

# 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.

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

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## HOW TO BOAST

Many of us treat not a few of the great texts of the Bible as we do some fellow-voyagers we meet on shipboard: we find their companionship pleasant and profitable, but after the briefest intercourse we say, Good-bye, and thereafter no correspondence is maintained, and in some cases years may pass before the acquaintance with the friend or the text is renewed or improved upon. Yet it is not fair to expect to be able to explore such a vast treasury of truth as even a single text may prove to be by a casual glance or even an hour's meditation. One such mighty scriptural deliverance is contained in the ninth chapter of Jeremiah: "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

### I.

Here, then, is a subject in which a man may lawfully boast. It is something to find a solid standing-place, a platform whose foundations are established in righteousness, upon which the boaster may stand and be unafraid. For we are all boasters: we all "glory" in something. What the general is to the army, what the captain is to the ship, what the sun is to the solar system, what gravitation is to the material universe, this passion for glorying is to the human soul. It is the power that gives direction to the issues of life, it gives employment to every wandering thought, and captivates every vagrant fancy; it is the power which organizes, and unifies, and inspires, and commands, for good or ill, all the elements of a man's life. We say, therefore, that it is a discovery of great value, to have found a way by which that human tendency may exercise itself in harmony with the eternal laws of right. Such a discovery our scripture makes for us. The truth is that true religion is not something of

which a man may reasonably be ashamed, but is the one thing in which he may lawfully glory. The opinion prevails in certain quarters, that religion, in its proper place, is like the veiled women of the East, it should abide in seclusion. In relation to the world of business and of pleasure, it should be like Esther in relation to Ahasuerus: it should never come unbidden to the council-chamber or to the feast. Religion is relegated to the realm of sentiment. There is no harm in a man's being religious if he derives benefit from it, providing he keeps it to himself, and does not allow it to obtrude upon others' irreligion. A man may light his cigar in a public restaurant without asking those who surround him whether his doing so is distasteful to them, and still be regarded as a gentleman. But for a man to enjoy his religion in public, and in social life, as another does his cigar, would be considered an evidence of bad taste. Let him ride his religious hobby if he wants to, by all means; but let him see to it that it is kept as other hobbyists keep chickens—in the back yard, carefully fenced with wire so that the neighbours be not annoyed.

And many a really devout man and woman has been ensnared by this popular view of the becomingness of reticence in religion. We say it is too deep an experience, too precious a reality, to be publicly displayed. Take care that you are not unduly influenced by "the fear of man". Your religion is not a thing to be ashamed of. If you are not ashamed of the political colour of the paper you read, you need feel no abashment if it should transpire that you have become, by daily intercourse, familiar with the Bible.

But let us go a step farther. Religion, intrinsically, is worthy to take precedence of all other interests in life as the matter in which a man may lawfully glory.

Our scripture sets a knowledge of God against everything as the supreme good, as the most valuable asset in life, and as the only thing in which a man may boast himself. Let us turn this truth, as a searchlight, upon our own lives, let it disclose to us the character of the motives by which we are actuated,

that we may know whether the standards by which we appraise the interests of life are in accord with this divine rule.

"Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom" but in his knowledge of God. Wisdom here means more than knowledge possessed and applied. It involves intelligence, capacity, comprehension, native sagacity, penetration, judgment, execution. In fine, it means ability to do what needs to be done well; it signifies a man's equipment for his task in life, whatever the task may be. It means that which inspired Bezaleel, the son of Uri, and Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, and who are said to have been "filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer, in blue and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work." And it was equally that which fitted Solomon so well to reign as a king over the people of God. This "wisdom", therefore, represents the skill of a farmer or a philosopher, the ability of a mechanic or a millionaire. And this word of the Lord says that the truly religious farmer will glory more in the culture of his soul than in the culture of his land: that the devout philosopher will be prouder of revelation than of reason. It means that the conscientious workman will glory in a conscience void of offence more than in his wages. The merchant will be more devoted to his church than to his store; the student will set a higher value on a certificate of membership in a Christian church, than in a parchment which gives him rank among the learned; and, as honours are multiplied to him, he will even rather glory in the Bible which tells him of the Saviour than in some great book he has written which has put him among the sages. That which equips him for eternity will, in his life, always take precedence of that which is of value only in time; he will seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and he will glory in the knowledge that he has found it.

"Neither let the mighty man glory in his might", but in his religious knowledge. "Might" surely means more than mere brute strength. It stands for the physical as distinct from the intellectual endowments of life, and these are said to be of subordinate value to the possession of spiritual health and strength. The athletic Christian young men who would approximate this ideal will glory in the grace that enables him to "run with patience the race set before him, looking unto Jesus" more than in achieving the primacy on the campus. He will glory rather in the moral strength which enables him to withstand temptation than in all the powers of his splendid physique.

So, too, the beautiful garments of salvation will be more desired by the devout woman than any physical adornment, and the beauty of holiness will be estimated a more glorious possession than any loveliness of physical charm.

"Let not the rich man glory in his riches" but in his religion. "Riches" do not mean mere money, but all that money can buy. It stands for physical comfort, intellectual indulgence, for pleasure of all kinds; it represents the adulation of the world, special precedence, position, influence, power. Valuable as are God's gifts, and greatly to be prized, these temporal

things have in them potentialities for infinite good or evil. "Riches" represent all those things which minister to human vanity and selfishness, as well as that which tends to the making of useful men, and it is easy to glory in riches. Only because all things are possible with God is it possible for men, by divine grace, to subordinate these things to the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord.

Religion then, claims not the last but the first place in the lives of men. It is to be observed, however, that *the religion in which we are admonished to glory consists in experimental knowledge of the goodness of God*: "That he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, and judgment, and righteousness". We said at the outset that religion is a subject in which a man may lawfully glory—a subject, not an object. A man who glories in religion objectively is the worst of hypocrites. It is only when it becomes a part of him, when it enters into his life, and dominates the whole man, that religion becomes an adornment. We must understand and know God, not as a theory, not as an objective principle of life, not as a mere intellectual portraiture of One who ought to be worshipped, but we must know Him as One Who "*exercises* lovingkindness, and judgment, and righteousness". One must be the subject of His redeeming grace. Our lives must consciously be the sphere of its transforming ministry. We must "understand and know" the need and the reality of the exercise in our behalf of divine "lovingkindness". That means mercy, and "grace abounding to the chief of sinners". That is something to glory in: But we experience this further truth in religion, that it is a discipline, that its function is not solely regenerative, but that there is an educative and a disciplinary principle in its redemption. There is the forgiveness of "lovingkindness"; but there is also the discipline, the teaching, the training, the trial, and even the chastisement of "judgment"; and our religion must experience the "exercise" of these principles in our lives or we have no religion in which to glory.

And there is "righteousness", at once both the foundation and superstructure of "lovingkindness and judgment". What a religion that is! A religion which consists in an experience of a divine revelation, which "understands and knows" the very qualities of Deity to be in glorious exercise in human lives, a salvation which has "righteousness" for its genesis, and its goal, a life whose warp is righteousness, whose woof is lovingkindness and judgment, and whose pattern is the beauty of holiness. "Let him that glorieth glory in this that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, and judgment, and righteousness in the earth: for in these things I delight saith the Lord." Such a religion, to every one who experiences it, is a crown of glory, and a royal diadem. It is at once the source, the inspiration, and the end of faith. We may well glory in a religion that can teach us to sing:

"Oh! well it is for ever,  
Oh! well for evermore,  
My nest hung in no forest  
Of all this death-doomed shore:  
Yea, let the vain world vanish,  
As from the ship the strand,

While glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

"With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lusted with His love.  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land."

## II.

It remains for us to enquire, How we may becomingly glory in such a spiritual religion.

Have we not, in part at least, already answered the enquiry? There is but one way, and *that is to yield ourselves to its power*. Paul enunciated this principle when he said, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Only a true British subject, one who is subject to the genius of British institutions, who is part and parcel of British history and tradition, an integral part of the imperial British fabric can really glory in British honour and in the privileges and responsibilities of British citizenship. Thus we can legitimately glory in religion only when we are inseparable from our religion and our religion inseparable from us. You cannot becomingly *glory in the Bible* by carrying a large edition under your arm, nor by merely storing it in your memory, and on any and all occasions rolling it from your tongue. Such glorying will but dishonour the Book, and disgust the world. We can glory in the Bible only as we allow its truth to master us, and to transform and transfigure our lives.

You cannot glory in *the Christian church* by merely belonging to it, or by talking about it, or by attending its services, or by yielding to its ordinances. You can glory in it only as you give yourself to its service by bearing its burdens, and sharing its joys, and by giving your life to its world-wide ministry.

And you can glory in *the cross* and in Him Who died thereon only as you are crucified by it, only as it becomes a power in your life, the gateway to the grave; and through the death of the self-life, to a life newer and richer and more beautiful.

We therefore must make the standard by which we appraise the values of life, a religious standard. There are *young people among our readers whose vocation is still unsettled*. What are the criteria which are to determine your decisions? Are you going to set your mind toward a sphere wherein you may win for yourself the glory of wisdom, and might, and riches? Or will you seek a vocation which will afford the largest opportunity for the exercise of lovingkindness, and judgment and righteousness? Let us enter a plea for the gospel ministry. It does not offer the glory of wisdom, for there, though you be possessed of the true wisdom, on earth you must forfeit the glory of it, and become, especially in these days, "a fool for Christ's sake". You will not therein be numbered among the mighty nor the rich. But no calling affords a larger opportunity for the exercise of "lovingkindness" than the gospel ministry.

