

The Gospel Witness

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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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TRIUMPHANT

By Deacon George Greenway

It is with deep sorrow that we announce to readers of THE GOSPEL WITNESS the unexpected home-going of the beloved wife of the Editor of this paper and the esteemed Pastor of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto.

Mrs. Shields had been ailing for some weeks, but seemed to be making a slow recovery. She was able to get up for part of each day, and even occasionally to take a short walk out-of-doors. But sitting at dinner on Wednesday evening, August 10th, with Dr. Shields and the nurse, she was suddenly stricken, and soon lapsed into unconsciousness from which she never recovered, passing away at noon on Thursday, to be for ever with the Lord.

Mrs. Shields did not exercise a public ministry in the life of the church, but exerted a gentle influence over the entire membership. Always ready with a cheery word and a sympathetic understanding, she was beloved by all who knew her, and her loss is keenly felt. Aside from her personal ministry, that exercised as the Pastor's helpmeet was inestimable. During the more than twenty-two years of Dr. Shields' pastorate in Jarvis Street Church hundreds have expressed amazement at the tremendous burdens he has been able to carry. It is the profound conviction of this writer, and of all those who knew the Pastor and Mrs. Shields, that in no small measure was this made possible by the untiring devotion and unceasing labour of the one who has been promoted to higher service. To her beloved husband the loss is irreparable. She studied him in every way and was indeed a real helpmeet. Her attention and devotion to him in the home were truly beautiful. Readers of THE GOSPEL WITNESS will know that Dr. Shields' loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ and fidelity to His Word have caused him to pass through many trying circumstances; but through all the storm the loyalty and devotion of Mrs. Shields marked her a true partner.

Not only every member of his large church, but thousands all over the Continent, are sorrowing with Dr.

Shields, as evidenced by the hundreds of letters and telegrams that have reached him; and we feel sure that, as the news of his great loss goes out with this number of THE GOSPEL WITNESS, its thousands of readers will join in earnest prayers that the God of all comfort may be his portion.

A brief and quiet service was held in the home Saturday afternoon, August 13th, at 2.30, principally for relatives and near friends, and was conducted by Rev. C. M. Carew, of Fenelon Falls, and Rev. Wm. Fraser, of Windsor, both personal friends of many years' standing of Dr. and Mrs. Shields.

A public service was held in Jarvis Street Church immediately following, when the large auditorium was crowded. As the loved form was carried into the church, the deacons acting as pall-bearers, the choir and audience rose and sang, "When Peace like a River". Addresses were delivered by Revs. Carew and Fraser, in both of which loving tribute was paid to the memory of Mrs. Shields. The singing of "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" and "Rock of Ages", was particularly appropriate, both being favourite hymns of Mrs. Shields.

As the funeral cortege left the church the robed choir formed rank, making an aisle through which the mourners passed to their cars, and was an effective tribute to the memory of the one whose loss they mourned.

The large number of floral tributes testified of the love and esteem in which the departed was held. Interment was made in Mount Pleasant Cemetery on an ideal summer day. All Nature was smiling, so that through their tears loved ones thought of the "Land that is fairer than day"—

"Out of the shadow land, weary and changeful,
Out of the valley of sorrow and night;
Into the rest of the life everlasting,
Into the Summer of endless delight."

THE HOME-GOING OF THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

A Tribute by William Fraser, Pastor of Ambassador Baptist Church, Windsor, and Former Associate of Dr. Shields for Nine Years.

Our dearly beloved friend, the wife of the Pastor of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Mrs. T. T. Shields, is no longer with us. She has gone to be with Christ. Our loss is incalculable, for never did a church and its Pastor suffer a greater loss at a single stroke than did Dr. T. T. Shields, together with his great church and their innumerable friends. The proof of this was evidenced by the great crowd of nearly two thousand people who gathered in and around the church on Saturday afternoon, August 13th, to attend the funeral service following the very brief announcement in the newspapers of her rather sudden and unexpected home-going.

There have been many great gatherings in the historic Jarvis Street Baptist Church, but never in its long history was there gathered within her walls a capacity congregation so unitedly and solemnly hushed as that which gathered to pay tribute and affectionate respect to the memory of her whose life and labours had contributed so substantially to the growth and influence of Jarvis Street Church.

Having enjoyed the great honour and privilege of a place within the family circle, and the favoured intimacies of the home of Dr. Shields for over ten years, I feel it is now fitting that I should say a few things which could be known only to one privileged to enter within the sacred precincts of the home.

Mrs. Shields was a lady who chose to make her home the sphere of her activity. She did not aspire to office or position in the church, and although intensely interested in every aspect of the church's life, and unusually familiar with every department of its work, she quietly declined with womanly reserve all efforts and overtures to bring her into public notice.

There was a striking similarity between Mrs. Shields and the inspired portrait of the ideal woman found in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs: "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies." In other words, it is impossible to estimate her value. How true this was of Mrs. Shields: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." Amid the fierce and inevitable conflicts which are the special lot of those who have thrust upon them the leadership within the church of God in times of departure from the faith, the abiding confidence and unswerving loyalty of those who are nearest to them, and who consequently know them best, is of inestimable value. In this particular, how true it was of Mrs. Shields, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

And again: "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." There is nothing negative here. And those who knew Mrs. Shields knew that she was a woman of positive convictions, and could not be turned aside from what she knew to be good and right.

In this divinely-inspired portrait we find the virtuous woman arising while it is yet night and giving meat to her household. Many have been the occasions when the sunset came and there remained still much labour to be done. Those who know Dr. Shields' avidity for work know also that he is not governed by the hour-hand of the clock, and with his multitudinous interests and heavy responsibilities the midnight hour often found him hard at his task,—and on not a few occasions it meant an "all night session".

At all such times Mrs. Shields was in readiness with a bright and cheerful welcome, a sympathetic interest, and sometimes a diplomatic suggestion that a little rest or sleep would prove beneficial. It mattered not whether two or ten were at work and needed refreshment: all were welcome.

The portrait is strikingly descriptive of Mrs. Shields at another point: "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." Her care of her husband was always in evidence. Whenever one looked at him he knew there was "someone" behind the scenes.

Mrs. Shields was never given to much talking: never in public, and seldom in private. But when she did speak "she opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness". In all the years I knew her, and in the innumerable conversations I had with her, I must give this tremendous testimony that never once did I hear her speak unkindly or injuriously of a solitary person. And when it is remembered that amid the many conflicts for the faith, misrepresentations flowed freely, and provocations were many, it is no small thing to say that never once was Mrs. Shields overcome of evil, but always overcame evil with good.

Our portrait brings out detail very clearly, and shows that our virtuous woman was industrious, and never idle: "She eateth not the bread of idleness." All efforts to restrain Mrs. Shields from constant activity were unavailing. She worked quietly, but diligently. Her interest in the poor, her many visits to them with a generous hand and an open purse, her peculiar faculty of picking out reserved and backward persons who attended the services of the church, will make her absence from our midst a great loss to a very wide circle.

Her simple and childlike faith in Jesus Christ was beautiful. She loved Him. She trusted Him unquestioningly, and received all things as from His hand, knowing that "all things work together for good".

No more striking commentary could be made upon the home life where Mrs. Shields was the centre than that implied in a statement she once made to me to the effect that when she attended church she did not hear and think of Dr. Shields as her husband but as Pastor, and that every sermon he preached seemed greater and better than those preceding. She loved her husband, her home, and her church; and showed great kindness to many.

The writer desires to bear personal testimony to Mrs. Shields' unflinching kindness and hospitality so heartily extended, impressing one with the sense of an enduring welcome. From now on there will always be something different about Jarvis Street Church to me, and to a great many more who knew and loved her as a beautiful Christian and faithful friend.

At this time I believe I express the feelings of hosts of Dr. Shields' friends when I say that to him my heart goes out in greater and deeper love than ever before, assuring him in this hour of his bereavement and terrible loss of my heart's deepest affection and unceasing prayer that God may sanctify this sorrow, and that in the days that are ahead his ministry may be even greater and richer than that which has already been so mightily blessed of God to the salvation of thousands, and the edifying and enrichment of many more. My love and prayers are doubly his.

