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

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The Jarvis Street Pulpit

A BIRD IN THE HAND AND TWO IN THE BUSH

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, October 29th, 1933.

(Stenographically reported)

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"Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—I Timothy 4:8.

Prayer by Rev. W. Gordon Brown

Lord, Thou hast been a home to us
One generation to another;
Before the mountains were born,
Or the earth and the world were brought forth,
From everlasting to everlasting
Thou art, O God.

Yea, Thou art the King of glory dwelling in light unapproachable, Whom no man hath seen or can see. Angels attired in glory are Thy ministrants. The archangels but utter Thy praise, and yet we would add our little human praises to the swelling multitude that acclaim Thee as King of the ages.

Thou art all power, O God. The mighty laws of nature proclaim that. The miracles by which Thou didst, in ancient time, redeem to Thyself a people from Egypt's bondage, and that greater miracle by which Thou didst send into this sinful world Thy sinless Son, and when men had put Him to death, raise Him to a pinnacle—these and other proofs have shown us Thine omnipotence. Thou art the Most High, yet Thy grace has caused the power that raised even Christ from the dead, to dwell in us as the hope of glory.

We beg of Thee that Thou wilt be to us a home. May we find in Thee peace, harmony, and justice; in Thee, joy, happiness, blessedness. Yea, may we find Thee also the sphere of our service, and the reward of our labour. Be Thou to us all and in all. Come then and show to Thy waiting children to-night more of the glory of Thyself. Bring us to Thyself. Take us into Thy banqueting-house, and set more of Thy joy before us, that our souls may be refreshed, and our weary steps quickened to walk in the ways of righteousness. Take us into Thy treasury, and show us things new and things old.

Speak to those who have not heard Thy voice before, and cause them to repent. Take from their blind eyes the scales that hide Christ; take from hearts dead in trespasses and sins the unbelief that would bar them from the kingdom of heaven. Do Thou, the great Shepherd of souls, seek out the lost ones and bring them to the fold where there is the one Shepherd, the Good Shepherd, the chief Shepherd.

To the sorrowful, bring Thou the balm that Heaven has for all earth's sorrows; lighten the bed of the dying; comfort those who are in weakness; and help all in adversity under the heavy pressure of Thy hand not to turn from Thee but toward Thee, that through suffering they may know the Lord of suffering.

Remember the work of Thine everlasting kingdom everywhere, constantly and increasingly to establish it in the earth, that the reign of Thy Son may be known among men, that the glory of Thy Son in this age may increase, that Thy kingdom may come, and Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. We ask all through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

The first and second epistles of Paul to Timothy are letters written by an experienced preacher to one of his younger brethren whom he describes as a "son in the faith". He reminds him at the opening of the epistle that he had left him behind in Ephesus especially commissioned to charge certain teachers that they should teach no other doctrine than that which had been committed unto them. A little later, in the same chapter, he summarizes nearly all the crimes in the calendar, and describes them as "things which are contrary to sound doctrine". He admonishes Timothy to "hold faith and a good conscience", lest, like some others, he should make shipwreck; and repeatedly throughout the epistle he lays emphasis upon the importance of sound doctrine, or "good doctrine". In the immediate context he says to this young preacher, "If thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine, whereunto thou hast attained."

Obviously therefore a "good minister of Jesus Christ" must give attention to teaching, or doctrine. He must not be content with merely exhorting his

hearers to *do*, but he must teach them the great verities of revealed religion, in order that they may be what they ought to be—and then they will do what they ought to do.

Paul further tells Timothy some things he is to avoid. He is to “refuse profane and old wives’ fables”. I wonder sometimes why ministers of the gospel should concern themselves with the vagaries of men like Bernard Shaw and others of his ilk. What does it matter what such peculiar minds as his may think, either about the gospel or about Soviet Russia? His opinions are valueless, I should suppose, to sane men everywhere. “Profane” they are, and quite as unworthy of credence as any “old wives’ fable”, whether ancient or modern. We have this inexhaustible treasury of infinite wisdom upon which to draw, which has proved itself in all ages the inspiration of the best in all literatures; why, then, should we turn aside from the teaching of the Book?

Timothy then is admonished, instead of concerning himself about these things, to exercise himself “unto godliness”, to exert all his powers, mental and spiritual, in order that he may be the godly man that is possible to him as a Christian minister.

Incidentally, Paul notes that bodily exercise profits little. There may be a little profit in it, it is not to be condemned; but the supreme aim of the Christian minister is to exercise all his powers unto godliness, and by precept and example to seek to lead others to do likewise.

There arises then the question, What profit will that bring me? If thus I turn my back upon all lesser matters, and subordinate every other consideration in life to this one aim of attaining, by God’s grace, to a godly character, what will it profit me? “Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.”

What is “godliness”? It is descriptive of a quality of life that is lived according to God, a life that is subject to divine control. We are told that His divine power has given to us “all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue: whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust”. Godliness therefore is the outward manifestation of a life divinely communicated. It represents a certain quality of life which determines one’s manner of living. And that life is communicated through the knowledge of Christ Jesus,—“through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue”.

So, very simply, I remind you of this fundamental principle—for I must make that plain, and then get on with the application of it—that godliness of life and character depends upon a godly nature. There can be no godliness of conduct without the reception of the God-nature. We must be made partakers of the divine nature, and then the life that is in us will exhibit some measure of likeness to God. We come back therefore to the old, old story: there are no people who are naturally godly: “Ye must be born again.” The life of God must be imparted to the soul that is dead in trespasses and in sins. You must be grafted into the True Vine if the life of Christ is to manifest itself

in you. You must be children if you are to become God-like.

That is the simple proposition I lay down at the outset, lest there be some misunderstanding of my message. Fundamentally, everything depends upon the life within. We must receive new life from God through belief in the “exceeding great and precious promises”. And, as we believe them, we shall become partakers of the divine nature. Perhaps someone who hears me to-night will say, “That is a commonplace, sir. I hear you often, and you always tell us that.” I hope so. I hope I shall never fail to keep that in the foreground, to make that basic to all teaching. There must be that miracle wrought in the soul by the communication of the divine life, or there cannot be outward conformity to the image and likeness of Jesus Christ. But, assuming all that, the man says, “I understand, sir, but I have not yet made my surrender, I have not yet committed my soul to God; and I am asking myself what will it profit me if I do?”

My text is the answer; it is the argument, the inducement, which the Spirit of God offers to you, to persuade you to yield yourself to Him Who will enable you to live a godly life.

I.

Let me begin the exposition of this text with the remark that it is the function of Christianity—or to put it more plainly, of the salvation that is in Christ, of the new life that comes from God; hence the mission of the church and of ministers and all Christian witnesses—profitably to relate the souls of men to two worlds, to bring to them a religion which has the “promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come”. We have a proverb to the effect that “a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush”, but the salvation that is in Christ is a bird in the hand, *and* two in the bush. It is profitable for here and for hereafter, for time and for eternity, for earth and for heaven, for the whole span of a man’s life. It encompasses all his interests, temporal and eternal.

It is popular in our day to lay the emphasis upon the profitableness of godliness to the “life that now is”. There is much teaching that may not be wrong in itself: its defect consists of what it fails to state; its defect is in its relation, in its perspective. It concerns itself with the things of time and sense. Many churches have become little more than schools of political economy; and the preachers, professors of political economy, leaders in various social service reform movements. It is not part of my purpose to criticize the content of their message, or to say whether their theories are philosophically sound, or mere nonsense. That is for someone else to judge. But assuming them to be sound, my insistence is that it is no part of the church’s business to concern itself with what is confined to this life, and ignore the soul’s relationship to a life that is to come.

There are a great many pulpits to-day, according to the reported utterances of some of them, whose occupants one might suppose to be the agents of some sort of revolutionary movement that proposes to overturn the present order of things, either with or without violence, as the exigencies of the case may demand. They concern themselves with the bread-and-butter question; that is their emphasis. They make religion wholly a tem-

poral matter, without regard to eternity; of this world, not the world to come. Many a modern church is spending all its energies in an attempt to provide the prodigal with a better job in the far country. It is concerned about the wages that are paid to swineherds, and the kind of food they have to eat. "So," say they in effect, "let us do our best to improve the far country."

