

The Gospel Witness

Vol. 3

TORONTO, JULY 17th, 1924.

No. 10



DR. J. FRANK NORRIS.

The Gospel Witness

is in its third year of publication. It is published every Thursday and each number contains a stenographically reported sermon by Dr. T. T. Shields.

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THE subscription price is \$2.00 per year,—less than four cents a week. In addition to the sermon, it contains an exposition of the weekly lesson in The Whole Bible Sunday School Lesson Course, and editorial articles dealing with the great issues of the religious world.

The Gospel Witness solicits your subscription. It will be mailed to any address for \$2.00 a year, or 50c for three months. Single copies can be obtained at the office at 5c per copy. It is read by five hundred ministers and thousands of others weekly.

THE GOSPEL WITNESS OFFICE
130 Gerrard Street East
TORONTO

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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.

T. T. SHIELDS, *Pastor and Editor.*

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

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

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TORONTO, JULY 17th, 1924.

No. 10.

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

A POOR GIRL'S ROMANCE.

A Sermon by the Pastor.

Preached in Jarvis Street Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, July 6th, 1924.

(Stenographically reported.)

"And the king loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favour in his sight more than all the virgins; so that he set the royal crown upon her head and made her queen."—Esther 2: 17.



THE book of Esther, as you know, is remarkable for the fact that the name of God does not once appear in its pages. And yet it is impossible for one to read it with an enlightened understanding, without seeing God everywhere. It is a story of God incognito. God is often present in human lives when He is not recognized. God's hand is shaping the course, and directing the steps of His chosen even when they do not know Him. And as you read this entrancing story of the fortunes of a poor girl and of her relation to a great multitude of captives and observe how marvellously God wrought in their experience, you will see that this book of Esther forms a very necessary link in the chain of the divine purpose, which runs all through this Book from the beginning to the end, of making known the divine plan of redemption. I have frequently called your attention to the fact that the Old Testament abounds with illustrations of gospel truth; and the book of Esther is no exception to that general rule. He must be blind indeed, who cannot see herein a close analogy to that great prophetic utterance which we read for our lesson this evening: "My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the king: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer."

The story of Esther's humble origin; the privation and almost destitution of her early years; the remarkable way in which God led her and gave her a place in the affections of the king, and ultimately brought her to the throne, and made her, through her intercessory ministry, the saviour of her people, is full of spiritual suggestiveness. Many times in the New Testament the relationship of the believer to Christ is likened to the marriage relation: "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it." "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son." Jesus, while introduced by John the Baptist as "the Lamb of God," was also described by that same prophet as "the Bridegroom"; and himself as one who stood by as a friend of the Bridegroom, and rejoiced to hear His voice. In one of His matchless parables, our Lord also predicted a day when the cry should go forth, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh." And in the last book of the Bible a day is predicted when it shall be said: "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." Thus I venture to take this ancient story, to illustrate the great principles of redemption; and to find in the romance of this poor girl's life an illustration of how the King of kings sets His affection upon the poorest of the poor, and lifts him up, to share with Himself the throne and the glory which He had with the Father before the world was.

I.

To begin, then, **Esther Was a Very Poor Girl.** We do not know very much about her earliest years, except that early in life she was orphaned: "She had neither father nor mother." She was adopted by her cousin, Mordecai, apparently a man much older than she; of whom it is said that he "brought up Hadassah," for that was her name first of all. And yet this poor, peasant, Jewish girl became, at last, the consort of the mightiest monarch of his time. It is worth while studying the hand of God in that interesting story.

It is thus, dear friends, the gospel story runs: Not only upon the rich and the great; not upon those exalted to high positions; not upon those who have a lofty estimate of their own worth has our Lord set His heart's affection. "The poor have the gospel preached to them"; and Jesus pronounced a special benediction upon such as are "poor in spirit: for," He said, "theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And only as we come to recognize our spiritual poverty is it possible for us ever to become rich. We read of some of whom it is said: "Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." They do not know the extent, the depth, of their own moral and spiritual poverty. I bring you this message this evening—to the most depressed spirit here, to the one who is humblest in his own estimation, to the one with whom all the plans of life have gone awry, against whom all the currents of life seem to be set, who, conscious of evil within and of foes without, has no hope of any kind of spiritual advancement—I say to you is the wondrous gospel story sent that from among such the King of kings is pleased to choose His Bride. I pray that we may all feel our poverty this evening, for we are poor if

only we knew it; we are without means to pay our debt; we are without ability properly to clothe ourselves to appear in the King's presence—we are, indeed, in our natural state, in a condition of moral and spiritual destitution, and in urgent need of the bounty, of the wealth of some One to lift us from our low estate, and to bring us to a position of spiritual affluence and power.

This peasant girl belonged to a captive race. She was far from home. She was found by the king in a far country; she had been carried away with others of her family and her friends. The story relates to the history of the captive Jews, who were not only personally bankrupt, but they were racially so. Their kingdom had been destroyed. Their king had been carried away, bound with fetters of brass. They had no habitation on earth that they could call their own. They were really a nation of slaves; but it was from among such this mighty king was pleased to select one upon whose brow he placed, at last, the royal crown.

And that is analogous to our natural state; for men, by nature, are led captive by the Devil at his will. I know that it is popular to-day to magnify human nature—to declare that we are all kings; that we are all captains of our soul, and masters of our fate—and yet there is not one here this evening who is not aware that such liberty as he enjoys is subject to very clearly defined limitations. And there is not one of us who has not had to exclaim—whether in so many words it does not matter—who has not at least felt that disability which the Apostle Paul expressed when he said: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Poor and blind and naked, and captives into the bargain, are we all! Yet, from among the prisoners, from those who wear fetters instead of bracelets, from those who have a felon's chain about their feet instead of a gold chain about their neck—from among such does our Lord Jesus choose His Bride. Is there anyone here this evening who has a secret shared with no one else? Is there one here who is conscious of disappointment and disillusionment; and who has become the victim, almost, of despair—not unsuccessful as men rate success; but living, perhaps, in a good house, and moving in a circle of respectable society; passing among men as one who is getting a fair measure of enjoyment out of life's estate; and yet at the heart profoundly conscious of disappointment, that something is missing? I think it was Brother Fraser who told me of meeting in Alexandria a lady who was accustomed to invite all the soldiers she saw to her house. He accepted her invitation, and he happened to come there at a time when a party was in progress. Because of a testimony for Christ he had given, she took this soldier-guest aside, and acknowledged that, with all her material prosperity, she had utterly missed the secret of real joy; that something was lacking, and she was poor and captive, notwithstanding all. Now I bring you a message from the Lord this evening, to assure you that it is upon such the love of His heart is set.

II.

Then this second observation: **Esther was Selected and Brought Into the House of the Chamberlain to be Prepared for Introduction to the King.** Her cousin, the only friend she had in the world, was a

poor man. He had no means wherewith to clothe her in purple and fine linen. He was utterly unable to fit her for the royal presence. But, according to the king's commandment, she was brought into the house of the chamberlain, where everything was provided for her: the oil of myrrh, and the sweet odours, and the splendid vestments such as I read of to-night—"Her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework." All this was provided for her; and seven maidens out of the king's household to wait upon her hand and foot. She had no less than seven ladies' maids to look after her, to anticipate her every want, and thus fully to prepare her that she might come unabashed into the royal presence.

I rejoice that the gospel of God's grace not only calls us out of our poverty: it meets us in our poverty. There are young people here who have their secrets; and I dare say that last June, or some other time in these happy summer months, would have marked a wedding but for one thing: You had not money enough to get married—the "green trunk," or whatever it is, was not sufficiently furnished, and the house was not prepared. Would it not be a great thing to have somebody do all that for you? I should be very popular if, at the close of this service, I were able to announce that I knew somebody who could and would make all necessary preparations for the wedding. But here is a wonderful story! Poor as she was, without money or equipment, without any furnishing, when Esther was selected, if she had said: "I am not fit to enter into the king's presence; I have no clothes fit to wear; I should be ashamed before him," the answer would have been: "All is provided for you. Here is a place where the most elaborate wardrobe is prepared, and everything requisite to your adornment is awaiting your appropriation. You may therefore come and stand unabashed in the presence of the king, everything is provided for you. You may come, bringing nothing in your hand—utterly destitute: for all is ready for you." And that is the gospel story: the Lord meets us in our poverty. There may be somebody here this evening who says, "I do not need so much a change of clothes as a change of mind." I cannot come to Him because I fear I have not true repentance." Quite so; and it is necessary that we should repent in order to come to Him; but "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." He has been exalted to give repentance; and, if you have not repentance, and want repentance—if you want a change of mind, if you desire to be brought into harmony with God—you have but to cry to Him; and out of the house of His Chamberlain He will provide you with such changes as will fit you to come where He is. Or perhaps another one says: "Well, sir, I have no faith. I hear you preachers say, 'believe! believe! believe!'—but I cannot believe. I wish I had faith. How can I get faith? 'Without faith it is impossible to please God'." I know that that is true; but He will give you faith. "Faith is the gift of God." What is faith? It is the answer of an enlightened soul to God's revelation of Himself. If you are to have faith, then God must needs reveal Himself more clearly; because faith is the natural response of a quickened soul to a full-orbed revelation of God in Christ. You cannot trust one you do not know. You

cannot believe one of whose faithfulness you have had no experience. You cannot believe God without knowing Who God is. You cannot believe Jesus to be a Saviour without a revelation from Him that He is a Saviour. And if you have not faith, He will give you faith if you want it. "Lord, I believe," said one. He had but an infinitesimal fraction of faith; but he said, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

I heard Dr. Jowett, when speaking of the crowd gathered about Jesus; and of the woman who had spent all her living upon many physicians, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse; of how she pushed her way through the crowd and touched the hem of His garment, exhort his hearers, saying: "Now touch Him! touch Him! touch Him!" "But," he said, "somebody may say, 'I don't know how to touch Him'." "Then," said the great preacher, "tell Him you don't know how, for that will touch Him!" And Dr. Jowett was right. Tell Him you cannot believe; and He will help you; He will give you faith.