We should apply this standard to *our social life also*. You must do if you would glorify the religion and the

Redeemer you profess. Where will you seek your companionships, where will you form your friendships? Among the wise, and the mighty, and the rich? Or among those who, like yourself, if you are a Christian, are the monuments of lovingkindness, and judgment, and righteousness? Will you make your feasts for your friends and neighbours of equal social rank that they may aid you in return? Or shall your guests be such as can make you no recompense, but are in need of the ministry of lovingkindness, and judgment, and righteousness? Oh, you householders! What is to be the glory of your households? Wisdom, might, and wealth? or lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness. And ye parents: by what standards are your children to estimate the values of life? Where are they to be encouraged to find their friends, and life-companions? Where they may reflect the glory of wisdom or might or riches, or where they can find occasion for the exercise of lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness? Are we to find our friends among the friends of Jesus? Whatever your station, it is no condescension to invite to your home and enter on your list of friends, those who, however destitute of what the world calls wisdom, or might, or riches, are yet the subjects of lovingkindness, and judgment, and righteousness, whom the Lord Jesus is not ashamed to call His brethren, for whom the gates of pearl are open, and to whom at last shall be ministered an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

And if the price of this true wisdom, this spiritual knowledge be above rubies, if its principles are the very jewels in the diadem of the King, if that which has enriched our lives as Christians—as blood-bought, twice-born men and women, be but an earnest of the glory that ultimately shall eclipse the splendour of the stars and of the sun—then let us live to make others "understand and know" the Lord who delights to exercise lovingkindness, and judgment, and righteousness. If this be the ruling passion of our lives—to know God, and if that principle so rules as to

"Take from our lives the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of His peace,—

in view of the moral and spiritual chaos that still obtains, of the darkness that covers the earth, and the gross darkness the people, shall we not glory in the cross and in the gospel of the cross, and live and labour, and pray, that "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, may shine in men's hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ"?

### "A CHEERFUL VIEW"

"How dismal you look!" said a Bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well. "Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting upon the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me, how strange to look at it in that way", said the other Bucket. "Now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."—*Extract. Author's name forgotten.*

### FIFTY YEARS AGO.

We have recently been browsing among some old books, among them were some bound volumes of C. H. Spurgeon's magazine, *The Sword and the Trowel* from 1871 to 1881. We have noted many things which are as applicable to our time as to conditions fifty or more years ago, and which we think would be profitable to our readers. *The Gospel Witness* deals little with scissors and paste, and only rarely is anything published in its pages which is not here published for the first time. But some of the wise sayings of the greatest preacher of all time, so perfectly fit our own day that we cannot resist the desire to share them with our readers.

We publish elsewhere in this issue a letter by the famous physician, Sir J. Y. Simpson, M.D., on "The Physical Cause of Our Lord's Death", which will be read by many for the first time, and re-read by others with unabated interest.

### PHYSICAL CAUSE OF OUR LORD'S DEATH.

A Letter by Sir J. Y. Simpson, M.D.

My Dear Dr. Hanna: Ever since reading, some ten or twelve years ago, Dr. Stroud's remarkable treatise *On the Physical Cause of the Death of Christ*, I have been strongly impressed with the belief that the views which he adopted and maintained on this subject are fundamentally correct. Nor has this opinion been in any way altered by a perusal of some later observations published on the same question, both here and on the Continent.

That the immediate cause of the death of our blessed Saviour was—speaking medically—laceration or rupture of the heart, is a doctrine in regard to which there can be no absolute certainty; but, assuredly, in favour of it there is a very high amount of circumstantial probability.

Let me try to state the arguments for this view in the form of a few brief propositions.

I. His death was not the mere result of crucifixion; for first, the period was too short; a person in the prime of life, as Christ was, not dying from this mode of moral punishment in six hours, as he did, but usually surviving till the second or third day, or even longer. Secondly, the attendant phenomena, at the time of actual death, were different from those of crucifixion. The crucified died, as is well known, under a lingering process of gradual exhaustion, weakness, and faintness. On the contrary, Christ cried with a loud voice, and spoke once and again—all apparently within a few minutes of his dissolution.

II. No known injury, lesion, or disease of the brain, lungs or other vital organs could, I believe, account for such a sudden termination of his sufferings in death except (1) arrestment of the action of the heart by fatal fainting or syncope; or (2) rupture of the walls of the heart or larger blood vessels issuing from it.

III. The attendant symptoms—particularly the loud cry and subsequent exclamations—show that death was not the effect of mortal fainting, or mere fatal arrestment of the action of the heart by syncope.

IV. On the other hand, these symptoms were such as have been seen in cases of rupture of the walls of

the heart. Thus, in the latest book published in the English language on Diseases of the Heart, the eminent author, Dr. Walshe, Professor of Medicine of University College, London, when treating of the symptoms indicating death by rupture of the heart, observes, "The hand is suddenly carried to the front of the chest, a piercing shriek uttered", etc., etc. The rapidity of the resulting death is regulated by the size and shape of the ruptured opening. But usually death very speedily ensues in consequence of the blood escaping from the interior of the heart into the cavity of the large surrounding heart-sac or pericardium; which sac has, in cases of rupture of the heart, been found on dissection to contain sometimes two, three, or more pounds of blood accumulated within it, and separated into red clot and limpid serum, or "blood and water",—as is seen in blood when collected out of the body in a cup or basin in the operation of common blood-letting.

V. No medical jurist would, in a court of law, venture to assert, from the mere symptoms preceding death, that a person had certainly died of rupture of the heart. To obtain positive proof that rupture of the heart was the cause of death, a post mortem examination of the chest would be necessary. In ancient times, such dissections were not practised. But the details left regarding Christ's death are most strikingly peculiar in this respect, that they offer us the result of a very rude dissection, as it were, by the gash\* made in his side after death by the thrust of the Roman soldier's spear. The effect of that wounding or piercing of the side was an escape of "blood and water", visible to the apostle John standing some distance off; and I do not believe that anything could possibly account for this appearance, as described by the apostle, except a collection of blood effused into the distended sac of the pericardium in consequence of rupture of the heart, and afterwards separated, as is usual with *extravasated* blood into these two parts, viz. (1) crassamentum or red clot, and (2) watery serum. The subsequent puncture from below of the distended pericardial sac would most certainly, under such circumstances, lead to the immediate ejection of its sanguineous contents in the form of red clots of blood and a stream of watery serum, exactly corresponding to that description given in the sacred narrative, "and forthwith came there out blood and water"—an appearance which no other natural event or mode of death can explain or account for.

VI. Mental emotions and passions are well known by all to affect the actions of the heart in the way of palpitation, fainting, etc. That these emotions and passions when in overwhelming excess, occasionally though rarely, produce laceration or rupture of the walls of the heart, is stated by most medical authorities, who have written on the affections of this organ; and our poets even allude to this effect as an established fact—

"The grief that does not speak

Whisper the o'er fraught heart, and bids it break."

But if ever a human heart was riven and ruptured by the mere amount of mental agony that was en-

\*Its size may be inferred from the Apostle Thomas being asked to thrust not his "finger", but his hand into it.—John 20:27.

dured, it would surely—we might even argue *a priori*—be that of our Redeemer, when during these dark and dreadful hours on the cross, he, “being made a curse for us”, “bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows”, and suffered for sin the malediction of God and man, “full of anguish”, and now “exceeding sorrowful even unto death”.

There are theological as well as medical arguments in favour of the opinion that Christ in reality died from a ruptured or broken heart. You know them infinitely better than I do. But let me merely observe that—

VII. If the various wondrous prophecies and minute predictions in Psalms xxii and xlix, regarding the circumstances connected with Christ's death be justly held as literally true, such as, “They pierced my hands and my feet.” “They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture,” etc., why should we regard as merely metaphorical, and not as literally true also, the declarations in the same Psalms, “Reproach hath broken my heart”, “My heart is like wax, it is melted in the midst of my bowels”? And

VIII. Death by mere crucifixion was not a form of death in which there was much, if indeed any, shedding of blood. Punctured wounds do not generally bleed; and the nails, besides being driven through parts that were not provided with large blood-vessels, necessarily remain, plugging up the openings made by their passage. The whole language and types of Scripture, however, involve the idea that the atonement for our sins was obtained by the blood of Christ shed for us during his death on the cross. “Without shedding of blood there is no remission.” This shedding, however, was assuredly done in the fullest possible sense, under the view that the immediate cause of his dissolution was rupture of the heart, and the consequent fatal escape of his heart and life-blood from the central cistern of the circulation.

It has always appeared—to my medical mind at least—that this view of the mode by which death was produced in the human body of Christ, intensifies all our thoughts and ideas regarding the immensity of the astounding sacrifice which he made for our sinful race, upon the cross. Nothing can possibly be more striking and startling than the appalling and terrible passiveness with which God as man submitted, for our sakes, his incarnate body to all the horrors and tortures of the crucifixion. But our wonderment at the stupendous sacrifice only increases when we reflect that, whilst thus enduring for our sins the most cruel and agonizing form of corporeal death, he was ultimately “slain”, not by the effects of the anguish of his corporeal frame, but by the effects of the mightier anguish of his mind; the fleshy walls of his heart—like the veil, as it were, in the temple of his human body—becoming rent and riven, as for us, “He poured out his soul unto death”—“the travail of his soul” in that awful hour thus standing out as unspeakably bitter and more dreadful than even the travail of his body.