Do not misunderstand. I do not say for a moment that the religion of Christ is, at any point, divorced from the actualities of life. The religion of Christ is not indifferent to the bread-and-butter question. "Your heavenly Father", said Jesus, "knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Of course, it is necessary that men should have right conditions of labour, fair wages, and enough to live on. That may be assumed. That matchless story of the prodigal teaches us of a young man who threw off his odoriferous smock, filthy and in rags, and exchanged it for the "best robe",—but he had to come home to get it. Weary feet were comfortably shod with good shoes—but he did not get them until he had reached and crossed the threshold of his father's house. He even had some of the luxuries of life, the ring on his hand—but he did not get that in the far country. He was not grudgingly handed a sandwich at the back door, nor a lunch-box that was to be munched on the road; but a liberal banquet. The fatted calf was killed, and he ate it to the accompaniment of music—the happiest man in the world. But he found the provision of his needs, and all the enjoyments of life, not in the far country, but in his father's house.

The religion of Christ has a message for the life that now is; it has "promise of the life that now is". But it is no part of our business, of the church's business, of a minister's business, to concern itself or himself in recommending to men a life that is entirely divorced from the life that lies beyond. Life, in its largest significance, consists in relations and relationships. "No man liveth to himself"—and no world liveth to itself. You cannot live for time in forgetfulness of eternity without living for time wrongly and unprofitably. Godliness has the promise of both worlds, "of the life that now is, and of that which is to come".

II.

Let us think then of THIS TWO-FOLD PROFITABLENESS OF GODLINESS. It is the function of revealed religion, of Christianity, to teach men to appraise the values of life in the light of eternity's criteria, to measure the things of time by the standards of eternity, and to value them in proportion thereto. And whoever fails, as Mr. Brown read this evening, in the culture and development of the spiritual life, becomes "blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins". He is without prospect or retrospect, and therefore without perspective; and is not able to judge anything in life in its proper relation because his view is segmentary, sectional. He sees but a little of life, and knows nothing of its value because he has not learned to see life in the large, as God has ordained that we should enjoy it. I say, that is the function of religion. It has the promise of two worlds, and is profitable to all things—all things in this life, and all things related to the life that is to come.

What do we mean by "profit"? What is "profitable-ness"? By what standards would we measure the value

of this salvation that is in Christ? What do you mean by "profit"? Is it mere money? Is it worldly position, worldly honour? Is that profit? There was a man called Iscariot who was responsible for a certain business transaction long ago; he received thirty pieces of silver—all profit! Every piece of it, profit! Was it? See him as he comes back with the pieces of silver in his hand, as though they were coals from the very flames of hell. He throws them down before his masters to whom he had sold his soul, saying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." There was no profit in it.

Other men have made large sums of money. It is quite possible that there are men listening to me to-night who are far from being poor, who are numbered among the rich men of the earth. You have been the head of a very "profitable" business—so Bradstreet says. You are rated as being worth so much. But has it really been profit? Has it profited you? Mark you: I do not believe the Scripture teaches that it is wrong to be rich. I am weary of the twaddle that a man cannot legitimately earn a large fortune. I believe there are men in the world to-day, as there have always been, whose value to society could not be measured in terms of millions. A man may be just as dishonest over the acquisition of one dollar as another man in the piling up of millions.

What I suggest to you is this, that mere money does not mean profit, even though legally it is yours to do with as you will. It may be all yours; nobody can touch it. Yet, man, you know that it is not profitable. Life spent in the acquisition of wealth, if that be all, is not necessarily a profitable life.

A man may acquire great power. There are great industrialists, men of large business acumen, who do not value money for itself. They may have millions, even billions, but they can eat only so much, wear so much, live in a house of certain dimensions. Money does not mean to them what it does to the man of moderate means. But it is representative of power. They have amassed wealth; and wealth, to them, means that they have power over their fellows. The same spirit animates them, inspires them, goads them on, that moved Napoleon when he wanted to be master of the world.

But when you have power, is there profit in that? Is power profit? Look at that man on the bridge of the *Titanic*, one of the directors of the company that built it, his ship, the pride of all the seas at its time and in its day. The captain ought to have ordered him below. Instead of that, he stood at the captain's side, urging him on. Why? "This is my ship. My company built it. We are leading the world"—and the very ship which they had built plunged them to death. A man may build an engine, and be proud of it—and it may run away with him, and destroy him.

How empty the honours and preferments of the world are! There is no profit in what the world calls success, no lasting profit. It may be some man listens to me to-night who long hoped for some light. Perhaps he is dimly coming to understand some passages of Scripture. He says, "I wish I could get away somewhere to some cottage in a vineyard, or a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, some place where I could have quiet, some place where I could live on simple fare, some place where I could attend to my few wants, and be at peace." Profit? No! He is like the preacher of Ecclesiastes, who, having surveyed the whole field of human endeavour, exclaimed,

"I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

The salvation that is in Christ is really a profitable possession. A man comes to sell insurance. He tells you he has some new policy that you cannot afford to do without. One would think to hear him talk that his company had set aside all the laws of actuarial science. Such a policy will be profitable to you. Perhaps it will. He says, "Here is a paid-up-life policy." "How many payments?" "So many." "What then?" "You will have a policy then that is all paid for; it will be good for you when you die." "Good for me?" "Yes." "I cannot get anything until I die?" "No, not a cent." "Then I shall not need it!" "But your wife and children will." "But I am a bachelor; I have nobody dependent upon me. Why should I invest for the profit of somebody who will live after me?" "Then I will give you a policy you can draw on now. It will be profitable for the life that now is. You can draw upon it in crises and emergencies." If you happen to be one of the few on earth who have a little money left to invest, somebody will come to tell you of gilt-edged securities, some interest in which you can invest your money without any possibility of loss, and that will yield you unusually large revenue. It is the very best investment you can make of your money. He begins to take out his forms so that he will be all ready when he has persuaded you to sign your name on the dotted line at the bottom. I suppose most of them tell the truth.

Will you allow me to play the part of insurance agent this evening, and tell you that I represent a company that will insure you for this life and the life that is to come, and that there is no possibility of your losing your profit? And furthermore, that it is a paid-up policy? "What is the premium?" Nothing! It is finished, paid right up to the end. You have only to receive it, and begin at once to enjoy the benefits of it. It will help you for time, and it will bless you through all eternity. Would not you insurance men like to represent a company like that? Then leave your business, and go to preaching. That is the greatest business in the world.

III.

Godliness has "promise of the life that now is". What promise? *It takes the burden from our moral natures.* It purges our consciences from dead works, that we may serve the living and true God. It pays our debts. Many of you have drawn on your insurance policies to pay your debts, have you not? But you will reach the end of that after a while, and you cannot draw any more. But this insurance pays your debts—not like Micawber with an I.O.U. saying, "Thank God that is paid!" That is not how the religion of Christ meets our obligations. The debt is paid, cancelled, by the meritorious sacrifice of the Son of God. He blotted out "the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross". The receipted bill is on file, the last farthing of our indebtedness is paid, so that we can go to bed with a clear conscience, and look up into the face of the Holy One notwithstanding our sinfulness, and glory in His righteousness. Washed in His blood we can say, "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name."

It is a great thing to have all the clouds swept away; to have nothing in the past, present, or future, of which to be afraid; and to know that the arms of the cross

cover the whole span of our human obligations, reaching back to the day of our birth, and forward to the judgment-day—nay, beyond, to the farthest reaches of the eternity that is to be, covering us for ever by the infinite merit of the Son of God. That is a promise for the life that now is, as well as for the life that is to come.

Godliness, the Christian religion, *makes promise of divine support and companionship all the way along.* This morning in the school we looked at the opening chapter in the life of Elijah the prophet, seeing him as he burst upon the scene without credential, announcing for himself his mission: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." He dried up the earth and emptied the granaries, and brought famine down upon the land in which he lived, sharing it himself until the word of the Lord came to him and told him where to go in time of famine. He said, "Thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee."

