

The Gospel Witness

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES AND
IN DEFENSE OF THE FAITH ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS.

\$2.00 Per Year, Postpaid, to any address. 5c. Per Single Copy.

Editor: T. T. SHIELDS.

Associate Editors: T. I. STOKLEY, ALEXANDER THOMSON, W. GORDON BROWN.

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

Address Correspondence: THE GOSPEL WITNESS, 130 Gerrard Street East, Toronto.

Vol. 8. No. 13.

TORONTO, AUGUST 15th, 1929.

Whole No. 379.

"TREASURES IN HEAVEN"

There is a negro song which, if we correctly recall, begins,

"I've got shoes, you've got shoes,
All God's chillen have shoes."

That is true. No prince of heaven needs to go bare-foot. But God's children have much more than shoes. They have "bread enough, and to spare". Each has a robe, and each wears a ring on his hand; for they are heirs to "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" for them. It is manifestly the will of God that all His children should be rich: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." We read of the "unsearchable riches of Christ", and of the "exceeding riches of his grace"; and these belong to the children of God.

But we are admonished also to lay up treasures for ourselves. We can do nothing toward our own salvation. A child of God is no more responsible for being a member of the divine family, than we are responsible for our membership in the family to which we belong. On the natural plane we owe our name and nature to the fact that we were so born: spiritually, we owe our place in the household of faith to the fact that we have been born again. But, being children of God, notwithstanding there is a great future awaiting us and which is ours by reason of birth, we are admonished to save, to open a bank account, to lay up treasures for ourselves, to make ourselves increasingly rich with the passage of the years.

But the great question everyone must ask is, In what bank shall we put our treasures? In what stocks shall we invest our capital? How shall we secure ourselves against all possibility of loss? Our Lord warns us against regarding any earthly investment as being perfectly safe, as being wholly secure. Surely the world is full of warnings on this account. The whole fabric of modern business is built on the assumption that men are dishonest and will cheat each other if they can. Cheques are now drawn and

stamped in such a way as to make it impossible for a dishonest person to increase the amount of their face value. The recording instrument the 'bus conductor carries in his hand; every cash register; every receipt given, is designed as a safeguard against the dishonest man. The locks on your doors, the banks' safety deposit vaults, the armored cars we see occasionally at the bank door, the policeman on his beat, the judge on the bench—all these elements in modern civilization suggest the insecurity of all earthly treasures. Hence we are admonished, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."

But what are some of the treasures which a Christian man may legitimately possess? There are material goods which are not to be despised. It is not wrong for a man to own his own home; nor for him to do, as Solomon did, when he said, "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees: I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me: I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy: for my heart rejoiced in all my labour: and this was my portion of all my labour."

But there are treasures of the heart which are of inestimably greater worth than are mere things! We really live in our affections, if we live at all; for "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth". It is legitimate for a Christian to have not only a house, but a home: wife and children and friends. We remember being a guest in the home of a minister who was blessed with a fine family. At the time of our visit they were young people, perhaps from thirteen to twenty or twenty-one years.

We congratulated the minister and his wife on their splendid family; to which the minister's wife replied, "Yes, we think we are rich. But we have all our capital in live stock"! It seemed to us that they had made a very good investment, and that they ought to be happy.

But there are treasures of the mind too, for just as a man may add field to field, and house to house; as he may acquire treasures of silver and of gold and of all precious stones, so the mind may push back the boundaries of life and explore new fields, and discover new mines of wealth, and enrich itself incalculably by vast treasures of knowledge. True education makes a man at home among the things of the world. The more varied, and the wider and more numerous the correspondences of life, the fuller and richer life becomes.

But all these treasures are exposed to great danger. No earthly bank, however thick its walls, can be absolutely safe, because "thieves break through and steal". And not all the thieves wear masks and carry guns. Procrastination has been called "the thief of time". There are predatory principles which transform legitimate circumstances into robbers. Fire and flood and earthquake may attack us with resounding violence, while disease and death come as a thief in the night and "break through and steal".

The best of treasures corrupt. There is a rust which is inseparable from a free atmosphere, which transforms the very dew and rain and sunshine of heaven into weapons of destruction. One cannot wholly escape the frosts of time. Gray hairs will come; the almond tree will blossom in its season; those that look out of the window will be darkened; the strong men will bow themselves; and the grinders cease because they are few.

But the moth, as well as the rust, will corrupt. There are antagonists which work silently and in the darkness. The evolutionary philosophy to the contrary notwithstanding, degeneration is the law to which all earthly things are subject. Though you think to preserve the freshness and beauty of your most becoming garments, and store them away for special occasions, the moth will frustrate your effort, and corrupt your treasures. What moths there are! A friend told us he once saw the great Spurgeon preparing for a brief holiday, and among the things he was taking with him was a large pile of books, every one of them dealing with butterflies! No wonder! We ought to know something about moths.

But there are other kinds of moths: selfishness, ambition, covetousness, self-ease, indolence, and a thousand others, which gnaw away in the darkness, and corrupt the most beautiful things of life. From the attacks of these wealth-destroying powers and principles none of our treasures are immune. The Preacher of Ecclesiastes had tasted of all the springs of life, and exclaimed, "Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." Ah, that is the lesson of the New Testament in the Old: "there is no profit under the sun",—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."

But there is a bank that never fails, through whose walls thieves never break, in whose eternal vaults neither moth nor rust can ever find a place: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." What does it mean? Not that we should despise the treasures of the mind. On the contrary, we should take full advantage of them, and devote all our powers of intellect and of will to lay up treasures in heaven.

That may mean an alliance with the treasures of the heart. What! would you make your boy rich in this world? Would you make him the chief of his profession? a captain of finance? or a prime minister? Perhaps that may be possible—and it may be legitimate. But if he is that and nothing more, his career will terminate at death. But if he should occupy a position of such distinction, or walk the street in overalls and serve his own generation in the humblest sphere, if he should do whatever he does as David did, "by the will of God", and if he is led to do it by your prayers and precepts and example, you have laid up for yourselves treasures in heaven.

So, too, we may use our material wealth. We may have no gift of speech, and may be numbered among the silent witnesses to the grace of God; but we may give of our substance perhaps to train others to preach the everlasting gospel, or, when they are trained, to help sustain them in their ministry at home or in the uttermost parts of the earth. That was a tragic confession of Absalom's,—"I have no son to keep my name in remembrance", and because of it they piled a heap of stones which was called, "Absalom's Pillar". It is not much to live for, and to leave behind, a heap of stones! A house? a factory? a bank? streets of property? a large amount of wealth?—and nothing else? Better a thousand times that we should have spiritual children, that we should so live as to witness daily to the power of Jesus Christ to save lost men, "to testify the gospel of the grace of God"; and, doing it, to add other witnesses to our own, to multiply voices here and hereafter who shall join in that great chorus to be sung by a choir numbering ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, and who sing before the throne, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." To join in that melody, to augment that choir, to enhance that glory, is to lay up treasures in heaven.