Believe me, my dear Dr. Hanna, ever sincerely yours,

J. Y. SIMPSON, M.D.  
Edinburgh, May 1st, 1862.

### WORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.

One is tempted to enquire whether we of this age are made of the same materials as our predecessors of the last century. We find ourselves very soon wearied where they went onwards with ease. We find the worthy Dan Taylor riding his pony sixty miles one day, fifty-five the next, preaching the same evening, and then writing to a friend that he and his pony are in good spirits. The Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals was not then in existence, or his reverence would have been locked up. He usually performed his journeys on foot, and we find him preaching in the morning and afternoon at Wadsworth, and then walking fourteen miles to take the evening service at Burnley, and finishing up the Sabbath by walking back again; yet he was up early the next morning at his usual toil. Surely this can was “a lion's whelp, and leaped from Bashan.” He finished one of his long excursions by an open-air service at Epworth, Lincolnshire. He preached at the waterside, and baptized. At noon he preached again, and intended to leave that evening, being Friday, for home; but he yielded to the pressure put upon him for another sermon, and so after preaching again he went to bed. Next morning he started on what he called his “frightful journey”. He rode Mr. A.'s Galloway *twenty-four miles*, and *walked the remaining thirty-eight through the rain and the deep mire*, which, he said, “tired him very substantially”. He, however, took so much rest in sleep that the next day, Sunday, he preached three times and kept a children's meeting, a leaders' meeting, and a short church meeting, with moderate ease and pleasure.

No doubt the muscular strength of the brother was very great, and those of a weaker organization cannot be expected to do as much, but at the same time we must not allow our standard of work to sink too low. Soldiers of Christ must endure hardness. Ease and the Christian ministry ought not to be associated even in imagination. Young men, with your early vigour still upon you, work while your day lasts! Harken not to the siren notes of indolence, but spend and be spent in your Master's service. Despise wind, weather, and weary ways, and to win souls defy fatigue and hardship.—By C. H. Spurgeon, in *The Sword and Trowel*, January, 1871.

### SHIVERING JEMMY.

A miserable impostor in the streets of London was accustomed to extract money from the pockets of the charitable by standing in a public position in the winter weather, clothed in rags, and shivering as with ague and extreme cold. He was a great adept at shivering, and could imitate it to a marvel. At last he shivered in very-deed without shamming, and could not cease from it, whether he would or not. Summer or winter, in all places, his shivering was as constant as that of an aspen: he had violated Nature's laws in his attempt to deceive, and she took a dreadful revenge upon him; for the rest of his life he carried with him the name of *Shivering Jemmy*, and no explanation of the title was required by those who looked upon him.

Eat one plum from the devil's trees, and you must eat a bushel. Talk falsehood at a trot, and you must soon lie at a gallop. Beware of anything approaching

to the false, for falsehood has a terrible fascination about it. Like the spider, it casts film after film over its victim, but it never suffers him to escape its toil. Paint the face, and it must be painted.

The same is true of other vicious habits. He who brags once is sure to boast again, and at last he unconsciously pitches all his conversation on the high key, and becomes renowned for "tall talk". A religious professor who runs over his devotions in a formal manner, will find formality grow upon him, till genuine prayer and real emotion will utterly leave him; the man will become for ever a heartless pretender. It is dangerous to preach an affected sermon, in which the lips utter more than the heart can actually endorse, the tendency will be for the minister to be always talking above himself, and what is this but to be a professional liar? We fear that some have feigned sympathy with others till now their tears lie ready salted in the corners of their eyes, and their cant is something more than stale. Others have so often expressed emotions which they did not feel, that it has become habitual with them to roll their eyes and clasp their hands under a sermon, or during the singing of a hymn: they are "Shivering Jemmies" in the streets of the New Jerusalem, a pitiable and a disgusting sight.

Nothing is more to be dreaded than the insensible growth of hypocrisy. Since we are none of us free from a measure of self-deception, the danger is that the false within us may grow to power, and obtain a sort of established respectability within the little world of our nature. Better anything than a religious windbag. It were impossible to imagine a fate more horrible than to be all smoke—a pious fraud, a holy sham, a nothing blown out with foul gas. It were better to think ourselves incapable of a holy emotion, and to be breaking our hearts because of our obduracy, than to be shivering with a sham sensitiveness, to which we have attached the idea of eminent tenderness of spirit. O Lord, deliver us from every false way. Save us from deceit.—C. H. Spurgeon.

#### THE SUNNY SIDE.

No sooner do you pass the brow of the St. Gothard pass, on your way to Italy, than you perceive that beyond all question, you are on the sunny side of the Alps. The snow is nothing in comparison to the vast accumulation upon the Swiss side of the summit, the wind ceases to be sharp and cutting, and a very few minutes' ride brings you into a balmy air which makes you forget that you are so greatly elevated above the sea level. There is a very manifest difference between the southern side and the bleak northern aspect. He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer. Some pilgrims to heaven appear never to have passed the summit of religious difficulty; they are still toiling over the Devil's bridge, or loitering at Andermatt, or plunging into the deep snowdrifts of their own personal unworthiness, ever learning but never coming to a full knowledge of the truth; they have not attained to a

comfortable perception of the glory, preciousness, and all-sufficiency of the Lord Jesus, and therefore abide amid the winter of their doubts and fears. If they had but faith to surmount their spiritual impediments, how changed would everything become! It is fair travelling with a sunny land smiling before your eyes, especially when you retain a grateful remembrance of the bleak and wintry road which you have traversed; but it is sorry work to be always stopping on the Swiss side of the mountain. How is it that so many do this? —From C. H. Spurgeon's *Note Book of Travels*.

#### "SUCH BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE."

It is not unusual to hear persons express their estimate of a preacher in words something like these: "But he uses such beautiful language!" His "beautiful language" or "elegant diction" forms the basis of their approval or condemnation. But what does he say? Nobody seems to remember or tell much about that; but his "language" is "beautiful". It is a beautiful cup, but it contains no water; the plate is beautiful, but there is little food; instead of good seed, he sows beautiful beads and buttons; but what shall the harvest be? He applies a beautiful plaster, but there is no balm of Gilead about it, and it possesses no healing power; he is a beautiful physician, but his patients die. He gives medicines in beautiful vials, but they are deadly poisons. Think of a man crying, "Fire!" in the most chaste and elegant forms of expression, and so softly, too, that the slumberers sleep on, and those who awake are persuaded that there is no danger.

In a world like this there is something beside sweetness and beauty. There are awful facts of sin and wrath and judgment which concern mankind; and we have something to do beside listening to quaint conceits, polished expressions, and smoothly-drawn sentences which have no grip on the conscience, and which allow men to sleep quietly while judgment and damnation are hastening on their track. There is sin, there is sorrow, there is danger, there is death, on every hand; and shall we be lulled to rest with "beautiful language", and neglect the warnings which God has given and the judgments which he has pronounced against sin and iniquity? Oh, better far to listen to a voice of one crying in the wilderness, that warns and wakes and rouses slumbering souls, and bids us flee from the wrath to come, ere it shall burst in thunder on an unsuspecting world.—From *The Boston Armoury*.

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Three thirsty children

Who always want a "djink".

# The Jarvis Street Pulpit

## THE PRODIGAL'S BROTHER.

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, July 27th, 1930.

Broadcast from Station CKGW 690 K.C. 434.8 Metres.

(Stenographically Reported)

"Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard musick and dancing.

"And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

"And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

"And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and entreated him.

"And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends:

"But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

"And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.

"It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."—Luke 15:25-32.

### Prayer before the Sermon.

We invoke Thine aid, O Lord, this evening as we come to the study of Thy Word. Thou hast told us in Thy Book that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them; that they are foolishness unto him, for they are spiritually discerned. We pray Thee to grant to those who hear Thy word this evening that spiritual discernment which will enable us all to understand the things which are written.

Bless the testimony of this service to those who are within these walls. May no one escape Thine evening benediction! We beseech Thee to grant that those who hear this service over the air may be equally conscious of the divine power, of the nearness of God to them. May some prodigal hear the call to return to the Father's house! Then give him strength and resolution to answer, I will arise and go to my Father. We beseech Thee, O Lord, to grant that many dead in trespasses and in sin may hear the voice of the Son of God, and, hearing, live.

We pray also that Thine own people, by whatsoever name they are called, hearing Thy word this evening, may be brought into closer fellowship with Thee. May many renew their covenant with God! May this service contribute much to the furtherance of the gospel by awakening many of Thy people to a realization of their privileges as witnesses to the Lord of hosts! Lord, bless this service. Comfort and sustain those who suffer this warm evening. May Thy presence be so real to them that they shall forget their physical discomfort in the joy of divine fellowship! We present this petition in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

This part of the parable is generally passed over. It is not, I grant you, as inviting as the earlier portion; but it has its place in the design of the parable as a whole. I am aware that a parable in the hands of an extreme literalist is likely to be about as useful for purposes of illumination as a box of matches in the hands of a baby: there is likely to be rather too much light for safety. It is possible, by emphasizing the details of a parable, to rob the Word of God of its authority; and to make it, I fear, almost absurd. But here a prominent figure is put into this parable. Our Lord was a master Artist; there was never a superfluous line in one of His pictures. And when, in the background of this parable He sketched this surly, morose, ill-tempered, character, He was speaking not for His time alone, but for all time, for our day as well as His own. It has its application to-day just as it

had to the people to whom the word was originally spoken.

