

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.

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The Jarvis Street Pulpit

"IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?"

A Sermon by the Pastor.

Preached in Jarvis Street Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, August 26th, 1923.

(Stenographically reported).

(Note: Owing to the Editor's absence, we reprint this sermon in response to the requests of our own people, and inquiries for copies from all over the Continent.)

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



OW doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her: all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies . . . Jerusalem hath grievously sinned; therefore she is removed." It

is thus Jeremiah in the context laments the sorrows that have befallen the daughter of his people. He beholds the broken altar of Israel, its continual fire extinguished; the sanctuary defiled; the walls of her palaces in the hands of the enemy; her gates sunken, her bars destroyed; her king and her princes captives; the law forgotten; the prophets without a vision from God. He sees the Gentiles as they pass by, they clap their hands, they hiss, and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, "Is this the city that men call, The perfection of beauty, The joy of the whole earth?"—And the holy city's desolation, and Israel's utter ruin so affect the prophet's pious patriotic soul that he voices the sorrow of the daughter of his people in the pathetic cry of the text: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger."

But Jeremiah looked upon the ruins of a city built by men; the Gentile passers by to whom he called, beheld only the ashes of a temple made with hands. They saw a proud nation bow its neck to a foreign yoke; they beheld her king bound with fetters of brass, his eyes put out, and his kingdom destroyed. And that was sorrow enough; a scene tragic enough, to arrest the attention of the most careless observer; pathetic enough to call forth the sympathetic interest of the most callous passer by.

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

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

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

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

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

You have seen, perhaps, the father standing at the graveside of his wife, his little ones around him; and as the casket is lowered into the grave, the fountains of the great deep within are broken up, great tears of sorrow roll down his manly cheeks, and the strong man is convulsed with grief. But the little ones look up and wonder "what papa is crying for?" They, too, will cry, a little later, when mother does not come to give them their good-night kiss;

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

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

And we read of a place "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched;" of a place where "the smoke of their torment ascended up for ever and ever;" "these shall go away into everlasting punishment"; we read of a "lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." I do not know what these things mean. I would not attempt to expound such a terrible phrase as this: "Sodom and Gomorrah . . . are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." I pray God nobody in this house may ever know what it means. Dimly I apprehend this truth, that sin is eternal in its nature and consequence; "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned"—and there is no end to it; it goes on—and on—and on. I do not know what the Scripture means by a "bottomless pit", except that sin needs infinity in which to do its deadly and its damnable work. If you and I could see sin as it is; if we understood the meaning of that awful tragedy; we should, I fear, despair of ever receiving forgiveness. But whatever it means, whatever the significance of hell, Jesus Christ died to save us from it. And if there be no such place, if there be no future reckoning, no time at which God will bring all men to account, then the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ were a denial of the moral government of the universe. He died "the just for the unjust"; He came "to give His life a ransom for many." Suppose a man is sentenced by a military court to receive forty-nine lashes. Suppose one thousand men found guilty of some misdemeanour are similarly sentenced. And suppose one man volunteers to receive the forty-nine thousand lashes himself that the nine hundred and ninety-nine may go free. But you cry, "It would be impossible. He would die ere half the lashes had fallen, ere half the penalty were paid." Of course he would. Have you ever wondered that Jesus did not die in Gethsemane? Others have sweat drops of blood in hours of extreme anguish, but invariably they died. Jesus alone survived such grief as that. Had He been a man only, your forty-nine lashes would have killed him without mine, or mine without yours. It was because He is God that He was able to die for us all. Unitarianism can provide no atonement. What this sin-sick world needs is a vision of a suffering God, a knowledge of the vicariousness of the death of Christ. I beg of you to hold

fast to that great truth. I hope we shall none of us ever be ashamed to sing—

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

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

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

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

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

And you will see that *the Saviour's sorrow belonged to the day of the Lord's fierce anger, in a deeper sense than did Jerusalem's*. Nations and individuals have been given earnestness of the divine judgments, just as the saints

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

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

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

face that Cross this evening, and put an estimate upon the precious blood, and to answer before God what difference that Cross is making in your life.