How wonderfully God does sustain His believing people who put their trust in Him! I never weary of reading that story of Paul's journey by sea. Only a preacher he was, and a preacher in chains, who ventured to offer an opinion about the weather—and there are some people who will not listen to a preacher even when he says it is a fine day! The centurion in charge, and the master of the ship, paid no attention to the preacher when he said, "Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives." The centurion "believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things which were spoken by Paul." When the storm broke, and everybody was at his wit's end, and the sailors staggered like drunken men, "when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away. But after long abstinence Paul stood forth in the midst of them and said, Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss. And now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Caesar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee," suddenly the preacher became master of the ship. He spoke with the voice of authority, above that of the centurion, or the master of the ship. Why? Because in the time of storm God was with him.

In these days of trouble and distress we who are Christians ought to prove, by godly lives, that we have communion with God, and that godliness is "profitable to the life that now is" by giving us peace—not wealth, not luxury, but peace of heart and of conscience in the midst of all the world's distress. Godliness has promise "of the life that now is".

I could go on and tell you a thousand details illustrating the profitableness in this present world of the life that is "hid with Christ in God". It is a great thing to be a Christian. Before I had heard Dr. J. H. Jowett, that great preacher now in the glory, I asked a friend if he had heard him preach. "Yes, often." "What is your estimate of him? What sort of preacher is he?" I enquired. "Just this: he always makes one feel what a beautiful thing it is to be a Christian." I am sure that in that night of storm, when the Apostle Paul stood

forth calm, composed, undisturbed by all the howling of the wind and the rolling of the waves, there was not a man on that ship who did not feel like saying, "I wish I had that man's secret." It is for us, for the Christian church, in these days of peril, to be calm and composed, to be rooted in the things of God, and to prove by the life we live that we have found the secret of that profitable life, even in the world in which we now live.

IV.

And then how profitable it is for the life that is to come! How profitable! In what respect? The text teaches us that *there is a life to come*. Do you know that, my friend? I affirm that no man can possibly live this life well whose mind is not open to the truth that there is another life to come; for this life is related to that. We must see it, or fail utterly in the purpose of life. I fear the pulpit, in these modern days, has laid but little emphasis upon the importance of the life to come. As I stand here and look out over these pews to-night after nearly twenty-four years of ministry in this pulpit, I can see faces and figures long since departed from us, who once were pillars in this house of God, men who loved the Lord, and who served Him with full purpose of heart, scores of them. I have gone to the grave with their loved ones, stood with them as we laid them away, trying to comfort them by telling them that the loved one had gone to be with Christ "which is far better". We need to regain that emphasis. At the longest, "brief life is here our portion". We must go hence, and we had better be prepared by giving thought to the life "that is to come".

The life that is to come *is supplementary to this*. There are many things we do not possess here. We wish we had them, but they are not ours. You remember the parable?—"Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." Lazarus received his good things in the life that was beyond. If I did not believe in a life to come, I fear I should have to challenge the moral government of the universe. If I were to lose sight of a life to come, it seems to me it would be impossible to believe that this world is subject to the rule of a holy God, surrounded as we are with inequality, injustice of every sort. There are a thousand wrongs that are not righted in this world—that never will be righted in this world.

I say to my reform friends, Do you think you are going to convert this earth into a Utopia? Many have tried that before you were born—and they all met with the failure that inevitably awaits you. You cannot make a paradise on earth with men who have perdition in their hearts. You cannot form a human society, considerate of all human needs, of men who have no consideration for God. Such reformations as these men propose are impossible apart from divine power to change the hearts and natures of men. These Utopian schemes, for the most part, leave God out. But it cannot be done. You are wasting time and strength in trying to do it. "The whole world lieth in the wicked one." And so it will until the King of kings and Lord of lords shall Himself come and exercise His power, and take to Himself His great power and reign. Then in a regenerated earth we shall have a regenerate society, and the will of God will at last be

"done on earth even as it is done in heaven". But that will come to pass when His kingdom shall come in manifest glory, and He, the King, shall come with all His holy angels with Him.

There is going to be a time of adjustment, a time for the balancing of the books, a time when every wicked thing shall be judged, when "God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ according to my gospel." The responsibility for the war has been justly placed in the supreme court of heaven. God knows all about Germany, and Russia, and Italy, and Britain, and the United States, and Canada—about the whole world. He has not laid His sceptre by, and some day He will return to judge all things, and every man shall give account of the deeds done in the body.

I bless God that there is a day coming when we shall be introduced to another life, when all that we have lacked, if we are believers in Christ here, shall be supplied there. Evil things here: good things yonder.

The other life is *complementary to this*. How full of disappointment and disillusionment, how full of heartbreak, how full of sorrow and tears, life is! I know four or five years ago some ministers were telling us all was well, to "cheer up", to "pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile"! But you need a pretty big kit-bag to pack all your troubles in nowadays. I think most people need several freight cars! That foolish optimism that had no philosophic basis, that was not grounded in principles of eternal righteousness, affords no comfort to-day.

I imagine that is why some men do not go to church. They say, "I used to listen to my minister, and go down to my club on Monday, clap my business associates on the back and say, 'How are you getting on?' 'Fine. And you?' 'Great. Things were never better. We are successful men; we are getting on splendidly. We need not listen to these croakers who warn of another day. It is a great thing to be alive, prospering as we are.'" That man does not go to the club now; he cannot afford it. He is not living in the house he used to occupy: he had to let that go. All his profit is gone, and he is fighting to keep his head above water. When he goes to church on Sunday he does not know what will happen Monday. In his heart he is saying, "O Preacher, have you anything to say to me that will undergird me for to-morrow? Is there any power that will help me?" But the modernist preacher is still singing his cheerio song, and the man says, "That preacher does not know what he is talking about." I could have told him that long ago. Living is a serious business, living life well, roundly, rightly related to the other life. When you have done your best in the things of this life, with a clear conscience, and things are slipping away from you, and most of your friends are gone, you say, "I am past middle life. I am too old to begin again. The tower I built has tumbled, the castle in which I hoped to live has crumbled. I shall soon reach the end of the journey—and then what?" Have you the religion that has promise of the life to come?

"Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

"Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

"One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

"One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now."

I speak to hundreds, probably to countless thousands, to-night, whose hearts are on the other side of the river. The gospel I preach to you is a gospel which promises the complement of this life. You will see her again, husband; some day you will see her again. You will see your child again, mother. As I came in this evening you were singing,

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there."

Can you see it "afar"? Can you see it "afar"? If you cannot, then life is without much to cheer you, I fear. I beg of you, receive this simple message which is, that to receive Jesus Christ into your heart is to receive the Friend of sinners, the Helper of the helpless, the Companion of all the lonely of earth. He comes to round out the broken, segmentary life; and some day to give back to us all that we have lost.

Often I have referred you to that matchless story of the aged Jacob mourning the loss of his sons. What a parable that is of life! He had a family growing up about him, rejoicing in all his children, in his temporal prosperity. Then one of his sons disappeared, and that, his "well beloved". He said, "I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." The years pass, and that wound partly heals; then famine comes. Jacob has money, but no bread. He sends his sons afar to buy bread to keep their households alive. They come back again with their sacks full—but with a strange story, of a strange man in the far-off land who had said things to them they could not understand, and made them feel terribly uncomfortable in his presence. He kept one of the brothers, and said they should see his face no more unless they brought their youngest brother, Benjamin, with them. The old man said, "Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother?" To which they replied, "The man asked us straightly of our state, and of our kindred, saying, Is your father yet alive? have ye another brother? and we told him according to the tenor of these words: could we certainly know that he would say, Bring your brother down? We do not know why we told him: he made us tell him everything." When the corn was again exhausted they refused to go down to Egypt without Benjamin, and reluctantly consenting, the old man said, "Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me." But on Judah's promise to be surety for him he let them go.