"WHO WILL GO FOR US?"

This is the voice of Deity in the sixth chapter of Isaiah. The Lord of hosts seeks a human messenger as He asks this question. But some Christian people may legitimately ask the same question. It is not everyone who is called to preach. There are earnest and devout people of varying abilities who have capacity for other things than preaching. Yet we ought all to preach either personally, or vicariously through another.

Such a ministry may be exercised as we give of our substance for the support of missionaries at home and abroad. But how shall missionaries be trained and preachers fitted for the holy task of preaching? The battle for the Book has raged furiously for many years, and every man of experience knows how much depends in such conflicts upon the minister.

Our greatly beloved Dean Stockley, of the Toronto Baptist Seminary, when earnestly entreated to undertake the duties of his present position, said that he was led to do so because,

(Continued on page 18.)

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

SUNDAY MORNING IN JARVIS STREET.

FAITH'S APPRAISAL OF GOD.

A Sermon by the Pastor, Dr. T. T. Shields.

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Sunday Morning, August 11th, 1929.

(Stenographically Reported)

"By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son.

"Of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called:

"Accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure."—Hebrews 11:17-19.

Prayer before the Sermon.

By Rev. C. J. Loney, of Hamilton, Ont.

O Lord our God and our heavenly Father, we lift our hearts to Thee in prayer this morning in the name of Thy dear Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We come into Thy presence in His name, and through the merits of His atoning sacrifice, remembering that,—

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all"—

where He died the Just for the unjust to bring us to God. We come this morning, our Father, to plead the merits of the Blood sprinkled upon the mercy seat in our behalf; and we rejoice that while we plead His blood we also have Jesus Christ, Himself, as our Representative in the glory, our exalted High Priest, a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec. In Christ we have One Who has brought to us all the blessings of God: complete pardon, salvation, peace and joy; and the risen Christ this morning makes known in our own experience through faith the purpose of His will, and of His atoning sacrifice. We rejoice that the day is coming when the exalted Priest will come out from the holiest of all to bring to His church all the full blessings of that wondrous and glorious Atonement. So this morning, with great joy and gladness, we come into Thy presence, thanking Thee for this day, this resurrection day, the day upon which He rose triumphantly from the grave, having defeated the powers of sin and darkness.

We come, our Father, praying that Thou wilt accept of us in His name, through His merits. We thank Thee this morning for all the blessings of the days that are past, for all the benedictions that have come to the church of Christ as she has wended her way down through the ages under the guiding light of His Spirit, as the Shekinah cloud has led through all the days. We thank Thee for the power of the gospel; we thank Thee for the God-breathed Scriptures; and we thank Thee for the constant abiding presence of the Holy Spirit of God. For all these spiritual blessings this morning we give thanks unto Thee.

We thank Thee for the goodly measure of health and strength enjoyed by this congregation this morning, inasmuch as they have the privilege and pleasure of gathering here to bow the knee to Jesus Christ, to acknowledge Thee as Saviour and Lord, and to bring their sacrifices and gifts of love and praise, and offer them unto Thee. We thank Thee for food and shelter and friends and loved ones. We thank Thee for the church and all that it means to us.

We especially thank Thee for this church, and for all it has meant to the cause of Christ in this city and in this country. We thank Thee for the testimony that has gone out to all the world from this place. We pray it may continue to shine as a great lighthouse in a dark world. May its light penetrate to all the dark places of earth, to India, and Africa, and to all the Islands of the Sea! Oh we pray Thee, take this place and this people and make them great in Thy service. We lift a prayer for Thy servant, our dear Brother Shields, the pastor. We give Thee thanks for him, and for all the ministry that he has exercised under the power and

direction of God's Spirit. We pray for Thy continued blessing upon his ministry of the Word. Do Thou keep him strong and well in body and soul and mind, that he may, under the direction of God's Spirit, continue to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, to the pulling down of the strong holds of Satan, and to the upbuilding of the great cause of Jesus Christ in this church, and in this city, and to the uttermost parts of this earth.

We breathe a prayer for the office-bearers of the church; continue to use them. May they indeed be men filled with the Holy Ghost and with power, as were the officers of that first Pentecostal church. Bless all the activities of the church.

Bless, we pray Thee, the new Union of which it is a part, and grant that to all the ministers who are standing for Christ in these dark days there may come to-day a special power from on high. May the God of our fathers manifest His presence in the preaching of His Word in all the churches of this Province to-day! Bless the many student pastors who have gone out from the Seminary, and who to-day in weakness and yet in Thy strength are telling forth the story of the cross. Lord, strengthen those young men; bless them in their own lives; give them a clear vision of Jesus the crucified, the risen, the interceding, and soon-coming Saviour. Illuminate their minds, blessed Spirit of God, that they may see Him upon the sacred page. May the word of God become more and more precious to them!

We ask Thy blessing to rest upon this congregation, these men and women, these boys and girls, who have gathered from all walks of life, from different experiences and trials and temptations. O Lord, bless them; and whatever may be the need of each heart in Thy presence to-day, may that need be met! For those who are in darkness, we ask that Thy light may shine in! To those who are in weakness may Thy divine strength be given! For those who are friendless, we ask that they may be conscious of the Friend Who is ever near.

There may be a stranger here this morning. O Lord, reveal Thyself unto such an one. Peradventure there may be not a few who know not Jesus Christ. We pray that to-day they may see Him in all His glory, in all His beauty. So open their eyes that they may see Him, and seeing Him, they may believe on Him, they may love Him, they may be led, by God's Spirit, to surrender to Him as their Saviour and Lord. Our Father, we realize our need. We are weak, we are helpless, we are dependent upon Thee; do Thou this morning visit us, visit us with Thy great salvation, salvation from the penalty and power of sin. We pray for the special guidance of God's Spirit upon the ministry of Thy word this morning. Open our hearts to see the Saviour; touch our ears that we may hear His voice; and may we feel the touch of the blessed nail-scarred hands upon our spirits to-day! May the rustle of His garments, and the very sound of His footfall be heard in the aisles of this church to-day! And may not a few be led to reconsecrate their lives to Christ; may not a few bow before Him as their Saviour and their Lord. All these things we ask our Father, with the pardon of our sins, that Jesus Christ Thy Son may be honoured and glorified, and that His return may be hastened. We ask it for His sake, Amen.