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

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

That same is true of human suffering. I could this evening, if I had a tale to tell of somebody suffering yonder in the hospital, some woman bereft of her husband, without food, without means of support; if I had sufficient ability to

portray it eloquently and appeal to your hearts, your hands would go down and you would pour out your money for a suffering body. There was no difficulty in getting money for the Red Cross. But here is the story of the greatest Sufferer in all history. Why is it nothing to you? I heard a young man say once—he is a preacher in this city, preaches ably in many ways, although I do not agree with him, and I do not suppose he cares—but I heard him say that there are two ways of preaching Christ; one is to sing, "Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe," and put people to sleep; and the other—and he drew himself up—is to appeal to the heroic, and to bid men stand upon their feet and play the man! But you cannot appeal to the heroic if the first be not true. For Jesus was no hero if He did not die for us all; He was a mistaken man; He was Himself deceived. But the way to appeal to the heroic, my friends, is to put the Cross in the foreground, and to give it its true significance as the vicarious sacrifice of the Son of God. If there are men here this evening who would play the hero, enlist in the service of the Lord Jesus. Somebody said before the war, what the world needed was the moral equivalent of war. If that be so, get in the train of the Son of God, and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and you shall have the moral equivalent of war. But, oh, what a Saviour, and what a Hero! He is! I have no quarrel with the idealists, I have no objection to those who talk about the moral influence of the Atonement, providing they first preach the vicarious Atonement. The moral influence is but a half-truth. But it is that. He left us "an example, that we should follow His steps"; and if you want to play the man, then follow after Jesus.

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

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

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

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

Single-handed, He met the hosts of hell championed by Satan himself; He met them at the cross; He bruised the serpent's head; He put His triumphant heel upon the neck of death, and with His wounded hand extracted its sting; He robbed the grave of victory, and sin of its power. And still men are indifferent to that! I could go on and tell you about the Golden City, and the people who are there. I think if I never got there myself, I would praise the Lord Jesus for what He has done for others. There is a mother, and she has not any doubt that her darling baby is safe in the great Shepherd's arms. She cannot be sure where all her children are; but she knows where that child is. And some husband whose wife has gone home. I was at a dying bed only a week ago—with one who has preached in this pulpit, shortly before the com-

panion of his life went home. She said to me, "Hold my hand"; and I did for two hours. And all she could say in her agony was, "It is all right. It is all right." And just a week ago this morning, hardly able to speak, they heard her say, "Jesus, Jesus, give me grace to die." Oh, how often we have seen it! What if we had no Jesus? What if there were no gospel of the blood? What if there were no assurance of a blessed hereafter? Is it nothing to you? I long even to this day

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

And sometimes I almost imagine that I can hear it. There is a little article in this week's *Witness* of my father's. I used to hear him preach. He was my Pastor, and my Theological Professor; and I think all I have ever learned, I learned from him. We talked together of the Lord Jesus; and just before he went home he asked us to sing—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH AN APPRECIATION.

By R. E. Neighbour, D.D.

The Jarvis Street Baptist Church stands in the heart of the city of Toronto. It is an historic church edifice, builded of stone, and lifting its large tower heavenward. The ever-growing crowds which throng both the Sunday School and church services have made enlargement imperative. Accordingly the church has bought a splendid adjoining plot of ground upon which a big brick house stands. The house will be occupied July first by various Sunday School classes. Ultimately the house must come down and a modern and up-to-date Sunday School edifice erected.

The Jarvis Street Church Auditorium seats by actual count and not including extra chairs, 1,500 grown-ups. A large gallery encircles the main auditorium, and the whole audience is splendidly grouped around the speaker. A chorus choir of forty voices under the leadership of a masterful musician and conductor, leads the congregation in spiritual and worshipful songs. There are no anthems or other songs sung merely to please the ear. Every choir "special" carries a message of spiritual fervour and power.

The audience invariably fills the spacious auditorium; and an invitation to the unsaved is given at both of the Sunday services. The church is vibrant with spiritual life. An evangelistic tone pervades everything. The church in both Sunday School and pulpit is a soul-saving station. During the past year there were 475 additions to the church, and 344 baptisms.

The Jarvis Street Church Pastor.

Dr. T. T. Shields is absent on a six weeks' visit to the Western Coast. If it were not for this we would not dare to write in his own paper anything about him. He is a modest man, and does not care to speak of himself. We will not write all that could be penned, but there are a few things that should be stated in all sincerity and truth.