One day they came back with a still stranger story.

"They went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, and told him, saying, Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt. And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived: and Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die." He went down into Egypt, and the great day came when the governor presented his father to the king; and a still greater day when Joseph came with his two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim, asking his father's blessing. Now the family was complete. All the sons were there. Simeon had come back. Benjamin had come back. Joseph had come back. There was nobody missing. The old man crossed his hands, laying his right hand on the head of Ephraim, and his left hand on the head of Manasseh—it had been a case of crossed hands all the way through. But now it came to pass that at evening time it was light, and Jacob said, "The Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads." Once he said, "All these things are against me", but now, in the clearer light, he learned that "all these things" had worked together for good to those who loved God.

Some day, dear friends, we shall understand things that are hidden from us now. Godliness, I tell you, the salvation that is in Christ, has the promise of this life, and of that which is to come. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Let us now sing:

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me."

THE TRANSLATION OF REV. JOSEPH W. KEMP OF NEW ZEALAND

A few weeks ago we made brief reference to the home-going of Rev. J. W. Kemp, of Auckland Tabernacle, New Zealand. While it was our privilege to know Mr. Kemp somewhat intimately over an extended period, we had not access to the records of his ministry, and for our knowledge of his great work in Edinburgh we were dependent chiefly on what we had read in various periodicals, and on what we had been told by those who had personally shared the inspiration of those great days in Charlotte Chapel.

In this issue we reproduce an article appearing in *The Reaper*, the magazine published by the Auckland Tabernacle and the New Zealand Bible Institute; and another article from the quarterly magazine of Highgate Road Chapel, London, of which Rev. John Wilmot is the honoured Pastor. Mr. Wilmot had some personal experience of the Charlotte Chapel atmosphere, and speaks gratefully of the influence exerted upon him by Mr. Kemp.

From time to time we have met with members of Charlotte Chapel in Jarvis Street and elsewhere, who have told us of the experiences in the heavenly places they enjoyed during Mr. Kemp's ministry.

We publish in this issue also an account of the Charlotte Chapel work written by Mr. Kemp himself. We reproduce it from *The Outlook*, of which Rev. John Wilmot is the Editor. When Mr. Kemp went to Charlotte

Chapel it was looked upon as a forlorn hope, having a membership of about one hundred. When Mr. Kemp left, after thirteen years of ministry, the membership was eight hundred and thirty, an increase in the thirteen years of seven hundred and thirty. It will thus be seen that the membership of the church increased, in the thirteen years, seven hundred and thirty per cent. Mr. Kemp was succeeded by Dr. Graham Scroggie, a man of great ability. Dr. Scroggie went to a prosperous church, throbbing with spiritual life, and exercised an able ministry for seventeen years. During the pastorate of Dr. Scroggie the membership of the church increased by a further twenty-five per cent., or from eight hundred and thirty to one thousand and forty at the time of Dr. Scroggie's laying down the work.

We can add to the reports published elsewhere in this issue of Mr. Kemp's work at Auckland and Edinburgh only by saying that his ministry in this country was of the same high character and spiritual power which characterized it in these other places.

For ourselves, we think of Mr. Kemp as of a dear friend whose presence and companionship were ever a joy and an inspiration. There was nothing subtle about Mr. Kemp's mentality. He was the soul of frankness. His character was perfectly transparent. He was the sort of man with whom any man of integrity could feel safe. His straightforwardness of character and speech sometimes led him to courses and utterances which people, directed merely by principles of expediency, would be disposed to regard as somewhat blunt. But his apparent bluntness was really scriptural boldness—such boldness as that of Peter and John which convinced those who witnessed it, that they had been with Jesus.

One cannot but wonder why a man of Mr. Kemp's age, who, had health been continued, might have exercised a useful ministry for still many more years, should be called away, while so many apparently less useful are permitted to remain. But how little really do we know of what lies beyond! Can we be sure that this is the only world in which God has work to do? Of the redeemed we read that they serve Him day and night in His temple. The Apostle Paul, perhaps the most conspicuous historical exemplification of the strenuous life, declared that to be with Christ "is far better"; from which we may be sure that the life beyond is not one of inactivity. It is too large a subject to discuss here, but we believe there are many intimations in the Scripture which suggest that the redeemed soul departed from this life is introduced to a larger, fuller, richer, and more serviceable, life beyond. Mr. Spurgeon once said:

"Brothers, shall we each have a pulpit somewhere amidst the spheres? Shall we have a parish of millions of leagues? Shall we have voices so strengthened as to reach attentive constellations? Shall we be witnesses for the Lord of grace to myriads of worlds which will be wonder-struck when they hear of the incarnate God? Shall we be surrounded by pure intelligences enquiring and searching into the mystery of God manifest in the flesh? Will the unfallen worlds desire to be instructed in the glorious gospel of the blessed God? and will each one of us have his own tale to tell of our experience of infinite love? I think so, since the Lord has saved us 'to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God.' If such be the case, our Bibles will suffice for ages to come for new themes every morning, and for fresh songs and discourses world without end."

If this be so, it may explain why such men as Charles Haddon Spurgeon, Joseph William Kemp, and others, have been taken from the activities of earth in the early hours of life's evening time.

"E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled hands
On the eternal shore.

"O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven."

JOSEPH WILLIAM KEMP

A Warrior at Rest

From "The Reaper" of September 28, 1933, the Magazine of Auckland Tabernacle, New Zealand, of which Mr. Kemp was Pastor.

Our leader has gone. What a shock of dismay and sense of personal bereavement this announcement has brought to the hearts of thousands, both in our island home and abroad. How we will miss that voice, vibrant with conviction and certainty in these days of doubt and denial. We could ill spare him. It is true that the seven months of increasing weakness had prepared us somewhat for his translation, but the sense of loss is none the less acute. For him it meant sudden glory, after months of weariness and pain. He was a marvel of patience and Christian cheerfulness to those who so long watched by his bedside, and it could as appropriately be said of him as of his friend the late Samuel Chadwick, "only a constitution of real toughness backed by an iron will could have held out for so long against the ravages of disease."

It was at 10.30 on the morning of September 4th that our beloved Principal peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, thus ending a life of singular usefulness and abiding fruitfulness. We rejoice to know that he is now enjoying that life eternal which had been his constant joyous theme for forty years and more.

The high regard in which he was held by his own and other denominations, and by the citizens of Auckland, too, was evidenced by the great crowds, numbering about 6,000, who lined both sides of Queen Street and Karangahape Road as far as Grafton Bridge, to pay their last tribute as the funeral cortege of more than 80 cars passed by. Mounted police and special traffic police were requisitioned to direct the crowds. Under the caption "A Great Evangelical," the secular press in a leader referred thus to the widespread appreciation and influence of his Auckland ministry:—

"Not only the Baptist Church, but the whole community, is the poorer by the death of the Rev. Joseph Kemp. He was an instance of the influence exerted by a sincere and deep-rooted religious faith. In his pastorate, and in the wider sphere of civic and national life, he sought to recall a restless age to the simple foundation truths of the Gospel. Like St. Paul in Galatia, he fixed the attention of his hearers on the simplicities of the message of redemption. That was the secret of his power. He had himself a burning faith in the truth of revelation, and he inspired others with a like belief. His knowledge of Scripture was profound, and he never deserted the evangelical platform as expounded at Keswick. The record of his life and ministry affords abundant evidence of the power of this creed in an age too much given to restless questioning. He supported his belief by his life, and was a very true and helpful friend to many outside his own Church. Success as measured by large congregations and full classes he had in plenty, but his lasting record will be found in the hearts of uncounted thousands for whom he made a belief in their Saviour a living reality."

The Last Tribute

Seldom has the Tabernacle been so crowded as at the funeral service, which was conducted by Rev. J. J. North, D.D., the President of the Baptist Union. On the platform with him were Revs. Evan R. Harris, H. Knowles Kempton,

G. Frost and Mr. Yolland of the N.Z. Bible Training Institute. Special seats had been reserved for Church Officers, Directors of the N.Z. Bible Training Institute and Ministers representative of all denominations. As that great concourse of mourners sat waiting, it seemed the most natural thing to look for the old familiar figure to spring to his place in the pulpit and announce a hymn—but all that was earthly reposed in a handsome casket covered with the family wreaths and surrounded by more than 100 other floral tributes from as many friends and organizations.