Some of you remember that most useful institution—the family album. There were enshrined the portraits of our friends. As a minister I know that it had its special uses; it was particularly useful to entertain the minister while the other members of the family were making themselves presentable. In that way I have been introduced to all the family; and on more than one occasion I have been told how different members of the family distinguished themselves, some of them by marrying particularly well, and some of them by not marrying at all. And this Bible is very much like that. It is a collection of portraits. I often turn its pages that I may hold communion with my friends. I can find within the pages of this Book every friend I have ever known—and the portraits of many who are not my friends, and whose closer acquaintance I have no desire to cultivate.

But the one characteristic about the portraits appearing in this Book is that they are all true to life. Some of you remember your experience when you went to the photographer. Like the good friends who run at election time, responding to the earnest solicitation of your friends, you went; and you sat for your portrait. In due time the proofs were sent to you; and you declared to your husband or wife as the case may have been, or to some other friends, that the proofs were photographic libels; they did not resemble you in the least, but made you look like "a fright." Then you went to the photographer full of indignation, and insisted that there must have been something the matter with the camera; it was out of focus, or something was wrong. He diplomatically assured you that you were quite right, that as a matter of fact, these were only proofs; and that, of course, when the picture is finished it will look very much better. He persuaded you to consent to his finishing two or three of the negatives, and promised to send you a finished picture. At last he did so. The artist had touched up the negative; and when you got those finished pictures you said, "Now that is something like"—and so it was;

but it was not anything like you! But it was a great improvement on the proofs. You then ordered a couple of dozen to impose upon your absent friends who had not seen you for a few years.

Of course, the truth is, the proofs were absolutely true representations of yourself,—every wrinkle, everything that you did not want your friends to see, was there. But when the artist had finished the negative, all these defects were smoothed out. And if it was the portrait of a lady, you were made to look about ten or fifteen years younger than you are; and if a man, a great deal wiser than you may ever hope to be. Now you know that that is true to life, that that is how men get on in this world,—by flattering each other. And that is what is expected of the minister of the gospel. He is expected to be a "touch up" artist; and to represent human nature as being already "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing". But human nature is not in itself very beautiful. The grace of God can lay hold of us and make us, ultimately like Christ; but by nature we are not particularly good to look upon.

Now this Bible tells the truth! I have said it is a collection of portraits; but it is a collection of portraits that are absolutely true to life.

And in my examination of these pages I came upon this character; and I said to myself, "I have seen you somewhere". There seemed to be in this portrait many lines of resemblance to some whom I had seen. I discovered that he was a member of Jarvis St. Baptist Church, and that he belonged to a very numerous family. In my travels about the land, I have yet to find a Christian church in which the family to which this elder son belonged, is not represented.

I call your attention this evening to three great principles which are here set forth: This story illustrates the possibility of there being *sonship without brotherhood*: here was a good son, but a very indifferent brother; and in the second place, the possibility of there being *service without fellowship*; he served his father; but he was out of fellowship with his father; and then in the third place, *heirship without happiness*: all that his father had was his; yet he was the most miserable man in all the countryside.

### I.

I begin my exposition, then, by saying that THERE MAY BE AN APPROPRIATION OF ALL THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF SONSHIP WITHOUT ANY RECOGNITION OF THE CORRESPONDING OBLIGATIONS OF BROTHERHOOD. This young man gloried in being his father's son: his father called him, "son". He did not dispute his right to a place in the family; nor was he the sort of son for whom his father ever had to apologize, or blush for shame. He was a young man who lived circumspectly, who was industrious, whom many supposed to be a worthy representative of his father's house. Called by his father's name, he never dishonoured it; but everywhere walked as one worthy of the name he bore. But if you examine the record you will find that while he advantaged himself of the privileges of sonship, there is nothing in the story to suggest that he ever recognized that that relationship to his father imposed upon him a certain obligation toward another,—who was equally his father's son! a good son, but a poor brother!

This is not a type of the heterodox religious professor. There are such; but this young man was a perfectly orthodox man. You who come here regularly know that I should be the last to underestimate the value of right thinking, or of correct opinion; but there is a type of orthodoxy that is as unattractive as any heterodoxy in the world. There is an orthodoxy that is self-centred, that considers its own interests, and is indifferent to the world about. I have seen many professing Christians who hold fast the profession of their faith without wavering; who boast of having had a very clear and definite religious experience; they passed from death unto life; they were born into the family; they are absolutely sure of their place; they are not slow to claim the privileges which are theirs as sons of God. And yet month after month, year after year, pass; and they live in entire indifference to the need of the great world about them—but live for themselves alone. I want to find this young man to-night, if I can; or rather, I want the Word of God to find him, and to smite his heart and conscience and bring him in humble penitence to his Father's feet.

Here, then, was a man who saw no significance in the surplus of his father's house. It was the rule of that household that there was always to be found within its walls enough: no one did ever take the last piece of bread, who sat at his father's table; everybody was bountifully supplied; there was always enough—and to spare. And that is the rule, dear friends, of the provision of grace, that God provides enough; and what a comfort it is to have enough of anything! I think I could, without wasting your time, occupy you for an hour or so, expounding that one word "ENOUGH". Oh, in these days of scarcity, how thankful anyone ought to be who has enough!—clothing enough, food enough, shelter enough, money enough, friends enough, health enough,—enough for my need! But where the Lord Jesus rules there is always enough. Grace—I was speaking about that immeasurable word this morning—grace enough!

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin."

Forgiveness, which is an element in grace,—enough! Peace for this poor heart of mine, enough! joy enough, strength enough, health enough, righteousness enough, blood, to cleanse my sins away,—enough! Whatever your needs, enough!

There is no scarcity where the Lord Jesus is: there is enough. But is that all? Some people seem to think so; but that is not half the gospel. Enough—and—to—spare! But this young man, seeing the abundance on his father's table, when satisfied and satiated with the abundance of his father's house, did he turn a longing, lingering, glance upon the abundance of food still remaining, and pause to ask, "What is the meaning of it? Why did he provide enough and to spare? What is the surplus for? Who ought to be at this table enjoying the fulness of my father's house?" *What is it for?* What is the meaning of the wide arms of that Cross? To cover your sins? Is that all? Is that all? What is the meaning of this gospel of abounding grace, of abounding mercy, or divine



power? Enough to take the worst sinner from the lowest depths of the horrible pit, and lift him to the height of the glory of God Himself! What is it for? Just for you? Just for you? Enough—and to spare; enough to satisfy the hungry heart of every unsaved man in Toronto, to cover the needs of the millions of India, and China, and Africa, and all the Islands of the Sea. And yet we fold our arms and say, "We have enough—enough—enough", with no understanding of the fact that the exceeding greatness of His power, which is toward those that believe, is toward all the impotent sons of men, if we but bring them the glad message of the gospel.

What are you doing for the unsaved? Here was a young man *who was not distressed by an empty seat at his father's table*. It was always there; for when at last the prodigal came home, he found his father unsurprised; everything was in readiness. And I have little doubt that day by day, month by month, and perhaps year by year, as they sat at the family board, there was a vacant chair, lest he should come to-day. But the elder son was not at all distressed by his brother's absence. He was able to eat his meal alone. How many professing Christian people there are like that, who are never uncomfortable in view of empty seats! I confess I am: I hate them, except as they afford an opportunity for them to be filled. And our Lord Jesus Himself has no liking for empty seats, for in one of his matchless parables He described Himself as commissioning His servants to "go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled". Oh, if we could measure the hospitality of our Father's house! If only we could know how He longs, how He yearns to have all the seats about His table filled! That is why He came from the glory.

I read a story of Moody, that when he went to Chicago as a boy, a poor working boy, he went to a church where they had rented pews. And he rented a whole pew—he needed only one sitting, but he rented a pew. And then he went out onto the street, and he filled that pew. As soon as he could afford it, he rented a second pew; and went out onto the street and gathered others. And it is said that in those days Moody's pastor was always sure of having two pews in his church full. Rain or shine, summer or winter—it made no difference—two pews were always filled from end to end; because there was somebody sitting in one of those pews that could not enjoy a meal unless he had someone to share it, and so he went out and gathered them in.

We are accustomed in our day to fold our arms and commiserate ourselves that we are fallen upon evil days: that the allurements of the world are irresistible; that the counter-attractions are being continually multiplied; and that it is folly to expect that the gospel will be able to hold its own with motor cars, and movies,—and I suppose now the radio, and I don't know what else besides. My friends, that idea is a delusion; that is not the cause of the empty seats in the house of God. The reason for empty seats in the house of God is the spirit of the elder brother inside the church! We may as well face it. Don't blame the movies; blame yourself because you don't move! That is the trouble. Be a spiritual "movie" yourself!

Two or three years ago I was waiting for a car at the corner of Avenue Road and St. Clair—up on "The Hill". Do any of you live up there? It is a fine place to live, particularly in the summer time. Well, I was waiting for a car one day. It was below zero, one of the coldest days I have known in Toronto. The lot on the south-west corner was then vacant. It was about five o'clock in the evening; and there was a little newsboy selling his papers. He had gathered a few little sticks, and then some heavier wood; and had built a bonfire, which was burning gloriously. And I saw a lot of well-dressed ladies—and gentlemen, too—people evidently in comfortable circumstances in life, all standing around the newsboy's fire, enjoying his hospitality. I suppose if the little fellow had given them his address and asked them to call, they would have been otherwise engaged; but when he built a fire on a cold day, everyone came to get warm at his fire. And when, in the church of Christ the fire of divine hospitality burns brightly upon the hearth, people will come from all parts of the city, and of the world, to get warm by the fire kindled from above. We ought to be distressed about empty seats when there are so many who need the surplus in our Father's house!