"Oh, but, sir," says another, "I could not come to Christ unless I were robed other than I am. I could not stand before Him in my own righteousness." That is unquestionably true; and I am glad you feel it to be so: but in the house of the King's Chamberlain there are wedding garments prepared, and you may be arrayed with the garments of salvation—a wedding dress, if you please, all ready, and made according to the latest fashion, approved at Heaven's court; a garment which you can wear in the presence of angels and be unabashed. It is all in God's free gift to the soul upon whom His love is set.

"Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

"Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him:
 This He gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

Then Esther came, and the text says: "The king loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favour in his sight." What is salvation? Is it giving up certain worldly pursuits, surrendering certain forms of pleasure, putting one's self in a strait jacket, submitting one's self to a long catalogue of "don'ts"? Is that what it means to be saved? What is salvation? I will tell you what it is: It is a place in the heart of God! "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son." What is salvation? It is being married to God's well-beloved Son. Are you afraid of that? Would anybody run away from that? Does that involve the surrender of anything that is of worth in life? Esther

came and rejoiced in the discovery that she had found the first place in the heart of the king. "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it." And I suppose that when she appeared before him, with all the splendid robes of his own provision, brilliant with the jewels which were his own gift, adorned in a hundred particulars by the ministry of his own grace to her, a poor, peasant girl—I suppose that every gift he had bestowed upon her endeared her more and more to him, even as they endeared him to her.

Do you not see, dear friends, that our glorious Bridegroom has not only loved us, but His grace actually makes us lovable, and ultimately makes us lovely? And surely that is a miracle of grace, for some of us to be made lovely. Oh, the wonder of it!—that our ugly dispositions can be clothed and made beautiful in His sight. One wonders how some people could ever be proud of themselves if they had a mirror in their house. And I wonder how anybody can ever be proud of himself with this mirror of the Word before him, because it perfectly reveals all our native ugliness. But, on the other hand, it reveals the fullness of divine grace that covers all our defects, and introduces us to the King in garments that are of wrought gold, made beautiful in raiment of the Spirit's needlework, so that as He looks upon us, He says: "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." And He will do that for every one of us—blotting out all our sins, clothing us with the garments of salvation, and giving us the first place in His heart.

III.

And I would have you specially observe this: "He set the royal crown upon her head, and made her queen." As all his courtiers, his nobles, and others stood about—before them all, he selected Esther, and said: "She shall share the throne with me"; he was not ashamed in the presence of all to crown her as his queen. Do you suppose she was ashamed to be crowned? It is a very wonderful thing to me that the Lord Jesus is not ashamed to call us brethren; that He is not ashamed to be identified with us. When in a moment or two I give an invitation to any of you who are not Christians to accept Christ, or to any of you who have not yet confessed Him, there will be some, perhaps, who will be almost ashamed to step out and walk down these aisles for Christ. But if He is not ashamed to put the crown royal upon our heads; if He is not ashamed to confess us before His Father and His holy angels; if He is not ashamed to make room for us upon His throne, that we may share His glory and His power, how dare we be ashamed of Him?

"Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

"Ashamed of Jesus!—just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

"Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

"Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!"

And He is not ashamed to put the crown upon the brow of such as believe, and to say, "This is my beloved," even before the angels of glory.

But I must tell you this: The story says that, by Mordecai's injunction, Esther had refrained from making known to the king her people and her kindred. She did not tell him that she was a Jew. She did not tell him that she belonged to a despised and captive and subject race. But as we come to our King, we do not need to tell Him: He knows in advance whence we come, and all our history, and all that is in our hearts.

Somewhere I have read the story of a southern lady who was engaged to the son of some noble house in England—a worthy name, associated with vast estates. The time of the wedding was set. But when he came to see her on one occasion, he found that she had gathered all his presents; and she returned them to him, saying that she could accept none of them. Then she took the engagement ring from her hand, and gave that back to him also, and told him the marriage could never take place. He asked for the reason, which she refused to disclose. He sought by every means to persuade her to divulge her secret; but she refused for a long time to give any reason for her strange action. At last, however, when she found that he was unwilling to accept her refusal, and determined to carry out his purpose—absolutely refusing to receive the ring or the presents, she said: "I am sure you will when I tell you my story." Then she told her story. A nurse in the family had kept the secret faithfully until she felt that all danger of the breaking of the engagement was past; for she loved her mistress as she loved nobody else on earth. But in a confidential moment, at last, the nurse had told her that she knew that from several generations back there was in her veins a drop of blood of an inferior race, to which the nurse herself belonged; and the nurse told her, "White as you are, you are kindred to me." When she knew that, she felt that honour required that she should relieve her beloved of his obligation; and so, with breaking heart and streaming eyes, she told him all her story. When she had finished, he said in a tone of unconcern, "And is that all?" But she replied, "Surely that is enough to separate us forever!" "But," he said, as he replaced the ring, "it is no news to me. I knew all that before I asked you to be mine." Ah, sometimes, as we come into the light of His presence, and we behold the beauty and the glory of His face, we discover within ourselves such depths of depravity, such depths of unworthiness, as we had never guessed. And hear me! if you do not feel that,

you have not seen Jesus! I declare positively that the man who knows Christ can never feel in this life that he is perfect. But as we come to see how unworthy we are, how far beneath Him, we are almost disposed to release Him from His engagement, and say, "Surely He could not have known what I am, or He never would have asked me to be His!" But my Lord Jesus knew it all, my friends. Blessed be His name forever!

"He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!"

What a blessing it is that there are no secrets between us and our Lord! You cannot tell Him anything He does not know; and, in spite of all that we are, He loves us with an everlasting love, if, indeed, we are numbered among those who believe.

IV.

This word and I am done: **Esther Was Not Introduced to a Life of Idleness.** This story does not read like the ordinary love story. Esther became queen; and then she learned that her people, despised as they were by the machinations of a wicked enemy, had been brought under the condemnation of a law that could not be altered; and that they were all condemned, appointed unto death. And when she learned that, she was bidden by her cousin, Mordecai, to go in unto the king and make supplication for her people. And you remember how she went unto the king, and made supplication, not divulging her secret, first of all. But as she came into the king's presence, he held out unto her the golden sceptre, and he said: "What is thy petition, queen Esther? and it shall be granted thee: and what is thy request? and it shall be performed, even to the half of the kingdom." Thus she was brought to the kingdom for such a time as this; she was there having the ear of the king, with power to move the arm of the king, in order to save a multitude of souls from death! What are you saved for, Christian? Just that! "The whole world lieth in the wicked one." Multitudes of men and women in this city are conditioned just as you were,—“condemned already,” without hope; the victims of the hatred of a wicked Haman, a spiritual Haman, who is the enemy of the souls of men, just as Haman was the Jews' enemy; and he has brought us all under the condemnation of a law that altereth not. But Esther prayed; and, in answer to her prayer, it was made possible that all the people might be saved.

When the posts went out, publishing the decree signed by the king's signet ring, it is said: "And Mordecai went out from the presence of the king in royal apparel of blue and white, and with a great crown of gold, and with a garment of fine linen and purple: and the city of Shushan rejoiced and was glad. The Jews had light, and gladness, and joy, and honour. And in every province, and in every city, whithersoever the king's commandment and his decree came, the Jews had joy and gladness, a feast and a good day." And the joy bells rang throughout all the Persian empire because Esther was in the

presence of the king making intercession for her people. Do you want Toronto to have "joy and gladness, a feast and a good day"? Do you want to fill thousands of hearts and homes with gladness? Then let us rejoice in our privileges as Christians, who are brought into the presence of God, and permitted to make intercession for those who are still under condemnation! It is a glorious thing to be a Christian. I am not going to make any apology for asking you to accept Christ. Who would not be betrothed to such a Bridegroom as our Lord Jesus is? Who would not share such a throne of power and glory as His? Who would not wear the crown which His pierced hand is ready to give? Who would not rejoice in the privilege of access to His presence and revel in the luxuries of His redeeming love?

That is the salvation I offer you—no meagre bread-and-water existence; no mere ticket-of-leave salvation; no letting you out of the penitentiary with cropped head, and one suit of clothes, to be cast, with a ruined reputation, upon the tender mercies of a selfish world. No! Salvation consists in the blotting out of all our sins through the precious blood of Christ, the regeneration of the soul by the quickening power of the Holy Ghost, the marriage by an indissoluble covenant to the King's Son, our glorious Lord Jesus; admission to a joint heirship with Him to all the wealth of the King of glory. The wounds of Jesus are His answer to the question whether He will have you to be His bride. O sinner, let thy soul but repent and trust Him by saying "I will" to the Holy Spirit's enquiry whether you will have Christ, and by that answer you shall be married to the Son of God and saved for ever!

NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Last Sunday—Three were baptized Sunday evening. The first open air service of the season was held on the church grounds, where a large crowd assembled. It was an inspiration to hear the grand old hymns of Zion sung in the open air. After a sermon by the Pastor, the service was closed with the singing of "Abide With Me."

The Week-evening Meetings—The prayer room down stairs was packed—people sitting out in the hallway and in the primary room—last Thursday. Tuesday evening lecture of this week was held in the large lecture hall upstairs, which was practically filled. Therefore, July notwithstanding, Tuesday and Thursday meetings will be held in the lecture hall. The spirit of prayer is upon the people and there is "the sound of abundance of rain."

The Gospel Witness Fund—Last year the membership of the church was asked to subscribe to The Gospel Witness Fund a sufficient amount to underwrite its publication for the year. In their response the members of the church proved themselves to be hilarious givers. The subscriptions will expire with the end of July. The Pastor has again addressed a letter to the members, asking for a renewal of these subscriptions for another year. The postman is bringing him a large number of letters by every mail; and it is one of his greatest delights to open these letters and to mark the generous response of the people. He is glad to report that the new members, who have joined the church since the last appeal was made, are proving themselves to be of the same generous spirit as those who have been longer in our membership. Beyond doubt, The Gospel Witness has made for itself a large place in the hearts of Jarvis Street people.