As would have been Mr. Kemp's wish, customary funeral music was entirely absent. Two of his favourite hymns, "O for a thousand tongues to sing" and "Face to face with Christ my Saviour"—hymns characteristic of his ministry—were chosen and sung by the assembled company. Prayer was offered by Rev. Evan R. Harris, and suitable portions of Scripture read by Rev. H. Knowles Kempton.

Dr. North's Address

"For the first time in the history of this Church, its minister has died in active service," said Dr. North in the course of his tribute. "I feel sure that never before has this building been filled with such a tide of emotion as to-day. Our minister has fallen asleep. He fell in his tracks. He worked while he had strength, and passed from the heat of service to the silence of paralysis and helplessness.

"We meet to-day, pierced with regret that we shall never again see his active figure stride to the place where I now stand. Never again will his voice, mellow, strong and resonant with the music of the Gospel, be heard pleading for things unheard, unseen and eternal. Simple, brave and true, he has passed from his place in the Church militant, and we lift our hearts in gratitude at the memory of what he was and what he did in his day and generation." The remainder of Dr. North's address was substantially as follows:—

"To speak adequately concerning J. W. Kemp is not easy. He was and is my friend. The memory of him, of his staunchness, of his courage, and of deeps of emotional intensity in him, is very sacred. He was a man who believed what he believed. He could have explained his life as William Booth explained his. God has all there is of Joseph Kemp. His name is held in honour in Scotland, in England, and in America. Because of his missionary zeal, there are those in the bazaars of Indian cities, in quaint and remote towns of Inland China, where the Nile waters the Sudan, and where the Pacific waves break on coral reefs, who will be in tears when news of his home-going comes to them. A man of whom these things are true was not a common man. The elements of greatness were in him. Who does not recall that well-shaped figure, that rich-toned voice? We used to think that no king ever approached his throne more eagerly and more royally than he his pulpit. Like the prophet, he was a polished shaft in God's quiver. He agreed with the Reformers that the tokens of a true church are the preaching of the Word and the administration of the Sacraments. He regarded preaching itself as a Sacrament. 'This one thing I do,' he could say.

"He was a fully consenting believer in the whole Christian creed. The niceties of Nicea did not engage him, nor did he follow the intricacies of criticism. He believed in the inspiration of Holy Scriptures. He saw the Old Testament symbols and prophecies pointing to Christ. He found God in Christ. He believed that 'God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself.' He believed that on the Cross full atonement was made for the sin of the world. His Calvinistic background did not hinder his belief in the salvability of 'whosoever will.' He presented with urgency and force Christ and Christ's finished work to the faith of sinful men. He believed in Christ's lordship in the social and economic life of men. He believed in the Holy Ghost. He believed in the Second Advent, that 'blessed hope,' that coronation of history. He believed all these things with an intensity that burned like an oxygen flame. Responding faith was awakened in multitudes of hearts.

"He whom we lay to his rest with such honours as his Church and his city can give him, began life with every disadvantage. He was an orphan boy and penniless. He sold papers on the streets of Hull. Like Ramsay MacDonald, he knew what it is to be hungry. His life was redeemed from the gutter when simple and nameless people spoke to him of Christ and of salvation. One of them, seeing something in the lad, sent him to the Bible Institute of Glasgow. He

emerged after two years with his zeal aflame and with mental acquisitiveness. He obtained an adequate knowledge of Holy Scripture. He saw what they essentially mean. He gained a penetrating knowledge of the human heart with its pathetic needs.

"He reached fame as a minister of a derelict church called the Charlotte Chapel, in Edinburgh. He brought the fires of revival from the hills of Wales. The lads and lasses of the old grey town saw through him the Christ of the Eternal Covenant, which, once a man enters it, neither life nor death can disannul. There was much joy in that city.

"Those who have supposed that Mr. Kemp's intensity amounted to bigotry greatly err. He could be abrupt on doctrinal issues, as everyone knows. There is certainly enough laxity about to justify the utmost anxiety. But Mr. Kemp never supposed that it was his function to hold up the Ark of God. Nor did he essentially hold that his own interpretations of the faith were final. He believed they were valid, and so do we. He was impatient of uncertainty in Gospel preaching. So are we. But men of very different outlook and emphasis rejoiced in him and honoured him. He, for his part, returned appreciation with interest added. Alexander Maclaren, whom he regarded as a king among preachers, slipped into a crowded pew at Charlotte Chapel, and spoke words of appreciation. Dr. Alexander Whyte, at whose feet he sat, both prayed for him and preached for him. Dr. Jowett attended his farewell in Edinburgh and his welcome in New York. He had vivid memories of Henry Drummond, in Edinburgh, while he could not tolerate 'the greatest thing in the world' as a gem. His own vestry wall is lined with the pictures of great men of many communions and schools of thought, whose debtor he was and whose memory he kept ever green. One of the picturesque things he did was to propose a gift of £100 to a church with whose minister he disagreed in detail, but of whose sincerity he had no doubt.

"His work for these thirteen years in Auckland is known to us all. The membership of the Church has doubled. It is now at the thousand mark. For years people of all Churches attended his week-night Bible lectures. He organized tent missions, and kept his Church striking the evangelistic note throughout. He built the Bible Training Institute, which houses sixty students, and saw it opened free of debt. Thirty of his Tabernacle people are on the foreign mission field. Three of them are ministers in full standing in our Church. His interest in our College has been unremitting. He believed fervently in the need of the fullest equipment for the ministers of the Church of to-day. He was a great and good man. We thank God on every memory of him."

Mr. H. Yolland's Tribute

Mr. H. Yolland, Bible Lecturer of the Bible Training Institute, followed with a warm tribute from the Directors, Staff and Students of the Institute, of which Mr. Kemp was the honoured and much-loved Founder and Principal.

"It is my sad duty to stand here to-day and say a few words on behalf of the Bible Training Institute, its Directors, Staff and Students. No words of mine can adequately express the tumultuous thoughts that surge through our hearts. There are thoughts touched by sorrow at the loss we have sustained in the Home-call of a beloved Principal and very dear friend, yet withal of deep and joyful thankfulness to God for that life which He has so graciously and blessedly used. I make bold to say that the success and stability of his work lay in the simplicity of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Not only has there been a wonderfully successful pastorate in this church, but also the establishment of that Institute which remains a monument to his prophetic vision, untiring zeal and spiritual wisdom. To him, under God, is due in the fullest measure the success that has attended that work and its establishment on so sound a basis. With what would seem prophetic foresight, Mr. Kemp is known to have said that when 100 students had gone forth to foreign mission work he would be ready to say, 'Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.' In a few weeks the 100th will have gone. They, too, are a witness to his enthusiasm for the Gospel of Christ.

"If I may be permitted to strike a personal note, it is only to say how much I owe to Mr. Kemp. From the moment I first met him I loved him, and the love has deepened through the years of happy service under his principalship. They have been the happiest years of my Christian experience.

"If we could have had our way, we would have kept him with us. To that end, as long as we thought it possible God would spare him to us, our prayers were directed. Now, through the blinding tears we look into the face of our Lord and say unquestioningly, uncomplainingly, 'Thy will be done.' So faithfully has Mr. Kemp discharged that stewardship of the spiritual riches entrusted to him that we are sure he has been gloriously welcomed into the eternal habitations. At home with the Lord he loves and loved to serve.

"To those who to-day are bereaved of husband and father and brother, we lovingly, very tenderly express our deepest sympathy. Very confidently, too, we commend them to that Father of whom every family in heaven and earth is named, assured that He will draw around them the mantle of His protecting care, that He will comfort with that consolation only He can minister and impart, that sustaining grace which they so much need. We cannot visualize at the moment the days ahead, but we have the promise, 'As thy days so shall thy strength be.'

