

# The Gospel Witness

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T. T. SHIELDS  
PASTOR AND EDITOR

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

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## The Jarvis Street Pulpit

"OTHER LITTLE SHIPS."

A Sermon by the Pastor.

Preached in Jarvis Street Church, Toronto, Sunday morning, Jan. 28th, 1923.

(Stenographically reported).

See Editorial Note.

"And there were also with him other little ships."—Mark 4:36.

WHEN reading the story of the miraculous stilling of the tempest by our Lord's word of command, we are accustomed to look chiefly at the ship in which He sailed. Perhaps that is not surprising, for He always fills the vision of those who have once beheld Him by faith. But it is well to remember that on that stormy day when the disciples were tossed by the tempest, and when they toiled in rowing, and the Lord miraculously calmed the sea for them, "there were also with him other little ships"; and it is of those other ships I shall speak particularly this morning.

I. First of all, a very simple and obvious suggestion that THERE ARE USUALLY MANY SHIPS AT SEA, AND THE STORM THAT BREAKS UPON ONE SHIP IS SHARED BY ALL THE REST. We are accustomed to suppose that we monopolize all the difficulties of life, that all the waves break especially over us, and that ours is altogether an unusually stormy passage. But there is a law of averages after all that applies to every life, and we all get our share of the storm. There are always "other little ships" beside our own at sea. That is true of those who are exposed to the winds of adversity, who suffer material privation, whose chief difficulty is poverty. A man whom I have not seen for a good many years came to see me last week. Apparently he had just discovered that I was in town, and in the strictest confidence asked me if I could let him have twenty-five dollars! It is not of that I speak, but of this: he said, "After all, there are no troubles in the world like monetary troubles, are there?" "Well," I said, "did you ever hurt your foot?" "Why, yes." And I said, "You thought you could stand anything better than that, didn't you?" When a man breaks his leg, he would rather have broken his arm; when he has trouble with his

arm, he wishes it were somewhere else; wherever it pinches us at the time, we think it is the tenderest spot, and the hardest thing in the world to endure.

We are disposed sometimes to look at those who we think are a little better off than ourselves, and we say, "Ours is the only ship at sea to-night"; but it is not true, my friend. There are always "other little ships"; and they are battling their way through the storm just as you are. The same circumstances that trouble you trouble them; the same gale shrieks through the rigging of their ship and disturbs the equilibrium of their deck. Perhaps that is small comfort to some this morning; and yet there is a kind of comradeship that one is able to welcome when they discover that others are fighting their way through the storm; and that if they survive we may survive, too.

This is true, too, of *the afflicted soul*. When affliction comes to us we are disposed to think that we are the only one who has such sore trouble; and yet if we go up on deck a while and look out upon the rolling billows, we shall discover that there are other ships at sea. You are not the only one who has sickness in your home. You are not the only one who bears burdens. Many ships are ploughing their way through the storm this drab and dreary day.

I recall the case of a woman who was troubled with rheumatism. She used to spend most of her time in a wheel-chair. In this particular case the rheumatism seemed to have found its way into her spirit as well as into her joints, for she was about as rheumatic spiritually as physically. She was all pains and groans; and when I went to see her—she always called her husband by his surname—(to be as impersonal as possible I will call him Smith), and she used to say, "Smith does not understand me." She had two of the most devoted daughters I have ever known, who waited on their mother hand and foot; but she insisted that they had no sympathy either, nobody cared; her timbers were the only ones that creaked in the storm, her ship was the only one exposed to the violence of the waves. And I used to tell her of another little ship, of another woman who was troubled just as she was, but she was like one of Dickens' characters—I forget her name for the moment—but she used to suffer from the east wind, and when she was told that the east wind touched other people also, she insisted that nobody else felt it as she did; the east wind went through her shawl as it got through no other shawl. And there are many like her, who find their only happiness in being excessively miserable. The fact, however, is that every little ship at sea has to face the violence of the same waves: "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted", "think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." There are many little ships at sea; and it will help us, I think, sometimes to remember that ours is not a peculiar lot, and that the promises of God's Word are designed to meet our need as they are meeting the need of others. He will help our ship, and He will help the other little ships as well.