(a) *Dr. Shields is a tireless worker.* He has every activity of his great church under his fingers; he prepares his sermons both for the pulpit and the press with utmost care; he weighs every word, and considers every thought. While he seldom carries a note with him to the pulpit, his people realize that they are listening to a man who is a master teacher and expositor of the Word of God, and who has come before them with a message prayerfully and thoroughly wrought out. On Sunday, Dr. Shields preaches four sermons: first at 10 a.m., he speaks to his big Bible Class, giving an exposition of the lesson in hand; secondly, he preaches the morning sermon at eleven o'clock; his third message is given at the regular seven o'clock evening service; and the fourth (during the summer months) follows in the open air. During the course of one day, on the average Sunday, Dr. Shields will preach to at least five thousand people.

On Monday night, Dr. Shields meets with his Sunday School teachers and expounds the lesson text, adapting his message, so that each department of Sunday School life is instructed on how to teach the lesson.

In addition to the work at home, Dr. Shields is President of the Baptist

Bible Union of America. This requires much thought and attention. His correspondence in this relationship is immense. His hurried trips between Sundays, and oftentimes over Sundays, are very taxing, and very fruitful of good. As we write about his work we think of the Apostle Paul, the untiring ambassador of Jesus Christ.

(b) *Dr. Shields as a preacher:* We said it at our tabernacle in Chicago, and we say it now again, that we consider Dr. Shields the Spurgeon of the American pulpit. He delivers a sermon that is freighted with sublime and scriptural vision. He is a Bible expositor, and a gifted speaker. He is not only a teacher and a preacher, but he is an evangelist. He follows every sermon with an appeal to the unsaved. He always asks the unsaved to come up and grasp his hand; after which they are conducted by personal workers to the church parlor for personal instruction in the way of life.

(c) *Dr. Shields is assisted by Mr. Wm. Fraser.* Mr. Fraser has charge of pastoral work and visitation. He is indeed a right hand to the Pastor. His heart is ablaze for souls, and he loves the man with whom he labours.

The Jarvis Street Membership.

The membership of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church has reached the eighteen hundred mark. Dr. Shields has ever been a staunch defender of the faith. He has never trimmed his message. He has stood against the encroachments of Modernism with a heroism that has made him the fear of his enemies, and the delight of those who really know and love the truth.

The Jarvis Street Church love their Pastor with a devotion that cannot be excelled; they are willing to go with him in his fight for the faith to the very finish. No church ever had a nobler set of deacons than those who stand by this Pastor and hold up his hands. Whatever may be said of some on the outside, who criticize Dr. Shields because of his stand for the faith, the whole world must admit that his own church, who walk with him in the most intimate fellowship, love him, believe in him, and are ready, if need be, to die with him in behalf of their common Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Open-Air Services.

Most of the big city churches would feel it quite beneath their dignity to go out-of-doors and hold an open-air service. Not so with Jarvis Street. Dr. Shields is willing gladly to become all things to all men, if by any means he may gain the more. The Jarvis Street Church adjoins Allan Gardens. Allan Gardens is beautifully kept and the lawn is covered with benches, which, on warm summer evenings are filled with people. Allan Gardens is only separated from the church by Horticultural Ave; this affords a magnificent opportunity for the church to reach the Park crowds.

A platform has been improvised for choir and preacher at the rear of the church. Near the Park fence another platform holds the large stereopticon, which is equipped with a high-powered light, that it may throw up the verses of song on a section of the large white-painted brick wall of the Jarvis Street Church. Last Sunday night marked the opening service of the outdoor summer work. It was estimated that fifteen hundred people gathered within the church lawn enclosure, upon the sidewalks without, and just inside the park fence.

The Jarvis Street Sunday School.

The Sunday School is a dynamic power for God. It is systematically arranged, graded throughout, and equipped with all modern Sunday School appliances. The average attendance at the Sunday School for the past quarter has been 1,069. One of the great features of the Sunday School hour is Dr. Shields' own class for busy men and women. This class averaged during the past quarter 369 in attendance. The teachers of the Sunday School hand in weekly reports of attendance and of absentees. The absentees are visited weekly, and systematically. Nothing is left undone to keep the Sunday School up to par all the year round. It would take a visit to the School itself to comprehend the spiritual work that is being accomplished.

The Weekly Prayer Meeting.

Many churches have a once-a-week prayer meeting which is sparsely attended. Jarvis Street lays her chief emphasis upon her meetings for prayer. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, of each week are set aside for special approach to God.