Next Sunday Evening—The monthly Communion Service which should properly be held on the first Sunday in August will, on account of the special character of the service on this evening, be held the last Sunday in July. Fuller announcement will be made through the press.

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 SPEECH OF ASHDOD.

"In those days also saw I Jews that had married wives of Ashdod, of Ammon, and of Moab: and their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak in the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people." This interesting passage is found in the thirteenth chapter of Nehemiah, the twenty-third and twenty-fourth verses. It tells the story of the influence of two peoples; and of certain children whose speech was a mixture of two languages, so that it was difficult for a stranger to know whether they were Jews or Philistines: their speech was neither one thing nor the other, so that anyone might be excused for being unable to identify their nationality.

These verses illustrate a situation which obtains in the theological world to-day. Simple evangelical believers, who believe the Bible to be the Word of God, who accept its teachings, and frankly witness to its truths, are often perplexed by the ambiguity of the language employed by many who call themselves evangelical Christians. And when an old-fashioned believer asks one of these gentlemen of double speech to be good enough to explain himself, and to tell us frankly whether he comes from Ashdod or Jerusalem, he immediately charges us with being unjustly and unnecessarily suspicious. Our modernist friends demand that we produce proof of their Modernism. We admit that it is sometimes difficult to find a statement in clear and unequivocal terms by which some such teachers can be proved to have departed from the faith. Our Modernist friends then insist that the burden of proof rests with those who charge them with a want of loyalty to the truth. On the face of it, their contention is plausible enough. We have sometimes seen in the papers an account of some offence discovered by the police, when it has been said that the police found difficulty in placing the responsibility for the crime. And then we are told that a certain person has been detained as a "material witness". Generally speaking, in such cases the facts are, that while the police are unable at the moment to name the offender, the so-called "material witness" is equally unable to give a satisfactory account of himself and his movements.

We are disposed to ask our modernist friends why they do not use the Jews' language; and why in their books and their public addresses their speech should be half of Ashdod. It is, of course, just that everyone should be regarded as innocent until he is proved guilty. But when people speak half in the speech of Ashdod, there is in that fact a strong presumption that they are not wholly without some association with Philistia. Is it unreasonable, not only to expect, but to demand, that one who assumes the position of a religious teacher should express himself in clear and unmistakable language? Surely there is a duty resting upon every true disciple of Christ to make a clear confession of his faith in Christ! Every regenerated person is required to be a witness for Christ. There is certainly no necessity for such an one's using a mixed language, having in it somewhat of the Jerusalem dialect, with an accent suggestive of the speech of Ashdod. And if such obligation rests upon Christians in general, how much more is it the duty of Christian preachers and teachers to learn to speak plainly! One of the first requirements of a bishop or pastor is that we should be "apt to teach". But how is it possible for one really to teach who is unable to make himself clearly understood? It should not be difficult for a man, even in a few sentences, clearly to state whether he believes the Bible to be the Word of God or not. The English language is sufficiently rich to enable a man, without the slightest

ambiguity, to declare in a few words his view of the virgin birth, the Deity of Christ, His vicarious atonement, His resurrection, and ascension, and His coming again. If, in the discussion of these great questions, men choose to use the language of Philistia, they have no right to feel aggrieved if one should doubt their loyalty to Jerusalem. It is not difficult to differentiate between a Creationist and an Evolutionist; a Creationist uses the Jews' language; but an Evolutionist speaks half in the speech of Ashdod.

We enter a plea for a little more outspokenness. "We having the same spirit of faith, according as it is written, I believed, and therefore have I spoken; we also believe, and therefore speak." Meanwhile, we do well to study Nehemiah's example with respect to those whose language was a conglomeration of the dialects of Ashdod and Jerusalem. He says, "I contended with them." There is, indeed, an urgent necessity for our contending, not only for the "faith once for all delivered to the saints," but for a pure language by which that faith may be expressed. One thing is certain: the rebuilding of Jerusalem can never safely be entrusted to the hands of those who cannot speak in the Jews' language, but whose speech is half of Ashdod.

THE ETHICS OF THE PUBLICATION BOARD.

In our issue of June 19th, we published a letter dated June 6th, which we had sent to the Editor of *The Canadian Baptist*, renewing our request for the publication of the letters which passed between the Chancellor of McMaster University and the Editor of this paper, last November. We also published the reply of the Editor of *The Canadian Baptist*, in which he said he was waiting for the return of the Chairman of the Publication Board, when a meeting of the Board would be held, and our request would be submitted. We have just received the following communication:

July 9th, 1924.

Rev. Dr. Shields,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Dr. Shields:

Referring again to your letter of June 6:

At a recent meeting of the Publication Board, I placed before the members of that Board your request to have certain matter issued last November and published in various papers at that time, inserted in the "*Canadian Baptist*" now. The Board unanimously agreed that no good purpose would be served by publishing this matter.

Yours sincerely,

THE CANADIAN BAPTIST,
(Signed) L. F. Kipp,
Editor and Manager.

From some points of view, the actions, both of the Editor of *The Canadian Baptist* and the Publication Board, are as amusing as any comic strip published in any paper on the Continent. Their united efforts can no more stop the flow of truth, nor prevent the Denomination from learning the facts, than a little boy could dam back the waters of Niagara with his toy spade and pail. They are a fine example of the principle of the wise man's observation: "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

But from another point of view, the attitude of these would-be-Jarvis-Street-extinguishers speaks volumes for the quality of ethics inculcated by the Governing Bodies of McMaster University and *The Canadian Baptist*. Apart from these two Boards, it may reasonably be doubted whether any person occupying any sort of judicial position anywhere in the British Empire, even though he made no profession of religion at all, could, by any means, be persuaded to act with such wanton disregard of every principle of honour and fair play as these two Boards have done. We have never asked to be permitted to write a single line in *The Canadian Baptist* in self-defense—that is, in reply to the resolution of the Senate of McMaster University, which, with large head-lines, occupied practically an entire page of *The Canadian Baptist*. All we have ever requested was, that the readers of *The Canadian Baptist* might be permitted to read our

two letters to the Chancellor of McMaster University, protesting against a degree being conferred upon such an enemy of the Christian Faith as Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, upon which letters the Senate's strictures were based. But this simple measure of fair play has been repeatedly denied.

The Editor of this paper is a Baptist; and is proud to answer to that name. As such, he believes that Baptist affairs should be directed by Baptist people. He confesses, however, that he would be willing, as an emergency measure, to consent to an exception being made in respect to the Publication Board and the Senate of McMaster University, the last named being the vociferous champions of "Christian" education. And this is the exception we have in mind: if a certain Roman Governor, named Festus, could come back to life and walk this planet again, we should have pleasure in nominating him, Roman pagan though he should be, for membership on these two Boards, in order that he might teach these Christian leaders the elementary principles of justice; and, in justification of our proposal, as a text for our nominating speech, we should quote these words: "And after certain days, king Agrippa and Bernice came unto Caesarea, to salute Festus. And when they had been there many days, Festus declared Paul's cause unto the king, saying, There is a certain man left in bonds by Felix: about whom, when I was at Jerusalem, the chief priests and the elders of the Jews informed me, desiring to have judgment against him. To whom I answered, It is not the manner of the Romans to deliver any man to die, before that he which is accused have the accusers face to face, and have licence to answer for himself concerning the crime laid against him."

The Bible is full of biographical material which illustrates the folly of these two Boards under review. Space forbids an exposition of the principles set forth in the closing chapters of Ahab's foolish and tragic career. We venture, however, to recommend to these two Boards the careful study of the eighteenth chapter of the second book of Chronicles, particularly the nineteenth verse: "Who shall entice Ahab king of Israel, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead?"

At several of the Associations resolutions have been passed implicitly condemning the action of McMaster in conferring a degree upon Dr. Faunce; and also, by implication, condemning the action of *The Canadian Baptist* in refusing to publish all the facts of the case. Sooner or later the Denomination will awake to a realization of the fact that a little group of unbaptistic spirits are endeavouring to throttle every expression of Baptist principle. Then, once again, we may have a university worthy to be called a Baptist institution; and a denominational organ worthy to be ranked as a Baptist paper. We are sorry for the prospect before the Editor of *The Canadian Baptist*; and only congratulate him that his former experience as a reporter for the secular press, will qualify him to return to a similar position.

To the foregoing observations, some will be disposed to make answer, that we have adequately defended our action in respect to McMaster in the pages of this paper. To all such, we express our gratitude for the compliment involved. *The Gospel Witness* is not without its influence. It is increasing in circulation all the time. A much larger edition than usual will be printed of this issue. Perhaps our friends will be interested to know that fifty thousand copies of this issue will be published.

The object of this article, however, is to plead a principle. Frankly, we are not in the least disturbed by the action of *The Canadian Baptist*. Its course was so irregular that we feared someone would have to visit it with some sort of chastisement. It is, in some respects, a relief to see *The Canadian Baptist* preparing a rod for itself—digging a pit into which it will most certainly fall. Our predominant emotion in this matter is one of profound sympathy for Brother Kipp for being subject to a Board evidently determined to reduce the Editor of *The Canadian Baptist* to the position of an indistinct and almost undecipherable rubber stamp. Our protest is against the principle of the conduct of *The Canadian Baptist*. Some other brother may not have such an organ as *The Gospel Witness* in which to defend himself. *The Canadian Baptist* is the organ of the Convention of Ontario and Quebec, and ought to be an open forum in which denominational issues can be discussed, and we predict that the Baptist love of fair play will ultimately compel the opening of its columns for this purpose. Meanwhile we comfort ourselves with the reflection that *The Canadian Baptist* has power only to injure itself.

THE WHOLE BIBLE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON COURSE.

XLIII.

JULY 27th, 1924.

DAVID BECOMES KING OF JUDAH.—2 Samuel, 1-4.

Like every part of David's story, these chapters are replete with spiritual lessons.