And that is true, too, of *those who are exposed to peculiar sorrows*. One says, "Mere stress of circumstances, and even bodily affliction are as feather-weights compared with sorrow of heart; and it is from this last I suffer." "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." Yet we are tempted to think that we have a heavier burden of sorrow than anybody else; that we are going to be altogether overwhelmed. We thought that grave-digging was a new business the first time our spade was made to turn the sod, and we could hardly see through our tears that the path to the cemetery was worn by many feet. Others had been there before us, and as we came away we met others coming to the same place to bury their hearts. Notwithstanding, sometimes we felt that we were not travelling a road—it was

a wild and furious storm-swept sea we were riding! Yes, but battling with the boisterous billows of the sea of sorrow there are also "other little ships." Why, my friend, this is a troubled world. Long ago a keen observer said, "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." It is as natural for us to come into trouble as it is for the sparks to fly upward. Mr. Bonar Law went to the country in the Old Land a little while ago with a most unusual proposal. He proposed that they should adopt a policy of "tranquillity"; and Mr. Lloyd George said that he supposed nobody ever yet put to sea without desiring a tranquil voyage; but, he said, the unfortunate part of it is that such a voyage is not determined by the captain, but by the sea. And it looks as though Mr. Bonar Law were going to discover that there were some things beyond his control, and that a policy of tranquillity is not always practicable. We all want it, but we shall find that the sea forbids it. You say it is poor comfort to be reminded that other people are passing through the same experience. You remember Tennyson?—

"One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'  
That 'Loss is common to the race'—  
And common is the commonplace,  
And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

That does not help us? O but it does, sometimes! A mother was standing dumb with grief beside a little coffin in which her only child lay cold in death. Her friends came in and they brought flowers and piled them around the casket in a well-meant effort to disguise death. But it was still death! I remember myself standing, in a similar case, beside the form of a little boy. His mother stood with me, and as she laid her hand upon his cold little hand, she said, "Pastor, that is death." I had nothing to say. So these friends came in, and they brought their flowers. Others came and told her she should not weep; that after all God had taken her darling child home, and that she must be resigned. She listened to it all, but made no response, and was un comforted. Then a little woman came in and stood with her for a long time in silence. Presently she put her arms gently and lovingly around the stricken mother—she was an intimate friend—and she said, "Mary, in a drawer at home I have two pairs of little shoes, and the little feet that used to wear them are walking the golden streets to-day." That was all! But the stricken mother seemed to shade her eyes with her hand as she looked out over the raging waters, until she saw that there were other little ships at sea. There was a bond of sympathy between her and another suffering soul, and she was comforted.

It may be there are some here this morning who say, "Well, I could endure even that; I could bear physical pain; I could live on dry bread; I should be content to live in one room; but it is the moral aspect of things that troubles me. It is so hard in my business to steer a straight course; it is so difficult to live as a Christian should live; the temptations of life are multiplying, and the storms are so severe." I was talking with a theological professor one day some years ago regarding his attitude, and the attitude of the Christian Church in general, toward the Bible; and he said, "Well, what are you going to do? We are facing a world condition." His policy was simply to drift, drift, drift. The winds are blowing, and the seas are rolling mountains high—what can one do but drift with the storm? Ah, blessed be God; if our eyes are opened, though we may not see them at once, they may disappear in the trough of the sea for a moment, but if you watch long enough you will see some other little ship bravely riding out the storm, steering a straight course, because commanded by the one Captain Who is Sovereign of the sea.

"And there were also with him other little ships."—"I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left. I am the only ship at sea." "O no, Elijah," said the Lord, "you are wrong: Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him. I have seven thousand other little ships, and they are all steering a straight course. Cheer up, Elijah! You are not alone." It is a dark day, my brother. The storm is on; and it is true that men are "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God," and that "they will not endure sound doctrine," but turn away their ears unto fables; and yet, I verily believe that there never was a day since Peter stood up with the eleven that the Lord had more faithful souls than He has to-day. There are still other little ships.