The Tuesday meeting is held at 8 o'clock. It is opened by Mr. George Greenway, a staunch and stalwart deacon. The attendance reaches usually about two hundred.

The Thursday evening prayer meeting is conducted by the Pastor. It frequently reaches three to four hundred; and it is a real prayer meeting, with an exposition of the Word at eight-forty-five.

The Saturday evening prayer meeting is conducted by Mr. Greenway, and is even a larger meeting than the one on Tuesday night. The Pastor invariably attends both the Tuesday and Saturday night meetings.

In addition to these prayer meetings, during the entire fall and winter season, the women of the church meet for prayer, a gospel soul-saving service, on Wednesday afternoon.

In addition to this, through the different activities of the church, such as the ushers, Sunday School teachers, etc., various groups are constantly meeting to talk to the Lord. There is no doubt but that the importance given to prayer has had much to do with the unprecedented blessings which have come to the public ministrations of the church.

The Gospel Witness.

The sermons of the Pastor are stenographically reported and are published each week in *The Gospel Witness*. In addition to the sermon there is an editorial section, church announcements, and other religious news items. As this paper comes to the hands of its readers, with its delightful scriptural messages, they will hardly realize the amount of work that is required in connection with its preparation and mailing. It has become, however, one of the great blessings of Jarvis Street; and has enlarged the testimony of the pulpit, and the pen of the intrepid Pastor, to every part of the United States and Canada.

The Office Force.

The church offices are a veritable bee-hive of activity. Four young ladies, with Miss Stoakley as Secretary, are employed, and they give their whole time to the office. In addition to this, the regular force is often assisted by various young men and women, who help without charge, to care for the heavy and necessary work which goes with a real spiritual workshop.

The Church Finances.

The financial needs are met by freewill offerings from the people of God. Dr. Shields never wearies his people with pleas for money; but the money comes. A large number of the members systematically tithe their income. The offerings for the past church year amounted to \$53,632.65. Of this sum \$13,433.91 went to all missionary activities outside of the church proper. In addition to the usual financial outlay, the church is now raising \$32,000.00 for the purchase of the lot adjoining the church, and for needed building improvements.

It has been a real joy for the writer to spend a season with the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, and to catch something of the spiritual pulsations of its great heart. We have learned to love the Pastor in the days gone by, and now we hold for his church a like precious fellowship in the gospel.

FURTHER LIGHT ON CHURCH UNION.

Last week we printed a statement put forth by the World's Christian Fundamentals Association at its Annual Convention at Memphis last month. From that, for the sake of emphasis, we desire to print the following:

"Beyond debate, 'The Christian Century' is the outstanding journal of modernism in America. In an editorial of January 3rd, 1924, this journal says:

"Christianity, according to Fundamentalism, is one religion. Christianity, according to Modernism, is another religion. Which is the true religion is the question that is to be settled in all probability by our generation for future generations. There is a clash here as profound and as grim as between Christianity and Confucianism. Amiable words cannot hide the differences. 'Blest be the tie' may be sung till doomsday, but it cannot bind these worlds together. The God of the Fundamentalist is one God; the God of the Modernist is another. The Christ of the Fundamentalist is one Christ; the Christ of the Modernist is another. The Bible of Fundamentalism is one Bible; the Bible of Modernism is another. The church, the kingdom, the salvation, the consummation of all things—these are one thing to Fundamentalists and another thing to Modernists. Which God is the Christian God, which Christ is the Christian Christ, which Bible is the Christian Bible, which church, which kingdom, which salvation, which consummation are the Christian church, the Christian kingdom, the Christian salvation, the Christian consummation? The future will tell."

What is this *Christian Century*? Who is its Editor? The Editor is the Rev. Dr. C. C. Morrison. He was one of the speakers who came to bring greetings to the United Church of Canada, congratulating that body on its great achievement. From the Toronto Star of Monday, June fifteenth, we print the following:

"The competitive and silly multiplication of many sects' was scored in vigorous phrases by Rev. Dr. C. C. Morrison, editor of the *Christian Century*, Chicago, in his sermon at Trinity United Church on Sunday morning. No doubt, he said, the original motive for the establishment of all these sects and denominations was to find and follow the mind of Christ, but this aim had been followed in such a fashion as to be carried to absurdity. Some sects insisted on the serving of the Lord's Supper every Sunday, some on immersion as the only form of baptism.