I. This period of his history further illustrates **His Unwavering Trust in God.**

(1) Sure of the throne, he was willing to abide God's time. The promises of God do not always tell us when they will be fulfilled, except that they will be fulfilled in His time. (2). In this confidence David enquired of the Lord. It is well to learn to take nothing for granted; but to allow God to direct, not only our lives, but our steps.

II. The true character of this heroic soul is revealed **In His Grief Over the Fall of His Enemies.** Few men have had more enemies than David. Like his great Antitype, he found himself in a world that was unfriendly to him.

(1). The first chapter tells of his lamentations over Saul. It is an evidence of real grace when we are grieved to see judgment fall upon our foes. (2). Abner, too, had made himself strong for the house of Saul; yet David felt no personal enmity toward him, but loved him as if he had been his friend; and so mourned his tragic end that all Israel knew that David's hands were free from his blood. (3). Ishbosheth also challenged David's right to reign; but when wicked men murdered him in his bed, thinking to do David a favour, they found only that they had brought themselves under his displeasure; and died as a punishment for their deed. (4). How suggestive this all is of the attitude of great David's Greater Son toward all His foes. He willeth not the death of the sinner. (5). What an example is here for all who would walk in God's ways: "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves."

III. The long war between the house of David and the house of Saul is suggestive of that **Long Conflict Between Light and Darkness, and Good and Evil.**

(1). David's troubles did not end with the death of Saul. He found a successor in Ishbosheth. Thus there is a succession of evils through all human history—whether of the world, the nation, or the individual—each, in its turn, arising to challenge the supremacy of the Lord's Anointed. (2). Though there were eddies in the stream, the main current showed that the house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker, and the house of David, stronger and stronger. Thus is it that darkness will be overcome by light, and evil by good, and all spirits of antichrist, as well as antichrist himself, by the supreme Conqueror, our Lord Jesus Christ.

IV. David's appreciation of the loyalty of certain men is **An Indication of His Power of Discernment.**

(1). He commended the men of Jabesh-Gilead for their loyalty to Saul. He was quick to see that a man who proved traitor to one master would be likely to betray another. (2). The same quality of discernment was exemplified in his attitude toward Abner. Abner was a noble, though misguided soul; and David was quick to see that his fast friendship for Saul and his house would be of great value to himself. Thus, we may learn our lesson: we can afford to dispense with the friendship of anyone who supports us only by the betrayal of another.

V. **These Chapters Are Full of Examples for Character Study.**

(1). Ishbosheth is a type of the weak, but ambitious man, whose only title to distinction is his relationship with someone greater than himself. (2). Abner, the loyalist, is a most interesting study. He stood by the house of his friend as long as it was possible. (3). Joab is a type of the strong man whose loyalty to a cause springs from selfish motives. He was a man of boundless ambition, who stopped at nothing to obtain his end. (4). Asahel, the one who was fleet of foot as a young roe, but who used his power so recklessly as to accomplish his own destruction, is an illustration of how one's special gifts may be recklessly thrown away.

Dr. J. Frank Norris, "The Texas Tornado," in Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Aug. 3rd to 31st

A TORONTO REVIVAL.

In the following pages, we shall have much to say about Dr. J. Frank Norris, who is to be our preacher during the month of August. Dr. Norris will preach twice daily except Saturday, and possibly Saturday evenings, too. On Sunday, the services will be at eleven and seven, and on week days at three and seven-thirty. Before we say anything about Dr. Norris, we desire clearly to state that we are sure no man living has the power to save a single soul: only the Holy Ghost can quicken dead souls. The means He has ordained is the gospel: "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." We believe the gospel is effective only when preached "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power," and that power accompanies the Word only as God's people pray. We, therefore, issue this invitation to as many of the Lord's people as we are able to reach in the City of Toronto and elsewhere, earnestly to request that they will without ceasing make intercession to God for us; that the mighty power of the Holy Spirit may accompany the preaching of the Word; that Dr. Norris may come to us "in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." In connection with this evangelistic campaign, there will be some organization and some advertising and, we are sure, great preaching. Notwithstanding, success will depend absolutely upon the power of the Holy Spirit. We would venture to summon every Christian who reads these words to a new consecration to the Lord Jesus Christ,—the absolute surrender of everything to His Lordship. We would urge every lover of the Lord Jesus Christ in the City of Toronto who may read these words, to pray that God will make bare His arm and send an overwhelming flood of spiritual blessing upon this City.

COME AND SEE!

Long ago one enquired: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" to which a wise reply was made: "Come and see." During the past three years so much has been said against Jarvis Street Church that some people enquire, "Can any good thing come out of Jarvis Street?" to which we reply, "Come and see." Wise men will reflect that there are always two sides, at least, to every question; and just men will suspend judgment until both sides have been heard. Jarvis Street's story is now an old one; and we have no intention of discussing it here. We love the friends with whom we were obliged to differ. We stood for principle only; and God has abundantly vindicated our course. Hundreds have been converted and baptized, and hundreds more have been converted who have not yet been baptized. We invite you to come to Jarvis Street and test the quality of its life, and the character of its services for yourself.

OUR CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Jarvis Street stands for "the faith once for all delivered to the saints." We believe the Bible to be the Word of God: that Jesus Christ was begotten of the Holy Ghost, and born of a virgin; that He was and is the Incarnate God. We believe that all men are, by nature and choice, sinners; and that they can be saved only as they are regenerated by the power of the Holy Spirit,—as they are "born again." We believe that "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day." We believe that the death of Christ was more than an example: "Christ also hath

once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God"; that "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". We believe, therefore, that salvation is all of grace; that it is God's work from beginning to end. We believe that, in order to salvation, men must repent of their sins, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. We believe that when one is thus saved, he is saved for ever; that the life Christ gives is eternal life. We believe that every true disciple of Christ should be baptized; and that the only scriptural baptism is the immersion of the believer in water in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. We believe that Jesus Christ will come again in person to this earth; and that this is the one divine event, to which the whole creation moves. We believe the New Testament teaches that a church should be composed of regenerated persons only; that the mission of the church is a spiritual one; that its main business is to witness for Christ, by prayer, and preaching, and teaching, and by the godly lives of its members. Jarvis Street, therefore, endeavours in season and out of season to seek to bring lost souls to Christ.

Who is Dr. J. Frank Norris?

He is Pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Fort Worth, Texas, which has a membership of more than six thousand. He is Pastor of what is probably the largest Bible School in the world, with an average attendance of nearly five thousand—the attendance reaching on one occasion recently, over five thousand six hundred. Dr. Norris is a comparatively young man; but in the fifteen years of his Fort Worth ministry he has had to fight for freedom to preach the gospel. He has been maligned as few men have been, but he has lived through it all, and is now generally regarded as one of the greatest preachers in America. He is an old-fashioned preacher: he believes the Bible to be the Word of God; and that men are to be saved only through faith in the crucified Saviour.

Dr. Norris Leads in a Great Revival in San Antonio, Texas

During April and May, Dr. Norris conducted an evangelistic campaign in San Antonio, Texas. Originally designed to last two weeks, the special services continued for six. During that time over seven hundred came into the membership of the First Baptist Church alone, and about two thousand into the membership of the other churches of the City. The following reports of the great San Antonio Revival we have taken from the daily press of that City, with the exception of the first, which consists of extracts from an article by Dr. I. E. Gates, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, San Antonio, whose report of the great revival appeared in *The Baptist Standard*, of Dallas, Texas.

The Pastor of the Revival Church Describes the Meeting

Dr. Norris is the greatest Bible preacher that I ever heard. He is familiar with every book of the Bible, and can quote more Scripture in every sermon than any man I ever heard. He made all of his evangelistic appeals on the Word of God. He preached one whole week on "Hell," until I could hear the wails of the damned, and smell the smoke of their torment. And his first invitation, on Sunday night, 107 people joined the church. I never heard such sermons on "Hell."

I am convinced that we are preaching too little on the doctrine of "Hell." He gave one whole week on "The Work of the Holy Spirit," and I never heard a man magnify the Holy Spirit as he did in Creation, in Regeneration and in Resurrection.

He preached on every doctrine held by Baptists, including three sermons on "Baptism"; two on "The Lord's Supper"; one on "The Final Preservation of the Saints"; several on "The Church," and a dozen or more on "The Second Coming." He named and denounced every modern sin in no uncertain terms. I never saw people cringe and tremble under the power of the Gospel like they did under this modern John-the-Baptist preacher. I saw men rush up to the mourners' bench and cry out, "Men and brethren, what must I do to be saved?" I saw men and women who couldn't speak the English language come to the front under the power of one of his sermons, and ask, "What must I do to be saved?"

He spared nobody. He denounced sin in high society, in low society; in deacons, preachers and elect sisters, until all of us came to the mourners' bench and got right with God.

He preached a whole week on "Roman Catholicism." I never heard such an exposition on this modern pagan religion as he poured out his soul. He preached on:

"The Romanists versus the Bible on the Lord's Supper."

"The Romanists versus the Bible on Papal Infallibility."

"The Romanists versus the Bible on the Confessional of the Priesthood."

"The Romanists versus the Bible on Saint Worship."

"The Romanists versus the Bible on the Purple, Scarlet-robed Woman of Prophecy and History."

I never dreamed that any man had the courage to stand up before thousands of people in San Antonio, dominated by Romanism, and speak out as clearly as he did for one whole week.

His sermon on "The Infallibility of the Pope" was a masterpiece. I have heard B. H. Carroll in his palmiest days, but I never heard a sermon with more fire and logic than when he exalted Christ and proved that the papacy was utter blasphemy. I did not know what might happen, but I sat behind him and prayed God to give him the message, and he put it across and settled for all time the fundamentals of Protestantism in San Antonio, till Christ comes. Several Roman Catholics have joined our church and I have baptized them. This series of sermons was the talk of the town. In fact, the whole meeting was the talk of the city. Never did a man dominate a city like Frank Norris dominated San Antonio. Of course the devil got busy, as he always does when God's people move.