I recall an experience I had a few years ago, before the days of motor cars. But please remember that is not so very long ago, for I am not speaking as an octogenarian. It was in the days when bicycling was fashionable, and I was in the fashion—I had a wheel. I had been away to a meeting which continued until late. I was the last speaker, and it was later still when I got through, as you would expect. I had to be home the next morning at eight o'clock, and there was no train; in fact, it was a country place, and there was no way of getting home but going on my bicycle. The road was strange, and I was directed to take a road that I had never taken before. I started out from the church in the country about midnight, and I wheeled along for a few miles until I came upon a sandy road, with a deep ditch on either side. I had to dismount, and I trudged along and pushed my wheel through the dark. After tramping for several miles further I came into the midst of a thick bush, and it was as black as Egypt. The sky was cloudy, there was not a star anywhere to be seen. It was hard enough walking without pushing a bicycle, and I could not get off the sand without getting into the ditch. There were a few fireflies here and there—it was in the summer time—and I remember that I felt as though I were the only one in all the world that was awake. I felt as though there was no human creature anywhere within a thousand miles of me. I was very, very lonely. Then I felt a few big drops of rain, and presently I heard the thunder, and a summer thunder-shower came on. The only redeeming feature about it was that the lightning lightened my path a little occasionally. I got a little wet and lonelier still, and I said to myself, "Was there ever such a night as this? Was anybody ever in such a plight as I am to-night?" I did not know where I was, nor whither I was going, and there was no one to tell me. At last I came to a railway track, and a little way-station. I climbed up on the fence and tried to read the sign, to discover where I was; but there was not light enough. Then I put up my hand like a blind man to see if I could read it with my fingers, if the paint would give me any help; but all to no purpose; so I resumed my journey. Presently I heard the sound of wheels, and as the vehicle approached, I hailed the driver. But he evidently feared I was a highwayman. He applied his whip and galloped away, and as the sound of the wheels died away in the distance, I was left alone again, the only one out in that storm. After a few more miles I came at last into a village street, and I thought, "I shall surely find company here," but it seemed lonelier than the road through the bush, because everybody was fast asleep. There were no electric lights, everything was in darkness; until, getting to the end of the street, I saw just a glimmer of light. I shall never forget the feeling that came over me, and I said, "Well, there is somebody else awake in the world." As I

reached the place I saw the light came from a dim lamp, shining out through a screen door. I stood on the street and looked through the screen door, and there were two women sitting beside the bed of a man, who was apparently very ill. I went up, and so as not to alarm them, gently knocked on the door. They were startled, but one of them came to the door, and as I began to tell her that I was lost, she said, "Will you come in, Mr. Shields?" And I said, "How do you know me?" She said, "My sister's husband is dying, and she sent for me two weeks ago. While on my way I saw you on the train, and I overheard somebody mention your name, and that is why I knew you." I went in, and went up to the couch of the sufferer. This good lady yielded me her chair, and I sat down beside his wife. He was dying. I took his hand and I talked to him about the Lord Jesus. I did not know whether he was a professing Christian, but he seemed to open his heart, or the Spirit of the Lord opened his heart, to the truth, and he was greatly comforted. Then we knelt in prayer, his wife, and her sister and I, and commended him to the One Who goes through the valley of the shadow with those who put their trust in Him. Presently he lapsed into a peaceful slumber. Then these good women said, "You had better not go on." "Well," I said, "I do not know where to go. Perhaps you can tell me where I am. I have not the remotest idea." They told me the name of the village, and I said, "I will wait until daybreak, but I have to go a long way, and must be home early in the morning." So I waited until the birds began to herald the morning, waited and

"Watched the eastern sky  
To see the glorious spears arise  
Beneath the oriflamme of day,"

then quietly I slipped away, and ultimately found my way home.

A year or so after that I was preaching in a certain place, when at the close of the service a woman in a widow's garb came up, and gripped my hand very heartily, as she said, "Do you remember me?" I said, "No, I do not." "Do you not remember being lost," she said, "one night some years ago, and finding your way to the side of a dying man at three o'clock in the morning?" I said, "Yes." She said, "I shall never be able to tell you what a comfort your visit was to my husband. He has gone home, but he witnessed a good confession before he went."

There is always a reason for your being out in the storm, my friend. There are "other little ships," and it is your privilege to share the trouble of the night with them.

II. These little ships SAILED IN THE WAKE OF THE SHIP IN WHICH JESUS SAILED. He was not in their ship, but they put to sea because He put to sea. "And there were also with him other little ships." It would be interesting to know the story of their passengers, and their crews, and their cargoes. I wonder what they carried? I wonder whither they went, those little ships that were on the stormy sea that night, because He was there? One of them may have carried a doctor, another may have carried a teacher, another may have carried a philanthropist upon some errand of mercy bent. But whoever they were, whatever they proposed to do, they were there because He was there, although they were not actually in the ship with Him. When Jesus puts to sea He never sails alone.

