up now. Shall I speak to the king, or to the captain of the host?" she said, "I cannot think of anything I need. I dwell among mine people. The fact is, I am perfectly content." How much her contentment was due to the visits of the man of God, perhaps she herself scarcely knew. But I do think it is possible sometimes so consciously to dwell in the presence of God as to feel that holy contentment, to come to a place where we may often be there, when, for the moment, a holy contentment fills the

And what then? *Somebody else will do our thinking:* "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." And there was one of this woman had longed for this many a year; but she never thought of praying for it, because it was exceeding abundantly above all that she could ever think. It involved a miracle; it involved the stoop of God; and she never dreamed that God would do that for her. And so the prophet thought over, and planned for her, and gave her his promise which exceeded her own imagining. And in due course there came into that house another life; there was needed another little chamber. And oh how different, and how precious was that home! Jesus never dwells alone. He makes the spiritually barren life fruitful; He fills the life with joy and gladness, and does for us all our imagining. Have you ever had God do that for you—something desired but dared not utter? Now this woman had prayed for this very thing and did not know it. It was an unuttered desire. It was a longing of the soul which had somehow or another registered itself with God. The other day when I was in London, one of the old deacons, a man of eighty years of age, said to me, "I am going down on the train with you tomorrow just for the sake of a talk." He had served with a railway corporation and he had much money. And as we were riding together, he said: "You know I never had much money. I managed to save a very little. I worked for forty years, and retired with a little pension. And," he said, "that little pension and the little I managed to save just keeps my wife and me. It does not take very much as we live very simply. But it just keeps us so that we are not dependent on the children; and in my old age—I am just eighty—I am quite independent." I desired that all my life, and I have rebuked myself that I did not put that desire into a prayer and daily ask the Lord to do that very thing. I have recently been thinking it was a prayer after all; that maybe the Lord knew what I desired, that I might just be able to live my closing years depending upon anybody else. And I have come to the conclusion I was praying all the time and did not know it, and that the Lord answered my prayer, and that now as the shadows gather about me I am just receiving answer to my prayer." I told him I had no doubt about it at all. "Delight in the Lord, and he shall give thee—not only the request on thy lips, but the desires of thine heart." There is a holy contentment, and there is a peace when we cannot put into words the desire that is within. But the spirit of God Who dwells within us, interprets our desire; the Holy Spirit with His power which cannot be uttered makes intercession for us according to the will of God; and the answer comes: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." We pray unto Him that is able to do "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be the glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end." Let us pray.

THE publication of this paper as a missionary enterprise is made possible by members of Jarvis Street Church and others, and is sent to subscribers by mail (under cost) per year. If any of the Lord's stewards who read this have received we shall be grateful for any thank-offering you may be able to send to The Witness any time; and especially for your prayers that the message of The Witness may be blessed by the Holy Spirit for the defence of the Faith, the salvation of souls, and the glory of Christ. As our funds make it possible, we hope to add to our free list, from the names of ministers at home and missionaries abroad.

## EDITORIAL

### THE FUNDAMENTAL BAPTIST.

At the Executive meeting of the Baptist Bible Union of North America held in Jarvis Street this week, it was definitely decided to commence publication of a monthly paper which should plead the cause of the principle which the Bible Union stands. After a good deal of consideration, it was decided that the new publication should be issued under the name of "The Fundamental Baptist." Once upon a time all Baptists were Bible Baptists. They were Baptists because they believed the Bible, and because they believed in the authority of the Bible as the Word of God to be supreme. But now there are all kinds of Baptists. It was, therefore, decided to give the Union a name that would carry its own meaning upon the face of it. The name will be "The Fundamental Baptist." It is really another name for Fundamental Baptist or Apostolic Baptist.

The Editor-in-Chief of this paper will be Dr. W. B. Riley, of Montreal. He will have associated with him a group of men representing different parts of the United States and Canada, who will write upon the progress of the work of the Union and the spread of modernism. We can promise you that "The Fundamental Baptist" will be full of good things from its contributors. We are aware that the observation of "the Preacher" of Ecclesiastes is emphatically true to-day than ever, that of "the making of many books is no end." The same is true of the issuing of papers; and yet it seems necessary to issue this one. It will be a magazine unlike anything else on your table. It will have a message all its own. It will put in the blood of weak saints, and bring inspiration to all who do battle for the truth.