THE EDITOR SAYS, "THANK YOU!"

What a man writes of his own wife may by cynics be somewhat discounted, but I cannot allow myself to be denied the privilege of laying a flower on the bier of her who was more than life to me. And I write, too, in the happy consciousness that she always cared more for her husband's appreciation and approval than for that of anybody else on earth.

I am most grateful for what my dear and ever-faithful friends, Deacon George Greenway and Rev. Wm. Fraser have written about my beloved. They have said perhaps all that human speech could say. Notwithstanding, I feel that all that they have written is true, and much beside.

One week ago this evening (Wednesday) returning from the office I saw my wife waving her welcome at the window as I drove up to the house. I intended to return to the office earlier than usual, but within fifteen minutes the blow had fallen, and she had lost all consciousness of this lower life. (That was the reason for the eight-page GOSPEL WITNESS last week.)

I have only this to say to my readers that if any word of mine, uttered or printed, has, in the mercy of God, been made a blessing to them, my ministry was made possible by the beautiful loyalty of the one who was content to make her home, above all other things, a place of refuge and refreshment and happy fellowship to her husband, who was always glad to escape thither from the storms that raged without.

So far as it is possible I shall personally acknowledge the hundreds of kind expressions of sympathy I have received, but if anyone who has thus kindly written should, by any mischance, fail to receive such acknowledgment, I beg him to accept this word of grateful appreciation, and to believe that any such failure to reply would be accidental. Through the pages of this paper the Editor heartily and gratefully says, "Thank you", to thousands of friends.

WHY TORONTO BAPTIST SEMINARY?

By Rev. W. Gordon Brown, B.A.

Why have we Toronto Baptist Seminary? Colleges and Bible Colleges, Seminaries and Universities there are in large numbers. On one of our shelves we have calendars from dozens of them. Why should another be added to the already long list? Many of these schools are well established and heavily endowed. Indeed, we have heard it said that there are schools in the Northern Baptist Convention which will pay all a student's debts, past, present, and future, to get him to attend! Our resources are small, our endowment is nil. Why, then, should we lift this heavy burden? Jarvis Street Church has many other heavy demands: *The Gospel Witness*, missionaries at home and abroad, the radio, and so on. Why should it assume the further obligation of a training school for the education of ministers and missionaries of the gospel? The answer to these questions is to be found in the demands of the religious need of our time, the need of a sane, sound, and spiritual ministry.

I.

Truly, THE NEED OF AN EVANGELICAL MINISTRY IS APPALLING. The fact of the matter is that in church after church through the great cities, the small towns, and the country hamlets, *the gospel simply is not being preached*. Oftentimes a gospel is preached, but not *the* gospel. One of

our students, writing the other day, said that he had listened to a minister of a certain large denomination deliver a funeral sermon, and do so without once mentioning the work of Christ. At the close of a service last Sunday morning a gentleman remarked to the writer, "I go to a church up the street where I am getting spiritual dyspepsia."

Now because the gospel is not being preached people are not attending church. A newspaper article last Saturday reported the opinion of an Oxford Professor of Divinity, that in England not more than eighteen per cent. of the people were in the habit of attending church. In some parts of Canada the percentage might run much higher, but even at the best it would not be high. On a June summer evening the congregation in a beautifully equipped church in one of Toronto's best residential districts numbered some six in the choir and twelve in the audience. Recently a man attended the evening service of the First Baptist Church, Buffalo, where Rev. H. G. Hamilton ministers, and afterward said that that was the seventh church to which he had gone that evening before he found one where the doors were open. These facts and many others that might be brought forward echo loudly the tremendous call of our time for a return to the preaching of the Word.

Another circumstance which the more we know, the more we are impressed with, is *the almost unbelievable increase of modern cults*. Preachers of what is wrongly called Modernism, are never tired of telling us that this is an intelligent age, and that men have left off their "superstitions". But surely the phenomenal spread of one delusion after another, many of them a mere aggregation of the crudest superstitions, contradicts such compliments to this age.

Russellism is distributing its literature, not merely by the thousand, but by the million, and preaching its message from house to house, and over networks of radio stations. "The cult of American ladies" who follow the so-called "Christian Science" of Mary Moss Baker Glover Patterson Eddy (Frye?) is giving its free lectures everywhere, and opening one new "church" after another. What is known as Unity has its centres for disseminating its metaphysical nonsense in so many centres that it takes two pages of fine print in the "Unity" magazine to list them. The Seventh Day Adventists, who have so sadly fallen into the old error of mixing law and grace, employ one in fifteen of their many members as a paid labourer, print their doctrines in more languages than any other Protestant denomination, and in 1926 could say that "during the past four years evangelistic work has been begun in a new language area on an average of every twenty-four days". Spiritism, more commonly known as Spiritualism, is deluding thousands, leading them into darkness now, and into the outer darkness hereafter.

It may be in a somewhat different class because of the large proportion of its evangelical teaching, but Pentecostalism we must also mention here because we regard it as one of the most dangerous enemies of New Testament evangelism and teaching to be found in our day. Beginning with a fanatical group in Los Angeles, California, in 1906, this movement in twenty-five years has gone around the globe, and it now makes bold to claim that six million adhere to its emotional fanaticism.

And what shall we say more of the followers of the false prophet Joseph Smith, and the adherents of Christadelphianism, Theosophy, New Thought, and other cults whose name is legion? If for no other reason than to

combat their errors, and to warn men and women against their dangers, Toronto Baptist Seminary is supremely needed. While the earth yields her increase there may not be a famine for bread, but we have already fallen upon a time when there is a famine for hearing the Word of the Lord.

II.

BUT WHAT SORT OF MEN AND WOMEN DOES THE NEED OF THE HOUR DEMAND? What is wanted is men who combine the offices of missionary, pastor, and teacher, who know the Word of God, who understand their times, and who are consumed with a desire to bring the message of life to bear on the hearts of men.

True, we need men of *education*. Surely we do not need to argue this. Those who go forth to preach the gospel need not less training than a lawyer, a doctor, or a high school teacher, but more. Their training must be both general and special. They must be equipped to meet men on their own level, and to slay Goliath with his own sword.

Some months ago we listened to a brief address by a Unitarian in answer to the Pope's last encyclical, which, if it did no other good, at least impressed us with the need of a thorough Bible training. In a few moments' time the speaker drew his arguments from the departments of Greek and Hebrew, New Testament Introduction, Church History, and Systematic Theology. Effectively to answer such a deliverance a man ought to have at least a fair knowledge of all these departments of study. And, to be sure, here is a sort of outline of our Seminary curriculum. We have nothing in the course which those who engage in the work of the gospel, will not need continually.

But with a thorough training must go a *sound faith*. There are many centres in which one may receive a broad education or a special training. But those in which, with that, one is encouraged to hold faith and a good conscience, and so to avoid spiritual shipwreck, are few and far between. A young minister of our acquaintance confessed to us on one occasion that every lecture in the divinity halls which he attended ended with a question mark: in the Seminary we end either with a period or an exclamation mark.

The most popular professor in another ministerial training school is a religious liberal of deep dye. When he teaches the Old Testament, he constantly finds fault with it, holds it up to ridicule, or otherwise insists that his students should not accept Moses, the Psalms, and the Prophets, as our Lord Himself did. It is but natural that the students in his classes should be more virulent in their scoffing than is the teacher. To many of them much of the Old Testament is sheer bunkum.

We heard a man who ought to have known better, say once, "A Fundamentalist is one who has never looked into the Bible." There may be some Fundamentalists of that kind, though they do not belong to our acquaintance, but certainly none of them are housed in Toronto Baptist Seminary. There we do look into the Book. We examine it with the telescope and the microscope; discover its history and discuss its teachings; face its problems and meet its difficulties; and, withal, rejoice that the Word of God is therein recorded from Genesis one-one to Revelation twenty-two-twenty-one.