My reason for directing your thought to this chapter this morning is simply that we have already been thinking about it in our classes; there is some advantage in having one's mind adjusted to the consideration of a particular subject. This chapter is like a great exhibition where there are gathered together the products of all countries, articles of every kind of manufacture. In this chapter practically every Christian grace is displayed. Some of you perhaps have been in Westminster Abbey, and have seen monuments and tablets commemorating the achievements of statesmen and poets and masters of literature, of men who have distinguished themselves in every walk of life. You have in Westminster and in St. Paul's Cathedral a history, not only of the British Empire, but of practically the entire Anglo-Saxon race. And in this chapter you have an epitome of the history of redeemed human nature, from the beginning of time till the Lord shall come again. In principle it is all condensed within the brief limits of this single chapter. I do not wonder therefore that ministers and others should frequently resort thither, because it is a storehouse full of spiritual treasures. And yet the chapter has but one theme: it is concerned with illustrating the effect in human life of that which is defined in the opening verse, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

We shall never have done attempting to define faith because faith is such a manifold virtue. Faith indeed is a fundamental, distinctive, virtue; it is that which differentiates a real Christian from all others. Faith is less an attribute than a quality of the soul. It is not something external to the soul; nor something that may merely be attributed to it: it is that which is of the very essence of the soul's life. It is something deeper than that which may be attributed; it is a quality that inheres in the soul itself, because the soul has by the regenerating Spirit of God been made partaker of the divine nature. Faith is the gift of God, and is an instinct of the new-born soul whereby it cries, "Abba, Father."

Faith, I say, is less an act than an attitude,—although it is an act, it is volitional. A man may cast himself deliberately, of set purpose, upon the promise of God, upon God who is the Promiser; yet fundamentally faith is more than an act: it is an attitude of soul toward God; it is determined by the soul's relationship to God; it defines the soul's position in relation to the Centre of the universe.

In this chapter many aspects of faith are set forth. Faith is like a diamond of many facets, as you hold it up to the sun and let the light of God's truth shine upon it you will discover that it ever reflects some new beauty. In faith all other virtues are comprised, for we are to add to our faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and the other graces which potentially reside in true faith. In other words, we are to supply in our faith the quality of virtue, to allow faith to unfold itself. Faith is a fundamental grace, for without faith it is impossible to please God. Our text describes a particular aspect of the faith of Abraham. Abraham's faith led him to leave home. Abraham's faith led him to accept God as God, and to go out to a country "not knowing whither he went". Abraham's

faith led him to believe that a son should be born to him contrary to the course of nature. But this particular verse tells us that it was by faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac, and "he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son. Of whom it was said"—do not forget this—"of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called"—and here was the essence of that act, here the true quality of the man's soul was manifested—"accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure."

I.

Hence you will see that FAITH INVOLVES ALWAYS A CERTAIN APPRAISAL OF GOD. Faith is not merely an intellectual assent to a certain statement of truth. Evangelical faith is far more than that. It involves an estimate of God. When Abraham thus offered up Isaac he was forced to ask himself, Who is God? What is God? What can God do for me? What sort of God have I? Is He equal to this emergency? And the text says that Abraham's faith accounted that God, not somebody else, but that GOD, Who is "over all blessed for ever", was able to do a certain thing.

Abraham's faith, therefore, was based, as all faith is, upon a divine revelation. God is not discoverable to the natural mind. "Canst thou by searching, find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" Can you see God for yourself? Can you tell me who or what God is? "Oh yes", says our modern friend, "I will tell you the kind of god I want, the only kind of god I will believe; and if God says thus and so, then I shall not believe it." At the root of the philosophy of Modernism you have this always, the substitution of reason for revelation. The god of the modernist is a creature of his own imagination; the God of the believer is the God Who reveals Himself. And back yonder in the dim twilight of divine revelation—the same Light that shines now shone then, and yet it shone less brightly—back there Abraham saw God as God disclosed Himself to him; and on the basis of that revelation he formed his appraisal of God. We must accept God's testimony of Himself. That is of the very essence of faith. There is no faith that is not based upon divine revelation. "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent?" And back of that, How shall they find a message, a revelation of God, if it does not come from God Himself?

Faith is the soul's response, *the response of a divinely quickened soul, to a divine revelation*: "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." If I had time to illustrate that I could show you that faith, true faith, is always based upon self-disclosure. I meet a man, and I trust him, I repose the utmost confidence in him. But I may be deceived. By and by I discover that I have trusted one who is untrustworthy. Why did I trust him? Because I was shut up to what that man showed himself to be. I thought he was a good man, but I later discover perhaps that he is a scoundrel. My faith is first based upon his disclosure of himself—upon all that he did disclose; and when by and by my faith is shattered it is because I have found him out.

The soul must always believe God to be what God shows Himself to be.

What was the character of this divine disclosure? How did Abraham regard God? Let me put it simply: *he regarded him as God!* He regarded Him as GOD, not as a mere law.

"God is law, say the wise; O soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His
Voice.

"Law is God, say some: no God at all says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent
in a pool."

What limited vision! God is law, and law is a manifestation of divine power. But God is more than either: He is GOD, that is all, for there can be nothing more.

What is said of Abraham? "Abraham believed God." You cannot improve on that. "The Lord he is God; there is none else beside him." He lives, and reigns, and rules, in solitary splendour and grandeur, apart from all, above all, personal, sovereign, transcendent! Who is God? You cannot shut Him up to your test tube. You say, "I have found Him in the laboratory, or in the observatory." No, you did not! All that you can see through a microscope or telescope is a little bit of how God works, but you cannot see GOD. God is more than all law. He is God, and you have no faith until you see God above all that He has made, above all this marvellously beautiful, complex, universe, so perfectly ordered and organized, so completely subject to law—when you have surveyed it all, the near and the infinitesimal, and that which is so infinitely remote that its magnitude defies definition, when you have surveyed the whole created order, true faith sees God enthroned above it all. This Abraham saw: he "believed God".

What did Abraham need at that moment? To believe that God was able; "accounting that God was able", for this emergency. We need not define the emergency, the particular experience. What I ask of you is, When God comes into your life at a particular hour on a particular day, when circumstances are of such a character that they constitute, in their pressure upon you, a trial, and you need something beyond the possibility of all human resource to supply, when you need something superhuman, supernatural, have you a God Who is able in that hour? Does your faith so appraise God that you can say, "I have no wisdom; I have no strength; I have no help; I have no friends; I have no money; I have nothing at all, but I HAVE GOD!" You do not need anything more, if you have God! Abraham had God, and he accounted that God was able.

Ah, there are times when it is easy to believe in Almighty. That quality is revealed in nature: "The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." But if it is power you want, then there is superhuman energy in nature, in electricity. It drives your car, it lights your home, it will do many things. We do not know very much about the vast stores of energy that are wrapped up in the universe.

Sometimes we may see so much of God's power as to be afraid of it. When the thunder rolls, and it comes nearer and nearer until there is a terrific peal, a tremendous crash, and the forked lightning splits the giant oak, one says, "That is God!" Oh yes, "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters. The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire. The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh." Nature abounds in manifestations of power! But I want something more than power in my emergency. "Twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God. Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy." I need a merciful power—and I need a powerful mercy. My emergency requires a combination of qualities.