We wish that every reader of The Gospel Witness would also be a subscriber to "The Fundamental Baptist." The subscription price will probably be about \$1.00 per year; and The Gospel Witness office will receive subscriptions at once. The first issue will appear, it is expected, the first of November.

### "IF YE KNOW THESE THINGS."

We live in a day when many run to and fro and knowledge is despised. There are many, indeed, who would set the price of knowledge at a low one, and knowledge is not to be despised. There is much truth in the saying that knowledge is power; but Paul declared that he was willing to sacrifice all for the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. The knowledge of Christ excels all other knowledge. The Lord Jesus taught the truth but He exemplified it. He moved among men as a servant. He stooped to wash the disciples' feet. And when He



His disciples an example of the dignity of humble service, He said: "know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." And happiness in the highest sense depends always on our doing the things we know to be done. A fuller knowledge of Scripture will minister to our greater blessing just in proportion as we yield a fuller obedience to the Word. There is probably not one of the readers of The Witness who has not received many a blessing as a result of their failure to do the things they knew ought to do. One may know that he ought to speak to the person next to him in the car or in the shop or elsewhere; and he will be happy only as long as he does so. Another may know that he ought to be more generous in his contribution to the cause of Christ, and that he could do what he ought to do; but he will never be happy until he obeys the generous impulse of the Spirit of God within him. Someone else knows that he or she ought to be baptized. The teaching of Scripture is perfectly plain on the subject; and knowing this, one may read many books and hear many sermons and attend many conferences with the desire to find the secret of Christian joy, and yet miss the blessing to be found in the principle suggested by this article, because "if ye do these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

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### "IN SEASON, OUT OF SEASON."

A Christian must be always about his Master's business. We must work and pray even "out of season." Somehow or other, from somewhere, fruit may always be found for the Kingdom of God, like strawberries even in January. Thus fruit may always be found for the Kingdom of God. "Though knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that." The man who seeks always to be witnessing has many a surprise at the results which come from unlikely places. One wonders to see an unusually fruitful field where all around the ground is stoney. Thus the fruit of the Spirit comes from words spoken "out of season" in out of the way places. If this be so, what may we not expect from seed sown "in season." The seed sown in season, how good it is." Therefore now that the holiday season is over and children have returned to school, and the more favourable opportunity for reaching people is upon us, we ought to see greater blessing than we have had in the ministry of the churches during the summer months. The harvest is now. Even in the natural order of things we none of us have long to wait. Let us resolve that this season shall be the most fruitful of our lives for spiritual service.

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### A FINE ACHIEVEMENT.

In January, under the leadership of Mr. McKay, the Parliament Street workers determined upon the renovation of the building. On Sunday the 15th day last the auditorium, so beautiful as to be a credit to any church, was reopened with all bills paid. And the money, over \$800.00 was raised at Parliament Street. Well done, Mr. McKay and staff!

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"Could we with ink the oceans fill,  
And were the skies of parchment made,  
Were every stock on earth a quill,  
And every man a scribe by trade;  
To write the Love of God above  
Would drain the oceans dry;  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole  
Tho' stretched from sky to sky."

# With the Children

## "NUMBER TWA" AT THE PRAYER MEETING.

ON the dark, cold and stormy night after a long day's tramp, the minister felt sorely tempted to remain at home instead of going to the prayer meeting, at which he knew no one else would be but Batty.

His good wife fondly attempted to persuade him to remain at home, but a vision came before his eyes. It was of the last prayer meeting when the good old lady had noticed him looking around the empty room with a discouraged air, and had said, "Dinna ye be discouraged, sir. Twa we have the Almighty in our midst, and ten thousand couldna mair."

So out he stepped into the darkness and struggled through wind and rain to the schoolhouse, to enjoy the presence of God, and communion with his old parishioner.

A few Fridays after this old Mrs. Batty had the misfortune to fall. Just after tea, although she was suffering great pain, she welcomed the presence of her little grandson.

"Let him come in," she said. "What a mercy it's the auld wife and not the bairn's that is broken."

"Who's going to say prayers wi' the minister the night?" asked the old lady.  
"Eh, dearie me!" groaned Mrs. Batty in real distress. "It's the minister here an' think o' the meetin'. It's the first time I'll ha' been away, 'twill be terrible disheartenin' to the minister. I've been number twa for six weeks noo, and there'll be naeboddy to step into my shoes the night." continued the old lady to a kind neighbour who had come to help nurse her.

Robbie listened silently to his gran's lament, and later on, while she was busy, he slipped on his fiddle overcoat. His lips were muttering, "The minister'll no' be alane. Robbie'll go an' say his prayers wi' him"; and out into the dusky street trotted the baby. He knew the schoolroom, but half-way up the street he was stopped by a man hurrying home to his tea.

"Weel, laddie, an' what may ye be doin' at this time?"

Robbie looked up, and holding his head in the air, said, with importance in his tone, "Robbie's goin' to say his prayers wi' the minister the night instead o' granny!"

The farmer scratched his head, and stood looking at the child for a moment.

"Ay, ye'll be Mrs. Batty's daughter's bairn," he said slowly; "an' what's the matter wi' granny? It it true that she has broken her leg?"

Robbie nodded gravely.

"Granny's in bed, an' Robbie's goin' to be number twa, an' the Almighty will come. He aye did when granny went, 'cause He said

And then, after a few moment's thought, Peter Quirke followed the minister's footsteps. He paused when he came to the schoolroom. Robbie, after a struggle with the latch, had opened the door and gone in. Peter stood on the porch. Partly out of curiosity, partly out of shame, he peered through the door to watch the scene.

The minister was there. One dim oil lamp was burning, and the minister's boots clattering up the room resounded through the build-

Allister looked at the little fellow in wonder, as he approached him. A smile of recognition lit up his tired face.

"Batty's little grandson! Have you come with a message from her, an'?"

"I've come myself."

"Isn't your granny coming?"

"Many tumbled all the way downstairs," said the child, with grave eyes; "she b'oked her leg, an' she wanted to bed, and the doctor came!" "Ar, dear! How very sad! I must come and see her." And with a sigh the minister looked round the empty schoolroom.

He was in the act of turning down the lamp, when Robbie's voice arrested

him. "The A'mighty here the night. I s'pect He will come noo when He's here."

Allister started.

"Why?" he asked the child, only half understanding his speech.

"Granny says He p'omised if there was twa to come, an' I've comed myself, for twa instead of granny!"

There was silence; the innocent upturned face of the child brought the minister's eyes, and Peter Quirns from his post at the door felt a lump rise in his throat.

"Have you come to pray with me, Robbie?" asked the minister, laying his hand tenderly on the flaxen curly head.

Robbie nodded solemnly.

"I can say my p'ayers, an' ye can say yours, an' then the A'mighty winna be disappointed 'cause naebody wanted to p'ay to Him."

Without a word the minister dropped on his knees, and with a little fuss after the child did the same, steadying himself by clutching hold of the table with his two fat hands. Peter Quirns stepped inside and knelt by the door. He heard the minister pouring out his soul to his Maker perfectly oblivious of the child's presence after the first moment or so. He prayed for the sick, the tempted, the weak, the suffering, and also for the self-satisfied, prosperous members of his flock. Not one was forgotten; Robbie knelt on, his blue eyes alternately glancing from the minister's face to the roof of the school-room, where in his childish fashion he was expecting to see signs of the "A'mighty's" presence.

The minister paused. Robbie uttered a fervent and hearty "Amen," and he had at last to take some active part himself, lifted up his baby voice, in soft, reverent tones, repeated his simple evening prayer. That was the last word to Peter Quirns.

When he heard the lisping, childish voice, and realized that of all the minister's flock, only one baby of five years could be found to take part in the evening prayer meeting, he rose to his feet, stumbled awkwardly up the stairs, and in broken, humbled tones, added his prayer to the others.