"For many here to-day the shadows of approaching eventide are already falling athwart the path. Nevertheless, we are assured of a morning without clouds, a day to which there shall be no sunset; for there is no night there, and the Lamb is the Light of the City of God. O Lord, we thank Thee that in such an hour as this Thou dost cause us to triumph, to behold through the mist of tears Thy glorious face, to feel upon our shoulder the touch of Thy hand of loving comradeship and to hear above all earthly tumult the sound of Thy voice as the sound of many waters. 'Fear not, fear not, I am He that liveth and became dead, and behold I am alive for evermore. Amen.'"

At Mr. Kemp's expressed wish the service in the church appropriately closed with the singing by the Tabernacle choir of the "Hallelujah Chorus." Hallelujah was a word frequently on the lips of Mr. Kemp in his lifetime, and did not seem out of place at his funeral.

A large concourse of mourners gathered at the Hillsboro' Cemetery as the bearers—Messrs W. Lambourne, S. T. Page, O. S. Wiles, C. Turley, A. G. Binnie and J. O. Sanders—bore their precious burden to the last resting-place between the grave of Mrs. Binnie, so well known to readers of *The Reaper* as Mrs. Kemp's mother, and that of Mr. W. R. Ellingham, a much loved elder of the Tabernacle.

"For Ever With the Lord" was sung, the choir leading, the Scriptures were read by Dr. North, and Rev. H. Knowles Kempton, a former minister of the Tabernacle, led the assembled company in prayer. A tribute to Mr. Kemp and his work was paid by Rev. Evan R. Harries, of St. James' Presbyterian Church, who referred to the five strings in his harp which had enabled Mr. Kemp so effectively to sound out the gospel melody with such tuneful and resonant note. He had been deeply convinced of the power of the Gospel to save men. He believed fervently in the power of the Holy Ghost to quicken the Church. He had always stressed the call and possibility of holiness and had, therefore, always striven to bring men together for instruction in the Word of God. He had believed in the universal appeal of Christianity and, because of that, had inspired young men and women to go throughout the world on the Lord's work. Finally, he had believed and made one of the dominant notes of his preaching the Second Coming of Christ and the gift of the Resurrection. It was this "blessed hope" which had robbed the grave of its victory.

On this note of Victory the funeral service closed. The valiant warrior for God was at rest, but his influence persists.

JOSEPH WILLIAM KEMP

Evangelist, Pastor, Teacher, Friend.

By Rev. John Wilmot.

From "Our Outlook" the Quarterly Magazine of Highgate Road Chapel, London, Rev. John Wilmot, Pastor.

I am constrained to write these lines by way of tribute to the memory of one whose ministry and friendship and personality left their impress on my life at a time when as a young man engaged in gospel work and a stranger in what was then to me a strange land he extended to me as warm a welcome as ever could be received from any servant of the Lord Jesus. His removal from this world on September 4th, after some months of serious illness, and from

the midst of a great evangelical and edifying ministry at the Auckland Baptist Tabernacle and Bible Training Institute, seems like a black cloud having suddenly overcast a bright sky, and casts a gloom which, humanly speaking, it will be difficult to dispel. I have never read of his activities or recalled his glowing presence without feeling again the warmth of that initial greeting, and I seem to feel it now, as I think of him, and can scarcely realize that "Joseph Kemp, of Charlotte Chapel, Edinburgh," is no longer seen and heard among men.

For although he had laboured for about thirteen years in New Zealand, and previously for a brief time in New York, and earlier in his ministerial career in evangelistic work and two small pastoral charges in Scotland, it is with Edinburgh that his name will ever be associated. "It seems as though he can still be seen and heard in that pulpit," remarked a member of the Church to me when in the Scottish capital recently. To those who knew him in those formative and re-formative years of evangelistic zeal and consolidating ministry, his name and influence will not be eclipsed by the continued prosperity of the Church during the eighteen years since he left it.

I knew him in Edinburgh for two years only, the last two years of his ministry, but they were to me outstanding years. There are some men, gifted ministers of Christ, whose personal presence is almost like a deterrent, and chilling; Joseph Kemp had a heart aglow, he drew you to him as would a hospitable fire on a wintry day! There are little incidents, though they meant big things to me, homely, personal touches, which can scarcely be represented in type; you need to be in the very circumstances to appreciate even such fragments of personal charm. What a man he was! There was nothing soft or sentimental about him, yet in his heart most evidently was the love of God shed abroad, love to the Lord and to men. He was a man with a SOUL. As I heard him preach, and heard him pray, yea, even as I listened to his giving of the intimations, and sometimes the frank and, as some would say, blunt, admonitions from the pulpit, there came into my own soul a sense of spiritual keenness and desire. I found myself desiring to preach and to pray like Joseph Kemp, and in my youthful Christian aspirations I even requested the Lord to make me like him! The prayer was probably mistaken; in any case, it was never answered! But I do not think the desire was of the wrong order, for what I saw and felt in Joseph Kemp, and still feel to have been his conspicuous spiritual characteristic, was a sane and fervent, wholehearted and sanctified enthusiasm for the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ and the advance of His gospel.

He gave me a copy of a newly-issued little book of his as I left his house one day. I still have it, inscribed, "With the Author's loving wishes, July 15th, 1915." It is entitled *The Soul-Winner and Soul-Winning*. And if the author knew anything, he certainly knew the spiritual art of soul-winning. He knew more—he knew how to feed the souls thus won, and minister edifying doctrine to his hearers, and he knew what should be the order of a New Testament Church, but he knew above all, I think, that wisdom by which souls are won. The question which he recommends to each reader; he had assuredly asked of himself, and received and acted upon the answer, namely: "How can I best lay out my life for God and my own generation?"

Responding to a letter of mine to introduce two friends who were about to visit New Zealand, Mr. Kemp included this paragraph, written in 1925: "I was happy to have your letter and to note that you are following in such an apostolic succession as that of James Stephens. Mr. Stephens has had a great ministry, and you are an honoured man to be called to stand in his shoes. My Church Secretary in Edinburgh, Mr. Andrew Urquhart, was led into the truth of believer's baptism through his instrumentality, and many were blessed through Mr. Urquhart." Meeting him on his visit to the old country a few years ago, he jovially threw out the suggestion of a preaching visit to the Antipodes, and in a letter received a few months before his lamented end, he wrote: "Thank you ever so much for the photo of Mr. Stephens and yourself. I am so happy to possess the combination. Of course, I remember you in the Edinburgh days, but was not aware of having encouraged you very much. It is gratifying to know of

any little help one may have been. Thank you for your *Quarterly* which comes regularly. I should appreciate the permission to use one or two notes that I find useful for incorporation in our own magazine, *The Reaper*. If ever you think of coming this way you must let me know, so that I may have the pleasure of arranging meetings for you. We are enjoying a season of blessing, but there is no great movement among the unconverted. I wonder, can we expect any great revival before the Lord returns? May 1933 find the water pots filled to the brim! Most cordial love in Him."

And this year, 1933, has seen Joseph Kemp called on high, where, being released from physical suffering, he is "with Christ, which is far better" even than having the water pots filled on earth!

Lines written in September, 1915, when he was about to relinquish his ministry in Edinburgh, are so true of the man and so appropriate that I reproduce them from a record kept of those days:

Good-bye! and what shall I wish for thee, my friend?
The Saviour's presence till thy journey's end;
Not easeful days that know no pang, no fear,
(In hours of pain the Lord will still be near!)
But the strong soul undaunted in the strife,
Wrestling through crisis unto higher life;
A heart in hours of danger unafraid,
In trial's furnace brave and undismayed;
A faith that says, "Though ill be heaped on ill
And my heart break, yet will I love Him still!"
A love divine forth-looking from thine eyes,
And dropping from thy lips in such sweet wise,
That weary ones, long struggling to be free,
Will think of Jesus when they think on thee.
And after life the wide-flung open door
Into the Father's home for evermore,
Where wearied eyes shall gaze upon His face,
Who loved us all and saved us by His grace.