*There is an indirect influence of the Gospel which is not to be underestimated.* Many beneficial influences are set in operation by the preaching of the Gospel, for which the Gospel gets no credit at all. There are always with Him "other little ships." There are some people who deny to the Church of Christ credit for accomplishing anything in this troubled world. It is popular to boast of the various forms of social service in which clubs, and fraternal organizations, and other institutions engage, to the disparagement of the church. Ah, yes, but your hospitals are the ships with doctors; your

educational institutions are the ships with teachers; and all your philanthropic endeavours are ships that carry well-intentioned men who put to sea only because Jesus first shows the way.

I heard Professor George Jackson deliver an address before the Ministerial Association. I am not sure of the exact wording of the title of his address, but I think it was "John Morley, The Priest of The Outer Court." He extolled John Morley, the biographer of Gladstone; he described his blameless character, his wonderfully serviceable life, his amiable disposition, and held him up as a kind of superman; being careful to point out that in the production of this character religion had no part; for John Morley was an agnostic. I happened to be living in the same direction and walked up the street with Dr. Jackson, after the meeting, and I said, "Doctor, has it ever occurred to you that Morleyism never yet produced a John Morley, that you cannot find a John Morley where Christ is not preached, and His principles are unknown?" I said, "All the influences which made him what he was had their origin in the very religion which he refuses to acknowledge." "There were also with him other little ships," and everything that is good in what we have been pleased to call our Christian civilization is there because Jesus sails the sea.

III. But let no one make any mistake: THERE ARE SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO THOSE WHO SAIL IN THE SHIP WITH JESUS. I would rather sail in the ship with Him than be in either of the other ships, wouldn't you? What was the difference? In the first place, *those who sailed in the ship with Jesus were conscious of His presence as the others were not.* The others shared the miracle, the others reaped the benefit of His stilling the tempest, although perhaps they never knew, and never acknowledged what they owed to Jesus. Multitudes of people sail a calmer sea, and live an easier life, because Jesus shares the sea with them; but they are in one of the "other little ships," and they do not know how much they owe Him. But they who were in the ship with Him knew that it was the presence of Jesus in the storm which brought deliverance to them, and to the other little ships.

It may be there is someone here this morning who is not a Christian, and who says, "I have seen Christian people just as much troubled as I." Yes, they sail the same sea with you, my friend. "But they are just as fearful in the storm as I am." Yes, they seem to be so. They may even talk of perishing sometimes, as David did when he got into a fit of the doldrums. He said, "I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul. He will be too much for me some day. I fear I shall be overwhelmed at last." Yet, he really knew better; and so did these disciples. Although they were filled with fear, there was a subconscious realization through it all that there was someone in the ship with them Who had command of the winds and the waves. You will remember how they awakened Him at last, and said, "Carest thou not that we perish?" The Lord does not command the storm at the first gust of wind. He lets the wind blow awhile for us; and some of us have to have a time of real seasickness before we get out of our difficulties, and perhaps that will do us good. They say seasickness is very beneficial! But He is there; and in due time He awakes and rebukes the wind and the waves, and there is a great calm; and the ship in which Jesus sails always outrides the storm.

It is a high privilege to sail in the ship with Him. I exhort you to be sure you get in the right ship. May our lives be such that we may be conscious always of the immediate presence of Jesus with us in the storm. See that you put to sea in a ship that is equipped with wireless so that you will never get out of communication with Him.

"Begone, unbelief; my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear:  
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm."

IV. Let me now remind you of THE GREAT PRIVILEGE OF STILLING THE STORM FOR OTHER PEOPLE. What did these men do when they arose and said to Jesus, "Carest thou not that we perish?" They prayed, and said, "Lord, save us, we perish." He answered their prayer; and in the hour in which He answered their prayer, they brought deliverance to "other little ships" beside themselves. There are "other little ships" watching your course, my friend. I was at a funeral service the other day with a minister of another denomination. I had never met him before. We drove to the cemetery together, and he said, "I have