His first great fight was a newspaper fight, and what he did to the Express Publishing Company cannot be written down. The night he took them to a skinning it seemed to me that he had five acres of people present, besides those who were on the roof, trying to look over the bannisters to see what was going on.

About a week later we had another great fight, brought on by a combination of a Jewish rabbi and the Knights of Columbus, and when he got through with them, the dust was settled in San Antonio for the rest of the meeting. He gave them twenty-four hours to apologize, and the last paragraph of the apology is as follows:

"For all of this, as well as any and all words of criticism, direct or implied, I have expressed concerning you, I again sincerely and unqualifiedly apologize, and I fully retract any and all derogatory statements made by me concerning you as unfounded and unjustified.

"Again, expressing my deep regret and apologies for this entire unfortunate affair, for which and its consequences, I accept full personal responsibility, I am, very sincerely yours. (Signed) _____"

I never saw a man who could keep his head and speak with such deliberation and calmness and courage as Frank Norris can, in a great battle. I think he is the most courageous Baptist preacher living on the face of the earth. He looks like a timid, modest man until he becomes aroused, and then his eyes flash fire and his words bite and sting those who are guilty of sin.

Sometimes I felt like pulling his coat-tail and asking him, "Is there no mercy?"

But this great meeting has put new courage and fighting spirit in every Protestant and Baptist within one hundred miles or more of this place. I will never be the same man any more. I have always been a peaceable man, and tried to get along with people, but my firm conviction is that Gospel preaching ought never to be defensive, but offensive, and aggressive, with the

fighting spirit of a Savonarola, Martin Luther and John the Baptist. This is Frank Norris' style and manner of preaching. He never pussy-foots. He never compromises, he never palliates the Gospel, he never spares anyone's feelings, because he knows he is right, he knows the Bible, and he knows the Lord, and loves the church.

He preached three times a day while he was here, and gave conference lectures on the side, to our Sunday school teachers, officers and deacons. He taught us more how to organize and make effective the working forces of a great church than any man who ever came to see us.

Dr. Norris Relates His Thrilling Experiences as a Fort Worth Pastor in a Great Address at San Antonio.

In one of the most dramatic sermons ever delivered in San Antonio, Rev. J. Frank Norris, Friday night, revealed the inside story of his fifteen years' experience as a Fort Worth pastor, in which he has come out victorious against as great odds as ever confronted any man.

Addressing an audience of more than five thousand people, Friday night, Dr. Norris touched the high spots of some of his experiences in which he revealed the occasion of his famous sermon at Fifteenth and Main Streets, Fort Worth, when he was defied by a group of representative citizens who have since become his most intimate friends. This was the sermon which evoked a response from five of his most bitter personal enemies, who since have admitted that he was a man of the most genuine mettle they have ever known.

At the big tabernacle at Fourth and Taylor Streets, Friday night, Dr. Norris said in part:

A Heart Broken Mother.

"The most interesting thing in my career was when I was editor of the Baptist Standard, at Dallas, and race track gambling at the Dallas fair was at its height. I received a letter one day, written in a very poor trembling hand, on cheap, ragged paper. It had twelve pages. It was signed by a heart-broken woman, written from a little town in the piney woods Southeast Texas. She wrote me that her only son had gambled on the races and lost; that he had taken money from the bank where he was cashier and expected to replace it, and that he found himself caught and went the six-shooter route by his own hand. She wrote me urging that as editor of the Baptist Standard, I expose this great evil, so as to save other mothers' boys.

"I went out to the race track and went under the grandstand. I saw forty-eight bookmaking stands. I had never seen anything like it before. I had the whole business photographed. I also found where the City of Dallas was making \$125,000 profit from its contract with these gamblers, and I had that contract photographed. The name of an outstanding, prominent Baptist was signed to it, but that didn't make any difference with me then, for I was young, and now I am too old for it to make any difference. I gave a whole issue of the Baptist Standard to the exposing of this issue. The front page headline was 'Racing at The Dallas Fair, Gambling Hell.'

Called to First Church.

"Sentiment of the state was aroused, and to-day if a man bets a dollar on the horse race, he goes to the penitentiary. I am opposed to the state fair running on Sunday. I spent six weeks in Austin, and during that time addressed the Legislature several times. I have done so on several occasions since, too.

"Soon after the race track fight I received a call from the First Baptist Church, Fort Worth. The church then had in its membership great wealth and the board of deacons consisted of bank presidents of the majority of the banks of the city, and all the outstanding big business men of the city. So favorable had been the reports from the 'home guard' that my call to the First

Baptist Church was unanimous, with one exception—Mr. J. T. Pemberton, now president of the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Fort Worth, a twenty-four story, magnificent structure. He said, "I'm against him. Personally, I like the brother; I haven't a thing against him; I feel sure he would make a capable pastor, but the First Baptist Church is not ready for a minister of his kind and order."

"Come on, Brother Pemberton, let's make it unanimous," they pleaded.

"No, we are getting along peaceably; we are in perfect harmony with ourselves, the world and the devil, and if we call that young fellow it means trouble. We will not look like ourselves when he gets through with us. While I think the change is needed in the church, yet I don't think the church is willing for it to be made; therefore, I oppose calling him."

The Fur Begins to Fly.

"Strange to say, when the fur began to fly and forked lightning began to play, Pemberton was the only one of that whole crowd who remained with the pastor in the fight.

"During my first two years as pastor of the church, I did lots of studying and reading. I had one of the best libraries of any preacher in the country. I had plenty of time to read. Not much to do, being pastor of a church, one that was about like sitting up with a corpse. No danger of anything happening to it. My aim was to be a highly cultured minister. I was ambitious to know a little about everything. I wanted to be a great after-dinner speaker. I will not tell you the size of my library now.

"I went home one Sunday night after preaching to a typical city Sunday night audience of about a hundred, and said, 'Wife, I am going to quit the ministry.'

"She said, 'What is the matter, is there any trouble?'

"I said, 'No, I wish there was.'

Something Had to Happen.

"She said, 'Have you any opposition in the church?'

"I said, 'No, I wish I had.'

"She said, 'Are you sick?'

"I said, 'Well, not physically, but every other way.'

"I was the most knocked down, run over, chewed up, fried and fricasseed preacher in the world. I thought of that scripture where it says, 'better that he had never been born.' I was drawing a big salary, wearing tailored Prince Albert suits, preaching in the midst of a city of over a hundred thousand people, none of them paying any attention to me. The whole city given over to idolatry and wickedness. Something had to happen.

"My wife, very quiet, conservative woman, gave me a good sensible lecture. She said, 'I don't want you to act too hastily. Get off and think this matter over. Pray it out and find out what God wants you to do.'

"It was good advice.

"I went before the crowd next Sunday morning, fashionable, courteous and cold they were, and told them some of the things I had found out on them; that the very people they needed to reach didn't know they were in the world. And I closed the sermon by saying, 'If I stay in Fort Worth and remain pastor of this church, it won't be long before every man, woman and child, white and black, will know where the church is.' And to-day, all a man has to do is ask anybody where the church is, and if it is on Sunday, they will tell you, 'Just follow the crowd.' The street car conductors, when they come to the place to get off for the First Baptist Church, they call out, 'All off for the First Baptist Church.'"

On Cleanup Committee.

"I began to attack evil conditions of the city in the church and out of it; in high places and low places.

"One morning early in the winter of 1911, at the General Pastors' Association of Fort Worth, a committee of ten ministers and ten laymen was appointed on what was known as the 'Cleanup Committee.'

"The moral conditions of the city were intolerable. Vice was flaunted in

the face of the people on every hand. Rooming houses abounded in every block of the main business streets. I was the youngest man on the committee; didn't have much experience and never had been in the big city very much, except to visit, up to the time I had lived in Dallas three years before.

"This committee of twenty members, ministers and laymen, met and showed great determination to clean up the city at any cost. They discussed and discussed. They laid plans and laid plans.

"Finally, they came to the conclusion that they would employ special counsel to prosecute all violations of the law, and counsel was retained. They also hired a special detective to secure information for the benefit of the committee. The detective did his work.

Silence Was Profound.

"He soon had bushels of information for the committee. We met and he made his report. He had the names of more than eighty places of ill repute and legal evidence against said places.

"It was moved and seconded, and unanimously agreed to that the owners of this property would be prosecuted. However, the first step decided on was that we ministers would clean out of our several churches the men who owned this property. None of us knew how many of our members were owners of said property, and investigation was ordered from the tax records.

"The committee met again and the names of the property owners were to be read out and each minister was to check up how many were members of his church.

"There was profounder silence than in heaven when this detective began to read out the names to that committee of ten ministers and ten laymen.

"You Brethren Excuse Me."

"We were in the directors' room of the old F. & A. M. Bank—Pemberton's bank. Immediately, one of the brethren said, without losing a second's time, 'I have a funeral that is long past due, and you brethren will have to excuse me.' He went out the side door, and never met with that committee again.

"Another brother grabbed his watch and said, 'I have a wedding right now, and you brethren will have to excuse me.'

"Another brother said, 'I have an important engagement with my wife—and you men know what that means—she is waiting for me now,' and he went out at the side door. And some others wished for an engagement.

"The meeting adjourned without the formality of a motion or any reference to a benediction.

"We were never able to get but four of that committee together again—two Presbyterian preachers, Pemberton and myself.

"Talk about H-ll breaking loose in Georgia.

"It broke loose in Fort Worth.

Business Picks Up.

"I got up next Sunday night and told the crowd what this detective had found out, called names, places, dates and showed records. Business picked up again.

"The whole city was agog with it. One thing dead certain, the old church was no longer a corpse: Standing room was at a premium. People were hanging on by their eyelids, trying to get in. We were turning away more than could get in the house.

"And I preached the gospel. I went after the sins of the people. The sins of the individual. I called them to repentance, and there were multitudes of them that did repent and many of them live till this day and are the finest Christian workers in the church. That was in 1911.

"The 1911 session of the Legislature submitted to the voters the constitutional amendment on prohibition. The state was cursed with the liquor traffic and the public officers were owned by the breweries.