"So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed" during his notable ministry in Edinburgh that he wrote (in 1914) the story thereof in a little brochure the substance of which we take the liberty of reproducing in the following pages. Through it "he, being dead, yet speaketh." Is it not a message for the Church of to-day—the Church at large, and the Church at home—*our Church?*

J. W.

HOW A CITY CHURCH WAS QUICKENED

By Joseph W. Kemp

Reprinted from "Our Outlook", London.

A visitor to Edinburgh, the Scottish metropolis, could not readily locate Charlotte Baptist Chapel, although it is within a stone's throw of the world-famed Princess Street. Parallel with this magnificent promenade is Rose Street, away from the main thoroughfare, and having but a scanty resident population. It is overrun with drinking facilities, having no fewer than fifteen saloons and four grocers' licensed houses, thus giving the district objectionable features to an unusual degree. By the side of one of these drink shops this House of God stands.

The original Church, which in the year 1912 gave place to its present more commodious successor, was an unpretentious building erected in 1797, and for several years did good service for the Episcopalians. When, in the year 1818, the property passed into the hands of the Baptists, some interior alterations were made to adapt it to the needs of the new congregation. The Church remained for one hundred years practically the same externally—a plain, but substantial, stone building, of low elevation, and of no particular artistic merit. The interior was equally unattractive, with dark terra-cotta walls, high-back pews, and a barrel-shaped pulpit elevated to a lofty position on the wall.

To those who loved its stones and dust the Chapel was "all glorious within," but it had reached a stage when its congregation was sadly depleted, its ancient glory had departed, and no longer could it survive on past traditions, no matter how brilliant they had been. Christopher Anderson, a truly mighty man of God, was the first pastor. His long and successful ministry of nearly half a century was followed by a succession of short pastorates extending over fifty years.

At the opening of the present century the Church was not only pastorless, but greatly weakened and dispirited. Despondency prevailed among the few remaining members, and the future was wrapped in uncertainty and clouded with gloom. Many looked upon the situation as a forlorn hope, while some did not hesitate to pronounce it a lost cause. In this low condition the Church invited its present pastor to leave a fruitful ministry in another part of the country and take up a task that seemed well-nigh hopeless.

Notwithstanding its many vicissitudes, the Church had within it a *faithful remnant long accustomed to the exercise of prayer*. These devoted souls gathered around the new minister and co-operated heartily with him in his plans for reviving the Lord's work. *Much detail in connection with the Church services had to be attended to, and methods adopted by which the people of the community might be reached*. When the outsiders failed to come to the Church, we decided to go to them. The curbstone became our pulpit and the open air our sanctuary. In this way all classes were reached, from the drunkard in the gutter to the very nobles of the land.

Our solemn conviction, however, remained, and is still with us, *that without the power of the Holy Spirit, all merely human efforts, methods and plans are, as Dr. A. T. Pierson said, "like propelling a boat by puffing at the sails with our own breath."* *The power of God was sought in prayer*. The fires of enthusiasm and the springs of the Church's activities were fed by prolonged waiting upon God. Wherever it was possible a prayer meeting was created, and every hour of the day and night found the Church labouring in prayer. On Lord's Days prayer meetings were held (and are still held) at 7 a.m., 10 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.

God answered His waiting people and gave an increase of one hundred and ninety-five in the membership of the Church for the first year, and an equal number during the second year. These were all, or nearly all, received into fellowship on profession of their faith in Christ, publicly avowed in baptism. But although there were such evident signs of the divine approval, there was a great longing in the heart for something greater. So the Church, with this soul-hunger, entered upon continuous prayer, culminating in a most marvellous spiritual quickening. Everything was merged into the prayer meeting, and the fellowship of a Church on its knees is an experience never to be forgotten.

Night after night, week after week, month after month, went by, and still the prayer meetings continued, increasing in number and deepening in interest. Great as had been our experience of blessing during former years, all was eclipsed by the gracious visitation now given us. By the end of 1905 *the Church had been praying one whole year without so much as one solitary break*, all other work practically being laid aside. It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of these nightly prayer meetings. There was little or no preaching, it being no uncommon experience for the pastor to go to the pulpit on the Lord's Day and find the congregation so caught in the spirit of prayer as to render preaching out of the question. The people poured out their hearts in importunate prayer.

I have yet to witness a movement that has produced more permanent results in the lives of men, women and children. There were irregularities no doubt; some commotion, yes. There was that which shot itself through all prescribed forms and shattered all conventionality. But such a movement, with all its irregularities, is to be preferred far above the dull, dreary, monotonous decorum of many Churches.

Under these influences the crowds thronged the Chapel which only three years before maintained a "sombre vacuum." The meetings were rich in blessing, and hundreds of souls were converted to the Lord. Conversions took place at every meeting. Many of these converts are the strong ones of the Church to-day.

Believers were not without their share of blessing, for many who had been walking afar off were again quickened, and sought from the Saviour Whom they had pained by neglect and worldliness, cleansing and forgiveness. What is also most gratifying is the fact that children were sharers in the blessing, and formed themselves into praying bands of boys and girls.

Thinking that the movement had found its level, arrangements were made to reorganize the work on generally accepted Church lines. But again the revival fires blazed forth, and the meetings became marked by a deeper out-

going of the soul to God in prayer than ever, and a passionately expressed desire for the salvation of men was a dominant feature of it.

At a meeting for prayer, held one Lord's Day evening, the Spirit came upon us in wondrous power. There was nothing, humanly speaking, to account for what had happened. Quite suddenly there came upon one and another an overwhelming sense of the reality and awfulness of God's presence and of eternal things. Life, death and eternity seemed suddenly laid bare. Prayer and weeping began and gained in intensity every moment. Separate sounds were indistinguishable, and as on the day of the laying of the foundations of the second temple "the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people." One was overwhelmed before the sudden bursting of the bonds. Could it be real? Friends sang on their knees. Over and over again could the refrain be heard:

He has broken my fetters
He has set me free.

This went on until midnight. The hours had passed like minutes. What that one meeting alone meant no pen can describe. Crushed, broken and penitent, many knelt at the Cross and received the Saviour's kiss of welcome and forgiveness.

A still deeper work went on, if possible, during the second year. Brethren were reconciled. Others testified to deliverance from dancing and theatre-going. While this

work of purifying, humbling and cleansing was going on in the saints, numerous conversions were taking place among the unsaved.

Those who knew the inner spirit of those years of reviving, know that it was the manifest work of the Holy Spirit. The Church of Christ needs the divine flame, and she can have it by prayer. This Church has proved it so. In the thirteen years of its new life the Church has been raised from the verge of extinction to a position of usefulness and Christian aggressiveness that has been a wonder to many. During these years hundreds have been brought to Christ and added to the Church till the congregation has become the largest in its denomination in Scotland.

Having learned the power and place of prayer this Church has no wish to adopt other methods to perpetuate its usefulness. The danger of much modern Church life is that we allow multiplied activities to push prayer out; and if it is not altogether "a forgotten secret" it most certainly is a "neglected privilege." The same tale of woe is told everywhere that people cannot be got to attend prayer meetings. Well, if the Church loves to have it so, she must pay the price, and a costly one it will be. With not a tithe of the machinery of the Church life of to-day, the apostolic Church increased with such rapidity, and witnessed with such power, that within a short time of the Pentecostal endowment it had made itself felt throughout the entire Roman Empire. If we would get back to apostolic methods we might have apostolic power, and enjoy apostolic results. (Acts ii. 42-47.) Brethren, LET US PRAY.

Report of the Sixth Annual Convention of The Union of Regular Baptist Churches of Ontario and Quebec

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Union of Regular Baptist Churches of Ontario and Quebec was held in Jarvis Street Church October 24th to 26th. We shall not attempt a detailed account of the sessions of the Convention, but content ourselves with reporting a few leading events of those three days of spiritual blessing.