long wanted to meet you." And I said, "I am glad to meet you, sir." He said, "You know a lot of us have been watching the course of Jarvis Street Church, and you would, perhaps, be surprised to discover that many ministers are fighting the same battle that you have been fighting, in greater or lesser degree, and," he said, "I know of at least two ministers who have found deliverance through the victory God gave you in Jarvis Street Church." I said, "That is another view of things." Do you not see, there were also with us "other little ships?" I am hearing it everywhere. Brethren, what are our many weekly prayer-meetings for? Why do we meet so frequently, week after week, now over two years? Somebody says, "Your great revival has not come yet, has it?" No, not in the measure in which we hope to see it. We have seen souls saved; but then, do you not see we are not praying for ourselves alone? We are praying for "other little ships," and who knows what blessing even one church may be privileged to bring to other churches, and to other ministers, and to other hard-pressed mariners on the mighty deep? Let us see to it that we use our privileges aright, for the sake of the "other little ships." How truly there are "other little ships" following us; how necessary that parents should be in the ship with Jesus for the sake of the "other little ships"; how important that every man and every woman should live in such relationship to Christ that their influence may tell upon other lives, and calm the sea for other ships!

V. Lest any should misunderstand, I have this one simple word and I have done: THERE IS A VOYAGE WHICH ONLY ONE SHIP CAN TAKE, A SHIP THAT IS NOT ACCOMPANIED BY "OTHER LITTLE SHIPS." This was a physical salvation of which we have been speaking this morning: there were "other little ships" crossing the Lake of Galilee—little ships that could safely put to sea upon that inland water that would have been smashed to pieces by an Atlantic wave. I read of a day when there was one big ship. It was built after a divine pattern, and the builder was given no discretion to change the design in the slightest particular. It was made for a stormy day, and for a rough sea. And when at last the windows of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the storm of divine wrath broke upon a sinful world, and the waters rose until the tops of the highest hills were covered, "all in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in the dry land, died," and they only survived who were in the ark, whom God had shut in. When God shut that door at last there were with Noah no "other little ships." Salvation was to be found in that ship or there was no salvation at all: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." We are not saved by the indirect influences of the Gospel, beneficial as these influences are so far as this present life is concerned: it is only as we are found in the ship with Jesus Himself, as we are "in Christ," that we can safely make that last great journey to the land where there is reared "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." "Christ in you," is the only "hope of glory": May He save and bless us every one.

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass came from Thee:  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

"As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
When Thou sayst to them, 'Be still!'  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

"When at last I near the shore  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

THE 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 ADDRESS OF THE CONVENTION PRESIDENT

President Coumans' address at Montreal was full of good things. We call attention to one paragraph:

"The times are tremulous with great and far-reaching possibilities. Said a distinguished preacher recently: 'There seems to be a cleavage coming between the churches. This cleavage is between, what for lack of better names we call the Modernists and Fundamentalists. And,' his long Welsh face grew tighter and harder, 'if that cleavage ever comes, I am a Fundamentalist.' And so am I. And so, with my knowledge of the churches, I would say are ninety-nine per cent. of the members of the churches of this Convention. But why a cleavage? Why some new denomination growing out of the divisions of the old? Baptists bear an honoured name. Why change it? God has given us great leaders. Why forsake them? God has made of us an host. Ten million strong we stand to-day, ten million men and women who believe in Jesus Christ, who have been baptized in likeness of his death, and burial, and resurrection, who are loyal to His word. Why a cleavage? Let us rather purge out the old leaven. New modernism is but an old leaven spelt large. Let us rid our churches of it. But, if any do follow after those who in the words of the aforementioned and distinguished preacher, 'attempt to eliminate the supernatural from religion,' placing reason on the throne, and revelation at the foot of reason, then there are Baptists in this Convention and their numbers are increasing, who are determined not to recognize or support any church, mission, or other institution, preaching or teaching, or in any way advocating the modernist heresy."

We say Amen to this deliverance. There need be no cleavage. The number of persons in our Convention who have adopted the modernist point of view is very small. But small evils sometimes bring great disasters: "Be hold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

There is one point in Brother Coumans' address with which we do not fully agree, when he says:

"Oh, my brethren, opportunity is everywhere. The fields are whitening. 'Go ye into all the world'. The Master bids us go. Forget the critics. Forget the 'assured results of scholarly investigation'. Forget the modernist. Forget the fundamentalist. Remember the Cross. Remember Pentecost. Remember, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life'."