"But we are rapidly coming to the place where this age-old dispute on baptism will have become obsolete", declared Dr. Morrison. Christ did not legislate on such matters, he said. He did not organize a church on earth. He left that to His followers as they were guided by the Holy Spirit.

"Suppose we were to bring our theological disputings up to the mind of the Master? What would He have to say? Not what would church councils have to say, nor what the fathers may have had to say, nor what the old traditions say, but what would He say? And if this existing dispute (referring to the church union controversy) were to be lifted up to the mind of the Master, I wonder—I wonder if it would not evaporate as an unnecessary, meaningless and sterile disputation."

"Dr Morrison affirmed in clear-cut sentences that Christ must be carried into the world of industrial life, into the world of politics, into the realm of international relations. 'We can have Christ no longer in our inner lives, no longer in our church life, unless we carry Him into the other six days of the week', he said. 'If He cannot run the world He cannot run the church. If He is not competent there He is not competent here.

"We must carry Jesus into the industrial life of this city and the world—the lives of men where there is so much that is tragic, so much clashing between capital and labor'. He said that no real attempt had yet been made to carry the authority of Christ into the realm of politics. And as to international relations, the great leaders and statesmen had no doubt done their best, 'but what a mess they have made of the world. Why not give Christ a chance? Why not put Christ at the helm? Not by human wit will war be abolished, but by human wit at the hands of Christ.'

"Three noted Methodist leaders, Rev. Dr. Chown, Rev. Chancellor Bowles, and Rev. Dr. T. A. Moore, were at the service to hear the Century editor."

Now we know to what camp the United Church of Canada belongs! Three such leaders as Dr. Chown, Chancellor Bowles, and Dr. T. A. Moore, were at the service at which Dr. Morrison spoke. What Dr. Morrison said in his own paper is certainly no worse than the Methodist pamphlets on "The Christian Hope", printed by the authority of the Methodist Church, but we print this that our readers may know in what company the new church—the so-called "United" Church of Canada—is found. We would recommend to all the members of the United Church a careful and prayerful reading of the first Psalm. They have certainly begun their career by walking in the counsel of the ungodly, by standing in the way of sinners, and by sitting in the seat of the scornful.

FOLLOWING A GOOD EXAMPLE.

In our issue of May 7th last we reprinted from *The London Advertiser*, London, Ont., the following statement of faith which was signed by the Baptist ministers of that city:

"Editor of *The Advertiser*,

Sir:

"In view of the recent local discussion regarding the avowed doctrinal position of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the Baptist ministers of the city of London are unanimously of the opinion that urgent need exists for a declaration of the faith they hold and preach as ministers of the gospel, and subscribe to the following truths:

The Trinity of the Godhead.

The Virgin Birth and Deity of Christ.

The Personality of the Holy Spirit.

The Inspiration, Infallibility, and Authority of the Holy Scriptures.

The Substitutionary Atonement.

The Necessity of the New Birth.

The Second Coming of Christ.

The Life Everlasting of Believers, and the Endless Punishment of the Impenitent."

We stated at that time that this confession of faith was printed not only for its own intrinsic worth, but also for the sake of example. We are in receipt of a communication from one of our *Witness readers* stating that resolutions have been passed by the Dalesville, Brownsburg, and Lachute Baptist Churches, heartily adopting this statement of faith. We shall be glad to receive news of many of our churches following this worthy example.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR THE NEXT SIX WEEKS.

Solomon's history is contained in the first book of Kings, chapters one to eleven; and first Chronicles, chapter twenty-two to second Chronicles, chapters one to nine; also second Samuel 5: 14; 12: 24; first Chronicles 3: 5; 14: 4. It is said of Solomon that he spake three thousand proverbs. Solomon was the third king of Israel. He was endowed with superhuman wisdom, and blessed with unprecedented wealth. His exalted position thus gave him opportunity to see all sides of life. The books of the Bible written by Solomon are: Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, and Psalms seventy-two and one hundred and twenty-seven.

Each of the books named, written by the inspiration of the Spirit of God, is full of instruction. We have selected, however, only two chapters from the book of Proverbs; but suggest that the book be read through carefully. We have arranged four lessons in the book of Ecclesiastes. These lessons are as follows:

July 5th: HOW FOLLY AND WISDOM COMPLETE FOR THE SOUL.
Proverbs, chapter 1.