Another thing: *this man never talked to his father about his absent brother, never once*. If he had said, "Father, I wonder where brother is to-day? I wonder if he has anything to eat, if he has clothes to wear, if he is in need?"; if he had ever broken the silence, his father would have said: "Why, son, that is the thing I am thinking about all the time, it is with me day and night. My heart is longing for him. I think you might leave"—I am sure he would have said—"you might leave the things of the field and the farm, and get away down the road that leads to the far country, and see if you cannot find him." Are you doing that? If you are not, it is because you are not talking to your Father about your absent brother. Talk to Him; and you will receive a commission from Him immediately. He will send you forth to bring others to Christ. But, oh, the tragedy of it! Within no very great distance of this place where now I speak, there are great churches representing great congregations and great wealth, in the aggregate representing thousands of professing Christians, where they hold no prayer meetings. A church that does not pray! Think of it! Oh, the tragedy of it! No wonder souls are not saved. What are we doing? Shall we resolve that we will talk with Him day by day about the absent one, and be much in prayer for the salvation of the lost?

Then, here was a young man *who did absolutely nothing to bring his brother home*. But, thank God, he came home. But he came home in spite of his elder brother, not because of him! Not one word did he speak, not one act did he perform to bring that brother back again. Are you a church member? In every church you will find great companies of people who, from the first of January to the thirty-first of December, do nothing to bring souls to Christ. I am afraid we have some in this church. Souls may be saved. We thank God we have had hundreds of conversions. God visits us almost every day.—but they have come in spite of some people even yet, and not because they have gone

out after them. I want to press it upon your heart and conscience; and ask you, What are you doing to bring souls to Christ?

And what is more, this young man *was not there when it happened!* Have you noticed how some members contrive to miss all the miracles? They are never here when the thing occurs. Read the story of how the father saw him; and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him, and brought him in, and all the servants heard about it, and the house was soon ablaze with light and resounding with music. There was music and dancing and overflowing joy,—but the record says, “Now his elder son was in the field!” He was absent when the miracle happened—the thing for which his father’s house was standing, and all the provisions of his father’s table were waiting, took place, but he had no part in it. He was not even there when it occurred! He was like a man I used to know. At the close of a service like this he would come up with his overcoat on his arm, or perhaps put it on, and say, “Pastor, you will excuse me, won’t you? I would like to stay, but I have to get home to my wife”. Sunday nights he was strangely anxious to get home to his wife—not other nights. And I am not sure that his wife was so anxious for him to come home either. It was a very convenient excuse. Miracles of grace happened in that church (it was not this church) but he would not know anything about them, until a week or so after; he always missed them; he was never there.

I went into a friend’s house one night to have supper after a meeting. We were sitting at the table; and I heard a little voice calling, “Mother.” And my hostess said, “You must go back to bed, Helen, it is time you were asleep.” “But I can’t sleep, Mother.” “But you must go back to bed.” Then there was silence for a minute or two, but soon we heard again, “Mother.” At last the mother excused herself, saying, “I suppose I shall have to run up to her ladyship, and see what she wants.” And she went up. Presently she came down smiling; and her husband said, “And what did Helen want?” “Oh,” she said, “she wanted to know who is here; and what we are having for supper, and whether anyone is telling any stories, and whether there is going to be any music, and how long the guests are going to stay.” And then she turned to me and said, “You know, Helen is always afraid she may miss something.” She wanted to have her full share of joy in her father’s house.

And I have seen some people like that in the church of Christ, always afraid that something might happen—Oh, no! not afraid—rather expecting, saying in their hearts, “Perhaps this is the night he will come home, and it would never do for me to be absent.” For instance, some man comes home from business some night; and as he is about to get ready for prayer-meeting his wife says, “My dear, you have been very busy to-day; and you are tired. You must be careful of your health, you must not overtax yourself.” And he says, “But I am afraid there won’t be many there to-night; it is a rough, stormy night. I have a feeling that the meeting will be especially good, and I believe there will be blessing; and I feel the need of it. I cannot afford to be absent. I know it is bad weather, but I must go.” And he goes. By and by he comes home again; and his wife sees a new light on his face,

and knows that some wonderful thing has happened. She inquires, “What sort of meeting did you have?” To which he replies, “Oh, it was a wonderful meeting; not very many there. But you have heard me telling about little Johnny in my class in Sunday School?” “Yes.” “Well, you know I have invited him for months and months to come to prayer-meeting, and had almost given up hope. I am afraid I had ceased to expect him. But when I went into the prayer-meeting to-night, just inside the door was my little boy. And I sat down beside him; and had the unspeakable joy of seeing that boy come to Christ to-night. Now he is saved!” And I can imagine tears in his eyes as he says: “I should never have forgiven myself if that had happened while I was away.” Oh, how many people have been lifted into heaven itself because of their unwillingness to miss anything of the joy of the Father’s house!

I wish I could talk to you for a month or two on this subject. I ought to have taken a series, perhaps; but you can work out the principle for yourself, and it will be all the more valuable to you if you do your own thinking.

## II.

We have here illustrated, secondly, **THE POSSIBILITY OF THERE BEING SERVICE WITHOUT FELLOWSHIP.** This man was not an idler; he was a most industrious man, for he said, “These many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment.” He never did anything wrong; he was always busy doing that which was right; and it was service that needed to be done. But in the doing of it he had missed the one thing that was uppermost in his father’s mind! I fancy I see him coming in from the field one day and telling his father the prospects for the year, saying, perhaps, something like this: “We have never had such a year; the increase of the flocks, and of the field is phenomenal. We have no room wherein to bestow our goods. We shall have to pull down our barns and build greater.” And his father would say, “I am glad to hear it. You have my authority to make what alterations you like; build all the barns you need.” And then he would lapse into silence. And I can see this elder son talking with himself and saying, “I do not understand it: I allow myself no recreation, I am working all the time, I give myself unsparingly to the promotion of my father’s interests; but when I come and tell him of the results of my labours, he merely acquiesces in my proposals. He does not share my enthusiasms; but always has that far-away look in his eyes, as though he were not at home at all, as though he were thinking of something else than of the things which occupy my thought and energy.” I fancy I hear him saying, “I don’t understand my father.” And he did not! He thought his father cared about the flocks and the wheat, and all the increase of the field; and entirely missed the great truth that his father lived for one thing only, and that was that his lost boy might come home again!

Oh, that is the picture of the modern church. Service without fellowship! The church of Christ was never busier than it is to-day. *There is a kind of preaching that is a service without fellowship.* The fault of much modern preaching is not that it is not true, although

there is much that is not true—but the defect of much modern preaching is not in what it says, but in what it leaves unsaid. Many a modern sermon is like a non-stop express train—bound, presumably, for glory, but it never stops to let a poor sinner get on; or like some floating palace out there at anchor—beautifully furnished, lighted, fitted with mighty engines, but no gang plank for anyone to get on board. I remember a brother once sending me a sermon and asking my opinion on it. And I said, "It is all true, and all good so far as it goes; but it lacks one thing." And he said, "What is that?" I said, "There is no blood in it; it lacks the yearning note of the cross; it lacks recognition of the fact that men are lost, and need to be brought home." And no preaching is worth while, my friends, that lacks that.

*There is a kind of teaching which is service without fellowship.* I think of the great army of Sunday School teachers in this city, hundreds and thousands of them, teaching thousands upon thousands of boys and girls. Teaching them what? Doing what? Well, teaching—teaching—teaching—but teaching what? "Well, teaching the lesson." "What lesson?" "The scripture." You mean just the text of the lesson? Teaching the lesson! Oh, I have heard of teachers who spend their time on geography and chronology, and I don't know what else; and fail utterly to get to the central truth of all: that this Book is written to teach us that we are sinners and that Christ is a Saviour. And if you have not learned how to teach that, if you fail in that, you will have failed utterly. Your business as a teacher is to teach your scholars how to be saved.

Ah, yes, we are giving our money to missions. Are we? What for? What for? What for? Half our missionary societies, instead of sending flaming evangelists to bring men to Christ, are building schools yonder in India and China; and too often filling them with modernist teachers, spending their strength in education. It is all good in its place, providing it is the right sort of education. But what is the use of building a school for a lot of dead people? The first business of the church is to be God's instruments for the quickening of dead souls. That is what God is thinking about these days; that is what He is yearning over.

*There is much singing, too, that is service without fellowship.* Oh, what splendid choirs we have! Don't you folks be offended now; I can say anything I like to you. But I used to have a choir here, that was superb in its way. I think it had not its equal in Toronto, at least I never heard its equal, and I have been thrilled often by the music. But oh, for the note of the blood! Oh, for the appeal of the yearning heart to bring lost sinners home! That is why we sing these gospel hymns now; that is why we had to sweep the whole thing right out—not because we did not like fine music; but because we loved the souls of men more.

There may be some people here representing other churches; and I want to tell you that *the management of the affairs of the church sometimes is put into the hands of men who serve but who are out of fellowship.* "Oh," they say, "Mr. So-and-So is a fine business man; and his business ability ought to be at the disposal of the church." Does he come to prayer-meeting? "Oh, no! He does not come to prayer-meeting. He probably would go to a club

or the theatre that night." Does he ever seek to win a lost sinner to Christ? "Oh, no, but he is a very excellent man, a man of stainless character, and a fine business man, and I really think we ought to put him on the finance committee and get him to work." I had a finance committee like that once. I did! It was a great finance committee too. We had to declare their offices vacant all in one night. Now I want to pass this principle on to some of you and tell you this: I declare to you that if a man were to come into this church with all the millions of Henry Ford—if he were not walking with the Lord, a spiritual man, abiding in Christ—so far as I am concerned he should have no office in this church. There ought to be no place, in fact, there is no place in any Christian church for a man who is not walking with God. I would rather have the financial affairs of this church in the hands of crossing-sweepers and scavengers, who were spiritual men, than I would have them in the hands of multimillionaires who are out of fellowship with God, and who do not share with Him His eager, wistful, longing, look toward the far country.