What sort of God is mine? Well, He made a promise to Abraham but yesterday. But yesterday, it seemed. He had promised that a son should be born. After long waiting the promise was fulfilled, and that promise said, "In Isaac shall thy seed be called." Isaac is here. I do not wonder they called him Isaac—laughter. How he filled their mouths with laughter and their tongues with singing, when he came to them, as a messenger from God in the late evening time! I do not wonder that Sara laughed with joy, and Abraham too.

What is the emergency? A course is commanded which requires and involves the sacrifice, the blotting out, the obliteration, of every fulfilment of the divine promise. "Offer up Isaac"! "But, Lord, he came from Thee! Thou gavest him me! He is Thy best gift to me! And by faith I have looked down the long road and I have seen a Greater than Isaac. I have rejoiced to see His day; I have seen it; I see it now, and I am glad." But he is commanded, "Offer up Isaac. Blot out thy long-deferred and eventually realized hope."—"What? Give him up! and reverse the experience of a lifetime? Put me back again forty years? Unwrite all the record of Thy faithfulness, and leave us as the shadows lengthen all alone again?" Abraham, who said that? Who commanded thee? And Abraham's faith answered, "God, who made the worlds, and all that is therein." What did Abraham say in his heart during those three days of journeying to the place of sacrifice? Oh, those wonderful three days! And they went, "both of them together", Abraham and Isaac, the three interminable days—those three days were longer than the forty years which preceded—to the place appointed. "Ah," said Abraham, "I had to go once before to a place whither I knew not; but I go now to the place of which God has told me, and I shall not see it until the third day."

It is promised that some day we shall sit down in the kingdom of God with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and some day in the unfolding millenniums of the future I hope I may be able to sit down with Abraham and say, "Oh, thou father of the faithful, will you not open your memory to me, and give me the record of those three days?" I think Abraham said to himself,

"What shall I do? No Isaac! Forty years and more all blotted out! I am an old man, and just when the sun is westering, when I had hoped for rest and comfort, and to see the realization of the promise, I am bereft of all." But Abraham was reassured when he remembered that the Voice which commanded surrender was God's.

You see the principle? How dependent we are upon a divine revelation! Did some spirit whisper, "Abraham, do you not think you may be mistaken?" Long before Jesus said, "My sheep hear my voice", Abraham would have answered, "No; I am not mistaken. This heart of mine knows the voice of God." Who said it? God said it. Well, let us discuss it, Abraham. He would have answered, "No discussion is necessary." Let us reason it out, then? "There could be no profit in the attempt. It is the word of God; and when God speaks that is the end of all argument. There is nothing to do but to obey." If I may modernize it, some little professor would have said to Abraham, "I will give you a book that I read the other day that explains it very satisfactorily. I rather think you have got into a morbid state, that your imagination has run away with you." He would have answered, "I want no other book: I have THE BOOK. I need no other voice: I have THE VOICE OF GOD."

And then I think a smile broke through that look of anxiety, and Abraham said, "I know. If I must lay Isaac there in death, I do it at God's command; and He who requires me to plunge the knife, can raise him from the dead. I had almost forgotten God for a little while during those three days. Hallelujah! The voice is God's! I will go all the way with Him."

What have we, then? Not only power and wisdom, but mercy too. Yes, the mercy of God! Love? Yes, love, which is like all the qualities of Deity, infinite in degree. Faithfulness? Yes. Holiness?—yes, another word for wholeness. Grace? Yes, and that is another name for God. And I fancy that when Abraham came at last to that great trial, as he lifted his hand he did it with a smile on his face, as he said, "Now I shall see more of God than ever."

Faith's appraisal of God is always enhanced by experience. I love those words in the old record, "And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham." He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. He prepared Moses for his work by forty years of training; and for forty years or more he prepared Abraham for that great crisis, and our text says that he "accounted that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead"—why did he thus appraise God in this crisis? For this reason,—"from whence also he received him in a figure." It was life out of death in the beginning. "Why," said Abraham, "my God has proved himself to be the source of life; and what God has done once He can do again."

I remember years ago hearing my father preach on this text: "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." I was very young at the time, but I remember that he said something to this effect, "There is in operation in nature a law which men define as the 'conservation of energy'. You cannot increase or diminish the energy of matter; it is always the same. You can

take a piece of coal, and transform it into light or heat or power, but the energy, the sum-total of the energy in that piece of coal, is always the same. You may transform it, but you cannot diminish it; you cannot destroy it; it is always there." And the preacher said that there is a similar law in the spiritual world which operates in the believer's life, so that no experience is ever wasted, and the energy expended when he slays a lion or slays a bear comes back to him again, and enables him to make a giant lick the dust. ("Amen!" "Hallelujah!")

One might have said, "I am sorry, Abraham, that you are tried as you are in your old age! Your friends thought it was hard enough to believe back there forty years ago when a son was promised, and you waited, and waited, and waited, and kept on believing, and staggered not through unbelief, but stood upright before God, saying, 'I believe.' It seems hard that now at the end of the journey of life you should be required to face this trial!" Abraham would have replied, "I could not have faced it until to-day. The spiritual energy generated by more than half a century's experience of God's faithfulness is in me, and through Him I can run through a troop, or leap over a wall. Yes, I can lay Isaac in death—for God will give him back to me to-morrow."

Have you a God like that? ("Yes!") You ought to be stronger to-day than you ever were! And my brothers and sisters, will you let me say this to you, you Jarvis St. members? You and I must give an account at the day of judgment. We say it to God's praise that He has shown us so much of His mercy, so much of His power, so much of His faithfulness, in this place, that we ought to be growing up into Him in all things. We ought by this time to have outgrown our childhood, and to be men in Christ.

II.

I suppose I have talked too long already—you will have to fill in the details; but I must say that faith not only involves an appraisal of God, but THAT THAT APPRAISAL OF GOD ALWAYS REACTS UPON THE BELIEVER'S CHARACTER. "They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them." People become like the gods they worship; that is an invariable rule. And when men change the image of the uncorruptible God, and in their thought of Him take Him from His lofty pinnacle, and reduce Him to the measure of a man, changing the "glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things", they become—evolutionists! They really do. They look at worms so much that they become like worms, like creeping things: they become crassly materialistic, of the earth, earthy. That is what Modernism is, a creeping thing! It crawls on the earth; it has no wings to fly with. And "they that make them are like unto them." But contrariwise, "we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Can you not see Abraham becoming more and more godlike, as though God had said, "Abraham, I called you that I might make you over again and make you like Myself", for we are predestinated to be conformed,

you remember, to "the image of Christ". It is as though God had said, "Abraham, I am already on the road; I have been these many centuries. My Son and I are walking that way together, and some day we shall reach the mount; some day He will lay down His life; some day I shall smite the Shepherd, and there will be nobody to say, Stay Thine hand. I have determined you shall be like me, Abraham; and to this end you must know what a God I am."

"O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."