- July 12th: **THE VIRTUOUS WOMAN.**
Proverbs, chapter 31: 10-31.
- July 19th: **THE VANITY OF THINGS UNDER THE SUN.**
Ecclesiastes, chapters 1 and 2.
- July 26th: **TIME AND ETERNITY.**
Ecclesiastes, chapter 3.
- August 2nd: **THE RELATION OF CONDUCT TO DESTINY.**
Ecclesiastes, chapters 9 to 11.
- August 9th: **REMEMBERING OUR CREATOR.**
Ecclesiastes, chapter 12.

The Jarvis Street Whole Bible Sunday School Lesson Course

HOW FOLLY AND WISDOM COMPETE FOR THE SOUL.—Proverbs, c. 1.

This chapter is a discourse on the wisdom of receiving instruction. It is impossible that anyone should become wise without learning.

I. The Twofold Basis of True Wisdom.

1. The fear of the Lord is said to be the beginning of knowledge (v. 7). Thus the wise man puts our relationship to God first. To be rightly related to Him is to be in right relationship to heaven above us and to the world around us. The first commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." To ignore God is to refuse to learn the alphabet of wisdom, or the multiplication table of wealth. 2. The secondary basis of true wisdom is to honour father and mother. The fifth commandment is the first of the table which instructs us how to relate ourselves to our neighbour; and the first human relationship which we all, of necessity, must recognize, is that to father and mother. Children who despise or disobey their parents come to no good. 3. Such twofold obedience develops a beautiful and symmetrical life (v. 9). Life has a perpendicular as well as a horizontal relationship: when God is given the first place, our human relationships will be brought into proper proportion. 4. The only Example of this perfect wisdom is to be found in our Lord Jesus Christ. We read in Luke, second chapter, verses forty to fifty-two, how our Lord put God first, even before his mother; and then "he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them." Thus He kept both tables of the law perfectly; and wrought out for us a perfect righteousness. Hence Christ becomes to us the wisdom of God.

II. How Folly Calls Her Victims.

1. One of the chief perils of youth is bad company (v. 10). The blessedness of the man who walks not in the counsel of the ungodly is described in Psalm one. Here the wise man recognizes the dangers which beset the feet of the unwary: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." 2. Evil companions are not slow to entice (vs. 10-14). Evil is always aggressive: it goes out after business; it seeks its victims. 3. We are admonished: (1) to consent not; (2) to walk not with them; (3) to avoid their path; (4) to be at least as wise as a bird which will not run into an open net (vs. 10 to 19). These suggestions are of inestimable value to young people.

III. How Wisdom Also Calls Those She Would Lead to Victory and Wealth.— (Verses 20-23.)

1. Wisdom, if our eyes are open, may be learned in all the places enumerated in these verses: "in the streets"; "in the chief place of concourse"; "in the openings of the gates"; "in the city". In all these places the folly of transgression is illustrated. God has His witnesses on the street, as well as in church; in the market-place, as well as in the temple,—everywhere wisdom "crieth without". 2. Procrastination is the chief vice of the simple. "How

long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?" We all intend to go to school some time; we have all resolved some time to sit at Wisdom's feet. Notwithstanding, we are all late for the school where Wisdom is the teacher. 3. Wisdom, however, will teach the penitent. If we turn at her reproof she will pour out her spirit upon us. 4. Again we come to the great central truth of the whole Bible, that the Sum of all wisdom is Christ Jesus our Lord: "Christ the wisdom of God"; "Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom." Thus through many voices does He call sinners to repentance.

IV. The Warning of Wisdom (vs. 24-33).

1. There is a time to get wisdom. We may not always be permitted to go to school to her. She calls often, in many places, and for a long time: but by and by even her voice will be silent, and the fool will be left alone in his folly. 2. This principle applies to such wisdom as must be learned by hard labour, such knowledge as may be obtained by the exercise of our mental faculties. It is important that children should learn young; for at him from whom youth has fled, wisdom will only mock at last: she will laugh at him as one who has missed life's opportunities. 3. But this is especially true of those who reject the wisdom of God in Christ. "My spirit shall not always strive with man." How terrible the plight of those at whose destruction He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh (vs. 24-27)! 4. The most terrible of all punishments is when God refuses to intervene to prevent man's folly coming to its full fruition, when He says: "Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices." For a man to be permitted to reap what he sows, and to eat of the fruit of his own way, is the worst of all possible judgments. 5. The only safety is to be found in giving attention to Wisdom's voice: "Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil."