*And you ushers, what is your business?* To show people into a seat? Oh, no! To usher souls into the gates of pearl! That is your business. No matter what your office is that is the one business for which a church exists—to be in fellowship with God, and bring lost souls to Christ.

Now they have substituted what they call "Social Service" for evangelism, the uplifting of the masses for the salvation of the individual. But that is not God's way! My quarrel with the programme of the average modern church is this, *That it is spending all its energies in an attempt—now mark what I say—in an attempt to get the prodigal a better job in the far country.* They are going to pave the streets of the far country; they are going to build better houses in the far country; they are going to build schools and universities—especially universities—in the far country. Most of them belong there nowadays. They are going to institute all kinds of reforms in the far country—but leave the prodigal there! But that is not our business.

Someone will say, "Don't you believe in Social Service?" Yes! That poor, ragged prodigal needed a new coat—and he got it: "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him." But he had to come home to get it! And he needed a pair of new shoes—and he got them. "Put shoes on his feet." But he had to come home to get them! And he needed a few luxuries beside—and he got them: "Put a ring on his hand." But he had to come home to get it! And he needed a good square meal, a feast, a banquet—and he was given it. But he had to come home to get it! The primary thing is to bring the individual soul to Christ, then other things will be all settled,—the best robe, and the shoes, and the ring, and the feast, and all the merriment will follow. And when the church reverses that programme it reverses God's programme, and the blessing of the Lord is bound to depart.

### III.

And now, especially for the young people who are here, let me say this is the story of one who was an heir—but he was not happy: **HEIRSHIP WITHOUT HAPPINESS.** He was one of the most miserable men in the world. And that is what they say about the young

people nowadays, that it is a great problem how to entertain the young people. I was in New York some time ago; and I was interviewed by a reporter from one of the papers, I think it was the New York World. The reporter was a young lady. And she said, "I understand, Mr. Shields, you do not go to the theatre?" I said, "No, I am too busy for one thing, and my inclination does not lead me in that direction." "Well," she said, "your life must be very dull." Continuing, she said, "You don't play cards, I presume?" "No," I said, "I have other things to occupy my time and my hands." "Oh," she said, "I wonder what you do for a little diversion sometimes?" And then with an apologetic smile, she said, "Of course, you don't dance?" "Well," I said, "not your kind of dancing." Then she said, "How in the world do you live?" What a compliment to the people of this age, that life is to consist in such frivolity!

There was a great religious assembly in this city a few years ago, when presidents of universities, professors, doctors of divinity, and pastors of churches, and missionaries, were here from all over the world; and they spent one whole day discussing the question, What should be the attitude of the church toward amusements? I said at the time, and I repeat it now, one might suppose the great question facing the blood-bought church of Christ is, What sort of rattle shall we buy for the baby? As though we were saved for that purpose—to compete with the denizens of Hollywood!

Now, my friends, it is for us to learn the secret of joy in our Father's house. But here is a picture: "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends." Someone may say, "I never had a good time: I am religious; I am very religious; I am working all the time, but I am very unhappy. I have never had a good time." And that is the case; and because of that, lacking the one thing for which a church exists, you find the elder brother in the theatre and elsewhere, finding his pleasures in some other quarter than where he ought to find them.

"And as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing." I can see him as he comes and hears something he had not heard before: a new kind of music and dancing. "Ah," but you say, "I thought you did not approve of dancing?" Oh, yes, there is no harm in this kind of dancing, the kind of dancing that David did before the ark. I remember being with an old friend of mine who was past sixty years of age. We had just come from a great meeting. We got home past midnight; and I can see him now walking up and down in his study, as he said, "Brother, I don't want to go to heaven yet if the Lord will let me stay here for a little while, for this is heaven to me." And he danced that night! He was well past sixty, but he danced as lightly as a young roe, back and forth, full of joy—because sinners had been saved.

Everyone was lighthearted, except the elder son, in the father's house that day. Here is a text for some of you preachers: "And he called one of the servants, and asked him what these things meant." A son had

to humble himself to ask a servant to introduce him to the secret of joy in his father's house! He did not like that kind of music: he liked classical music; you could not please him. "Classical music"! Some day I must try to work out a definition for that term "classical." Classical music generally means something only the singers understand—and no one enjoys. He was a man who did not want the neighbours to know he had a naughty brother; he was so respectable. I have tried to find an explanation of some things I have seen in the lives of certain types of people who say they are Christians. Here is a man who is saved, but who has no passion for the salvation of others, who has no desire for the lost, to bring them to Christ; but is just as cold and dead as a stone. How can we explain that man? This scripture explains him: "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins."

"When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him." But the son could not; he "had forgotten that he was purged from his old sins." There are some church members who seem to say, "Please don't tell anyone I needed to be converted; I have become very respectable. I don't want anyone to know that I ever was in a far country." Yes; some professed Christians seem to have forgotten the happy days when Jesus washed their sins away. Then "came his father out, and intreated him" and said, "Come into fellowship with me." Let us get back to the cross, and to the yearning heart of God, and to communion with Him. His father came out and "entreated him." It is God's call to-day. He entreats us to understand the Cross, to recognize that His supreme purpose in this day and dispensation is to seek and to save that which was lost. Shall we not yield to the divine entreaty?

"And he was angry, and would not go in." That is the Baptist deacon who does not believe in evangelistic meetings. Thank God, we have no such deacons here. Many a broken-hearted pastor has said to me, "My deacons don't care about the salvation of souls. If I propose to make a special effort to bring souls to Christ, they will not stand with me; and if I call the help of an evangelist, they will not attend the meetings."

"He was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out and entreated him." What was the trouble? Do you believe you can be happy as a Christian? Do you not believe there is enough in Christ to satisfy you? And his father said, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. You might have had a feast at any time; and if you have never had a time of merrymaking with your friends; it is because you have provided yourself with no occasion for merrymaking. You never have been so full of joy that you wanted to share it with another; you have made no occasion of joy; you have missed that altogether.

It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found." "This thy brother"—"No, no! Not my brother! Thy son;—not my brother—thy son, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed the fatted calf for him." "No," said the father, "this is thy brother!" "Not my brother! thy son!" And it was as though his father had said, "You will never get inside the circle until you call him your brother. This thy brother—thy *brother*, thy BROTHER—was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

A man was going down the street in a certain city one chill November day. The wind was blowing and the rain was falling. As he hurried along under the cover of his umbrella, he espied in a doorway a little waif of the street, trying to find shelter from the wind and rain. Moved with compassion, like his Master, he stopped; and there the little fellow stood, pulling his thin coat about him, his elbows through his sleeves. And as he looked at his feet, he saw his little toes peeping through his worn shoes; beneath his ragged coat there was no shirt—he was a picture of human want and wretchedness! And the kind-hearted man said, "Laddie, you look very hungry." "I am, sir." "And you are cold?" "Very cold, sir." And he said to him, "Come with me and I will get you something to eat." Then he took the little fellow by the hand, and they went to the best restaurant he could find, and ordered the best dinner the house could provide. The appetizing dishes were soon spread before them. The little fellow looked shy and made no motion to eat. The man said, "Laddie, that is all for you; I want you to have a good dinner." But still he hesitated. And the man said, "It is for you, eat it, or it will get cold." And he continued to press him: "I thought you said you were hungry. Don't you like what is there?" "Oh, yes, sir!" He had never seen such a dinner in his life except through a window when seeing other people comfortably seated at their tables. The good man said, "If that is what you like, and you are hungry, why don't you eat?" Still the boy refused to begin. And his friend said, "Come now, there is something the matter here, and I want you to tell me what it is." He was a manly little fellow; but in spite of his attempt at self-control, tears escaped and ran down his cheeks. His benefactor said, "Tell me now just what is the matter." "Well, sir, Billy, that's my chum, he's outside, and he ain't got no dinner; I couldn't eat this without him; he wouldn't eat it without me." "Well," said the man, "would you like to bring Billy in?" "May I?" "Yes." Like a shot he was gone. After being absent a short time, he came back again, leading another boy by the hand—just as hungry, just as cold, just as much in need. And he was placed on the other side of the table, and a second dinner was brought; and soon they were oblivious to all their surroundings, and lost in the enjoyment of the feast.

Shall I tell you why some people don't enjoy their Christian life? It is because in the very nature of the case you cannot enjoy the religion of Christ alone. It must be shared. And if you ask me to give you the philosophy of the gospel in a sentence, it is this: That

my Lord Jesus Himself, if I may reverently say so, could not enjoy the glory and leave "Billy" outside.

"For though here below, 'mid sorrow and woe,  
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.  
And this I shall find, for such is His mind,  
He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

He could not enjoy the glory if I were not there. He really could not! That is why He died. Praise the Lord! I am going to be there someday.