The fields are white. The Master bids us go. But dare we "forget the critics"? Dare we "forget the 'assured results of scholarly investigation'"? May we safely "forget the modernist"? Can we honourably "forget the fundamentalist"? Did our Lord Himself ignore those who were teaching for doctrines the commandments of men? Did he not teach people to distinguish between the chaff and the wheat? How were the foundations of the Apostolic church laid?



Did not the apostles themselves deal with error whenever it presented itself? With controversy for the sake of controversy, we have no sympathy. But the whole history of the Christian Church warns us to be on our guard, and to exercise ourselves to distinguish between the precious and the vile. To cite only one instance: Should we ever have had the Reformation if Luther had been content to ignore the blind guides who were leading multitudes into the ditch? Brother Coumans is right when he says: I do not say 'Back to the Bible'. The churches of this Convention have not forsaken the Bible"; and in urging us "to a more positive confession of its supreme authority in all matters, social and religious." But we are concerned at the inroads Christian Science, and Russelism, and Unitarianism under the guise of scholarship, are making upon our people. How many people have been lost to our churches by the subtle appeal of these heresies because they had not been forewarned and taught to distinguish truth from error! Let us by all means speak the truth in love, and exercise ourselves chiefly so to preach the gospel that sinners will be converted, and saints will be edified; but we are persuaded that part of our mission consists in setting people on their guard against the anti-Christian cults of the day. And we are sure that God will honour those who, in the right spirit, with a zeal for the truth, for the salvation of souls, and for the honour and glory of God, "contend earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints."

We are profoundly grateful for President Coumans' message. It is just what might have been expected from what we know of his gracious spirit, and his splendid record of devotion to Christ and zeal for the souls of men. We have called attention to this one note in the address only because we feel that in that paragraph Brother Coumans recommends a policy which is not safe. If the Baptists of this Convention have been preserved from a flood of Modernist preachers, it is only because many faithful souls have been exercising themselves in season and out of season to keep the springs of our Denominational life true. We affirm that there is a little group in the Baptist Denomination who seem destitute of Christian principle, who, could they persuade us to "forget the modernist", would soon accomplish their sinister purpose to pollute, with their modernist poison, the springs whence our supply of ministers must come. The will is there; but how to perform they find not, because they know that there are some who stand ready to expose their design. Let us take our trowels and with renewed zeal address ourselves to the task of building the walls of Zion; at the same time, we shall be well advised to keep the sword by our side for cases of emergency; and in what place, therefore, we hear the sound of the trumpet, to resort thither, in the confidence that "our God shall fight for us". So let us labour in the work, while half of us hold the spears from the rising of the morning till the stars appear.

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### THE CHURCH AND RECREATION

By press reports we learn that the Committee on The State of Religion recommended a larger use of church buildings for recreational purposes as one means by which the leakages in our Denominational life may be stopped. There is no doubt that everybody needs some recreation. The old proverb is profoundly true: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy". We ought to learn how to play. We have great sympathy with parents who are perplexed to know what to do with their children who insist upon going to questionable places of amusement. Yet it does seem to us that there is danger in bringing recreational entertainment programmes to the fore. We believe there is a more

excellent way; and that the great need of the church to-day is an increased emphasis upon the ministry of prayer, and a fuller appropriation of divine power for getting the work of God in the world done. We would not harshly censure those who, in their perplexity over the religious conditions of our time, cast about to find some means whereby the religious life may be lifted to a higher level. We believe it is the part of wisdom, however, to get back to God and to God's way of doing things. At all events, we are happy in seeing scores of young people, and even little children, finding the house of God supremely attractive as a place of prayer and praise.

### THIS WEEK'S SERMON

This week's sermon on "Other Little Ships" appeared in the issue of February 8th., but is reprinted because we have received so many requests for copies which we have been unable to supply. We have no other means of supplying it but by printing it the second time. Every sermon by the Pastor is stenographically reported, and scores are awaiting publication; but we believe our readers who have this sermon will be willing that we should supply the demand in this way.

## THE WHOLE BIBLE COURSE LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 4th, 1923.

### THE ABRAHAMIC COVENANT—Gen. 12-14.

Lesson Exposition by the Editor.