When they rose from their knees, he grasped the minister's hand.

"I'll never see me absent from this prayin' again, minister!" he said, and then, without another word, he hurried away.

Robbie looked after him with wondering eyes.

"There was anither number twa," he said; "come and tell granny!"

Later on, when Mrs. Batty learnt that her broken leg was the turning point in the history of that small meeting; when she had sufficiently recovered to take part in it again, and found herself in the midst of twelve other women; when she heard that the story of her little grandson's act had spread through the village, and shamed every member of the church, she raised her voice and sang in the fulness of gratitude and praise—

"'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'"

Peter Quirns was never tired of telling his experience that Friday evening; and would always conclude with these words—

"The arrow that pierced my heart through and through was the words o' the riddle, 'I can say my p'ayers, an' ye can say yours, an' then the A'mighty winna go 'way disappointed 'cause naebody wanted to p'ay to Him!'"

## A WEEK OF BLESSING.

Jarvis Street Church enjoyed a very great treat during this week of addresses delivered by the members of the Executive of the Baptist Bible Union of North America. The addresses of Dr. Pettingill on "Our Unchanging God" and that of Dr. Dixon on "Why I am an Evangelical Christian and not a Modernist," will not soon be forgotten. Although it was the first in the series, the church was full. Great interest was manifested, not only in the addresses, but in the organization whose principles the speakers are to plead. There is a prospect that the other meetings of Wednesday and Thursday will be of equal interest, but of these we will have something to say next week.

Wednesday afternoon the Deacons and Deaconesses of Jarvis Street Church entertained the members of the Executive of the Union, the Baptist Pastors, and the Baptist ministers of the city at luncheon. About 100 of the ministers of the city were present, in addition to the Deacons and Deaconesses and members of the Executive of the Union. The occasion was a very happy fellowship; and we have reason to hope awakened great interest in the Baptist Bible Union.

## TO THE WOMEN OF THE CHURCH.

We rejoice to announce that the women of Jarvis Street are to have the "Open Meeting" of the "Women's Home Mission Board" on Wednesday next, September 20th. This involves three things: First, it will be necessary to prepare the tables and serve hot tea and coffee at the luncheon hour; the presence of every lady in the church is desired in order to give a warm welcome to our guests, who will be coming from all the Baptist churches in the city to this historic church in which the Women's Home Mission Society was organized; third, we want every woman in the church to share the inspiration of the sessions.

These "Open Board Meetings" are not business meetings. They are for missionary inspiration and spiritual uplift. No one should miss the morning session which will be in the Sunday School Hall at 10.15. At 11.00 Olive Copp, of Timmins, will be present. At noon, Rev. T. J. M. Dore, of Dovercourt Road Church, will lead the Intercession Hour. This will be a time of real consecration and power. Then at 2 o'clock Christabel Pankhurst will bring "The Message of the Hour." This will be a "feast of fat things," if God, the Holy Spirit, be with us. Pray that it may be so, and praying, come, and bring others.

We are requested to announce that gentlemen will be welcome to hear Miss Pankhurst's address.

## JARVIS STREET CHURCH DIRECTORY.

T. T. Shields, Pastor, 96 Winchester Street. Tel. Randolph 0628.  
George Greenway, Treasurer, 28 Broadway Avenue. Tel. Hudson 1010.  
Violet Stoakley, Church Clerk and Office Secretary. Tel. M. 5670.  
W. J. Hutchinson, Sunday School Superintendent, 295 George St. Tel. M. 5670.  
C. Leonard Penny, Director of Music, 1139 St. Clair Avenue W. Tel. M. 5670.  
William Fraser, Pastor's Secretary, 40 Nanton Ave. Tel. Randolph 0628.

## The Church Calendar

**Sunday.** For the week beginning Sunday, Sept. 16th, 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 performed.  
9.00—The Pastor will preach in open air on church grounds.  
**Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—8 o'clock—Prayer Meeting.**  
The Parliament St. Branch, 250 Parliament St. **Sunday:** Bi-  
3.00. Evangelistic Service, 7.00—Rev. W. L. McKay.