You cannot receive and believe and obey God's word without becoming godlike. That is the secret of spiritual growth and development, going all the way with God. Faith issues in obedience; faith stops at no sacrifice; faith never considers consequences. Mark that, will you? One says, "I should like to obey that particular command, but I should like to know just what it will do for me"—you have no faith, my friend! A young lady says, "I ought to tell him that I will not go to the theatre with him any more. I know I ought not, as a Christian. Furthermore, he is not a Christian, and I ought to tell him that we must cease to keep company with each other, for I cannot be unequally yoked with an unbeliever." But immediately she adds, "What will the consequences be?" That is not faith!

A young man came to me some years ago, and said, "I am a student at Wycliffe College. I think I ought to be baptized. Can you tell me what will be the consequences to me if I am baptized?" I said, "I have no idea, young man, but I can tell you this, Obey God and He will look after the consequences; disobey Him, and you will look after the consequences yourself." Abraham said, "I do not know anything about the consequences—and I do not care. Much as I love Isaac, I would rather lose him than lose my commerce with God. I would rather do anything than lose sight of God." Somebody told me the last time Mr. Moody addressed the students in the Moody Institute, not long before his death, his eyes were full of tears as he said, "It is my daily prayer that God will not suffer me to live to experience any breach of fellowship between my soul and Him. I would rather die than be separated from God." Never mind consequences! Obey God! And do you know what will follow? Peace, tranquility of soul. Your heart will be filled with music if you trust the Lord. "Cast thy burden at His feet, and bear a song away."

What I desire this morning—and I trust the Holy Spirit may be pleased to bless the testimony to that end—is this: I want you to go away from here, every one of you, saying, "What a great God I have!" ("Amen!" "Hallelujah!") What a wonderful God is ours! He is mine for ever. Can you say it? ("Amen!"). We shall have no anxiety then. You remember Muller's definition of faith? It comes to me at the moment. George Muller once said, "The beginning of anxiety is the end of true faith, and the beginning of true faith is the end of anxiety." Shall we go out of this service light of heart, and rejoicing in the Lord? Why

should we? Have we any more money in our pockets than when we came in? Any change of circumstances? No! Will to-morrow's path be just as difficult? Yes, as far as I can see. The conditions of business just as trying? Yes! A woman has an ungodly husband, and she has to go back to the same home? Yes! Live in an unsympathetic atmosphere? Yes! No help anywhere? Quite so! All alone? No! No, my friends, NOT ALONE! YOU HAVE GOD! ("Amen!"). Will you go home with God? Will you, like Enoch, walk with God? Will you go to the office with God? sit at the table with God? be always with Him? Will you follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth?

Let us pray. O Lord our God, may it please Thee to make real to us this precious truth! If this shall be real to us then we shall go from this place heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. Bless us now, for Thy name's sake, Amen.

THE TORONTO BAPTIST SEMINARY.

The fall semester will begin September 30th. Dean Stockley expects to sail from England August 24th, arriving in Toronto about eight days later. In his absence all applications for admission to the Seminary will be promptly dealt with if addressed to Dr. Shields, 130 Gerrard St. East.

We are sure we are correct when we say there is no school on the continent offering a stronger three-year course than ours. The instructors are all teachers of spiritual perception and power, as well as being specially qualified in their respective departments. This year we shall have an addition to the staff in the person of Rev. Sydney Lawrance, M.A., who will teach Church History. A copy of the Seminary Prospectus will be sent by return mail on application.

We would call special attention to the evening classes. There will be two lectures Tuesday night, one by Dr. Stockley, the other by Rev. Alex Thomson; and one on Friday night by Dr. Stockley. The courses given on these evenings are so arranged that each course is complete in itself, so that any student who is able to give only one evening will be able to select one of these three biblical courses, and complete the course. On Wednesday evening there will be, as before, two classes in English, taught by Miss Elizabeth Fuller, and Mrs. J. Coghill, both English teachers of ability and large experience.

Dr. Shields is planning a regular course for Thursday evenings at 8.45, in the church auditorium, which will fit in with, and supplement, the courses given in the Seminary, so as to be really part of the winter course. There will thus be four lectures each week on biblical subjects, and two classes in English.

Registration fee for the day classes is \$8.00, and for the evening classes, \$5.00. Intending students are invited to send their applications as soon as possible.

TWO SERMONS.

Some of our readers have repeatedly requested that we publish two sermons weekly instead of one. Our reason for not doing so before was that we needed the space for other matter. But we are complying with this request this week, partly because it avoids the burden of extra writing, and partly because the two sermons preached on the same day may give our readers a better idea of a Sunday spent in Jarvis Street. Some day we may report the Bible lecture at the morning Bible class from 10.00 to 10.45, and the open air sermon at the close of the evening service, with the morning and evening sermons.

SUNDAY EVENING IN JARVIS STREET.

"HIS SOUL AN OFFERING FOR SIN".

A Sermon by the Pastor, Dr. T. T. Shields.

Preached in Jarvis Street Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, August 11th, 1929.

(Stenographically Reported)

"Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand."—Isaiah 53:10.

Prayer before the Sermon

O God, we lift our hearts to Thee and call upon Thee in the name of Him Who is our Mediator and Representative at Thy right hand. We are face to face with the greatest of all problems, How shall man be just with God? We are face to face with the greatest of all wonders, that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." We pray for the illumination of the Holy Ghost as we turn our thought to this great Word of Thine. How is it possible for finite minds to comprehend this mystery? How is it possible for us to understand the mystery of godliness, that God was manifest in the flesh? We pray that everyone within these walls this evening may be rendered forgetful of all other considerations in an overwhelming sense of the presence of God. Lead us into this holy of holies of divine revelation, we beseech Thee. Only God can understand it. Make known to us, we pray Thee, that which is necessary to our own soul's salvation. We rejoice that many of us have had a glimpse of the Lamb, that we have been enabled to cast ourselves upon Him Who is our Saviour. We pray that others who are without may this evening see Him, and seeing Him be saved. For the sake of Him Who died for us we ask it, Amen.

"Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand." We shall consider especially this phrase, "When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin." "His soul shall be made an offering for sin." When Moses came to the place of the burning bush we read that he said, "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Thus ought we always to approach the place of divine revelation and communication. But this text has always seemed to me to be a word apart from all others. It is representative of the very heart of the gospel. It tells us how men are saved.

The death and resurrection of Christ are the theme of the whole Bible. From Genesis to Revelation, explicitly or implicitly, every writer, or the Holy Ghost through every writer, leads us to the Cross. And yet who can explain the atonement effected by the death of Christ? What theory is wholly adequate to explain its depth and height and length and breadth? Men have been engaged in the consideration and discussion of it from the day that He rose again from the dead; but when we have said all that can be said it remains an infinite mystery which must be received by faith. But the text will give us at least a vantage point from which to view this wonder afresh.