#### I. ABRAHAM'S OBEDIENCE TO GOD'S CALL.

(1) It involves separation from friends as always (12:1). For the Primary boys and girls and young people, there is an opportunity here for teaching the importance of keeping good company—1st Psalm in illustration—and being willing to leave even our best friends for Christ's sake. (2) It was the fruit of faith in God's promises (Heb. 11: 8-10). Here we have God's covenant with Abraham. True faith always issues in obedience (Rom. 16:26). (3) Abraham took others with him (12:5). None of us live to ourselves. When we do right, we always help others to do right. Whether we "break" or "do" Christ's commandments, we "teach men so" (Matt. 5:26). Great lesson here for scholars of all grades on the power of example. We all have a Lot following us. (4) Obedience brings further revelation (12:7). We learn by doing. (5) True obedience results in public acknowledgment of God (12:8).

#### II. ABRAHAM'S FAILURE IN TIME OF EMERGENCY.

(1) The best of men have their weaknesses—Moses, Joshua, Peter. (2) Faith is tested by famine, by difficulties of all sorts (12:10). The strong man is the one who meets an emergency rightly. It should be easy to teach scholars of all grades the importance of trust in God in the time of trial, and following Him over rough roads. (3) When a Christian turns aside from the appointed path, temptations are multiplied—one sin leads to another (12:11-20). (4) Abraham had to come back (13: 1-4), as we all do. There is always a way back by the place of the altar where the blood is shed (I. John).

#### III. ABRAHAM'S MATERIAL PROSPERITY.

(1) Abraham and Lot grew rich. It is not a sin to be rich. Everything belongs to God; and when it pleases Him He can make His children rich, although He does not always do so (13: 5-7). (2) Riches bring heavy responsibilities and great temptations. (3) Abraham again puts God first. Willing to take what is left, he allows Lot to choose. "The meek shall inherit the earth" (13: 8-9). (4) Here we have Lot's choice in sharp contrast to that of Abraham. "Lot lifted up his eyes." "The lust of the eyes, and the pride of life"—I. John 2:16—are among the elements of the world that are at enmity with God. God can see better than we can, and can choose more wisely. Lot's choice was the beginning of sorrows for him. What a lesson here for young people and boys and

girls to be willing to take the second place, to let someone else have the big piece of cake—to have a satisfied soul rather than a satisfied stomach! (5) Abraham's meekness earned God's approval. "After that Lot was separated from him," the Lord said unto him, "Lift up now thine eyes"; and God promised Abraham that all the land which he could see should be his and his seed's after him. Thus, blessing comes from separation and by leaving all our future to God (13: 14-18). (6) Here, too, we have the germ of the gospel—the promise of a seed that should inherit the earth (Gal. 3: 16-18). Emphasize the fact that the gospel is found in the first book of Genesis, and that the New Testament is the fulfilment of the Old.

#### IV. THE FIRST WAR OF HISTORY.

(1) These kings and their differences (14: 1-12) would have been altogether forgotten but for their connection with Abraham and Lot (Prov. 10:7). God is supremely concerned in the affairs of His children; and whoever fights against God's chosen must reckon with God Himself. We see here the folly of Lot's choosing by the sight of his own eyes. When thus we trust our own judgment, there are many things we are unable to see. Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom, notwithstanding the witness of the people, because he thought it would be profitable. Many people have since done likewise, and assume that any course may be justified so long as they can find a better living in that direction. Here is an illustration of the principle that "Man shall not live by bread alone." Lot got himself into trouble, and was taken captive by the victors in the first war. Lot was not wholly bad. He is called "just Lot" (II. Peter 2:7). He is a type of the worldly, carnal Christian, who has not learned the value of putting God first in everything.

#### V. THE FIRST FIGHT FOR LIBERTY.

(1) Notwithstanding Lot's selfishness, Abraham hastens to his rescue (14: 13-16). So ought every Christian to do to every other Christian. (2) Obedience to God makes men strong and brave, not weak and cowardly. Great lesson here for young boys, and a lesson for all to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. (3) Abraham earns the gratitude of those whom he delivered (13: 17, 21); but refuses to accept the spoils of war lest any should say, "I have made Abraham rich." Abraham was determined to give God the glory for his accomplishment. Great men are always modest, and mighty men are humble. (4) Abraham receives a sign of divine approval by a visit from the mysterious Melchisedec. All that is known of Melchisedec will be found in Psalm 110, and Hebrews 5:6 to 7:21. We are of the opinion that this King of Salem of the Old Testament was an Old Testament appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ. (See Heb. 7: 1-3). The great lesson here is that whoever walks in the ways of the Lord, hearing His Word, doing His will, will enjoy the favour of God and the companionship of the Lord Jesus by the way.