"So I buckled on the armour and unsheathed my sword and did not ask others what to do, but waded into the fight.

Cut His Tent Down.

"I secured the permission of the city authorities to erect a big tent between Throckmorton and Houston streets, on Tenth, at that time, a vacant lot. A

great revival broke out. The election came off in July, about the 20th. The fight grew so hot that I received a demand from the mayor to take the tent down. I protested, but the liquor forces got together and with my leading church officials they made the demand and the mayor ordered the fire and police departments to cut the tent down, and they did. We had nothing above us but the canopy of heaven. But the seats were still there.

"Here is where the fight spread from the church to the City Hall.

"I was depending on Romans 8: 28: 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.'

Let's Hang the Preacher.

"A big mass meeting of the men of the city was called. No women or boys under 21 were allowed. The title of the main address to be delivered was by the mayor, and his theme, 'Liars—the Hanging of a Preacher.' He took my name and used it very freely. He spoke for two hours. The crowd was drinking, and a saloon was on every corner, and every few feet between. They hollered and yelled and vented their spleen on the preacher. It looked serious. It sounded dangerous. I had a licensed court stenographer go and take down every word that was said. Then I had several thousand copies of it printed and a copy distributed to every home in Fort Worth. It was the sole topic on the street cars. It was the one theme of discussion in the hotel lobbies. Everybody took sides. There were frequent fights.

"After the mayor's speech the crowd gathered and said, 'Let's hang the preacher.' And many people were uneasy and scared to death. It looked like hanging time had come. Following the speech, tragedy after tragedy was enacted.

Afraid to Indict Him.

"A special grand jury was selected in a very peculiar way, was impaneled. It stayed in session for two months. Instead of being a secret session, it was nothing more nor less than a committee on propaganda for the liquor crowd. They filled the air with the wildest and most sensational rumors concerning me. They would tell it that they had barrels and barrels and barrels of testimony, 'Extras' were issued by the newspapers. The foreman of the grand jury, who has since become my friend, went to some of my leading members and said, 'we don't want to indict Norris, and if he will leave town we will not indict him. For he would be ruined forever if we should return an indictment against him.'

Thirty Days to Leave.

"I was determined to stay with it. And we were in the court house for more than a year, nearly all the time. The liquor press was solid against me. I answered none of their reports. I said, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'

"Certain parties went to my good friend Pemberton, and told him that I would have to leave town. They told him if he didn't quit me, that they would break his bank. He told them, 'Take your dirty money, and go.'

"A mass meeting of all the business men of the city was called in one of the leading hotels of the city. All the liquor interests and my worldly church men were there. The court house crowd, the city hall, the saloon-keepers—they were all there—156 in all. They cursed and damned me, and made speeches, and finally appointed a committee of three to call on me. This committee was made up of three outstanding business men of the city. They called on me at my office one morning, and handed me a copy of the resolution passed, giving me 30 days in which to leave town. I said, 'All right, I will give you 29 days back, and you be down at Fifteenth and Main streets to-night, and I will give you my answer.'

Foe Becomes a Friend.

That night, at Fifteenth and Main streets, I stood in an open automobile and told all I could find out on the whole crowd. I had a friend to drive his car there early, and he waited there till I came. When I got there the streets were packed and jammed. I dressed in a white shirt, white trousers, white shoes—didn't wear a coat—didn't even carry a penknife. I didn't need it. I tried to make my way through the crowd, and as I asked a great big 225-

pound half drunk fellow to let me by, he ripped out blistering oaths and said, 'No, I've been standing here for an hour to get first shot at that preacher,' and he shook a great big .45 in my face.

I said, 'All right, I was due to speak here to-night.'

Then, with some more oaths, and with a grunt, he said, 'Who are you?'

I said, 'My name is Norris.'

He said, 'Who, you Frank Norris?'

'I said, 'Yes, sir,' and with that, he whirled around and said, 'Come on and I'll blow a hole through the first fellow who fires,' and he pushed his way through the crowd and went and sat in the automobile with me all during my speech.

"I asked him afterward, what made him change his mind so quick. He said, 'I don't know why, but as I saw you so harmless, I just thought of my old Christian mother, who has gone to Heaven,' and tears filled his big eyes.

I am happy to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that he was saved under my ministry, a short time later, and I baptized him in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

Wanted Him to Leave Town.

The one issue in the city and in the church was how to get rid of me. They offered me a year's salary in advance and expenses for myself and family to Europe if I would resign and leave town.

In the midst of these trying times of confusion and conflict, a committee from the opposition came to my home. I did not want them to come, but they insisted. They wanted my wife to hear the reasons why I should resign and leave. They had already learned that she was the power behind the throne. Everybody knew of her faith, her courage and unwavering conviction that God would turn the night into day and bring victory out of humiliation. The cold and cruel design was to break down her faith and crush her spirit. But they did not know the woman.

Five prominent and influential gentlemen came from a meeting appointed by a crowd that were demanding my resignation and using every power under Heaven to accomplish my defeat and destruction. They were mad. I didn't blame them. I had rebuked their worldliness. I had not always been careful about the language.

Offered Money to Leave.

But they came to see me. All honorable men. They came and said, "We are your friends. We realize that there is a serious situation in the church; the membership is divided over you and never will be united under your leadership, your influence is dead; you should go to another field; your health is gone; and you can't live much longer here." Three of the best physicians in this state had examined me and given me six months, at the outside. I was a walking skeleton. My health was gone.

"They wanted my wife to hear it all, and she did.

"They said: 'We will give you a year's salary in advance, pay your family's expenses anywhere you want them to live, and give you a trip around the world. This will settle it.'

"I replied: 'Gentlemen, your proposition is nothing more nor less than a bribe. If it is a gift, what service have I rendered? But if it is a bribe, your price is too small. Either raise or lower your price. I will answer you next Sunday afternoon publicly.'

"They replied: 'Why make a public matter of it; why have further trouble about it? You will have to go. Everybody is against you; the city hall is against you; all the officials are against you; the preachers are against you.'

"I replied: 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'

Told of Threat to Kill Him.

"A few nights afterward, my friend Pemberton called me up and asked me to come over to his house; he wanted to talk to me. I went. We sat out in front of his home, in the car, and talked. He said: 'Preacher, they are going to shoot you. They are mad. I wouldn't give a cent for your life any minute. I'll stay with you to the last dollar I have got.'

"I went home, but I couldn't sleep. The next morning my wife tried to

make me tell her what was the matter, and where I had been, but I would not. Finally, she looked me straight in the eyes; and said: 'Now tell me what's the matter. I know there is something wrong.'

"Then I told her where I had been the night before, and what we had discussed. I told her I would do what she said. If she wanted to leave town, we would; if she wanted to stay and fight it out, I would.

"She looked at me and said, 'Sweetheart, I had rather take our three babies with me out here to Greenwood cemetery, and bury you in an unmarked grave, and come back here and bend my back over the wash-board, and when these three babies grow up they would know that their father died by the hands of a dirty, low-down crowd, than to be the wife of a coward, and have a stain and stigma on the name of my husband.'

"My friends, God will honor the faith of a woman like that.

"We stayed.

Held Outdoor Meeting.

"But the summer was on. I was living in a rented house; we had no furniture; everything had been burned up, and I was wearing a borrowed suit of clothes. I owed over eight thousand dollars. The newspapers would not print my name; would not even print my name in a funeral notice where I conducted it, for two years. The rich crowd cut their subscriptions out. But I went out and conducted open air meetings over the city. Great crowds came, and multitudes were saved. I smote the devil hip and thigh. I fought every phase and form of wickedness. I had no regard for any man's feelings. I went after the high ones. We were worshipping in a tabernacle at Seventh and Lamar streets, for the church had been burned, and we had turned out all the rich, worldly crowd, and were only a few hundred poor, struggling people. They said, 'Norris will have to go.'

"September arrived. I was away under weight—weighed only 129 pounds. After the rich crowd came back from their vacations, they would meet in a hall—a club room, upstairs, at a place that was nothing but a retail liquor place. It had retail liquor license on the wall. They thought they had it all fixed. They ordered my shroud. There was to be a funeral. They engaged the undertaker. They had the grave dug, they had the epitaph written; they had already spoken to the florist—

Make Another Proposition.

"But God."

"During the month of September, I had Sid Williams with me in a meeting. They besought him, they besieged him, they did everything they could to turn him against me, but he was true to the last ditch. He never compromised a minute. He poured hot shot into the crowd every minute he preached. We were still worshipping in the tabernacle on a rented lot. The crowds came and the tabernacle overflowed.

"The opposition grew very bold. They were defiant. They counted on their wealth. They counted on their prestige. Who ever heard of anybody who could go up against such a number of bank presidents, and capitalists, wholesalers? They made a proposition to my friend, J. T. Pemberton, that we all meet together and see if we could settle the trouble. Of course, they meant by settling the trouble, that I should leave. We accepted their invitation. There were twenty-four of them. Three of us—J. T. Pemberton, Sid Williams, and myself—twenty-seven in all.

"We met on one Friday night in the tabernacle.

"They began with pleasing words. One of the deacons, who was president of one of the banks, was the leading spokesman. They all spoke. They felt if they could win J. T. Pemberton, they would rob me of my strongest ally, and they were right about it. They came out openly and gave me my walking papers.

Prayer Silenced Them.

"Just at this time something happened—the unexpected.

"Sid Williams hadn't said anything. He arose and said, 'Brethren, let's have prayer.'

"Such a prayer!

"And all who know Sid Williams know that when he gets in earnest he

can pray. He had them all down on their knees. I don't think I ever heard such a prayer. He called each one of these men by name; he told the Lord of their wickedness and worldliness; he asked the Lord to stay the hand of judgment; not to strike them down on the spot; to rebuke them; to show them their folly. When he finished, there was stillness that was oppressive. I had not said anything up to this time. I didn't want to say anything now, and nobody else did.

Broken in Health.