Our Lord suffered greatly in His body. Crucifixion was a painful death—it was designed to be so. It was a method of slow torture. It is difficult to conceive of any

kind of death which would inflict greater physical pain, and our Lord endured it all. But it was not by His physical sufferings alone—they were an element in it—but it was not by His physical sufferings that He made atonement for our sins. There was something vastly more than that in His sacrifice. Look at Him there in the garden before the rod has been laid upon Him, before He has been crowned with thorns; look at the blood drops on His brow, great drops of blood falling down to the ground! What is the explanation of that? Certainly it was an indication that He endured something far more than mere physical pain. He said to His disciples in the garden, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me." His soul sorrowed unto death. And this text prophetically anticipates the blackest hour that was ever experienced by a man when our Lord went out into the outer darkness, and in some mysterious way that no human understanding can fully comprehend, or human spirit experience, He tasted death for every man. What we sang just now is true,—

"Death and the curse were in our cup:

O Christ, 'Twas full for Thee!

But Thou hast drained the last dark drop;

'Tis empty now for me:

That bitter cup—love drank it up;

Now blessing's draught for me!"

I have no hope of being able to expound this text, of being able even to lead you into the shallows of it. It is like coming to the shore of an infinite ocean. Who can fathom it? Who can measure it? Who can exhaust it? All that we can do is to view it, a picture of infinity, a symbol of God Himself. "His soul shall make an offering for sin."

Well, then, whatever it may mean, this, to begin with, is the plain statement of the text, that THE ATONEMENT WAS EFFECTED BY THE OFFERING OF A SOUL. We sing of the Blood—and we do well, for "the life of the flesh is in the blood"; and we are "redeemed not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb, without blemish and without spot." The blood of our Lord is significant of His life. It was the life of Incarnate Deity in solution, but it was more than mere physical life: it involved the offering of a soul. There was no reservation in the sacrifice He made: He gave Himself for us, whatever that may mean, not His body only, but Himself, all there was of Him. The Infinite One was made an offering for sin.

I.

Perhaps it will help us to understand it if we remind ourselves of this principle, that SOMEWHERE IN THE SACRIFICE WHICH JESUS CHRIST MADE, THERE IS

THE PRINCIPLE OF A LIFE FOR A LIFE. There is a *quid pro quo*. He gave something for something. His death was a real substitute. What had been forfeited? What lack did Jesus Christ come to supply? What was the measure of sin's forfeiture—a life, a single life? Well, so estimate it, but what kind of life? A physical life? Yes, in the end man became mortal; in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." And he did die. We begin to die, all of us, long before the undertaker is called. Look at your gray hairs—what are they but an indication that we are all going one way unless God, in the person of His Son, shall come for us before death arrives? But was it merely the death of a human personality, whatever there is in that? The curse of a broken law forms the blight of sin, and the whole man dies; spirit, soul, and body, all become mortal, separating the man from God,—“So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east end of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.”

“Jehovah bade His sword awake,
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee;
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake,
Thy heart its sheath must be.
All for my sake, my peace to make:
Now sleeps that sword for me.”

Our God, as we meet Him in Christ, has no sword in His hand. “After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven.” But I say, the whole personality of the man came under the curse and therefore suffered.

But it was not one man, nor a million, nor a million million. Your astronomers' figures are not sufficient to number the persons involved in the penalty of sin. When the law is broken, and the awful stroke of justice fell, it came upon us all. How, then, and where, shall anyone be found with capacity to pay this debt, to render a moral equivalent to the value of the life of a world? How utterly inadequate Unitarianism is to explain the death of Christ! When Jesus Christ died His personality, not His body only—His body? Yes, but infinitely more than that; His personality, His soul, was made an offering for sin. Dare we be presumptuous enough even to attempt an estimation of the dimensions of the soul of Christ?—“Made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless (indissoluble) life” was He. The life of God was in Him. But can we, by a simple analysis of the elements of human personality, get at least a glimpse of what is involved in this great saying that He “made his soul an offering for sin”?

II.

What are the elements of personality? Look for a moment at THE MORAL QUALITIES INVOLVED. A man is not all intellect. Some people speak as though they were—and most of them, if that were all there was of them, would not be very big, with all their pride and boasting! Man is a moral being. He has certain moral relationships. There is a certain moral quality to his personality, and the measure of his personality may be gauged somewhat by his reaction to moral qualities without, by the extent of his submission to moral

principles. What sort of man are you? What is your moral makeup? When God said, “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness”, He did not design to make a creature to be endowed with qualities of mind only. He made him in His own moral image. A man is essentially, fundamentally, different from the brute creation, after all, not by the measure of his intellect, but by the possession of moral qualities of which the brute knows nothing. It is the distinction between right and wrong, and his ability to differentiate between them, that separates a man from the lower order of things, far more than his ability, as the evolutionist would tell us, to make an electric light, to manufacture and use tools, or to build an organ and play it. His mental qualities are subordinate and subservient to his moral nature, and the measure of a man is to be estimated, primarily, by his moral stature.

A good man will involuntarily display an affinity for all that is good without, and find himself at home with it. He will be happy in the approval of good men. A bishop should be “a lover of good men”. Yes, and in the measure in which his moral nature is quick and sensitive he will be indifferent to the disapprobation of evil men. He will have nothing in common with them. He will not care what they think of him. But if a man, who, by divine grace, has any element of goodness in him, should find evil imputed to him by those who are good, if the good is condemned by the good, how the man suffers! He cares nothing for the curses of evil men; but the frown, the disapproval, of men of moral quality is in itself a crucifixion to the rightly constituted man.

Send a criminal to jail, a man who is inherently, innately, criminal—what then? He does not suffer from his company. Pardon the horrible metaphor, but if you throw a pig into the filth of its own sty, it will not suffer: it is at home. Put an evil man among evil men, and he does not care. But let a man who has any moral qualities in him be cast thus among evil men, how terribly he suffers!

If you want an illustration of the principle I am trying to make clear, go down to the police court tomorrow morning, and you will see some whom Colonel Dennison used to call “regular customers”. They are quite happy. They come there once a week, or once a month, it depends upon the character of their offence, but they are regular comers. The representatives of the press are there to write it down—but they do not care. There may be a few curious spectators there, eager to hear the details of the offence—but these criminals do not care. They have no moral sense. You cannot help them on the moral side of their character.