### CHURCH NEWS.

Last Sunday was another great day in the history of Jarvis Street. At 9.45 we had the third meeting of our morning Bible School. The attendance numbered 462. There were some absentees; but 135 new scholars were reported. The School has not yet learned the accurate use of the Record System adopted; and we are inclined to think that some of these new scholars may have been counted twice. But, in any case, nearly 100 new scholars enrolled.

Sunday morning about fifteen came forward in response to the invitation; and a good number of these, we believe, were soundly converted. When an invitation was given to all students attending the various colleges, in training for some form of Christian service, to come forward, more than fifty young men and women responded. A good number gathered for prayer at 5.30, and the number increased up to 6.30, when we had the largest before-service Communion we have ever had. At the evening service there was a great congregation; thirteen were baptized; and those responding to the invitation to confess Christ filled the front seat in the centre and the long front seat in the right centre. Many of these were soundly converted; others expressed a desire to be baptized; and some to unite with the church by letter or experience. While these inquirers were being interviewed in the parlor, an after-meeting of great power and blessing proceeded. One man testified that he had heard much

about Jarvis Street Church that was unfavourable, but that he had determined to see for himself, and so had travelled 150 miles to spend the week-end in Toronto. He had not heard the Pastor preach; but he had found that the presence of God filled the place, and he was sure the divine favour was resting upon the church's ministry. After all, news travelled before there were newspapers; and it can still get about on its two feet to-day. His brother told us that the religious circles in his neighbourhood were all talking about Jarvis Street. We are not particularly concerned about that; but we are sure if Christ is in the place He cannot be hid.

Rev. Louis Entzminger and Professor James Entzminger left on the night train for Cincinnati, and will be followed by the earnest prayer of Jarvis Street. We have had many uplifts from many of God's faithful servants; but we believe that no one has ever visited us who has made a greater contribution to the life of the church than these dear brethren.

We send out on this page an invitation to every member of the church to join us in this great Bible School enterprise. Set your alarm for 8 o'clock in the morning. May the whole church come together for the study of God's Word at 9.45. There are classes for all from the baby to the venerable patriarch. Come and find your place in this great Bible Training School. Remember, we begin at 9.45. All the School assembles in the church at 10.45. The regular service will begin at 11 o'clock, and the Pastor will preach.

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### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A gathering of former members and friends of Parliament Street Baptist Church will be held on Tuesday, October 30th, in the newly-decorated church.

An informal reception will be held from 4 p.m. to 6.30 p.m., after which supper will be served; and it is desired that you write J. Carlton, 100 Amelia Street, or 'phone Randolph 7554 W., Gerrard 0375, or Gerrard 0497, if you can be present, that we may learn how many to expect.

A social evening will follow the supper, when we hope to hear the old choir, and some of those who served us in former years. Miss Lucy M. Jones will be present to meet her former fellow-workers and associates of our old Church Home, before she returns to her work in India.

**Women's Mission Circle.**—The Annual Meeting of the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Circle will be held in the Church Parlour Thursday, Nov. 4th, at 3 p.m., when the reports of the year's work will be received, and officers for the coming year elected. We are to have with us Mrs. James Lawson, who has spent thirty-four years in mission work in China. Let there be a *very* large attendance of the women of our church and congregation to hear this consecrated woman tell of her experiences and of the needs of that land of darkness, which is calling to-day as never before for the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Will *all* collectors please report.

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## The Church Calendar

### Sunday.

For the week beginning Sunday, Oct. 28th, 1923.

9.45—Bible School, including an Intercessory Class. W. J. Hutchinson, Supt.

11.00—Public Worship. Dr. T. T. Shields.

6.00—Prayer Meeting in Church Parlor.

6.30—Communion Service.

7.00—Public Worship. Dr. T. T. Shields.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8—Prayer Meeting.

Tuesday—6.00—Teachers' Meeting.

Wednesday—7.00—Junior service.

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

3.00. Evangelistic Service, 7.00—Rev. W. L. McKay.

Monday—8.00—Young People's Meeting.

Wednesday—8 o'clock—Prayer Meeting.

Friday—7.15—Junior Meeting: Mr. F. Turney and Mr. W. J. Hutchinson.