The bishop who is in the true apostolic succession, must "hold fast to the faithful word according to the teaching, that he may be able both to encourage with the healthful teaching, and to convince those who speak

against it." A better statement of the very purpose of Toronto Baptist Seminary it would be hard to find.

But men of education and of sound faith, who have nothing more, will not meet the challenge of our day: they must also be men of passion, a *passion for Christ and the souls of men*. Objection is often raised to seminaries because they are too much like cemeteries. The word "seminary" really means "seed-bed", and the root-word beneath "cemetery" signifies "sleeping-place". We trust that our school may ever be the warm plot where seeds of divine planting may be nourished, rather than the cold resting-place of buried hopes and blighted faith.

It ought to be so because of its connection with the throbbing, thriving life of Jarvis Street Church. As nearly as we can discover, the schools established soon after New Testament times were always connected with churches. Witness the school of Alexandria; witness also the later cathedral schools. The precedent is a good one, and we are glad to follow it, for we are sure that it ministers more than can easily be measured to the souls of those who study.

Student prayer meetings do so also, and so does the chapel service, but we should specially mention practical work. For keeping a student's feet on the ground, and thus preventing him from losing himself in some nebulous heights, there is nothing like practical Christian work. Those who come to this school must do visitation, teach Bible school classes, preach in the jail, speak at shop meetings, address mission groups, besides delivering sermons in established churches, and engaging in other forms of Christian activity.

Further, we trust that both studies and practical work are pre-empted by a spirit of that love to Christ which He rightly demands. It may not be the heresy of a school that leads men astray so much as it is its frigid spirit. When deep piety is sneered at, when chapel services are a cold form, when the man who has not passed through a period in which he entirely lost his faith in God and His Word is considered abnormal, and when all this takes place under what is known as "Christian" auspices, such soul-killing influences are as hard to resist as is the driving blizzard that blows through every crevice of a prairie barn.

Our need, then, to meet the unbelief of the age, is trained men who believe the Book, and preach it with heart and soul and mind.

III.

Answering the call of such a need, A little SCHOOL, with a modest programme, WAS OPENED in January, 1927. The enrolment was small, especially so because we began in the middle of the usual school year. The next fall, however, we got a proper start, and in six sessions the total enrolment has reached three hundred and sixty day students. From time to time the course has been strengthened. Our programme for next year is by far the strongest yet. The full course is now four years of intensive study. The school year is divided into four quarters of eight weeks each, and each week the student must give an account of how he is applying himself. The teachers of the school have come one by one; no one is lecturing in Toronto Baptist Seminary because he asked to do so. Perhaps we shall not be considered immodest if we say that, after considering work done by other schools, we believe that we offer courses of equivalent, if not of greater, value. Those who are interested may see for themselves by

sending for a copy of our Prospectus, now ready, and comparing it with the calendar of other schools.

IV.

We are young, and yet we believe that OUR SIX YEARS OF SERVICE ARE SUFFICIENT TO HAVE ESTABLISHED US AS A SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS. To prove this point we need not go farther afield than to mention the work which is being done by our students this summer. For some ten weeks we have had a number of them who "daily and in every house cease not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." Only yesterday we talked with one of the men, who told us that in the town where he and another student have been carefully and systematically visiting the homes for a number of weeks, sixty or seventy are enquiring the way of life. Two of our men, with an old Ford half-ton truck, are doing colportage work in the Province of Quebec. Yes, it is difficult, very difficult, but they are sowing the seed, and eternity will reap the results.

A group of young ladies have been canvassing in two Ontario towns, and a letter from them dated August 15th says:

"We have read the Word in many homes. We have also sought to make plain God's way of salvation to those with whom we have had the opportunity to speak, and who have not been sure of eternal salvation. Many we called on were Roman Catholics, and these would have nothing to do with us, generally shutting the door in our faces. But we are confident our labours have not been in vain in the Lord. We have had the joy of leading two souls to Jesus Christ—the one a young married woman, with whom we talked for a long time. . . . She said she heard more of God's way of salvation, and what it means to be saved, in the time we spent with her, than she had in all her life before."

One of our graduates of last spring took over an established field in which the work had fallen to a very low ebb. The congregations have increased, and the collections have multiplied several times. A first-year student went to work on one of our home mission fields while the pastor had a holiday. After a few weeks, he reports the opening of another district on the field and nine professions of faith in Christ.

Further justification for our work will be found in those who belonged to classes of former years. One of our men went to a western city where there was a small group recently formed into a New Testament Church. By prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, which a great American missionary to the Indians said would accomplish anything, this little group has been increased until in two years they have been able to become independent of the assistance of any Board. Some time ago this brother journeyed to an outlying district to hold special meetings. The people urged him to stay, but his work in the city would not allow it. After he returned, however, some drove in two hundred miles that they might be buried with Christ by baptism.

This is only one instance. There are many others which we might mention. Indeed, at the present time the Seminary has some twenty-seven settled in pastorates on home fields, in addition to several holding student pastorates for the summer, and ten in missionary service abroad. Our men and women may be found in all of the provinces of Canada except the Maritimes, in the United States, Ireland, Jamaica,

Palestine, Brazil, Nigeria, Liberia, and China. The work of these men and women is the irrefutable answer to any question of the Seminary's existence.

V.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE? The field is the world, and if Jesus Christ tarry, the day is not far distant when graduates of this school will be found in all lands. Here at home we shall raise up a generation of preachers and teachers of the Word who will be men of one Book, who will build churches of the New Testament pattern, and who will revive others that have fallen into decay. Our field is great, our need is urgent, our enemies are strong. Who will come to the help of the Lord against the mighty? We appeal to you to put Toronto Baptist Seminary in your will; to send it your gifts both small and large; and, what is more, constantly to remember before the Throne of Grace this evangelistic, missionary, and pastoral institution.

THE FETLER FIASCO.

We refer to the visit of Rev. Wm. Fetler, of Latvia, to Toronto, only for the benefit of our readers outside the city. With great reluctance we were compelled to expose the unprincipled conduct of Mr. Fetler in the administration of the affairs of the Russian Missionary Society. He came to Toronto on this occasion with the obvious intention of endeavouring to neutralize the damaging testimony we had borne against him by holding some sort of meeting here, and then going away and telling what he had done in the city where Dr. Shields ministers.

When we discussed with officials of the Baptist Union of Russia, in the presence of Mr. Fetler and another interpreter, the reaction of Mr. Fetler's propaganda upon Russian evangelicals, those officials insisted that the story told by Mr. Fetler of the evangelistic efforts of Russian war prisoners returning to Russia, and the conversion of millions resulting therefrom, was nothing but a fairy tale which had no foundation in fact. They declared there were two hundred thousand Baptists and fifty thousand Evangelicals, and that they knew nothing whatever of the revival which Mr. Fetler was reporting.

Faced with the facts of the case, Mr. Fetler promised to make a correction in all his periodicals, and never to repeat the utterly untrue statement. Mr. Fetler never fulfilled his promise, but continued his romancing about the Russian war prisoners and the great revival in Russia, in which we regret to have to record there appears to be scarcely an element of truth. We made allowance for Mr. Fetler's exaggeration on the ground of his supposedly excessive zeal, but his continuing to make the same false statements has given us but another reason for the withdrawal of confidence in him.

What did Mr. Fetler do in Toronto? He has visited the city twice on the occasion of this trip to America. First he formed some sort of Board. Names were advertised as being members of the Board without the consent of those whose names were published. At least two withdrew from his Board on learning the facts.

He returned to Toronto six weeks or perhaps longer ago. He made the acquaintance of someone who owned a little tent, twenty-one by forty-two feet. Mr. Fetler pitched this tent on a vacant lot where a house had been torn down two blocks from Jarvis Street Church. But apparently nothing was accomplished there. He moved then to the northeastern part of the city, and endeavoured to secure permission to pitch his tent on the same lot where one of our Seminary students is conducting a mission. He was refused free occupancy of the lot, and so moved two blocks farther. Large advertisements appeared in the Toronto press on the Saturday. Having to advertise ourselves, we know its cost, and the advertisement of the Sunday's services and of the week succeeding must have been in excess of a hundred dollars. With what result? On the Saturday night in the tent at the first service there were thirty-three adults and ten children;

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The Jarvis Street Pulpit

SALVATION THROUGH AN UNCHANGING CHRIST.