That is why I believe in flogging. If I had my way I would set up the whipping-post. Why? Because there are men who can be reached only through the body. Their souls are dull, they are asleep. A few years ago a man came into my office to complain of his wife. He told me that she had turned him out of the house. Well, any man that can be turned out of the house by his wife ought to be thrown out! But this man came complaining to me, and I said, “I never listen to one side of a story; I like to hear both parties to the dispute in each other's presence.” So I made

an appointment for the wife to come and meet me in my office in the presence of her husband. When they came, turning to him, I said, "Tell me now in the presence of your wife what you told me before"—and he did! Her presence spurred him on a little, he became very angry; and went further than he had gone before. When he had finished his recital I got up from my chair, picked that man up, and threw him into a corner of the room. I actually did! I said, "If I had a horsewhip I would thrash you to within an inch of your life." Then I said to the wife, "Tell me your story." She lived with her mother, and when she had spoken, I said, "How long will it take you to get home?" "About fifteen minutes," she replied. "Well, you go home. He will stay right here until you are safely inside your mother's house." When she had gone I stood there with my watch in my hand, and said at the end of the fifteen minutes, "Now get out"—but I never in my life ached to give a man a thrashing as I did on that occasion. He was well-dressed, well-groomed, but you could not get at his moral nature. He had none. He was so immoral that he had almost become unmoral, and there was nothing left of him but mere flesh; and that ought to have been thrashed. There are men who can never be punished but through their wretched skins, and perhaps it would awaken some sense of responsibility to reach them thus.

But look at that man of refinement who, by accident of circumstances, comes into the place of a criminal. The law lays its hand upon him, and he is put in the pillory, he is held up as a criminal. You do not need to put him on bread and water. He does not care what he eats, or whether he has any physical comforts at all. In him it is the body that is dead, and the soul that is alive; and already he has suffered the pangs of hell, in that his moral communion with others likeminded has been severed, he is an outcast from those to whom he properly belongs.

It is only a little—what shall I call it?—just an opening into the mystery of Christ's sufferings, just a glimpse at it. If you think of who Jesus Christ was, and what He was,—“Of purer eyes than to behold evil”, He could not look upon iniquity, you will see that sin was horrible to Him. And yet He came from the highest throne in glory to live among men.

I have driven through the Ward sometimes, and I have seen children in some parts of it looking as if they had not seen soap and water for a year, filthy as could be, with a piece of bread and butter, with jam perhaps, but with dirty hands and face. If what the scientists tell us were true, they ought to die of germs over night! But they swallow them by the million, and apparently are none the worse. What would you take to go and live there—not in the house next door, but in the same house with all the foul odors, bad ventilation, and abounding filthiness—what would you take to go and live there? “Oh”, you say, “I wish you would not speak of it. It makes me ill to think of it!”

But that is only physical. Transfer it to the moral realm, and think of what we are! Some man gives hundreds of thousands of dollars to charity: he builds a university and endows it; he builds a hospital; he feeds the poor; he educates the ignorant; he ministers to the sick. He has done a great

deal of good, everybody says. But God says that when he has done his best—his very best—that his best clothes are not simply rags, but “filthy rags”, obnoxious, abominable, hateful to God. What if you take a man at his worst, not what he is outside, but what he is inside! not what he knows himself to be, but what God knows him to be! the latent evil, the sin that is in the germ, the potentialities for digging hell that are in him, and all of them open to the eyes of God, and then reflect that He before Whose presence the angels veil their faces, cover their feet, and cry, “Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory”, He, the Object of Heaven's praise and adoration, the Source of goodness, Goodness itself, the Spring of every joy everywhere in all the universe, He came to live among sinners! If He had never gone to the cross at all, nobody could estimate the anguish of soul He suffered just to be here! Just to be where sin was!

III.

Supposing, then, you consider not only the moral qualities, but THE MENTAL QUALITIES WHICH GO TO MAKE UP PERSONALITY. I have not time to enumerate them all, but let me take two or three to begin with. Memory—what does memory do? Memory recovers, brings back the past into the present tense. Imagination—what does that do? It projects itself into the future, anticipates the end of the road, and brings the future into the present. Take memory and imagination in cooperation with each other, to measure the span of life, and they bring the past and the future into the present, into one NOW; thus they enlarge the dimensions of life, so that a man, because of his mental qualities, may live fifty years in an hour. They bring all the past back again, and all the future here, and he sees it all, because he is not a brute; because he is a man.

There is a faint suggestion in that terrible story in the sixteenth chapter of Luke where Lazarus is seen in Abraham's bosom, and the rich man in hell lifting up his eyes in torment, saying, “Father, Abraham, have mercy on me”; to which Abraham replied, “Remember! Remember! Remember! Remember all your past. Look at it. It is here!”

Apply those principles to our Lord Jesus. Memory? It is an accommodation of language, I know, to apply it to Him. Imagination? Let us rather call it pre-science, the ability to see all things. Or put the two together and call them, omniscience,—all that is past, all that is future, now in the present. Oh, the infinite capacity of His soul!

Do you see how the moral nature is enlarged by union with the mental qualities? You have a suggestion of what I mean in that prayer of His, “And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.” He who was wont to bask in the ineffable glory of the Divine Presence—Who was Himself divine—where there was never a stain, never a note of discord, where all was harmony, where holiness reigned supremely, standing within a few hours of the cross when all the past came back to Him, looking into the future, He said, “Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are.” Then He said, “Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall be-

lieve on me through their word." The past, the present, and the future, to Him were one eternal NOW! That was an element in the infinite capacity of His soul.

IV.

What if I ask you to look at HIS AFFECTIONAL NATURE? What are we? You say of a man, "He is a bundle of likes and dislikes." So are we. And when our likes and dislikes are intensified they become love and hatred; and every one of us, in his measure, has capacity for both. Hatred is often simply the other side of love; love is the other side of hatred. Do not forget that God can hate. We read of "this abominable thing that I hate." God does hate some things. He hates sin. With all the intensity and infinity of Deity He hates it.

I heard a great preacher, who was a professor also, say one of the quietest and softest things I ever heard a man say, and yet one of the most terrible things. Some people would not call him a great preacher, but he was. I refer to the late Professor Calvin Goodspeed. Would God we had some professors like him in our day! I heard him preach only once or twice, but on this occasion I heard him try to tell his hearers what sin is. He tried many definitions, and seemed to exhaust his vocabulary. Then he said, "What is sin to God? What does God say about sin? God's estimate of sin"—he dropped his voice and came to the edge of the platform and, looking down as though into infinite depths, said in a whisper, "God's estimate of sin is—hell." He hates sin, but He loves the sinner. He can love, and He can hate. Did I tell you how He loves? No! I never can tell you that. We have a hymn, the refrain of which is an exclamation: "Oh, how He loves!" But again the great preacher and professor said, "God's estimate of the sinner, the measure of His love for the sinner is—the cross!" Infinite in His love, infinite in His hatred! Oh, the dimensions of the affectional nature of Jesus Christ! The ocean cannot measure it. All oceans, all worlds, were inadequate to symbolize it.

Then will you mark this? No enemy can really wound you. These wounds in Thy hands, Lord, whence came they? "They are the wounds wherewith I was wounded in the house of My friends." A man cannot be really wounded anywhere else but in the house of his friends. An enemy cannot wound you—unless you love him. "Oh", you say, "I thought if I loved everybody I should have no enemies." My dear friends, he will wound you most whom you love most. Hear Christ's cry of agony: "It was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him. But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide and mine acquaintance." It is on that side of His nature, if comparisons be applicable at all to His qualities—it is on that side of His nature that He had the deepest capacity for suffering. The people whom He loved with a love as high as heaven and as deep as hell, killed Him!