"J. T. Pemberton arose quietly, unbuttoned the cuff of his right sleeve, and rolled it up. Then he walked over to them, and said, 'Gentlemen, I am worth a little money, not a great deal; am the father of nine children. I have tried to live right and be true to God the best I know how. I have nothing against you. You are my personal friends. You are my associates in business, but before I will let you ruin my pastor and destroy this church, I will have this right arm cut off, and will let every drop of my blood fall on this ground.'

"That meeting adjourned without another word. The twenty-four had received their answer, and I didn't have to answer.

"But just as it looked like I was winning, almost in sight of victory, I felt the slender thread of life was ready to snap. But I determined that if I fell in the battle, I would fall with my face to the enemy. I continued to fight every phase and form of evil. In fact, I increased the fight. I knew the vast majority of the city was against me. The fact is, it is doubtful if I could have claimed the respect and confidence of one man in a hundred. I would go in stores to buy things and clerks would pass me up and wait on customers who came in after I did. I said nothing. But I thought in my soul, the day will come when every store in Fort Worth will be glad to sell me goods, and praise to His name, when I walk into a store to-day I am received by everybody and I claim them as friends, and they know that I am their friend.

"In the midst of these very dark and trying times, it was not expected that many churches outside of Fort Worth would want my services in a meeting. But strange to say, one brother did have me come and help him. I agreed to do it. But before I went to the meeting I made up my mind to quit the ministry. I was so uneasy about my health that I didn't see how I could fight my way back. We were without a meeting house. We had only a small membership that was loyal to me, and they were very poor. I knew that I could not count on the wealthy members, for they were fighting me.

"What a load! There was no use for me to leave Fort Worth under such a cloud and go to another field and start over again in my ministry.

Plunged Into Despair.

"I had a firm of lawyers, good friends of mine, to offer me a fine proposition to come with them. They had a big practice. I was to go off and spend a few months in rest and get on my feet, come back and enter into the practice of law. I hadn't lost faith in God or Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour, but I was wounded unto death. I was bankrupt. I was without friends or a following. Humanly speaking, it seemed impossible for me to regain my ministry. I would not have hesitated if I had had the physical strength, but my nerves were gone. I had a violent cough. I had no appetite. Sleep left me.

"Nevertheless, I went to hold this meeting. Everybody in the little town and for miles around was down at the station to see me. They wanted to know what kind of a wild, looking animal I was. And I didn't blame them for their curiosity, the newspapers had published so much about me. It made me mad to see them stare and gaze at me. I was entertained in the home of a good Methodist steward. The first night the place was packed and jammed. Everybody was there. Even the dogs were there. I don't know what I preached about. I felt like I was losing my mind. I did not sleep any that night. I rolled and tossed, waiting for day to come. All day the next day was a day of agony. The next night another crowd, still larger, but I had no interest in the service. I tried to preach, but dismissed the crowd without making any proposition. I walked back to my room. What a night! Sleep had left me. I was suffering the tortures of the doomed in the bottomless pit. I felt like God was a million miles from me; and that He would never hear

me again. Talk about despondent! I was plunged into the horrible darkness of despair.

Believed He Had Lost.

"After the family was asleep, and all was quiet, I raised the window of my room and slipped out. I walked and walked for miles that night. I went away out in the country. Heard nothing but the occasional barking of a dog. I laid down on the grass and let the dews fall on me. I was trying to relax. I looked up at the stars—the same stars that Abraham had counted. And I wondered, 'Will the God of Abraham hear me again?' I tried to commit my soul afresh to Him, but all was in vain. I said, 'It's all lost. I have fought the best fight I know how. I went against overwhelming odds. I have lost. I fought the most powerful combination of wickedness, but I have lost. I have fought for a clean church, but I have lost. My little life is through. It's to be snuffed out like a candle in the dark.'

"I had the ambition to do the will of God, but I failed. I wanted to succeed, but I have failed; I wanted to make my life count for something, but I have failed. I will go to the judgment, and say to the Judge of all the earth, 'I did my best; I have fought a good fight; I went down in defeat, doing what I believed was right.'

Felt Like Running Away.

"The third day came. The agony increased. My moisture was turned into the drouth of summer. I felt like every friend in the world had forsaken me. I was like water poured out. The night was dark and there wasn't a star to be seen. I read the 19th chapter of Job where he recorded his losses. As I read and as the night approached, I said, 'I cannot stand this. I will die. I will lose my mind.' I felt like a man falling through bottomless space, with nothing to hold to, nothing to stand on.

"Right in the midst of my sermon I would forget where I was. I would start to tell an illustration and forget it. My memory was blank. I felt that I would soon be in the state asylum. I was awe-stricken; I was overwhelmed with the thought; but for my wife and three babies I would have welcomed death.

"I packed my suitcase; didn't have anything but a change of clothes; took it to the meeting that night, slipped it under a fence in the rear. A midnight train came through there, coming to Fort Worth. My plan was to say not a word to a soul. After the meeting was over, I was going to get on that train and come home, and never preach another sermon.

"A great crowd—even a greater crowd—was present. Just before I got up to preach, one of the brethren said to me:

"You see that man sitting yonder in the rear in that chair, with boots on and that red handkerchief around his neck?"

"I said, 'Yes.'

"He said, 'That's the worst man in all this country. He has several notches on his gun.'

"As I stood before that crowd and looked at that old sinner, I said to myself, 'This is my last message; God help me to deliver the best I can.'

Saved the Old Sinner.

"The old sinner fastened his eyes on me. I looked at him. We were a curiosity to each other. He had a moustache long enough to tie behind his neck. He had that old red bandana handkerchief around his neck, hanging down over his chest.

I told the story of the Prodigal Son. I repeated it from memory. My voice was weak and unsteady. I held onto the pulpit for strength. And when I finished that story and began to talk, I noticed that old sinner took his red bandana handkerchief and began to mop his face, but I thought that was just perspiration.

"The first thing I knew he had buried his face in his hands and his great frame was shaking and trembling with emotion. There was a thrill through my soul then, that I had not felt for many months; it was electric. I stopped and made the proposition straight from the shoulder.

"If there is a man here to-night that is willing to give up sin and repent

of his sin and take Jesus Christ for his personal Saviour, come down and give me your hand.'

"The old sinner arose, his full six feet and more. He started down the middle aisle, bandana handkerchief, moustache, boots and all. He hadn't gotten more than half way till a little woman, who was his wife, sitting nearby brought forth an old Methodist shout. You could hear her a quarter of a mile away. In fifteen minutes there were half a hundred people—men, women, boys and girls, at the altar. Scores were saved that night. We stayed there till midnight and after.

"There was another new creation that night besides the new-born souls.

Regains His Confidence.

"A preacher had been made over! When I got back to the house, the friends said, 'Fort Worth is trying to get you.'

"I said, 'Yes; I want to get Fort Worth.'

"I knew who it was wanting me. I knew who was the best friend in the world that I had. I knew who the faithful wife was that would stand with me through life, unto death, through honor and shame; through joy and sorrow; through sickness and health. Yes, she would have stood with me if they had sent me to the penitentiary for life.

"Soon we were in connection.

"I tried to tell her, but I could not. Then the man of the house tried to, and he broke down and could not; then his wife tried it and failed, then the daughter, then I tried again, and said, 'Wife, the Lord has given me the biggest meeting you ever saw. Scores of folks have been saved, and your husband is made over. I am coming back home to start life anew.'

"I reached Fort Worth on Sunday morning. A great crowd was present that day. What a day! Sixty-two people were saved and brought into the church.

"The God of Elijah had answered by fire."

The San Antonio Press on the Norris Meetings

The following items of news are extracts from long reports, frequently occupying a page, in the daily papers of San Antonio:

May 2nd:

Friday night, Rev. J. Frank Norris, Fort Worth evangelist, will deliver the outstanding sermon of the week at the tabernacle at Fourth and Taylor Streets on the inside story of his life in Fort Worth. It will be a story of the triumph of the faith of a good woman. Due to growing crowds, it is expected that it will be necessary within a short time to close Fourth and Taylor Streets, and place seats out in the streets. The tabernacle only holds 4,000 people. Rev. Mr. Norris frequently preaches to 10,000 people in Fort Worth, his voice carrying easily to such a crowd.

May 12th:

Not since Sam Jones preached in San Antonio has this city experienced such a day as it experienced Sunday in memory of Mother's Day.

Speaking to more than 20,000 people at the five Sunday services at the Baptist Tabernacle, where there were approximately 200 converts to come forward and align themselves with the various churches, Dr. Frank Norris brought to a close the second week of his great revival in this city, and according to many long-time residents of San Antonio this city has never known such a meeting.

The climax of the service Sunday evening was when a young man came forward in answer to the call of Dr. Norris, and the sending of a telegram to the boy's father, a well-known Methodist minister in West Virginia.

At the afternoon service Dr. Norris had singled out this young man and talked with him, extracting a promise that he would attend the services Sunday night. He was among the last to answer the call, but when he came Dr. Norris leaped from the platform and the two embraced, the young man weeping in a manner that brought tears to the eyes of hundreds in the congregation. Loudly

and eloquently did Dr. Norris show his own feelings as the young man fell on his neck and cried: "I have three boys, God bless them, and some day some preacher in a distant state may send out a call to them; and if this should ever happen he will know what must be my feelings to-night," said the Fort Worth minister, "but this is one of the great moments of my life, and before I go to bed to-night I am going to send this boy's father a telegram in West Virginia telling him his boy is saved.

May 13th:

More than 7,000 San Antonians, representing every race and religion stood on tiptoe and received the thrill of their lives Monday night at the Baptist tabernacle when Dr. J. Frank Norris performed what he described as a "major operation on certain newspapers"; and being a trained and efficient editor and newspaper man himself the operation was pronounced successful by all who heard it. Every reference to the conditions which the famous preacher complained of were encored almost to a man. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed, and for a time the rafters of the great tabernacle fairly cracked and rattled.

Most Representative Audience.