Is there an unconverted one here to-night? You have been sitting back there and saying, "Well, sir, I think you have described the church; I think it is full of elder brothers; and that is why I am not a Christian." Well, my friends, I plead guilty in behalf of all my brothers and sisters in the church. We have not been as earnest, as faithful, as loving as we ought to have been. But if you do not come for others' sakes, will you not come for the Father's sake? He wants you, and if the churches have failed, the Lord Jesus has not failed: He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." I beseech you to come to Christ to-night! Then join with us, and help us to prove to the world that the very joy of heaven consists in seeing sinners saved.

#### GOOD NEWS FROM DR. STOCKLEY.

Last autumn when Dr. Stockley returned from England for the autumn term in the Seminary, Mrs. Stockley was so poorly that, by the doctor's advice, she remained in England over the winter. The Trustees and Faculty of the Seminary, together with Jarvis Street people generally, have been much exercised in prayer that Mrs. Stockley might be fully restored in health in order that she might be able to return to Canada with Dr. Stockley this autumn. We received the most welcome news in a cable from Dr. Stockley last Saturday that Mrs. Stockley would be able to return with him in September. For this we are all praising God.

#### COMMUNION SERVICE NEXT SUNDAY MORNING.

The Monthly Communion and reception service will be held at the close of the morning instead of at the close of the evening service because of the great open air service which follows the regular service at nine o'clock. This was decided at a recent meeting; members of the church will please bear this in mind.

#### WEEK END IN JARVIS STREET.

For the information of people out of Toronto, last Sunday was a hot day! The Sunday School attendance dropped ten below the thousand mark—990. There was a large congregation in the morning; and, judged by any standard, a fine congregation in the evening, but for a hot summer evening it was really a great congregation. A number responded to the invitation to confess Christ, and two were baptized. Following the preaching of the sermon contained in this issue the Pastor preached to another great assembly on the church grounds.

# The Union Baptist Witness

These pages (14 and 15) are the official organ of the Union of Regular Baptist Churches in Ontario and Quebec.  
337 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Canada.

W. GORDON BROWN, Editor.

## TOURING THE CHURCHES.

Our missionaries-elect for Liberia, Rev. and Mrs. Hancox, have addressed about fifty meetings in our churches as far west as Windsor, and as far east as Dalesville. We hope that before they leave our shores, they may meet most of our people. For missionary interest there is nothing like the personal bond of fellowship. Everywhere they have gone, not only have they been graciously received, but their messages have been a blessing to their hearers and an inspiration to missionary effort. They will probably leave for Liberia in September. Meanwhile let us pray that the angel of the Lord may keep them in safety as they travel by motor from place to place.

Rev. A. J. Lewis, recently returned from Liberia, has already visited some of our churches with blessing to his hearers. We shall have more to say about him at an early date.

## CONVERSIONS IN NORTH BAY.

Pastor James Forrester was rejoiced on Sunday, July 20th, to have several strangers at the evening service in the Regular Baptist Mission of North Bay. One hand was raised on the Gospel invitation, and one candidate applied for baptism.

Out at Widdfield, Rev. J. R. Davidson, of Melrose Park, Toronto, and Students Stanley and Frank Wellington, are working with Student Wilfred Wellington, and through their efforts several have professed conversion. On the 13th three girls came to Christ. At an open-air meeting on Saturday night, a Frenchman also took his stand. Such blessing in the difficult North is cause for profound thanksgiving.

## ST. AMEDEE.

Others of our students are also doing real work for the Lord. Mr. W. I. Hisey preaches three times on a Sunday,—at St. Amédee, Papineauville and North Nation Mills, Quebec. Besides this he conducts Sunday School at one of the churches, and during the week holds prayer-meeting at two of them. Attendance is good, and the Lord is giving definite manifestations of His blessing.

Recently Dr. Shields visited Papineauville, and spoke on a Wednesday evening to a well-attended gathering. His Gospel message was simple enough for the smallest child to understand, but also one that rejoiced those older in the faith.

## MANITOULIN ISLAND.

Another one of our Seminary students, Mr. Howard Neely, is following the Scriptural order of "beginning at Jerusalem", and preaching the Gospel Sunday evenings in the school he attended as a boy. The average attendance is between twenty and thirty; but one Sunday night it reached almost fifty. The sec-

ond Sunday evening of these services, two professed conversion; again, on another Sunday, a young lady accepted Christ, and after the service came to the preacher and said, "I know I am saved." On another Sunday evening, Mr. Neely was encouraged by having two missionaries of the Shantyman's Christian Association with him.

## BAPTISMS IN ORANGEVILLE.

Orangeville Baptists felt that they had a good day Sunday last. The Sunday School reached a record attendance for this year. At the morning service the pastor baptized five candidates, a husband and his wife, results of the recent efforts in Fergus; another husband and wife, converted a few weeks ago in Orangeville; and the fifth candidate, a mother, saved in her childhood. A unique fact is that each of the three women baptized is the mother of three small girls. At the Communion Service following the morning preaching, the husband of the last-mentioned candidate, was received on experience. The evening service was held in the town park, and was largely attended, visitors being present from Palgrave, Mono Road, Alton, Hillsburg, Fergus and Corbetton.

## WINNIPEG.

Our hard-working President was a source of inspiration to our fellow Regular Baptists in Winnipeg through his recent visit. In the morning, he conferred with some of the men, and in the afternoon led a number of the members of the Bethany Regular Baptist Church in a very helpful discussion. At the public service in the evening, held in Norman Hall, Sherbourne Street, the temporary meeting-place of the church, Dr. Shields preached on Abraham, the chosen of God, the example of faith. His message was well received by the congregation. Indeed, the whole visit was greatly appreciated by those who are carrying forward this Gospel message in Winnipeg.

## VANCOUVER.

We hear that Dr. R. E. Neighbour has resigned from the Mount Pleasant Road Baptist Church, Vancouver. Rev. James McGinlay, of Central Baptist Church, London, has agreed to supply there during the month of August.

## ORDAINING PASTOR MCGINLAY.

Eighty-three delegates from thirty-six churches, not to mention as many visitors, gathered with members of the Central Baptist Church, London, in the beautiful new building, on Tuesday, July 15th, to consider the ordination of Pastor James McGinlay.

With Rev. H. S. Bennett as Moderator, and Rev. T. E. Summers as clerk, the council heard the clear statement de-

livered by Pastor McGinlay in his usual forceful style of preaching. Although never in a church service until he was twenty-one, this Scot was converted to God through the ministry of Dr. T. T. Shields of Jarvis Street Baptist Church. Eighteen months later he was called to preach the Gospel, and at the close of his first sermon had the great joy of leading to Christ a man who had before been Gospel hardened. The record of this young man since that time, with revival services and pastorate in Nisour, Ontario; with revival and pastorate in Alton, where he built the most beautiful church edifice in the countryside; with great evangelistic campaigns here and there; with four hundred professions of faith in a year and a half at London, and with the erection of a church building that is the wonder of all who see it—this record, we say, is well-known to our readers. God had already ordained Pastor McGinlay, as He does every real preacher of the Gospel; the council was only asked to give that ordination the sanction of their churches. Doctrinally, Pastor McGinlay is a Fundamentalist of the first water. He believes the Bible and all its great revelation, and preaches the Word in season and out of season. Of course, the vote to ordain was unanimous. At the evening service Rev. H. K. Gonder offered the ordination prayer; Rev. W. E. Atkinson gave the charge to the candidate; Rev. A. Thomson, to the church; Rev. C. J. Loney, the right-hand of fellowship; and Rev. William Fraser preached the ordination sermon from Acts 1:8. We are sure that even delegates from a distance felt themselves rewarded for their trouble in coming, by the privilege that was theirs to view something of the work going on in Central Church, as well as to enjoy such fellowship as Regular Baptists have. We might add that on Sunday, July 6th, ten professed conversion at the evening service in Central Church, and another ten the following Sunday. "Praise ye the Lord."

## MEETING ALBERTA'S NEED.

Rev. M. R. Hall, pastor of the Westbourne Baptist Church of Calgary, and President of the newly-organized Regular Baptist Missionary Society of Alberta, has sent out a call "to loyal Bible-loving Baptists" in the West. The circular is so informing that we venture to quote parts of it.

"This Society extends the hand of fellowship to individual Baptists as well as Baptist Churches. This fellowship is not confined to Alberta alone, but extends to other parts of this great Western field where no similar organization exists for such fellowship. It is hoped that in due time, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will have similar organizations, but until then, we gladly invite the fellowship of our brethren in these provinces. . . .

"Last week we were able to assist in the organization of a Regular Baptist Church

(in Edmonton), known as the Norwood Regular Baptist Church. There were nine visiting delegates from Benalto and Westbourne, and the church was organized with about thirty charter members. Pastor Gordon W. Searle, recently from the Toronto Baptist Seminary, was called by the church to become their Pastor.

"The Benalto Regular Baptist Church is one of our rural fields, and was organized before this new Society came into being. They have about twenty members. Pastor Howard Phillips is the under-shepherd of this flock. They have about ten candidates awaiting baptism now, and our Brother Phillips' ministry has been richly blessed of the Lord in these parts. He covers a large area in evangelization, and during the summer months, has an open-air ministry at Sylvan Lake.

"Leslieville has been worked as a mission cause by our brother, Rev. W. W. Silverthorn, for about a year, and here the blessing of the Lord has been manifest in the salvation of the lost. Some twenty-five or more have openly con-

fessed Christ in baptism. Likewise, our brother has pushed out in the surrounding communities, preaching Christ in many of these parts.