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Morning, May 22nd, 1932.

(Stenographically Reported)

(Printed without the author's personal revision)

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Hebrews 7:25.

Prayer by Rev. W. Gordon Brown.

O Thou great Saviour God, we come to Thee this morning to thank Thee because we are saved; because the grasp of Satan has been released, because we have been transported out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of the Son of Thy love; because the burden of our sins has been removed, and we have been forgiven for Thy name's sake. We bless Thee because we have been found. We were among those who were going astray, who had turned every man to his own way, but Thou hast laid upon Christ the iniquity of us all. In Him Thou hast sought us, and hast found us, and now we come rejoicing in Thy fellowship.

We praise Thee also because in Him we are sanctified: He is our holiness; and before Thee we stand in no merit of our own, but by the merit of His blood, and by His resurrection power, we are saints, heirs of God, partakers of the blessing of the saints in light.

We rejoice because in Thee we are glorified, because Christ is our glory, and He shall appear some day to be glorified in us, and to be admired in all them that believe, because the testimony of the gospel was believed.

We pray this morning that we may rejoice more fully in these our glorious privileges in Christ. We ask that through the preaching of Thy word others may be saved this day, found by the Good Shepherd, Who seeks those who are going astray, even while they wander; and sanctified and made holy before Thee, for without holiness no man can see Thee; and so become inheritors of the glory which is ours, and which is, some day—we pray it may be soon—to be revealed.

We seek Thy special mercy upon the multitudes who these days are gazing upon the glories of nature, especially upon the crowds who this day are seeking refreshment in seeing the beauties of blossom time. O Lord, help them to realize, by some providence of Thine, that these things in themselves make them without excuse. Help them to pierce past the outward things of nature, and to find the Soul of nature, even nature's God. Turn the hearts of many this day to thoughts of the One Who made all things beautiful, Who doeth all things well, and in Whom alone our souls may be made beautiful, too.

To this end wilt Thou also aid the preaching of Thy gospel in the many pulpits of the land, where Christ is lifted up, in country villages, in mission halls, on street corners; wherever the word of grace is proclaimed graciously bless Thy testimony that it may resound to Thy glory in the salvation of men. Remember the work of Thy kingdom everywhere, and hasten the coming of its glory, since we ask it for Christ's sake, Amen.

Once again this morning my purpose is to endeavour to make the way of life plain to those who know not Christ, and to confirm the faith of those who have already trusted Him. This is a very familiar verse. It is one that is often quoted; but I am sure none of us have exhausted the fulness of its meaning.

I.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD HERE DESCRIBES A CERTAIN CLASS OF PEOPLE AS PEOPLE WHO COME TO GOD.

That is what *we all need, to come to God*. It is a good thing to come to church, to come to the Bible School. It is very important, providing we have the necessary spiritual preparation, to come to the ordinance of the Lord's

house. The institution of public worship is not to be neglected; we ought not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is. But more important than all this, we need to come to God.

We were all thrilled, I am sure, as we read last night of the great achievement of a woman who crossed the Atlantic alone. Exactly five years after Lindburgh had blazed the path, the second person to cross the Atlantic in a "heavier than air" machine was a woman! Her husband was anxiously awaiting news in New York. He received, first of all, a false report, that his wife's plane had crashed somewhere. Referring to that the press said—I hope it was true—that he remarked, "I tell you, I did a great deal of talking to God for a few minutes." Ah, that is what we need above all other things, to talk to God, to come to God.

My first question to every one here this morning is, *Have you come to God?* Have you found your way through ordinances; through doctrinal statements—and they are very important; through the gospel, the full-orbed revelation of God; through the Bible, which is the record which God hath given to us of His Son—through all these have you found your way to God?

Now there is a God: "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth"; "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

What was your thought as you came to this service this morning? What is usually your motive in attending the house of God, and listening to the word of God? Is it your desire actually to get through to God? "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do." We must come to God alone Who knows all about us, what we are, what we have done, the thoughts and intents of the heart—everything. Have you come to God? I speak to you church members, members of Jarvis Street Church. I trust your membership in this church is of some value, that you rejoice in its fellowship, that you are always happy when the time comes to assemble in the house of the Lord. But have we all learned to subordinate all other matters to this one most important thing, that we should come to God? I want to set that bell ringing in your ears. I want you to think of it all the week long. I want you to ask yourself that question, *Have I come to God?* Have I learned the way to come to God? Nothing else will do, dear friends. Our sin has been sin against God. It does not make any difference what men say about us, whether they condone or condemn: our sin is an offence against God, it is something with which only God can deal. If ordinances have anything to do with it, if the Scripture has anything to do with it, if the promises of God have anything to do

with it, they are all of value only as they lead us to God Himself.

That is the great question. How may God be known? May God be communicated with? Can we receive anything from God? Can God do anything for us? Is He only an abstract idea, a mere mental conception, a picture of the mind, or is He a spiritual reality? Is God as real as we are to each other? I can come to this desk, a thing of wood; I can establish contact with it; I can touch it. I can come here to Brother Brown, and shake hands with him, and talk with him, and he can reply. He may do something for me, I may do a little for him. Persons may thus meet and communicate one with the other. Is God as real to you as that? Are you just feeling after Him, if haply you may find Him, though He be not far from any one of us; or have you really found Him; do you know where He dwells?

II.

How can we find God? How can we come to God? Can you tell me? Well, the text is very simple. THESE PEOPLE WHO COME TO GOD ARE DESCRIBED AS COMING TO GOD THROUGH CHRIST, those "that come unto God by him." There is no other way to come to God.

I grant you *there is a testimony of God in nature*. Brother Brown led us in prayer this morning, and we breathed a fervent amen to it. I am sure that when people, even with ungodly eyes, look upon the wonders of God's hand in nature, they may be touched by the Spirit, that they may see the heart of things, and come to God. Whatever testimony there is of God in nature is a testimony of God through Christ. One little girl recited it last night in prayer meeting, "All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made." There never has been a gleam of light from God that did not come through Jesus Christ.

But we need more than the blossoms. It was because men did not find their way to God through nature, it was because they did not find their way to God even through the written word, that God came down to earth in the person of His Son. You recall the familiar words—you will have anticipated them already; I do but confirm your thought in quoting them—how that Philip said, "Lord, show us the Father." There is no other way to God but through Christ. "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

But what does it mean to come to God through Christ? What does it mean to come to Christ? Surely it means that *we are to accept the revelation of God in Christ*. In other words, you are to think of God in the terms of the revelation which Christ has given us. Never mind your conception of what God is, or what you wish He were. Do not try to make a god of your own. You are to come to God through Christ; and Jesus said that seeing Him we see the Father. He did not falsely represent the Father: He was the "express image" of His person. What we see Jesus Christ to be, we may forever be sure God actually is. And so we are to accept the revelation of God in Christ.

Never mind your reasoning. You have formed an idea of what a certain person is like. I suppose you never heard of a man or a woman by name, who was unknown to you, that you did not immediately conjure up a mental image of that person. He was tall or short, young or old, dark or fair: you had a picture of the man. A brother here this morning told me that he had heard about the

Pastor of Jarvis Street. He went to Massey Hall when we were holding our services there, and saw a certain man on the platform, and wondered who he was, and when the Pastor would appear. When he was told that that was the Pastor, he was amazed. He said he had conceived of him as a short man, very stout, with a beard and a moustache; and hair of head and moustache and beard all on end,—a reproduction of Trotsky! (Laughter) I suppose I ought to have been sorry to disappoint him!