LAST SUNDAY'S SERVICES.

Last Sunday was a day of great spiritual blessing in Jarvis St. The attendance at Bible School was down, nine hundred and ninety-two being present; but throughout the day the presence of the Spirit of God was felt by all present. Dr. R. E. Neighbour, of Chicago, taught the Pastor's Bible Class, preached at the regular eleven and seven o'clock services, and again in the open air at eight-forty-five. Dr. Neighbour's messages were fraught with spiritual power. Several young men responded to the invitation in the morning, among them being an officer from an air camp seventy-three miles from Toronto. This young man had, with a friend, motored in to hear Dr. Neighbour, and was gloriously saved.

Dr. Neighbour is speaking every evening this week; and at the time of going to press (Wednesday evening) great spiritual blessing has attended his ministry. Few men are so steeped in the Word of God, or give it out in such a sympathetic manner.

NEXT SUNDAY.

Dr. Neighbour will be with us again next Sunday, teaching the Pastor's class, preaching at morning and evening services, and again in the open air, weather permitting.

MORE ABOUT OUR NEW ANNEX.

Readers of *The Gospel Witness* will be glad to know that at the close of the first week the appeal for funds to purchase the property next door north from the church, and to pay for other additions and improvements to our

present property, resulted in a total annual subscription of \$8,118.60, the pledges having been received from two hundred and fifty-six people. At the close of the second week, June 21st, the number of those subscribing amounted to three hundred and fifty-three; while the total subscription for the year had raised to \$10,059.85. This is a most encouraging result.

Let us go on to things still greater. Remember the objective—\$16,000.00 for the first year, and an additional \$16,000.00 for the second year. If you have not yet subscribed, what can you do, fellow-members of the Church and Bible School, to help raise the first \$16,000.00? If we all, without exception, do what we can, the objective will easily be reached and over-passed. Will you not at once help to make possible the sending of a telegram to the Pastor before he returns from his vacation, conveying to him the news that the first year's quota is provided for? After Sunday, June 28th, a canvass of the members who have not responded will be undertaken. Will you not save someone the task of calling upon you, by signing a weekly, monthly, or quarterly subscription card; or, by handing in your lump-sum contribution not later than Sunday evening, June 28th?

We gratefully acknowledge in this matter the co-operation of some who are not members of our Church or School. If there are any other such friends who would be glad to help, please forward gifts to the Church Office, 130 Gerrard St. East, Toronto.

DEATH OF DR. A. C. DIXON.

Just as we go to press we learn of the passing of Dr. A. C. Dixon, a man well-known for his fundamentalist position all over the Continent, in England, and other parts of the world. We understand he passed away on Sunday, June 14th, in the Union Memorial Hospital at Baltimore, Maryland, and was laid to rest on Tuesday, June 16th.

Dr. Dixon was one of the Pastor's warmest personal friends, whom he held in the highest esteem; and he, in Vancouver, will learn of Dr. Dixon's passing with great sorrow.

DR. GILLON IN JARVIS ST.

Dr. J. W. Gillon, a great Kentucky preacher, will be in Jarvis St. for the entire month of July. Dr. Gillon will meet with the teachers on Monday evening and give a talk on the lesson; he will give a Bible lecture on Thursday evening, and be present at all the prayer services; he will teach the Pastor's Bible Class Sunday morning, preach at both regular services, and in the open air; he will be in the Pastor's office to meet inquirers;—in short, he will be our Pastor for the month of July.

WOMEN'S MISSION CIRCLE.

The July meeting of the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Circle will (D.V.) be held in the country at the summer home of Mrs. Charles Wood, on Thursday afternoon, July 2nd, at 2.30. A programme of interest and inspiration is being arranged, and we trust there will be a large attendance of all members of the Circle, and many who have not yet in our church joined us in our efforts to help obey the Master's command, "Go ye".

Take Queen car at the corner of Queen and Yonge Streets, at 1.15. Change at Kingston Road and Bingham Avenue to either a Scarboro Heights or a West Hill car, to Stop 16. South to 125 Beverley Boulevard.

All collectors are expected to be present.