"Westbourne Baptist Church is the only self-supporting church in the organization with a membership of about one hundred and forty-five, with the writer as pastor. It has been from this church that assistance has come to support the work on the fields already mentioned . . . Note a few facts concerning towns and communities where no Baptist work is carried on at present.

4 towns of from 3,000 to 6,000 population.

16 towns with over 1,200.

34 towns with over 600 to 1,000.

42 smaller towns and villages from 250 to 500.

Scores of rural fields without any true Gospel testimony . . .

"Space does not permit to discuss at length all the writer has observed since coming West, but suffice it to say that he doubts if any province in the Domin-

ion has more modernism in the Baptist pulpits than has Alberta. One Baptist Church in a city of over 80,000 closed its doors last month because those with true Baptist convictions refused to support the modernistic pastor. Another Baptist Church in a leading city announced for a Sunday evening subject, recently, "Interesting Pictures from Robinson Crusoe." Still another Baptist Church joins with a United Church of Canada for a United Communion Service. Thus we might go on reviewing the fruits of easy tolerance toward modernism in our Baptist Union of Western Canada." The circular concludes with an appeal for "prayer helpers and financial supporters." May many of them be raised up.

**SEND THE WITNESS.**

A friend writes that "a lady missionary is not getting the best religious weekly in the country because she cannot afford it," and suggests that some reader be so kind as to subscribe for her. Please send the subscription to the "Witness" office.

**WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?**

"I have been a member of your church for thirty years", said an elderly Christian to his pastor, "and when I was laid up with sickness only one or two came to see me. I was shamefully neglected." "My friend", said the pastor, "in all those thirty years how many sick have you visited?" "Oh", he replied, "it never struck me in that light. I thought only of the relation of others to me, and not of my relation to them."

Common enough is this sort of lop-sided religion. Quarrelsome people complain that there is no love in the world now, and unsociable folks murmur that everybody is so backward to speak upon divine things. Many have a very wide eye towards the graces which they receive, but they are nearly blind when it comes to giving out—they do not see it. "It is hard to part", they say, and so they and their gold abide together.—From *The Sword and The Trowel*, 1881.

**THE ATTRACTIVE STATUE.**

Yes, the people gathered in crowds around the statue, and looked at it again and again. It was not the finest work of art in the city, nor the most intrinsically attractive. Why, then, did the citizens of Verona stand in such clusters around the effigy of Dante on that summer's evening? Do you guess the reason? It was a fete in honour of the poet? No, you are mistaken: it was but an ordinary evening, and there was nothing peculiar in the date or the events of the day. You shall not be kept in suspense, the reason was very simple, the statue was new, it had, in fact, only been unveiled the day before. Every one passes Dante now, having other things to think of; the citizens are well used to his solemn visage, and scarcely care that he stands among them. Is not this the way of men? I am sure it is their way with us ministers. New brooms sweep clean. What crowds follow a new man! how they tread upon one another to hear him, not because he is so very wise or eloquent, much less because he is eminently holy, but he is a new man, and curiosity must gratify itself! In a few short months, the idol of the hour is stale, flat, and unprofitable; he is a mediocrity; there are scores as good as he; indeed, another new man, at the end of the town, is far better. Away go the wonder-hunters! Folly brought them, folly removes them: babies must have new toys.—From *C. H. Spurgeon's Note Book of Travels*.

**PRAISE OF THE BIBLE.**

The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick, the support of the dying. While other books may amuse and instruct in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of *that* book to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart, which no other topic of consolation can reach, while guilt, despair, and death vanish before its holy inspiration.—*Robert Hall*.

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## Baptist Bible Union Lesson Leaf

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REV. ALEX. THOMSON, EDITOR.

Lesson 33. August 17th, 1930.  
Third Quarter.

### THE FLOOD.

Lesson Text: Genesis, chapter 7.

Golden Text: "And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days." Genesis, chapter 7:24.

#### I. ENTRANCE INTO THE ARK (vs. 1-16).

The invitation to enter (v. 1).

We do not know how long it took Noah to complete the ark, but at last it was in readiness for occupancy, made according to the plan of God and prepared unto the judgment. The time was at hand for the pouring out of the wrath of God, and Noah is invited to enter the ark. "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." An invitation from a king is a command; much more so is the same emanating from God. There is contained here, therefore, a command and a commendation, a command to enter the ark and a commendation of the righteous life of Noah. The command is couched in invitation form and is significant historically and typically. It says, "Come", not go, implying that God would be with them. It reminds us of the gospel invitation to "Come unto me", etc. (Matt. 11:28). The significance of the ark as God's means of salvation lends emphasis to this latter application. The commendation denotes the sovereignty of God in salvation. Noah was chosen to be saved; even so are the children of God these days. He was chosen because of his righteous life, lived by and in the power of God, while we are chosen in Christ and accepted on account of His righteousness (Eph. 1:4). In both cases salvation is of God, due wholly to His grace, and entered by faith (Eph. 2:8, 9).

Directions concerning the inmates (vs. 2-6).

Noah again receives directions concerning the animals and fowls which he was to take with him into the ark. This repetition does not infer different authorship, nor does this direction contradict the previous one. It is simply a repeated command quite reasonable to understand when we bear in mind the fact that a considerable interval intervened between the giving of the first direction before the making of the ark, and the deliverance of the second after the ark was ready. In the latter direction additional matter is stated in relation to the division of the beasts into clean and unclean, and the taking of the sevens of the former and the twos of the latter into the ark. This division of the animals, while not as clearly defined with us as with the Israelites later, is yet recognized in these days, showing that there is some fundamental reason for it and not simply caprice. The reason is to be found in the nature of each animal. The representatives of the various

species of life go into the ark, male and female; even in the case of the sevens this is stated, possibly intimating seven pairs of clean beasts and one pair of unclean. The purpose in conserving them was to preserve seed alive, and make provision for propagating each species, the clean beasts and fowls being used for sacrifice (ch. 8:20). The nature of the judgment is again referred to in the statement concerning the rain and its duration, and fearful consequences are emphasized. "Every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth." The age of Noah when this occurred was six hundred years.

Entrance of man and beast (vs. 7-16).

After the command to enter the ark, it is recorded that "Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood", and there went in with them the beasts and fowls as commanded. Such an act implied obedience on the part of those servants of God and is an apt illustration of the teaching of James concerning faith and works (James-2:14-26). The flood had not yet occurred, the heavens and earth were as they had ever been, the people were attending to their duties as they had ever done, yet Noah and his family were requested to enter the ark. This must have constituted another test of faith, and in obeying the direction, Noah's faith was manifested by works. "Faith without works is dead." It is not real faith if it does not show itself in works. Both are necessary in the service of God. The attitude of the people would also test the faith of Noah, for no doubt they would manifest their unbelief in their actions. Further tests would arise in connection with his stay in the ark, prior to the flood, and during the same. He did not give way to a spirit of unbelief, as far as we know, yet questions may have assailed him concerning the purpose and goodness of God. Would the flood eventually subside? Would God remember him? Would he be able to live on the earth after the subsidence of the flood? Perhaps such questions did not trouble him, yet no doubt, in some way, as an ordinary human being he would be tested, with the result at the end, of a stronger faith in God.

Noah in the ark, shut in by God, is beautifully symbolical of the believer in Christ. He was secured by God and carried safely on top of the Judgment waters. Moreover, the pitch within and without with which the ark was made watertight means propitiation, and speaks to us of our Lord's work on Calvary. The pitch kept Noah above the flood, for without it the ark would have become waterlogged and have sunk, so the propitiatory work of Christ is necessary to our salvation, and apart from it no one will be saved. It is of further interest to note that Noah had assurance of salvation while in the ark, and as he could not leave it without God's permission, there was no danger of his being lost; so, the regenerated person is safe in Christ, and may have assurance of salvation in Him. (I John 5:13). He cannot

get away from Him, and He is kept by His almighty power. (1 Peter 1:3-5; John 10:27-30) The teaching that persons may be saved and lost is entirely unscriptural, and unworthy of the truth of God. Our Saviour provides something better for us. We are saved with an eternal salvation (John 5:24), and we know that our Lord is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day (2 Tim. 1:12).

The time and source of the flood are stated. "In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, on the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." The waters therefore came up as well as down. The duration of the rain was "forty days and forty nights". Both statements emphasize the great volume of water in the deluge. The historical nature of this great event is well attested.

#### II. THE EXTENT OF THE FLOOD (vs. 17-20).

In these verses the extent of the flood is stated in a few words. In repetition we are informed, "the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered". This means the flood was universal, the whole earth being covered with the water. The universal extent of the flood is attested by certain geologic formations in the earth's strata, by the discovery of fossilized remains in widely separated parts of the world, and by the various accounts of it in the traditions and literature referred to. By this we are impressed with the complete nature of the judgment of God, and the judgment of the future will be just as complete.

#### III. THE RESULT OF THE FLOOD (vs. 21-24).

The result of the flood is clearly indicated in the statement that "every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark". This denotes a fearful scene of desolation; the whole earth covered, of the tens of thousands of human beings only eight alive, and of the multitudes of animals only a few representatives of each species saved. No description is given of the last struggles of the perishing souls, as their doom overwhelmed them. We are mercifully spared the details.

Certain implications, arising from the judgment, may be noted. First, it signifies the fulfillment of God's word. He had stated He would destroy every living substance that He had made from off the earth (v. 4) and here is the record of the fulfillment. Emphasis may be placed upon the truth of God's word in all its statements and the necessity for obedience to it. Second, it implies God's hatred of sin. Man looks lightly upon sin, and excuses himself for committing it, but God never excuses or tolerates it.