We have all formed mental images of people, and when at last we see them, and say, "You are Mr. Jones?" "Yes." "Well, you are not the man I thought you were." "Well never mind, that is my name. This is the man you want to see." You have to accept him just as he is, have you not? Supposing you have business with somebody, and in order that you may know the kind of person with whom you are dealing, you ask for his portrait. He sends a photograph, and you say, "I do not like that", and you send it back again saying, "I did not think you were like that. I want you to send me a photograph of such and such a kind." He might reply, "If I can find a man who looks like that, I will get him to sit and have a photograph taken, but that will not be a photograph of me." The mistake many people make is that they come to God imagining what God is like, what God ought to be like, what they wish He were like. And then when you preach the gospel to them, they say, "Oh, but I thought—I—I—thought—". I do not care what you thought. Your thinking does not make any difference in this matter.

That was the mistake of Naaman. He had formed an idea of the prophet, and when he went from the king to the prophet he said: "I know what he will do. He will come down and make a great ado, and he will strike his hand over the place, and in the name of his God he will recover the leper." And when the servant came out and said: "My master says, Go down to Jordan and dip yourself seven times in the river, and you will be healed," the important man said, "Behold I thought he would do so and so", and he went away in a rage. He had a servant with him who had more sense than he had, and he said: "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?" Then he must have thought further. "If I can be rid of my leprosy, and that is the way to get rid of it, the sensible thing for me to do is to go down to the Jordan." He went and dipped himself once—twice—three times—four times—five times—six times—but he was still a leper. And the seventh time his flesh became like that of a little child. How did it happen? He took God's thought instead of his own. How are you to come to God? Accept Jesus Christ for what He is, God's last word to the world. Say, If that is what God is like, then I accept Him. I worship Him; I bow at His feet.

But what is there about the revelation of God in Christ that you do not like? There must not be anything that you do not like: you must accept it all. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He gave His life a ransom for many. He went to the grave, He "died for our sins according to the scriptures", He "was buried" and He "rose again the third day according to the scriptures." Can you accept such a God as that, Who takes account of your sin, not ignoring it, not condoning it, not passing it by, but providing atonement for it in the person of His Son? Can you think of Christ as

the suffering God, Who died instead of you, Who gave His life for your life, stroke for stroke? "The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." Will you come to God by Him? Will you simply accept that and say, "That is not my philosophy at all; I do not understand it. I will not ask for further explanation of it: I will accept the fact of it as it is revealed in God's holy Word, and I will come as a humble penitent to His feet, praying what He taught me to pray, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner'." That is how to come to God: there is no other way. "The way of the cross leads home".

III.

What will He do for those who came to Him? Oh, hear the story. I wish I could describe it to you. If I were to preach from this single text morning and evening for years together, I could not exhaust it, nor could I do it justice, for listen: "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." "He is able."

WHAT MEASURE OF ABILITY DO YOU NEED IN A SAVIOUR, I should like to know? I have all sorts of people come to me these days. Many of them seem to think I am in partnership with—I do not know whether it is Rockefeller or Ford. I wish I were able to help everyone! You touch a hundred people every day, and it is in your heart to help them if you were only able, but you are not. They require help that it is beyond your ability to give. What do you need when you come to God? What do we all need? I will tell you. *We need something that no man can do for us; we need something that no church can do for us; we need something that no earthly power or combination of earthly powers can do for us.* Change the economic system if you will. See if you cannot bring about plenty of employment, good wages, and all the rest of it. Bring back prosperity if you can. But even then there is something every one of us needs, something which no human power can do. My text says that He is able. No matter what your need, He is able.

Perhaps I have told you this story before, but if I did, it will serve me again. I was waiting one day in a railway station for a train. It was at the end of the road, and the train was in. It was a bright spring day, something like this, pleasanter out on the platform than on the train. The baggage men were loading things on to the baggage car, trunks and all the rest, and as I walked up and down, I saw some things there about which I wondered. There was a pair of dumb-bells, for instance. I never saw anything like them before. They were big things. A baggage man got down and got hold of one of them, and tried to lift it. But he barely lifted it off the ground and dropped it again. Then another man came, and the two of them barely lifted it up, and presently rolled it on to the car. Then they took a rest before lifting the other one. I said they looked like dumb-bells but no man ever could use them. There were a lot of other things of the same sort. And just at the end of the platform on a siding, there were some freight cars standing, and men were bringing out barrels of apples, and rolling them into the cars, and then piling them three rows high in the car. Along the platform there was a man not six feet, but fairly tall, and fairly heavy, a muscular-looking man, although he did not walk with a particularly light step. He had a big stick, and he was walking back and forth waiting for the train,

as I was. I walked on past the platform to look for a minute at those men loading apples. This man did the same thing, then stepped up two or three steps, rather awkwardly, I thought, into the car and looked up and saw these men perspiring over these barrels of apples. He put his walking stick under his arm, and with two fingers took hold of a barrel of apples, and said, "How heavy would you say this is?" "I do not know, would it be two hundred pounds?" they told him, and he said, "I thought so". And with a toss, up it went to the top storey. The men looked at him, and said, "Say, we wish you would come and help us load these cars." He smiled and went on walking back and forth. I heard someone say that he was Louis Cir, a noted French strong-man. And with those dumb-bells that those two men could barely lift into the car, he had been giving performances in the town the night before.

Have you not had some burden to lift over which you have not only nearly broken your back, but your heart, and you wished you had somebody who was able to do things? I tell you that I have a Saviour Who is able. "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" "He taketh up the isles as a very little thing"—and everybody in them, too! He is able, for He is God! He piled the mountains; He "gave to the sea his decree, that the waters should not pass his commandment". And He is our Saviour.

Oh why do men try to drag Jesus down to the dimensions of a mere man? Why do they reduce this supernaturalism, this Almightyness of the gospel to such low levels that people wonder what God can do? I tell you He is able, and He is able to save, no matter what your condition. Do you know what the world as such, and all the nations in it, needs to-day? It needs Somebody Who is able to save. I was speaking to someone only last night of the evident corruption that abounds in the public life of this country, and this man said: "I do not know where he will come from, but there is nothing Canada needs so much to-day as a strong man that will come and clean house, one who cannot be bought, who is incorruptible." I said, "Oh, Canada needs it, but can you tell me any country that does not need it?" The United States needs a strong man, do you not think? So does England, France, Germany, and poor Russia; all the nations need a strong man. But blessed be God there is Someone Who will some day come and prove that He is the Man Christ Jesus. It looks to me as though things were getting ready for His coming, as if the world generally were recognizing that even on the world plan, the universal scale, we need somebody to undertake for us, Somebody to save. And I tell you He is able to save. To Him the nations are as a drop in the bucket. So able is He that He can lift the world, if need be. Do you not think He can take care of your little life? Do you not think He can meet the requirements of your situation? Do you not think He can save you?

What is faith? The simple acceptance of God's estimate of Himself, that is all. If He is able to save me, here I am; I need saving badly enough, and He can do it. *He can save to the uttermost.* That does not mean from the uttermost. That is true—from the deepest pit, from the utmost bounds of the far country, He is able to bring us back to God. But that is not what this text means. He is able to save to the uttermost, com-

pletely, forevermore, not only to the last syllable of recorded time, but through all the eternity beyond, for He has "raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." He can save us for ever more.

Are you not tired of people who are always beginning things? Are you not tired of these human rockets that go up, and come down again? Spurgeon said of some people, "They should be good at beginnings, for they have been at it ever since we have known them." There are some people who are always beginning, and never ending. With every passing year I have learned to value the man who just keeps on. I want a salvation that is going to last me to the end of life and through eternity beyond; and Jesus is able to save for evermore, not merely to begin and leave the work half finished. Somewhere I read—I think it was Thomas Guthrie who said it—that He Who never made a half-finished flower, will never make a half-finished saint: He will finish the job; He will save for ever more.

IV.

THIS HE DOES BECAUSE HE HATH AN UNCHANGEABLE PRIESTHOOD. Many priests there were. Read the story. As long as the priest lived and was influential there were people who seemed to love righteousness and hate iniquity. But when the priest died the people departed from God. I have known some churches that under certain ministries were prosperous, fruitful. Then the pastor died, or for some other reason was removed, and by and by the thing dwindled until it became a place without power or life. What you and I need is a priest who is not going to resign, somebody who will not be removed by death, who hath an unchangeable priesthood.

We have here a word suggestive of an argument: "wherefore." Because He is the same yesterday, today, and forever, because His grace and power are undiminished, because He is always God, a Priest forever after the order of Melchisedec, and there is no possibility in time or eternity of our ever needing another Saviour—therefore He is able to save forevermore, as long as He lives, and that must be forever. Do you not want a Saviour like that? Do you not want a salvation like that, an unchangeable Priest?

How does He exercise His ministry? "Seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us." You must not think of Jesus as somewhere abiding in idleness, waiting to see of the travail of His soul. No! He hath an unchangeable priesthood; He lives, and He is seated on the right hand of God, and there He ever intercedes. You may neglect the prayer meeting; you may give up praying. Jesus Christ never does. He is always interceding on our behalf, pleading the merits of His blood, always there as our Representative: "He ever liveth to make intercession for" us.

Somebody called me this week, a stranger, and said, "I need not give you my name, for if I did you would not know it, but I am in great trouble. It is not financial trouble; it is something deeper than that." And then she told me of one member of her family who was being sorely tried, and she said: "I am not a member of your church, but I just called you up to ask whether you would pray for my daughter. Now will you pray earnestly for her?" I said, "Yes, I will be very glad to join you in prayer for her." You join me, will you? You do not

know who she is, I do not know, but God knows. Sometimes we think we should like to have somebody pray for us. Do you not feel that way? It is a real strength to have somebody pray with you, and pray for you.

I remember a story of a woman coming to Mr. Spurgeon and asking him to pray for her husband. "What is the matter?" he said. She said, "He is unsaved." "Where is he?" "I do not know except that he is a sailor, and he is somewhere away with his ship in the Pacific. He is away for months at a time. He has been away for months now. I pray for him every day, every hour; and I thought if you would pray with me it would be a great comfort to me." "All right," he said, "we will pray just now." And so he commended this sailor husband to the Lord in prayer, and asked that the Lord would save him. When they rose from their knees, he said, "Now Mrs. So-and-So, I believe the Lord has heard us, and that when your husband comes home, your husband will be saved, and I want you to bring him to see me when he does come home." She promised to do so.

One day after months had passed, she came back, and with her a man. She said to Mr. Spurgeon, "You remember when we prayed together? This is my husband." Turning to him she said, "You tell your story." He said that away out on the Pacific, his day's work was done. He was just a common deck hand, and he was sitting on a hatchway enjoying the beautiful sunshine, and thinking of home. Suddenly a piece of paper from somewhere was picked up by the wind and blown across the deck, and was caught between his feet. He picked it up, and began to read it. He turned it over, and there was a piece of a sermon in the newspaper, and it was a sermon by C. H. Spurgeon, of London. He read it: "And before rising from that hatchway," he said, "I opened my heart to the Lord Jesus, and I was saved." Mr. Spurgeon said, "When was that?" He had noted the time. And they sat down to estimate, and as nearly as they could make out, it was in that same hour in the which in London his wife with Mr. Spurgeon prayed to God that the wind that bloweth where it listeth brought a message to his feet away out on the Pacific Ocean, and he was saved. "Oh," you say, "but the Lord hears the prayer of men like Mr. Spurgeon!" But it was not Mr. Spurgeon's prayer; it was the prayer that was offered in the name of this unchanging Priest that prevailed, for Jesus is always praying, and we may always get the ear of God through Him. And so in all our difficulties, in all our troubles, we have but to name His name, and for His sake blessing will come.

Do you want Him? Is Jesus your Saviour? If He is, will you rejoice in Him? Oh just send up a prayer of thanksgiving to Him this minute, and say, "Lord, I thank Thee that I am saved"! And if you are not saved, will you just come to Him?

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REV. ALEX. THOMSON, EDITOR.

Lesson 36 September 4th, 1932

THIRD QUARTER

THE CITIES OF REFUGE

Lesson Text: Numbers, chapters 35, 36; Deut., chapter 19.

Golden Text: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say, Destroy them."—Deut. 33:27.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS:

Monday—Joshua 20:1-9.
 Tuesday—Psalm 9:1-20.
 Wednesday—Psalm 14:1-7.
 Thursday—Deut. 33:24-29.
 Friday—Isaiah 25:1-12.
 Saturday—Hebrews 6:13-20.

I. THE LEVITICAL CITIES (35:1-8).

As the tribe of Levi was not given an inheritance with the other tribes in the promised land, instruction was given concerning the setting aside of certain cities for their use. These cities were forty-eight in number (v. 7), situated throughout the tribal possessions, ten in the land to the east of the Jordan, and thirty-eight in Canaan proper, six of the whole number being used as cities of refuge for the man-slayer (v. 6). Not only were the cities given, but sufficient land around each one was allotted for the sustenance of the Levitical flocks and families, to the extent in each case of a thousand cubits from the city wall (v. 4). In these directions we see the provision of God for those who were specially set apart unto His service. In all the directions concerning the land, nothing was overlooked in the way of providing for the needs of the people. As an organization, the Israelites entered their inheritance ready to function efficiently as a nation, due to the omniscient wisdom of God. They were therefore a privileged people with a blessed future before them, chosen to glorify God and carry on His beneficent purpose concerning the race. Note the fact that the Levites were located throughout the territory of the tribes, thereby receiving grants of land from each one, and by their presence throughout the land giving a nation-wide testimony to God to Whose service they were devoted. In these days God has a witness throughout the whole earth in the persons of His separated ones, and it is for His own to see to it that that witness is true and glorifying to God, representing Him before the world as He is in truth, remembering that in the midst of men each saint of God is a letter known and read by all (2 Corin. 3:2).

II. THE CITIES OF REFUGE (vs. 9-34).

Provision for the safety of the innocent slayer of men is indicated by these directions concerning the cities of refuge. These were six in number, three on each side of the Jordan (v. 14), and all conveniently located for the various districts of the inheritance (Deut. 19:3). A difference was to be placed between the person who killed another with intent, and one who did so accidentally,

the former was recognized as murder, the punishment for which was death (v. 18); and the latter, as unintentional slaying. The same recognition is given these days, and punishment meted out in accordance therewith. It is instructive to notice the direction not to allow the murderer to escape. No satisfaction was to be taken for his life: he must be put to death. Blood polluted the land, and only by the shed blood of the guilty one could it be cleansed (vs. 31-34). Care was to be exercised, however, that justice was done in the trial of such an one, in that the testimony of more than one witness was required for his condemnation (v. 30; Deut. 19:15). Cases have been known in modern courts where individuals have been wrongly condemned on the testimony of one witness supported by supposed circumstantial evidence, implying a mistake on the part of the witness, thereby emphasizing the necessity for this divine provision. The Mosaic law was severe, but it was absolutely just, and administered in the best interests of the nation. Sentiment nowadays in certain places has weakened the administration of the laws to the consequent increase of crime and despising of law. God's way is always the best way. Man sometimes thinks he knows better than his Maker, but the results show that he is mistaken. It would be well for each nation to learn from God in the making and enforcing of all laws.

The procedure to be followed in relation to the one who slew another unintentionally was simple and effective. The slayer was directed to run immediately to the city of refuge nearest to him, (v. 11), there to await judgment on his case, (v. 12), after which, the circumstances being made clear concerning his innocency, he waited in the city of his refuge until the death of the high priest, when he was permitted to return to his own city, (v. 25). During and after such time he was safe from the avenger of blood, but should he for any reason leave his place of security before the high priest's death, and the avenger of blood should overtake him, he might be put to death by that person without bloodguiltiness attaching to the latter. From this we learn that safety depended on instant flight, and constant dwelling in the divinely-appointed place of refuge. The more quickly the slayer ran toward the city, the sooner he would be out of danger, and be conscious of security. It may also be noted that with a place of refuge in each of the six districts salvation was made possible for all, and made nigh to each needy person. There was no reason for loss of life on the part of such an one if he acted quickly, but salvation did depend on his acting before the avenger of blood reached him.

It is quite clear that the Anti-type to such places of refuge is to be found in the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the eternal place of refuge for all who are in danger of judgment at the hands of the avenger of blood, and this includes every person, for all have sinned, (Rom. 3:23), and are under condemnation, (John 3:18), and therefore in danger of eternal judgment. The certainty of this judgment may be pointed out, (Rev. 20:12), also certain matters relating to salvation arising from the study of this lesson. First, it may be observed that salvation

is possible for all. No restriction was placed upon anyone running to the city of refuge, so no one is debarred from finding salvation in Christ. Whosoever will may come, of all races, classes, and ages, (John 3:16). It may be noted in the second place that salvation is accessible to all. The cities of refuge were placed where they might be conveniently reached, so Christ may be found anywhere, in doors or out of doors. In the third place, it is clear that there is safety only in Christ. The Jewish slayer was safe only in the city of refuge; so the sinner is safe only in Christ. There is no condemnation or judgment in Him, (Rom. 8:1), but outside of Him there is punishment. Such safety as is found in Christ is eternal. There was a possibility of the one being slain who left his place of refuge, but such loss of salvation cannot happen in the case of the child of God. The life which he received when he came to God was wrought in him by the Spirit of God, (John 3:5), it was eternal life, and the Lord was given the assurance that each one who thus comes shall never perish, and no one shall pluck them out of His hand, (John 10:28). Note the blessedness of such a position. Attention may be drawn to the nature of this Old Testament plan of salvation in its further typical significance, in that it was divinely conceived, sensible and efficient in operation, enjoyed without money and without price by all who made application for it, and immediate in the bestowment of its blessings. The exhortation to persons in both periods is the same. Flee to a place of refuge, and do so as quickly as possible (2 Cor. 6:2). The blessings of such a refuge may also be explained, such as assurance of salvation, peace of mind, and hope.

III. THE LAW OF INHERITANCE, (36:1-13).

The subject of this chapter relates to a problem raised by the granting of the inheritance of Zelophehad to his daughters, as related in a previous chapter, (27:7). The chief fathers of the house of Gilead of the tribe of Manasseh became alarmed at the possibility of the inheritance given to these heiresses passing out of the tribe through the marriage of these women with men of another tribe, to the consequent loss of the lot of their tribal inheritance. This they explain to Moses, the princes and the chief fathers of the nation, and await advice in the matter, (vs. 1-4). Moses agreed with them concerning such a thing happening, and gave commandment relative to the same, instructing the daughters of Zelophehad that they could marry whoever they pleased but their choice must be restricted to the men of their tribe, (vs. 5-7). A general command is then given placing this restriction upon all heiresses (vs. 8, 9), and the record is given of the compliance of the daughters of Zelophehad with the decree in their marriage within their own tribe of Manasseh, (vs. 11, 12). The book closes with the statement that "these are the commandments and the judgments which the Lord commanded by the hand of Moses", (v. 13), signifying the divine origin through Moses of all the laws contained therein and also naming the place of enunciation.

The Union Baptist Witness

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A CONVENTION MOURNS.

But we sorrow not, "as others which have no hope". The Union of Regular Baptist Churches of Ontario and Quebec joins with a host of others beyond the boundaries of these two provinces in expressing its heartfelt sympathy to Dr. Shields.

It was given to Mrs. Shields to fill a large place in our Convention. It is hard to imagine Jarvis Street Church without the presence of the little lady who always welcomed one with her ready smile and word of greeting. May the God of all comfort minister to the bereaved.

A LETTER FROM A STUDENT.

A letter addressed to Mr. W. G. Brown has been handed to us that we might cull from it some news of a Student Summer Field, but such a letter may well be published and we are taking the liberty of doing so, deleting some personal references.

"Dear Friend:

I was glad to receive a few lines from you, and may your holiday be an enjoyable one; richly blessed of God for added strength and vigour, both for body and soul.

Truly there is no work for trials and joy as the work of the gospel ministry—at least in my brief experience I have found it so—but I am happy to be able to report some blessing in one corner of the field at least, though appearances generally were discouraging for the first two months.

When a plant is first transplanted from the hot-house to the real climate, it needs a little extra care until it is climatized. Well, I must confess that I wavered and lost courage somewhat at first, however, I learned something more of my own impotence and of God's omnipotence—His grace is sufficient, and He does use the weak to confound the mighty. Perhaps you know more of the work here than I, but I can report with joy that God has honoured His word and the work is prospering.

The first three meetings were disappointing, but after some visitation the congregations increased from between ten and fifteen to over forty. The last two Sunday evenings have been crowned with blessing. At each service a young woman came out boldly accepting Christ.

Tomorrow night, we shall begin a Young People's meeting. I must say that from the beginning I have enjoyed preaching at this place and have noticed a different spirit in the meetings.

Now I must close this birds' eye view of the work. I am truly looking forward to another year at the Seminary, but one is reluctant to leave the flock after just getting nicely started, but I rejoice in this glorious privilege of heralding forth the Old, Old Story with ever-increasing wonder that one

could proclaim anything less or more, and why should we desire so to do when our crucified and exalted Saviour and Lord is the all-satisfying portion, and He only and alone can do helpless sinners good. Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

With eager expectancy, as the short weeks flit swiftly by, for a bigger and better year at the Toronto Baptist Seminary, I remain,
Happy in Him,

And so we glimpse into the life of a student as he labors upon a Summer Field. He expresses the feelings of many of the young men and women in our midst who have just such a vision glorious and for them, and for the Seminary, we give thanks.

THE HYMNS OF ZION IN THE INDIAN TONGUE.

Those who have had the opportunity of visiting the Indian Reserve at Medina and have shared in the services of the Regular Baptist Church there have come away rejoicing that such a ministry is carried on by the Rev. Melchie Henry, the Pastor.

Just last week, the mid-summer Pastors' and People's Conference was entertained by the Medina Church and what a day it was in spite of torrential rains. We have not an official report of the sessions, but we have caught something of the spirit of the meetings through the description of one who attended. Especially did the singing of the hymns by the Indians in their own tongue and to their own tunes, make a profound appeal. Even though the listeners' only mode of expression was through the English language, an appreciation of the hymns was possible. Such singing, such praise, as came from those native throats! The earnestness of the faces and the hearty singing surely bespoke the feelings of the heart and joy unspeakable within. The one who speaks of the stoical expression of his Indian brother has surely never visited the Medina reserve and heard the Christians sing.

One sometimes wonders if the people who make the work under Mr. Henry possible through their gifts realize to any extent the work which he is doing and the background of those people he endeavours to win.

We have some new pictures which are extremely interesting and we trust that they will reproduce well on lantern slides. One picture represents the Mohawk Workers celebrating the restoration of the Jay Treaty. This Treaty permits the Indian to cross the border between United States and Canada without hindrance. Another picture shows a delegation of Indians marching across the Peace Bridge evidently testing the terms of the Treaty and their right to entrance to either Canada or the United States at will. Then there is a picture

of Chief Clinton Rickard of the American Tuscaroras. It was through his efforts that the Jay Treaty receive recognition after having been discarded for some time. It seems that a few months ago Chief Rickard entered Canada on his wedding trip and he suffered much at the hands of officials because of his alleged illegal entry, hence his efforts to re-establish the Jay Treaty and his ultimate success. We have a picture also of the ceremonial dancer in full costume. He is Pastor Henry's uncle, but the Workers generally are not in sympathy with the church and assume that the Church and the Word of God is only for the white man. Much prayer and definite support is needed that the Gospel may be maintained on this productive but, oh, so needy field.

Something of the calibre of the Pastor there, himself a Mohawk Indian, can be seen in a letter recently received from him. It is an acknowledgement of the support sent for the month of July and in explanation, it is stated that it was necessary to make a reduction. Mr. Henry writes his thanks, "It is true that the cheque was for a smaller amount, but we do not appreciate it the less for that. We are as thankful for it as for all the former cheques, because what would it be for us if we did not get it at all. Thanks again to all the churches that make our support possible and to the Executive Board who labor in behalf of the Union."

It is through the co-operation of the churches that such fields as Medina can be supported; for this reason the Union of Regular Baptist Churches of Ontario and Quebec exists.

A BOX ARRIVES IN LIBERIA.

Often the question is asked, what do our missionaries need and sometimes the answer is given which is very unsatisfactory, "oh, just about everything." We have before us a letter addressed to the Junior Dorcas Society of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, in which Miss Lane thanks those who have so carefully prepared a box for her, for all their trouble. Something of the joy which is experienced when a missionary receives a box can be interpreted from this note of thanks, and something of the needs of the workers can be imagined. The Office has, however, a splendid list which will be forwarded to any Missionary Society, or Mission Band that needs definite instructions. Again, we suggest that whenever possible communications be addressed to the Office Secretary rather than to the missionaries whose hands are so full that to attend to correspondence is a real burden.

Miss Lane writes: "It is bed time and true enough I am in bed (under the net) but write I must for my heart is bubbling over with joy.

Yesterday, Mr. Hancox was at the Beach and he came home with the news that there was a parcel there for me. He

had taken it out of Customs but had been unable to bring it up. At once, I said, 'Is it from Jarvis Street', and when I heard that it was, I wanted to send for it right away, for how could I wait until Monday? You see I have had some parcels from Jarvis Street before, both at the Seminary and out here, and I have learned what lovely parcels they are. It was too late for a boy to go to the Beach Friday night, but I wrote my note to Paterson-Zochonis Agent asking him to deliver it to the boy and then I rooted him out of his house and gave him the letter that he might leave early Saturday morning. He was only too glad to go and earn a little money. I am afraid I was pretty impatient and wished many times that day that the Beach was not so far away, for I knew that the boy would not be back until six o'clock in the evening. I hurried supper over and made the children all excited by telling them to keep watching for Jimmy while I helped with the dishes that we might all enjoy the parcel together. I had no sooner started washing up and was urging Mary to hurry when the children called out that they could see a person coming past the next town, with a bundle on his head, but could not tell for sure that it was Jimmy because the trees hid him. I thought at first that they were teasing, but their announcement spurred the dish washers with new energy and soon we heard, 'Yes, misses, Jimmy is coming'. I ran out and here were the girls dancing for joy. We were ready when he came and we had great fun pulling the parcels out of the bag, but the real fun began when the parcels were opened. I can see you girls as you got it ready. Your hearts must have been full of joy, for 'it is more blessed to give than to receive' although I don't see how you could have been happier than I.

Each parcel was a real surprise. The first a doll; next the various tins. I said to myself, 'Now I can begin giving out medicine again'. God knew that I had been hunting for tins, or bottles to put medicine in, although I had not thought of asking Him for them, more to my shame, but He knows our needs and sent them through you. Then came the bottles and not one was broken.

The black doll from Molly Gibbard was given to my wee girlie as she suggested

and oh, I wish you could have seen her eyes. She can't understand why I will not let her have it in bed with her, but she would never go to sleep and it would get broken, so it has gone to a bed of its own. My girlie has been pleading for my promise to let her get up early and get it, but that could not be for she would be up in the night if she thought she could get her doll baby. The other china doll was given to Mrs. Hancox' little girlie and at once she thanked me. We laughed for I let Mrs. Hancox give it to her, but she knew it did not belong to Mrs. Hancox. We never let the children think these things we give them are from us, but always tell them how the friends at home make and send them. They then want to send their thanks to you and I say it for them now.

The other dollies, whistles and toys are put away for prizes for the children on special days. The books, cards, text cards, etc., are just beautiful and will be given to Mrs. Hancox' class and mine as rewards for the learning of verses. The other cards are used in town visitation and in Sunday School. The big cards are used as are the books when we tell Bible stories in the towns. The needles are kept for the sewing classes both for the women and the school children. The lamb I had asked for so often will be a real help in my work, as will the big picture of Christ and the sheep. The two bars of castile soap are being kept for hospital use. The bandages and old cotton have come just in time for I needed them badly. I have been anxious lately about several things having been finished and my whole being cries out in shame, 'Oh, ye of little faith' for truly God is never too late and most of these things are what I needed most. The baby vests are fine, some will bring food for the children and some will be given to the women who come to Sunday School with their babies for ten Sundays; some are used on the babies while they are having medical care, so you see we are always glad to have them. The face cloth will be mine to use to wash the dirt off, for the natives usually beg for ours and they carry them to church for handkerchiefs. Mine have nearly all disappeared.

The dresses are lovely. Two of the dark ones are going to deck two wee boys for Church tomorrow. They will look real sweet and are just what I needed for them. The dresses are most useful and greatly appreciated, for sewing on patches is getting to be a real problem with my large family. The pink dress I would like to keep for my wee girlie for she needs dresses and it fits her. The hair nets and string, I am keeping for my own use, also the scribblers. The two pieces of print, I am putting to one side ready for the Women's Sewing Class, for I feel sure there will be more pieces soon and we can have the class again. If the girls need it in the meantime, I shall make dresses for them.

The cloth around the outside of the parcel will make something, too, either underwear, or combined with some coloured print, a dress.

How can I ever thank you? Oh, I forgot the bags. The folks love them. I really don't know how to express my feelings, but God knows and may He just flood every one of your hearts with joy as you help in the Master's great work in this corner of His vineyard."

This is but part of Miss Lane's letter. Does it not make one feel guilty and somewhat uncomfortable when it occurs to them that those little things sent from home mean so much on the field?

Miss Lane tells us that those little boys in the girls' dresses were quite the centre of attraction on Sunday and many there were who examined the flowers on the garments.

Then she tells us of the man who came for medicine and was given pills in one of the tins and warned that he must bring the tin back when he came again, or no medicine could be given. Solemnly he enquired if palaver (trouble) would catch him, if he lost it.

MORE NEWS RECEIVED

Just as these pages go to press, letters have come from Rev. and Mrs. Mellich; Rev. and Mrs. Hancox and Miss Stacey. We will share them at the earliest opportunity.

Continue to uphold our missionaries on the field and praise God they are all now in health and strength.

THE FETLER FIASCO.

(Continued from page 5)

Sunday afternoon there were twenty-five adults and nine children; Sunday evening there were thirty-four adults and seven children. Mr. Fetler announced that the meetings would not continue during the week.

Mr. Fetler is reporting that the "best people" of Toronto are supporting him. Mr. Fetler on this visit was supported by two classes of people. Because of our stand for the faith, and our opposition to extreme forms of emotionalism and woman leadership, we have incurred the bitter antagonism of a certain ultra-spiritual company who would divorce intelligence from spirituality. This represents a comparatively small group, but we do not exaggerate when we say that they would welcome the devil himself to their platform if he announced that he had come to Toronto to oppose Jarvis Street. Upon these, Mr. Fetler played, with characteristic cunning, and secured for a little while the use of their names in his advertisements. But many of these even at last seemed to drop off from him.

The other class has its representatives in every large city. They are religious tramps, religious hoboes, who seem to labour under the delusion that the body of Christ is all tongue. They build nothing. They stay nowhere. They are what we have heard called in England, religious gypsies.

They have no settled place of abode, and will take up with the latest religious propagandist that comes to town. We have been in Toronto more than twenty-two years, and we know scores of these people by name. These are the people, in large measure, who attended Mr. Fetler's little noon-day meetings in the Ford Hotel.

We publish this for the information of our readers in England, and on the Continent particularly. During this last visit apparently there was no pulpit in Toronto of any standing open to Mr. Fetler. He spoke in his little twenty-one by forty-two tent, and in one or two nondescript missions. But in twenty-two years we have never seen such an utter collapse of confidence in any religious leader as was evidenced by Mr. Fetler's recent visit. Thoughtful people could not help asking if the work in Europe were so all-important, if the thousands there were awaiting his burning messages, why Mr. Fetler should tarry so long in Toronto?

Mr. Fetler exchanged the title "Pastor", used so long, for that of "Evangelist", and remained in Toronto apparently not to get money for his mission—which would have been some justification for his staying here—but to promote a religious revival in Toronto! We wish Mr. Fetler could have succeeded in promoting a revival. We long for a great world-sweeping revival that would include Mr. Fetler and all his associates. We all need it, but none need it more than they.

This is merely a report of the Fetler Fiasco in Toronto.