You ask why human hands were permitted to drive the nails, and why the spear that pierced His blessed heart was wielded by a man? "It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief." But He could not endure our grief and fathom the infinite

depths of it unless crucified by the hands of those whom He loved and for whom He died. It is those who love you most who hurt you most. No one else has power to do it. I cannot explain it, but by faith I see it; and in some little measure I feel it. But there never was a lover like my Lord Jesus. There never was anybody who loved as He loved. Nobody could ever have been wounded as He was wounded. And "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"—"His soul shall be made an offering for sin."

V.

Then there is a further element to which I can only allude: THE VOLITIONAL NATURE OF JESUS CHRIST. Will is an element in personality. You can endure some things when you are compelled—that is no credit to you. They say sometimes that a person has endured a long illness with fortitude. They may have had grace to refrain from complaint. But when you are laid on a bed, what can you do? You cannot help yourself. And there is some measure of solace and consolation in the reflection that it cannot be helped. We have a proverb to the effect that what cannot be cured must be endured. But there was nothing compulsory about the sufferings of Jesus Christ. It was voluntary all the way through.

Nor was it a momentary suffering; it was not a suffering to be measured, in this aspect of it, by thirty-three years. I spoke to you this morning about Abraham and Isaac going together three days when Isaac was to be offered, and it is one of the wonders of the story that Abraham was able to keep his will in an attitude of submission for three days together. There was a man who won the Victoria Cross in the Great War. He was often a very timid man, but he saw the opportunity and like a flash he went to his goal. No man was more surprised at what he did than he himself, but he was reckoned a valiant man. He did not plan his act ten minutes before; so far as the volitional aspect was concerned, his will operated almost like lightning—and it was over. But Christ's will was set for uncounted millenniums; you must remember that Jesus Christ, in plan and purpose, died before the foundation of the world. Centuries before He came the prophet said, "He shall make his soul an offering for sin." That could not be predicted of anyone but God, for you cannot tell what any man will do next week. But the resolution of His will, His power, His might, enlarged His soul's capacity.

Some day I think I will try to preach on, "The Sovereignty of Self-Restraint". In Gethsemane Peter's sword instantly flashed, and the soldier's ear was severed. It was easier to do that than stand his ground before a servant girl! Brave man! But the Master said, "Put up thy sword, Peter. I do not need thy sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? Do you not know who I am? I am the Lord of hosts, and a million angels await My command. I could blast all my enemies into hell." But by and by when they took Him to the cross, and put Him on that thing of wood, and nailed Him to it, He yielded His hands to the nails! What hands? The hands of Him who

"stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind: who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire: who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever". He Who made all things was nailed there by His own will; and on the brow predestined to wear the crown of universal empire, they put the crown of thorns, and pressed it into His precious brow—and He did not resist.

No engineer would ever attempt to dam back the waters of Niagara, and command its mighty thunders to sleep. Science would say, "It would be folly! It is impossible!" Only Omnipotence could hold Omnipotence in check; and the mightiest thing God ever did was when Jesus Christ spread His hands on the cross and yielded them to the nails driven by hammers in human hands.

VI.

Oh, what a soul was His! "Thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin." "His soul"! How capacious His nature morally! But He was made sin for us, your sin, my sin, everybody's sin; the sins of our yesterdays, our to-days, and our to-morrows; sins of past generations, of future generations, all sins, everybody's sins, the sum-total of the world's sin was laid upon Him. They could never have been laid upon anybody else: only the infinite capacity of a divine soul could take it in.

And the guilt of it? He took our guilt. Though He knew no sin, He took our condemnation and bore it. You will never know, and I shall never know, when we have been in heaven a billion years, the agony that found utterance in that anguished cry of His, "My God, my God, Why hast thou forsaken me?" Mrs. Browning, in her poem, "Cowper's Grave", says of that cry,

"Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather:

And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous Son and Father;

Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry, His universe hath shaken—

It went up single, echoless, 'My God, I am forsaken!'

"It went up from the Holy's lips amid His lost creation,

That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation."

He was forsaken. Why? Why? Why? There can be but one answer. It was on your account and mine. He "bore our sins in his own body on the tree." He endured—mark this well, will you—He endured our punishment. It is more accurate to say that He endured our punishment than to say that He was punished. He had merited no punishment, but, taking our place, He took upon His virgin soul, the soul of Deity—how shall I describe it? I cannot describe it—He took upon Him our punishment. You say, "How could He?" He could not have done so if He had been less than God. But His soul was deep enough and big enough and capacious enough to suffer in the room and stead of the whole world.

Do not try to augment that Sacrifice, to add to its value. He made His soul an offering for sin. That being so, who of us here to-night will not receive it, and accept it, and rest upon it? You cannot add to the fulness of the ocean, to the brightness of the sun, to the measure of space, why try to add to an offering made by Deity to Deity, and approved by God Himself?

I will leave it there with the feeling that I might almost have left it before I began, for who can understand, much less describe, the sufferings of a God? Only, my friends, it ought to be enough for you and me. It is enough for my soul. My conscience rests upon it. My heart rests upon it. My intellect rejoices in it. Yes, I can say, as we sang just now,

"For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,

And I have died in Thee:

Thou'rt risen—my hands are all untied;

And now Thou liv'st in me;

When purified, made white, and tried,

Thy GLORY then for me."

Will you mock at the Atonement? Will you prate to me about the dimensions of the modern mind, and about the demands of modern scholarship? When you ponder these infinite things, and see God in Christ, you will have done with that nonsense for ever. Trust Him! Trust Him! The hands that made the worlds are outstretched to you to-night, as though God would say, "I have established the foundations of the earth and spread out the heavens as a tent to dwell in. Give me your little life; I will take care of it. Abide in Me".

Let me tell you what I saw a strong man do. He was a Frenchman who had been performing in a town the night before and was at the station, as was I, waiting for a train to pull in. With stick in hand he was walking up and down the platform, at one end of which some men were loading barrels of apples. As he watched them he smiled occasionally. Then he stopped where they were stacking the barrels in a car three tiers high, and asked, "How much does a barrel weigh?" They told him, but I forget at the moment what it was. Presently he put his stick under his arm, picked up a barrel of apples with two fingers of each hand, balanced it for a moment, and tossed it to the top tier! Then he took his stick from under his arm, and walked away. The men said, "Say, will you not come and help us load this car?"

He Who made the worlds comes to you, infinite in all the qualities of His being, and says, "Let me save you. All I ask is that you will trust me"—and He will lift us up and transport us into glory, saved by His divine grace and power. Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Let us pray: O Lord, many of us rejoice in this salvation. We read in Thy Word that faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. We trust faith has come to many by hearing to-night, and now if they believe that Jesus Christ died for them, we pray that Thou wilt lead all such to an open avowal of their faith. For Thy name's sake, Amen.