The audience was the most representative to hear Dr. Norris since he came to San Antonio, as indicated by a poll of the denominations present at the beginning of the services. In turn the Methodists, Presbyterians, Catholics, Lutherans, Congregationalists and Baptists were asked to stand; and it was difficult to estimate which denomination predominated. Also prominent klansmen and prominent anti-klansmen were very much in evidence and made no attempt to conceal their identity. One thing was certain: Frank Norris was in the house of his friends and his stock was going at a premium when the meeting closed.

Had there been even standing or parking space available Monday night the crowd would have been a third larger. As it was people lined the streets and stood at a distance of ten or fifteen feet from the remotest sections of the tabernacle to hear the interesting message. Conspicuous in the audience were members of the 21 San Antonio Baptist churches who had been allotted reserved sections. There were hundreds in the audience from as many towns within a 50 and 75 mile radius of San Antonio.

May 15th:

Notwithstanding the downpour of rain for an hour before the services were scheduled to begin, and on through the service, the big tabernacle at Fourth and Taylor, where Rev. J. Frank Norris is conducting revival services, was filled with a capacity crowd Wednesday night. Because of the roar of the rainfall on the flat roof of the tabernacle, it was impossible for the great audience to hear, and for that reason the sermon of Mr. Norris on "My Visit to the Pope of Rome" was postponed, until Thursday night. He announced that it would be a calm judicious discussion of Roman Catholicism and without any ground for offense to any individual Roman Catholic. He stated he was happy to know, that among his large number of friends, and many warm personal friends, many are Roman Catholics.

May 19th:

Delegations from as far as 150 miles attended the big revival being held by Rev. J. Frank Norris, Fort Worth evangelist, at the Sunday service. A group of men from Taft were on the platform and said: "We saw the account of this meeting in the San Antonio Light and have come to see." There was also a big delegation from Laredo.

The huge tabernacle was crowded to its capacity, and people were standing around on the outside. "I have been in San Antonio for 44 years, and have never seen such a revival," said a well-known citizen. It was announced that there was going to be a big baptizing next Sunday afternoon, in San Pedro Park.

May 23rd:

Thursday night was the greatest of all of the meetings being held by J. Frank Norris of Fort Worth in the tabernacle at Fourth and Taylor Streets.

The big tabernacle was filled to overflowing; the sidewalks were crowded around the tabernacle. Old-time shouting was heard. It was the first that

some of the people had ever seen. It had never been seen before in San Antonio. The people were dazed, not knowing what to do or say. But the penitents kept coming up in streams to the altar.

Over 20,000 Witness Baptismal Service

May 26:

Sunday afternoon it was estimated that from 20,000 to 25,000 were present to witness the Scriptural ordinance of baptism at San Pedro Park. Mayor John Tobin and Chief of Police Van Riper were on hand two hours before the time, superintending and directing the surging mass of humanity. Rev. J. Frank Norris officiated.

Teeming thousands of all classes, ages, creeds and colors were in an intensely reverent mood. The banks were lined and the hills were covered. There was no laughter, but tears coursed down the cheeks of many of the old saints who wept, and even hardened sinners were moved as they witnessed the impressive scene that represented the death, burial and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Scores Confess Faith at Night.

At the night-service scores came up confessing their sins and uniting with the church, and it was announced that there would be another baptizing next Sunday afternoon. The meeting continues throughout the week. Dr. J. Frank Norris, notwithstanding the heavy strain on him and his voice, came before the great audience last night as fresh and vigorous as he did the first service of the campaign.

May 27th:

The huge tabernacle was packed, and people were standing around the edge Monday night at the evangelistic campaign conducted by Rev. J. Frank Norris. Notwithstanding that last night the revival was entering the fifth week, the attendance not only has held up, but shows an increase for the week nights. Delegations from the twenty-one Baptist churches here were present, and they all stood and sang special songs. There was great enthusiasm. The entire audience was moved with deepest emotion when everybody stood and sang, "Blest Be the Tie that Binds." A fine, happy Christian spirit of fellowship has characterized the meeting from the beginning. While Dr. Norris came officially, as the guest of the First Baptist Church, yet other Baptist pastors and churches have supported the meeting most loyally and have worked at it earnestly.

May 31st:

Notwithstanding the rain, the big tabernacle at Fourth and Taylor was filled Friday night. The interest in the revival continues unabated. Friday night scores were converted. Among those who came up was one man that had been out of the church for 52 years, and his tears of joy were unconcealed over his coming back.

One of the most interesting and happy cases was a man who is well known and well beloved by everybody in San Antonio—"Sunny" Blevins. He mounted the platform and said: "I have stood and played before great audiences; they have cheered and applauded me, but, my friends, I had more joy in coming down that aisle to-night and taking my stand for Christ than all the other joy I ever experienced before."

The great audience was visibly moved, and applauded as this well-known young man stood and gave this testimony.

June 2nd:

Notwithstanding lightning, thunder, and a terrific downpour of rain, the big tabernacle at Fourth and Taylor streets was packed Sunday night and people were standing around the outside. With the downpour on the flat roof, it was with great difficulty that Rev. J. Frank Norris was heard, but his voice was not the least bit husky, although three times a day he had used it for five weeks. At the call for penitents, scores came from all over the audi-

ence. Old, gray-haired men, young men, boys and girls, young married couples—the largest number of conversions yet. The personal workers went throughout the audience. Rev. M. C. Eidson, pastor of the Beacon Hill Baptist church, brought up eight. Among the first to come was a policeman in his uniform. He is known as the "smiling policeman" of San Antonio. His smile was abundant and evident to the great audience when he came up and gave the preacher his hand, confessing the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

An interesting feature was a certain man who has not been known for an over-amount of intelligence—in fact, some of the ushers asked him to stay away from the front in the first part of the meeting because he was causing a disturbance, was a nuisance, but last night this same half-witted fellow went back in the rear of the audience and brought up one of the most intelligent men in the city of San Antonio.

Another Huge Baptising

Evidently nothing has ever hit San Antonio that draws a crowd like a great baptizing. Great crowds that filled and jammed San Pedro Park a week ago were duplicated Sunday afternoon. No irreverence, but quietly, the teeming thousands looked on—that is, as far as they could get near enough to see. The baptizing was characterized by many interesting features. Whole families were baptized—husband and wife, mother and children.

June 5th.

The big tabernacle revival conducted by J. Frank Norris will come to a close Sunday night. Instead of the attendance falling off, as is usual in a long six-week campaign, just the reverse has been true with his revival, and it's all the more remarkable when it is considered that this is not an inter-denominational, union meeting. Never was such crowds at a revival meeting in the history of San Antonio for so long a time. This week, Dr. Norris has been preaching both day and night on the great fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith. There was a long line of converts Wednesday night. Thursday morning his theme was "The First Resurrection," from the text, "Blessed is he that hath part in the first resurrection."—Rev. 20:6.

First Baptist Church, San Antonio, Raises \$200,000 for First Unit of Million Dollar Church Building.

Toward the close of the evangelistic campaign led by Dr. Norris, the First Baptist Church, San Antonio, subscribed \$200,000 towards an enlargement of their building. This is a striking illustration of the fact that when the spiritual life of a church is quickened it is always possible to find money to meet the church's need.

We are praying that Dr. Norris' coming to Toronto will result, under the blessing of God, in deepening the spiritual life of thousands of Christians, as well as in the conversion of thousands of the unconverted.

The Norris Campaign

DR. J. FRANK NORRIS

will preach twice daily in Jarvis Street Baptist Church
(corner of Gerrard St.) August 3rd to 31st.

Service in Massey Hall every Sunday Evening

The Sunday services will be at 11 and 7; the week-day services at 3 and 7.30.

Take Carlton or College (Harbord instead of College on Sundays) car to Jarvis and walk one block south or north, respectively, or Church or Sherbourne car to Gerrard Street and walk one block east or west, respectively.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS

are reminded that Dr. Norris is Pastor of the largest Bible School in America, and probably in the world, with an average attendance of nearly five thousand. He will give several addresses to Bible School workers while in Jarvis St. All interested in endeavouring to bring young people to Christ, irrespective of denomination, will be welcome. Watch the daily newspapers for particulars of these services.

AN APPEAL TO ALL CHRISTIANS.

We are living in days when every fundamental of the Christian faith is either questioned or denied. It is well to do what we can to contend for the faith. But in the last analysis only God Himself can demonstrate the truth of His own Word; only a great spiritual revival can stem the tide of unbelief which seems to be running at the flood.

Is it not a time when all who really believe in a divine Saviour, in a supernaturally inspired Bible, and in the power of the gospel to transform human lives, should unite their hearts and voices in humble and earnest supplication for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon Toronto?

A WORD ABOUT JARVIS STREET CHURCH.

For forty-three months, Jarvis Street Church has held three prayer meetings a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. We have been praying continuously for a great revival. During that time strange experiences have come to us, but God has made bare His arm in a wonderful way. About 800 new members have been added to the church, the weekly sermons published in this paper have gone to all parts of the world, and have been read by thousands who have never seen Jarvis Street Church. God has supplied all our needs, and has given us a delightful fellowship which makes our many services foretastes of heaven to multitudes of people. We are now praying that God will use Dr. Norris' ministry in Toronto to bring the larger spiritual blessing for which so many long have prayed.

LET US GO FISHING.

We invite all who know the Lord to unite with us in a great effort to bring thousands of people who never go to church under the sound of the gospel. Dr. Norris cannot save souls, but it may be that his unique ministry may be used of the Holy Ghost to touch many who never go to church at all. Will you help?

A TELEPHONE REVIVAL.

Did you ever wonder what the Apostle Paul would have done if he had had a telephone? "Minded to go afoot" he made many a long journey over rough roads to preach the gospel. If he could have sat in his study and talked in turn to thousands he had never seen would he not have used such an opportunity to talk about salvation? Will you not use your telephone in this way. Take your directory and select a number of names and when you have prayed for every one, call the people up and invite them to come to hear Dr. Norris. Why should we not make thousands of telephone calls for the Lord and the souls of men? And when you have used your telephone to promote a revival, dedicate your car, if you have one, to the same purpose. Indeed, let us "by all means save some."