In the first place, the Convention was well attended. The Union of Regular Baptist Churches is but six years old, and is not a large organization. There were fifty-three churches represented by regularly appointed delegates, the delegation numbering one hundred and sixteen. One hundred and eight visitors were registered, representing thirty-seven churches, thirty-six of which were outside of Toronto. There were, of course, hundreds of visitors from the city who did not register. But the total registration of delegates and visitors was two hundred and twenty-four. The churches represented by delegates and visitors were ninety; there was some overlapping in these. In addition to the delegates and visitors registered there was a great attendance of others, the majority doubtless from the city, but large numbers of these too were from out of town.

There were splendid audiences both morning and afternoon; the evening audience completely filled the area of the church, with a good number in the gallery. We recall many meetings of the Convention of Ontario and Quebec, before the days of the controversy, and we cannot think of any annual meeting of the Old Convention in those days that had such an attendance as we had at the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Union. This fall the Old Convention was held in First Baptist Church, Brantford. We doubt whether the congregation at any afternoon session of our Convention could have been packed into the First Church, Brantford; while that

building would not have held much more than half our evening audiences.

But numbers do not make a Convention. The most remarkable feature of our Convention of last week was the spirit of those present, and the atmosphere of every session. It was surely evident to every one that the Spirit of the Lord was there.

The Executive Committee were peculiarly fortunate in their selection of a special speaker for this Convention, Rev. Albert G. Johnson, D.D., of Detroit. Some men carry a certain atmosphere about with them, and Dr. Johnson is one of them. A man of charming personality, graciously dignified in his bearing, and manifestly spiritual in all his conceptions, he spoke on every occasion in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Every one of his four addresses Tuesday and Wednesday was a gem; we only wish we could share their treasures with our readers. But the sermon of Tuesday night, on the intercession of Christ, was one of the greatest sermons we have ever heard preached by anyone. We have heard many of the world's greatest preachers, according to human reckoning, but never at any time have we heard a sermon that made Christ more real, in which He seemed so near as in that great utterance of Tuesday.

Why will ministers content themselves with giving "addresses", with making up speeches; like the little boy whose mother said he had made a fiddle "all of wood, and all out of his own head"? Why do not ministers preach, as Dr. Johnson preached that Tuesday night? Why are they so slow to learn that nothing can equal an exposition of the Word of God? We felt almost as Paul must have felt when he was caught up into paradise. We shall never forget that night as long as memory holds sway. All we could say when it was over

was, "That is preaching"! That Dr. Johnson is one of the greatest biblical expositors of the Continent there can be no doubt. We do not wonder that his church is thronged with people, or that his ministry is crowned with spiritual blessing. May his bow long abide in strength!

We missed the address of Rev. James McGinlay on Wednesday morning, but we have heard from many that it was one of the mountain peaks of the Convention. The Convention was especially responsive to Mr. McGinlay because a year ago his life was hanging in the balance, and all rejoiced to see him so well again. After the terrible experiences through which he passed in his recent illness, it must be a fact that, however willing Mr. McGinlay may be, he has not as yet the physical strength he once had. He must be given time fully to regain his strength, and we certainly hope that our people will not be too exacting.

The report of the Executive Board, submitted by the Secretary, Rev. W. E. Atkinson, was full of good things; and in view of the difficult days through which we have passed—and are still passing—contained much to encourage. We are happy to record that the Treasurer reported a fair balance—which does not mean that the Union has plenty of money. On the contrary, like all mission treasuries, its funds are sadly depleted; but careful administration on the part of the Board has kept the Union out of debt.

Another eminence in the Convention was the address of Rev. A. J. Lewis, of Kitchener, who was, with Rev. Horace L. Davey, our pioneer missionary to Liberia. Mr. Lewis was obliged to return from Liberia for reasons of his family's health, but the same passion for the lost which took him to Liberia burns in his breast now that he is Pastor of the church at Kitchener. Mr. Lewis' address on Thursday evening was a strong plea for foreign missions in general, and for the support of the work in Liberia in particular.

Another great event of the Convention was the pledging of an offering for foreign missions. Rev. Horace L. and Mrs. Davey are due to return to Africa, and are to be accompanied by Mr. Percy Clubine, M.A., a member of Mount Pleasant Road Church, Toronto. Mr. Clubine obtained his Bachelor's Degree in Arts from McMaster University, and his Master's Degree in Science from Cornell University; and has been teaching high school four years. In addition to the passage money needed for the outgoing missionaries, passage money is needed for three missionaries whose furloughs are due, namely, Rev. Gordon and Mrs. Mellish, and Miss Minnie Lane. The estimated cost of sending the three out, and bringing three home, was about \$1,600.00.

A resolution was passed Wednesday evening, urging the churches to raise the necessary amount. It was then proposed that a roll of the churches should be called, and that the delegates from the churches called, present, should pledge themselves to endeavour to raise a certain amount in their church. The delegates from a good number of churches hesitated to pledge a specific amount, but promised to go home and do their best. Other delegates ventured to make a pledge in behalf of their church that they would endeavour to raise a certain amount. The total amount pledged was \$2,047.00. As the three out-going missionaries will sail about the sixteenth of November it will be necessary that the

churches act at once. The special offering of Jarvis Street Church will be taken next Sunday.

We greatly wish we could give an account of the Seminary Session on Thursday afternoon. It was under the direction of Rev. W. Gordon Brown, and the addresses by the students and instructors showed that the Seminary is a great missionary enterprise.

The Budget Committee recommended the same percentage as adopted by the Convention last year, and their report was approved.

The delightful spirit of the Convention, and the ease with which the work was carried through, was due, in no small degree, to the able and gracious manner in which the beloved President, Rev. C. M. Carew, of Fenelon Falls, presided. We say "beloved" President for there is no man of our brotherhood who has a larger place in the hearts of our people than Mr. Carew.

The officers elected for the coming year were: President, Rev. James McGinlay, of Central Church, London; Vice-Presidents: Mr. Stanley Goldsworthy, Lachute, and Rev. James Hall, Ottawa. Elections to the Home Missions Board resulted as follows: Messrs. W. C. Boadway, Barrie, Ont.; J. E. Jennings, A. J. Lazelle, Toronto; Revs. C. J. Loney, Hamilton; F. Dyson, Lachute, Que.; C. M. Carew, Fenelon Falls; W. N. Charlton, Hespeler; L. Roblin, Otterville, Ont. For the Foreign Mission Board: Messrs. D. H. Gillies, London; A. Baker, Baker Hill; Revs. H. C. Slade, Timmins; W. E. Smalley, Baker Hill, Alex. Thomson, D. Alexander, P. B. Loney, T. T. Shields, Toronto.

The Kinsmen Quartette sang at most of the sessions, and their ministry was greatly appreciated.

At the Thursday evening session the following resolution was unanimously adopted by the great audience rising and singing, "God Save the King":

"In view of certain ill-considered and manifestly untenable positions recently expressed in resolutions passed or debated in certain religious meetings in respect to the general world political situation, and particularly in respect to the delicate matter of international relations,

"This Convention of the Union of Regular Baptist Churches of Ontario and Quebec declares its adherence to the long-recognized attitude of Christian churches toward such matters, namely, that an appeal to force for the settlement of questions in dispute between individuals, groups, or nations, should ever be the last resort of reasonable men;

"Notwithstanding, this Convention recognizes that in all life's relationships there may be disputes in which principles of righteousness and justice are at issue where unresisting acquiescence in the violation of such principles would be a greater wrong than resistance even unto blood;

"Moreover, this Convention recognizes that an accurate appraisal of matters which threaten the peace of nations and of the world, is frequently impossible to any man or body of men who are without access to information exclusively within the knowledge of governmental secret service agencies, and the governments they serve;

"And further, since the representative principle of government under which we live, compels us to trust those who are placed in positions of authority in so many other matters, this Convention expresses its conviction that the Governments of Great Britain, and of the Dominions which constitute the British Empire may safely be trusted to refuse to participate in any but a just war; and in this confidence we pledge our loyal devotion to His Majesty the King and His advisers, and call upon our people as Christians constantly to obey the scriptural injunction to pray "for kings, and for all in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour."