

# The Gospel Witness

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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 PRAYER FOR THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, December 31st, 1933.

(Stenographically Reported)

Broadcast over CFRB, 690 k.c., as is every Sunday evening service of Jarvis Street Church,  
from 7 to 9 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

"Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than  
snow."—Psalm 51:7.

### Prayer before the Sermon

We draw near to Thee, O Lord, in the name of Jesus Christ. For the multitude of Thy mercies, for Thine immeasurable love, we give Thee thanks. We thank Thee for all Thou hast shown us of Thy grace during the year now closing. We bless Thee for many in Thy presence who, during the year, have come to know Thee as their Saviour, who will greet the new year as they did not greet the beginning of this year, in company with Jesus Christ.

Every day Thou hast been with us, and Thy promise that Thou wouldst be with us all the days has been fulfilled to us for another year. Every good gift and every perfect gift which has been received has come from Thee. We confess our unworthiness, our utter sinfulness, and acknowledge that it is all of Thy mercy that we are not consumed. But we give Thee thanks that Thou hast blessed us through another year, and we would bow in Thy presence this evening as men and women, boys and girls, who need Thy grace for the year to come. We want to be better men and better women. We desire more worthily to represent Thee in a world that so urgently needs Christ. Fulfil to us Thy promises in still larger measure. May we receive power by the Holy Ghost's coming upon us, that we may be witnesses unto Thee here, and to the uttermost parts of the earth.

We praise Thee for Thy grace to us as a church. Thou hast been with us. Thou hast sustained the enterprises which Thou hast entrusted to us. And Thou hast given us innumerable tokens of Thy favour. That hast manifested Thy presence again and again. We thank Thee for the prospect of the future, for Thy resources are inexhaustible. Thou wilt be the same in the year to come as Thou hast been during the year now closing.

We pray that Thy benediction may rest upon every member of this congregation, upon every one of our radio hearers. We beseech Thee, O Lord, to draw nigh to us all to-night. Make us sensible of Thy nearness. Be not to us as a God Who is afar off, but as One Who is nigh. Let Thy grace abound toward every one of us. Bless the homes into which this message will penetrate this evening. Wherever there are people in trouble, may the comfort of the Holy Ghost be vouchsafed. Where there are any without Christ, may salva-

tion come to that house. Bless the unconverted fathers and mothers, and children, and friends and neighbours. Wherever people hear the message of the hour, O Lord, may the power of Thy Spirit be felt. May the wind that bloweth where it listeth carry the message of the gospel to countless thousands who need it.

We thank Thee for this word from within the walls of a penitentiary. Bless, we beseech Thee, that dear man. We know nothing of his experiences in the past, but we pray that Thou wilt restore to him the years the locust hath eaten. Help him to rejoice in God his Saviour, and even there to bear witness to His saving power; and make him, in the years to come, when he shall have regained his liberty, to be a mighty power for good. There may be others whom we do not know who hear in their prison-cells. We pray for a like blessing for every one of them, and for those in hospitals, sanitarium, and other institutions, where this message shall reach. We beseech Thee, let Thy blessing be given to them also.

Now in this service this wet night, when many who are ordinarily present, are detained, make bare Thine arm. We thank Thee that Thou art never absent from the assemblies of the saints. Thou art sovereign of all circumstances, of all conditions; therefore we beseech Thee to manifest Thy grace in this place this evening. Similarly would we pray for every company of believing people, for every gospel messenger, for every witness for the cross in this land, and to the uttermost parts of the earth. May the blessing of the Lord be upon us all.

Bless the nation, and the rulers of all nations. Give us peace, if it please Thee, in our time, O Lord. Give wisdom to those who rule over us, and if it please Thee visit us, not so much with temporal prosperity, though this we desire, but visit us with a Heaven-sent revival that will restore to the nations the confidence which these latter years have destroyed. Hasten the time when Thou shalt come Thyself and take to Thyself Thy great power and reign. This blessed hope we cherish, and for the appearance of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ we long. Come quickly, Lord Jesus, we beseech Thee. Meanwhile, keep us true to Thee, and bless us now for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.

I suppose we shall follow our usual practice as this day draws to a close, and as we greet the New Year, we shall do as we have done many times before, and wish each other a happy new year. I would not make light of that practice. I think it does us good to think of other people, and to express such kindly sentiments respecting others' welfare. But how impotent we all are to make our wishes effective! If only we could really make our friends happy by wishing them a happy new year! And how happy we ourselves should be in thus communicating happiness to others! But notwithstanding our good wishes there will be those perhaps to whom sorrow and difficulties will come; for the next year will have its shadows, as this year has had. And I thought it would be a good thing if we could learn how to send a wish somewhere that would be effective for ourselves, and for others too.

I think the text I have read is a most appropriate prayer for the closing of the year. There is not one of us who does not need to breathe just such a prayer as this. There is not one who hears me this evening by radio who does not need to pray after this fashion, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." If we all thus pray, and receive—as we shall—the divine answer to our prayers, then we may, in very truth, have a happy new year; and have new experiences, all of us, of the grace of God.

This is very, very simple. Nothing could be simpler. Have you noticed how frequently in the Word of God repentance and faith are joined? I fear we exhort one another very often to believe, when we ought to be equally faithful in exhorting others to repentance. There can be no true faith without repentance. Repentance is an element in faith, and only as we repent of our sins can we receive forgiveness for them.

In this simple prayer you have *the request of a penitent heart*, someone who feels his need of cleansing. He says, "Wash me." There is *a confession of faith involved in the prayer*, for said he, "If God shall wash me I shall be whiter than snow."

Let us look at those two words, first of all, and then at some of their implications.

#### I.

First, then, THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT: "Wash me." It was thus the broken-hearted David prayed. He thus prayed *because he had some consciousness of his need of cleansing*. He would never have prayed that he might be washed had he not first of all been convinced that he needed to be washed.

The difficulty sometimes is to persuade people that they need to be washed. The Lord has as much trouble with His children in that respect as some human parents have with theirs. I do not know why it should be so, but there are children who seem very much afraid of soap and water, and seem not to know how useful they are, and how indispensable to cleanliness and health. There are also grown-up people who have not learned their need of cleansing. I suppose if you were to suggest to some fine gentleman this evening who hears me, that his personal appearance would be greatly improved if he were to give a little more attention to the business of washing, he would be highly offended.

And yet that is the task, if I may so say, of the Spirit of God always, to convince men of their need of cleansing. You remember when Jesus Christ laid aside His gar-

ments and took a towel and girded Himself, and began to wash His disciples' feet, when He came to Peter, Peter said, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." Not that he did not feel his need of it, but because he felt unworthy of the condescension involved in the proposal. But how many there are who abhor the necessity of washing! The religion of the day fails to recognize that fundamental necessity that we need, above everything else, to be washed, and to be made clean in the sight of God.

*How may we know our need?* Only by the light of God's Spirit, through the Word, only as we look into this mirror which is described as "the perfect law of liberty". The man who will really, sincerely, examine himself in the light of this Book will there behold the reflection of his own character; he will be as a man who beholdeth his natural face in a glass. And he will see his need of cleansing.

That is my exhortation to you, my friends, here and elsewhere this evening, ere this year shall close. Will you look back upon its record, upon your record in respect to this year, and see if it be not true that you need to be washed; especially if you have never yet come to Christ, if you have never received the cleansing of His precious blood, if you are in a state of nature, with all your sins upon you? There is nothing you need so much as to be washed and made clean.

We shall never learn our shortcomings by measuring ourselves by earthly standards. We must bring ourselves into the light which shines from heaven, if we would learn our need of cleansing.

This is a *prayer which takes precedence in the Psalmist's thought of all other desires*. Suppose you could have your way to-night, suppose you were free to go to any storehouse, to any great departmental store, to one of our great banks, to go anywhere you like and make any request that was expressive of your heart's desire, with the assurance that your request would be granted, what prayer would you offer? For what would you ask?

I recall the story of a number of men coming into London from the trenches during the Great War. They were loaded down with their haversacks, rifles, and all the rest of it, steel helmets and all. They were tired from their long journey, and they were hungry as well. In greeting them at the station somebody said to one of them, "What shall we do for you first? Is it a good meal you want?" "No", said the weary soldier, "let me go somewhere where I can bathe and make myself clean. I can wait for food until afterward." What he really said was, "Wash me. I have been a long time in the trenches, I have come to loathe myself. I am conscious of my uncleanness, and I want a fountain somewhere in which I can wash."

Have you ever been brought there? Sometimes we dream our dreams of what we would do if we were able to command the resources of great wealth. We have all built our castles, and formulated plans for great enterprises; but would it not be well for us to think of our standing before God? I suppose there are people this day who would like to have a new suit of clothes for the new year! I know we used to be able to say in this place, "We want some clothes for the poor", and be certain of getting them. But now from very many we receive the reply, "I am poor myself, and I am wearing all the clothes I have." People are wearing their old clothes. How people like to make themselves presentable before each other! I say, it would be well for us to

think of our standing before God, of how we appear before Him; and then to pray that we may be so washed that we may not be ashamed in His presence.

A good many years ago I was one day visiting in the country. I was invited to a certain home to tea—or dinner, I forget which it was. The home was that of a comparatively young man and his wife, and they had a little girl. The lady invited her family upon this occasion to meet the preacher. I do not know how many sisters she had, but they were all there. When I went in they were seated around the room, and presently the little girl, Mary, came in. She went up to one of her aunts and said, "Aunt Allie, what have you got that dress on for?" They tried to quiet her, but she was not to be put off. She said, "You have on your very best dress." Then she looked around at the others. "Aunt Mary, what have you got your best dress on for?" And finally stepping out into the centre of the floor she said, "You all look as though you were s'pecting company." It is sometimes dangerous to let little children talk! They were expecting company, and I suppose they had prepared for the reception of the company.

How vastly more important it is that we ask ourselves, How are we to appear before God? If we do, and survey ourselves in this revealing mirror, we shall learn to pray as the Psalmist did, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

That is simple. And I know, as I have already said, that the popular religion omits it. Some who hear me would be more pleased perhaps were I to exhort them to works of righteousness, to good deeds, something which they themselves could do. But it is useless to dress up in your best clothes if your face is not washed. The children smile at that! They know very well that it is useless to try to make a good appearance if they are not first properly washed and made clean. I am not here to exhort you to "do your best", to give alms, and so on; but to exhort you to come before God and pray this simple prayer, "Wash me." That is what we need, to have our sins cleansed away.

*In New Testament language it means to plunge in the fountain filled with blood.* Nothing else will take sin away: "Without shedding of blood is no remission." Nothing but the blood of Jesus can wash our sins away. That is what this Psalm means. Have you never been washed in the blood? Then pray that prayer. "But I thought it was a complicated thing to be saved." You are very much like Naaman when he went to the prophet, sent thither by the king: "Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage." He expected there would be some kind of ceremony connected with his healing, for he was a great man. But one of his servants 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?" That was all he had to do—and he went and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, and behold, "his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean".

How many people stumble at the very simplicity of the gospel! The Lord our God loves all these little

children. He wants to see them all saved. And I am sure he did not make the way of salvation so difficult that the simplest of them could not understand it. He Himself said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." That is exactly what this text means. We are simply to come and be washed.

What a cry for help this is! The man cannot wash himself. He does not say, "Provide me a fountain wherein I may wash", but he says, "Wash me; apply the cleansing blood." Is there nothing you can do, my friend? Do you say, "I have tried and tried a thousand times without avail?" Will you cease from all your "trying", and breathe this simple prayer? Nothing could be simpler: two words only, "Wash me—not somebody else, but me. Wash me. Make me clean. I am the sinner. Wash me."

I could not make it simpler than that. Oh that we may all of us pray that prayer this evening.

Then you will remember when Jesus Christ said, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me", Peter answered, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." But Jesus Christ said, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." He washed their feet because they were soiled with the journey, but they were clean and needed but to remove the defilement of the way. We do not need, as believers, to pray again for the forgiveness of sin, but only to confess our sins, and seek absolution. "Wash me." So let us pray, every one. That is the cry of repentance.

## II.

And here is THE DECLARATION OF FAITH: "I shall be whiter than snow." Why? First of all, the Psalmist said, "If only God will wash me it will be well done." If salvation were an admixture of grace and works, we should never be quite sure the job was done. But seeing it is all of grace, and there is not an infinitesimal element of works in it, seeing salvation is what God does for us, and not what we do for God, then if He will wash us we may be sure it will be well done.

You boys and girls know that you have to pass inspection sometimes. Did mother ever tell you that? Did you ever hear about the kind of washing that is just a "lick and a promise"? I expect you have. There are shadows all around. You just touched the high spots, did you not, when you did it for yourselves? And mother sent you back again, saying, "You are only half washed."

When we wash ourselves it is a "lick and a promise"—and mostly promise. There is not much done. The Psalmist says, "Wash me." He prays that God will wash him, for if God does it it will be well done.

You have heard that hackneyed story that is told of Wesley, of Spurgeon, of Moody, of Finney, and of a great many more. The whole thing may be apocryphal, but it has in it a principle which is worth while recalling to your minds. Some drunken man staggered up to one of these preachers, whoever he was—let us say, Wesley, if you like—and said, "Do you know me, Mr. Wesley." "No", replied Mr. Wesley, "I fear I do not." "But you converted me last month." "Is that so", said the great preacher, "it looks like my work. If God had done it, it would have been better done."

The Psalmist said, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." If God does it, my friends, it will be well done. All the corners will be looked after. "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin", this Psalmist prayed. God never made a half-finished flower; He will never make a half-finished saint. "I know", said the wise man, "that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever." If He undertakes to cleanse us from our sin, it will be thoroughly done.

But mark this: "I shall be white"—white as snow? He might have said that. Snow is our standard of whiteness, is it not? Do you know anything whiter than snow? I do not. When you rise in the morning, when it has snowed over night, and before the foot of man has soiled God's handiwork, you look out upon the earth mantled in snow, how beautiful it looks! I know of nothing whiter than snow. But this petitioner had had a glimpse into a realm beyond natural human vision. He was preparing for a world where higher standards obtain, and he said, "If God washes me I shall not only be white: I shall be as white as snow; and not only as white as the whitest thing on earth, but I shall be whiter than snow."

When the soul is robed in the garment of Christ's righteousness it has on a whiter garment than the original garment of innocence. The one is negative, and the other is positive. And when grace has finished the work which grace begins, the redeemed soul will be adorned with a thousand excellencies of which this world knows nothing. "Ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power." Or, as I said to you a few Sundays ago, we are "accepted in the Beloved". Or last Thursday evening, "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." We are *in* Christ, and all His excellencies are ours. His perfections are imputed to us. And not only so, but He Who is the express image of the Father's person, and the supreme revelation of His glory, prayed for us, as for the disciples who were His contemporaries in the days of His flesh, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me." We are actually to behold as in a glass, the glory of the Lord; and are to be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit Who is Lord. What a salvation!

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Is that not a good prayer to end the year with? Do you want to "turn over a new leaf"? We had better have a new nature, a new heart, a new spirit, be a new creation, have old things pass away, and all things become new. That will not only be possible, but actual in the experience of every one who will sincerely, in simple faith, offer this prayer this evening: for, mark you, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

I shall ask you here in this building, and those who hear by radio, in a moment to bow with me. We need not wait until the midnight hour. It is already the new year in some parts of the world. We began our broadcast one minute past seven in order that the hearers who use this station might hear Big Ben in Old London chime the midnight hour, and ring the old year out and the new year in. We began this service, by London time, one minute past the new year. We

need not wait, I say, for that hour here. Let this moment be the beginning of our new year. Let this be our watch-night service, our watch-night hour. Let us all pray here, in the homes yonder, the friend yonder in that prison who wrote to me, other prisoners who hear, hundreds in institutions—you can all remember that prayer, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Let us all bow together as we pray:

O Lord our God, we thank Thee that the price has been paid, that there is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins, where sinners, plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains. This is our prayer at the close of the year. Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. And as this prayer ascends to Heaven from hundreds, mayhap sincerely at this moment, from thousands, of hearts, calling upon Thee, O God, to wash us and make us whiter than snow, may the Spirit of God help us to rest in Thy promise that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. If we know our own hearts we call upon Thee. We do not ask for many things, but for one thing, and one thing only: wash us, and we shall be whiter than snow. Help us to praise Thee for answered prayer, for Thy name's sake, Amen.

### NABAL AND ABIGAIL

A Lecture by Dr. T. T. Shields

Delivered in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto,  
Thursday, December 21st, 1933.

(Stenographically Reported)

*Seventh in the 1933-34 Series of Thursday Evening Lectures on Biblical Theology, which is included in the Curriculum of Toronto Baptist Seminary.*

Lesson Text: I Samuel, chapters 24, 25, and 26.

This evening we shall look at the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, and if possible, the twenty-sixth chapters of the First Book of Samuel. We are familiar, I think, with the story of the twenty-fourth chapter, where Saul's jealous rage against David again manifests itself.

#### I.

The spirit of Saul was implacable. It seemed impossible for him to obtain permanent control over the jealousy which consumed him. Again and again he repented—and as often, allowed that spirit to take possession of him. We find him again therefore in this twenty-fourth chapter pursuing David, and in the course of his pursuit he tarries for a while and finds rest in a cave. David was hiding in the cave, and Saul was thus delivered into his hand. But he cut off a piece of Saul's robe, the skirt of his robe, and then later made known to Saul the fact that he had been at his mercy, that he could have killed had he willed to do so, but that he had refused to put forth his hand against the Lord's anointed.

David might justly have complained of the treatment he had received at Saul's hand. He had good ground for being displeased with Saul, for he had done him nothing but good—and Saul had requited him nothing but evil. Notwithstanding, he respected him for the office he held; he was the Lord's anointed. And furthermore, he had committed his cause to the Lord, and therefore he left it in His hand to avenge him at His pleasure.

I think the lesson of that twenty-fourth chapter is one we need to lay to heart, particularly at a time like this when there is so much bitterness abroad in the world. In almost every community, in almost every social circle of every kind, you find some kind of war raging, even in

our own country. At a time when tens of thousands of people are without employment, you find the spirit of bitterness abroad everywhere, with strikes obtaining in many places. Surely those of us who are the Lord's people ought to seek grace that we may set a worthy example before the people who are about us.

I knew a man once who was a professing Christian—a Christian, I have no doubt, and a minister also. He prided himself on the fact that he gave justice to everybody—but he demanded it for himself. There is nothing particularly praiseworthy in that. We all like to be justly treated, and yet there is not one of us who has not suffered injustice at the hands of somebody. And I suppose there is nothing makes one smart more than to feel that he has been unjustly treated, to have people complain against him of things concerning which he is absolutely innocent. If we will to take that course I suppose there is not one of us but could go on the warpath at once. We could all find a Saul who, to put it lightly, deserves chastisement. You may gird on your sword and go to battle, and add a little more to the world's bitterness. But surely the wiser course is that which David pursued.

We have read something in the last few weeks about lynch law in the United States. One of the terrible things about that horrible practice is the possibility of the innocent being made to suffer, when men are lynched without having been given an opportunity to defend themselves. In one case at least the man declared that he was absolutely innocent of any connection with the crime. When you take the law into your own hands on any matter you are in grave danger of inflicting a greater injustice than you have suffered. There is One Who never makes mistakes, Who always judges according to knowledge; and we may be sure that the scales of justice in His hands will be properly balanced. Therefore it is wise always to commit our cause to Him. If things are not adjusted here they will be adjusted hereafter. They may not be adjusted here. Many men have died without having obtained justice, having suffered unjustly. Witness for instance the multitude of martyrs who for their faith laid down their lives. But in God's own time He will avenge His own elect. Therefore the becoming attitude for any Christian to assume toward those who have injured them is to leave their case with the Lord.

It is well that we should try to prevent the commission of evil, that where wrong is done, wrong should be appraised and censured. But we need not fight for ourselves, and for our personal interests. I have had a good many people come to me with little chips on their shoulders, with sore fingers—or if not with sore fingers, with sore toes, because somebody had stepped on them. Forget about it. It is not worth while burdening your mind with such matters. I have had the opportunity as Pastor to say to not a few, "I wonder how you would get along if you had to put up with what I have had to put up with? If on looking at the paper day after day for months, and almost years together, there was hardly an issue without some slanderous report that had no foundation in fact?" To this day I have not used enough ink to wet one nib to answer. What is the use? Leave it to the Lord. That is what David did.

Then we must remember that David was a type of Christ. He was a man after God's own heart. He represents Christ in this period of his history, reigning, not in judgment, but in grace. This is not the time of judg-

ment with the Lord. When we look abroad upon the earth to-day, and see so many evils, sometimes we are half inclined to ask, "Why does not God interfere? Why does he permit these things to go on?" Peter gives us the reason: "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." He delays His coming for a specific purpose. Mark this: Peter explicitly teaches us that the coming of Jesus Christ will not mean grace to any sinner, but for ever the end of grace and the beginning of judgment. He delays His coming because He is not willing that any should perish.

If His coming were associated with the inauguration, as some hold, of the greatest revival the world has ever seen, then there would be no reason for Peter's argument. When Jesus Christ comes the dispensation of grace will be ended, and judgment, and nothing but judgment, will begin; and because of that, He is like David now, long-suffering. The day of judgment will come in His own time, but we may well await the striking of His hour, and leave these matters to Him.

Then another thing: when people do wrong it ought to be our settled policy to make it easy for them to repent and do right. Do you not think that is true? "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." Suppose somebody offends you to-day, and you reply in kind, reconciliation becomes increasingly difficult then. I have had not a few people come to me as pastor of this church—and say, "I am sorry, Pastor, I was wrong." I am always happy to be able to give them the hand of fellowship and say, "I am glad you have come back. I never did anything but love you anyway." Why, when people disagree, must you slam the door, and bolt it, and call them all kinds of names, so that they can never come back again?

Saul was brought to repentance, temporarily at least, by David's act of grace. He was made to confess that David was more righteous than he. He said, "Is this thy voice, my son David?" He was ashamed of himself in the face of David's larger charity. So let us try, as God gives us grace, to cultivate that attitude toward those who do us injury.

## II.

In the twenty-fifth chapter there is a passing reference to Samuel. "Samuel died, and all the Israelites were gathered together, and lamented him, and buried him in his house at Ramah." Long before I had anything to do with editing a paper I used to feel a certain sense of disgust at many reports in denominational papers: the report, for instance, of some unimportant meeting where somebody sang a solo. They had to write half a page to describe that, and then give all the names of the men and women who distinguished themselves in something that was not worth writing about anyhow.

A certain lady in this city was asked the other day—the wife of a prominent man—about certain matters, trivial affairs, as to her social interests, et cetera. She said something to this effect: "My family have gone on before me. Both my daughters are dead, and I have been forced to form some estimate of the true values of life."

Here is the story of a man called Samuel. What an illustrious career was his! What a tremendous factor he was in the life of Israel at a very critical period in her

history! It was he who had anointed Saul the first king. It was he also who anointed David to be king in succession to Saul. It was he who had been chosen of God to reprove Eli and his house, and had succeeded him as Israel's seer. A great man Samuel had been. He is mentioned in the New Testament as one of the prophets. But when the Holy Ghost writes his obituary He says, "And Samuel died; and all the Israelites were gathered together, and lamented him, and buried him in his house at Ramah." Only twenty-one words; and then the history continues as though nothing had happened.

We are not very important, my dear friends. Sometimes I suppose we are foolish enough to think that in some little circle, some little sphere, we fill rather an important place and have become necessary to somebody. Not at all! The Lord can bury all of us, and He will carry on His work to-morrow morning just the same. It will make no difference when we have passed. If He could thus dispense with a man like Samuel, and write it all out in a few words, and things go on as though nothing had happened, I think He can do without us. Let us be thankful that we are saved by grace, and that we are going to live a larger and fuller life by and by. We can do very little here, and we do well to walk humbly.

### III.

The story of Nabal and Abigail, on the natural plane is an interesting one, an interesting story of a man who had a significant name. The name Nabal means fool—and his wife said he was well named. I suppose she knew! She said, "As his name is, so is he; Nabal is his name, and folly is with him." He was churlish and evil in his doings. He is described as a man of Belial, a man whom no one could speak to. I expect you have met with that variety of human snapping-turtle or terrier, the man whose wife, whose servants, and everybody else, fear to approach, who never speaks but in anger, sharpness, or unkindness. It is possible for people to cultivate that habit, and to be proud of it. I have met people who boasted of their "frankness"—when they ought really to have been ashamed of their rudeness. "I always say what I think." But, my friend, perhaps you ought not to think what you think. That is no excuse for being ugly. There is no justification for churlishness in any of life's relationships, least of all in the home, where, if a man has any sweetness in his makeup, it ought to be seen.

But Nabal was ugly with everybody—ugly with his wife, ugly with his servants, and, as we shall see, equally ugly with David.

And somehow or another such a character manages to get a fine wife. I do not know how they manage it, but they do. Nabal's wife was a beautiful creature, and apparently her disposition was just as gracious as her features were lovely. She seems to have been a charming woman—but notwithstanding, had to live with a human demon like that! I do not know whether he had been the grindstone upon which she had been polished or not, but something had sweetened her through and through. I have known some women like that: because there is not room for two churls in one house, the uglier the man has become, the sweeter the wife has grown; perhaps for the sake of the children and other people.

But how true the Bible is to life! How common that is! - I cannot explain it: I only recognize the fact of it. I do not know what Abigail saw in Nabal; perhaps he

had some "company manners". He may have behaved as a reasonably decent fellow some time. But if he did, it was all external; it had no relation to what he really was at heart.

Nabal owed a great deal to his wife. She made his relationship with others tolerable. I have known some ministers who were tolerated for the sake of their wives—and other people too. Nabal is suffered to continue among decent people, very often, because he is fortunate enough to be the husband of a fine woman like Abigail.

Nabal was a kind of—what shall I call him? A Mr. Pinchpenny. He was anything but generous. He was a rich man; he had great flocks of sheep, and plenty of money. He was well-to-do—and proud of his prosperity. He was known as a man who lived in prosperity. He was a kind of old Scrooge—yes, that will fit him exactly. There always will be people like him. I heard of a man in France dying of a very strange disease. Medical science could not discover the cause of it, but he died of a kind of skin contraction. I have heard of a man's being tortured by being sewn up in the green skin of some animal so that when the skin dried it would squeeze him to death. But this man was squeezed to death by his own skin—and that was worse because he could not very well get out of that!

I have known some men like that. A pastor told me an experience he had some years ago. I will not name the church, but I knew it very well, and had much to do with it when I was a member of the Home Mission Board of the Old Convention. That church received help from the Board all the time I was on the Board, fourteen or fifteen years, and had been receiving help for about twenty-five years before, although there were a number of people there who were well-to-do. The pastor was a student—they could not afford anybody but a student. (So you know what is coming to you as students). He was a young unmarried man, and what he received from the church was a mere pittance. They needed a small amount on the occasion of which I speak, and the pastor made an appeal to the members. They raised the amount with the exception of twenty-five cents—I think that was the amount lacking. At the close of the service three or four of the brethren gathered together to consider how they should make up that twenty-five cents. One contributed five or six cents, another two or three cents, and together they managed to get about eighteen cents. The poor pastor put his hand in his pocket and said, "Here, brethren, is a quarter." "Oh", said one of the men, "that will make up the amount of itself"—and they redistributed the eighteen cents, and took the poor preacher's quarter to make up the balance.

Nabals are found occasionally in churches. There are some religious pinchpennies who are pretty small! Pretty small!

David represented a very worthy cause, certainly, and he asked Nabal in his prosperity to recognize him as the Lord's anointed, to assist in provisioning the army he had with him. He asked for provision by the way. David and his men had been as a wall about Nabal's men, as they themselves testified: "They were a wall unto us both by night and day, all the while we were with them keeping the sheep." David had protected Nabal's thousands of sheep, and had sent him no bill. He had been his helper in a hundred ways. His prosperity, in part, was due to David. But when



his messengers came Nabal said, "Who is David? and who is the son of Jesse? there be many servants nowadays that break away every man from his master: Shall I then take my bread, and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men, whom I know not whence they be?" No! No! "My" this, and "my" that, and "my" the other thing. May the Lord save us from that kind of thing!

I do not know how people live who miss the joy of giving. I do not think they live at all. The man who eats his morsel alone, and finds no delight in sharing with others whatever he has, be it little or much, is poor indeed. But we shall find people like that, and if we are like David, the representatives of a worthy cause, we shall often go away without a collection.

You young preachers will have a great many experiences like that. You will spend yourselves day and night, and when you get back home you will find you have not received even enough to pay your expenses. You will meet with many Nabals. Of course when you minister to somebody who has nothing, be glad that you have the opportunity of serving. I have read somewhere that Dr. Joseph Parker—the great Joseph Parker—went once to a certain church to speak. He was a very famous man, and a great congregation assembled; the church was packed. He went into the vestry—it was a week-evening occasion—and he said to one of the officials, "I should like to meet your deacons before we go into the service." They called the deacons together, and he said to them, "Gentlemen, before we go on with the service you will pay me my fee." They looked terribly embarrassed and upset. "My fee, gentlemen, will be five guineas." "We did not understand that", said their spokesman. "But I understood it", replied the great man. "But the congregation is waiting; we must discuss this later." "I cannot help whether they wait or not, you will pay me five guineas before I will go into the pulpit." Seeing he was adamant they scurried around and secured the five guineas. "Gentlemen", said he, "I am going to send this to the poor man who preached for you last Sunday whom you paid nothing." He did not want it for himself—nor would he have asked it for himself.

Sometimes Nabal gets into office. We have none here, thank God. Personally, I have had very little trouble with Nabal—in fact, I do not know whether I ever had any. But I have seen him in relation to others. I can only advise keep sweet about it if you have to do with Nabal. Do not let the iron get into your soul. Do not become troubled about it, but put it down to experience, and it will do you good!

#### IV.

The best of all lessons in this chapter is when you look upon David as a type of Christ, still despised and rejected by the many, but coming to one, demanding recognition as the Lord's anointed. So does our gracious God come to all of us, demanding that we should, first, by yielding our hearts, and afterward by honouring Him with our substance and by the consecration of our lives to His service, recognize Him as the Lord's Anointed.

David sent messengers saying, "Greet him in my name: and thus shall ye say to him that liveth in prosperity, Peace be both to thee, and peace be to thine

house, and peace be unto all that thou hast. And now I have heard that thou hast shearers: now thy shepherds which were with us, we hurt them not, neither was there ought missing unto them, all the while they were in Carmel. Ask thy young men, and they will show thee. Wherefore let the young men find favour in thine eyes: for we come in a good day: give, I pray thee, whatsoever cometh to thine hand unto thy servants, and to thy son David." It was to that request Nabal replied, "Who is David? and who is the son of Jesse?"

Thus do men speak of Christ to-day. Thus, as you present the claims of Christ, you will find many reject Him, and answer foolishly as did Nabal. There is a subject for a sermon for you. Perhaps if I do not say any more about it, you will be able to work it out for yourselves; for all I want to be to you is suggestive, so that sometimes in years to come you will say, "Let me see; I heard something about that years ago. David was an illustration of Christ, and Nabal of the rebellious sinner, of the churlish man who makes no response to the gospel, who turns a deaf ear to the Lord's anointed, notwithstanding his obligation to the Giver of every good and every perfect gift." That is what it amounts to: all we have comes from Him, and all we have should be dedicated to Him. But Nabal refused to recognize that.

Look at the intercession of Abigail. I have known many a Nabal in my experience as a minister, and I think I know many a man whose life was prolonged, and who owed everything in life, to some devoted wife who had more sense than he had. When Abigail heard what David had said she was filled with alarm, and instantly commissioned her servants to prepare something that she might hasten away and so prevent the coming judgment. She made haste to meet David and said, "Let not my Lord; I pray thee, regard this man of Belial, even Nabal: for as his name is, so is he; Nabal is his name, and folly is with him: but I thine handmaid saw not the young men of my lord, whom thou didst send. I was not in when they came. It was not my fault. I should never have sent the answer he sent."

Then she brought the very things David had asked for, and begged his mercy. And knowing who he was, in her wisdom she said this significant thing, "And it shall come to pass, when the Lord shall have done to my lord according to all the good that he hath spoken concerning thee, and shall have appointed thee ruler over Israel; that this shall be no grief unto thee, nor offence of heart unto my lord, either that thou hast shed blood causeless, or that my lord hath avenged himself: but when the Lord shall have dealt well with my lord, then remember thine handmaid." "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." She turned away the sword from Nabal by her intercession, and David said that but for her prayers he had certainly come in judgment to visit this man for his insolence, for he was the Lord's anointed and Nabal was rightly his subject.

Many godly wives have turned back the judgments of God from many a home by constant intercession in behalf of the Nabals who dwell under the same roof. When Abigail—shall I put it that way?—when Abigail got home from church after having an interview with

the Lord's anointed, she found Nabal in the midst of a drunken feast. He had called in his friends, and was having a drunken brawl. He was not himself; his heart was merry with wine; he was stupid through his revelry, "wherefore she told him nothing, less or more, until the morning light." Did you ever know of a woman who had to do that?—"It is useless to talk to him to-night; we will talk it out to-morrow."

The next day, when Abigail told him how narrowly he had escaped judgment, "his heart died within him, and he became as a stone". He was stricken in some strange way, and "about ten days after . . . the Lord smote Nabal, that he died". David left Nabal to the Lord, even as he had left Saul—and with the same result.

Once more I would urge upon you a consideration of the value of these Old Testament narratives as illustrations. The great principles here enunciated are still operative in human life. You need nothing more modern than the Old Testament. A man came to me the other day to sell me an encyclopaedia. He was a graduate of Cambridge University, and he told me the encyclopaedia he was selling was right up to the minute, and that it gave me special privileges: I could write their research department on any subject, and I should have the latest and most authoritative word right up to the day of enquiry. I need that really, because books so rapidly grow old in these days. Even our dictionaries become useless to us, because new words are coined almost every day; and when you consult even the most modern dictionary, you cannot find some words. I decided to buy this encyclopaedia—especially when he offered me a complimentary copy, and all I had to pay for was the service of the research department. I got it—and he is going to get a lovely letter from me as soon as I have time to write it. I had occasion to look at a certain article, and I found it was right-up-to-the-minute—twelve years old! Its census for Great Britain dated back to nineteen hundred and twenty-one.

The Bible is the only encyclopaedia that keeps abreast of the times. It does not throw you back to nineteen

hundred and twenty-one, nor even to yesterday. Its principles are operative in human life to-day. It is more recent than this evening's paper, for that is already out-of-date. The Word of God is always up-to-date. Whereas in other cases when all the experts are brought together to produce a book, before the ink is dry it is almost dead. They will have to begin to-morrow morning to write something else—to correct what they wrote to-day. But there is not an obsolete word in the Bible, because it is the word of God that liveth and abideth for ever.

### JARVIS ST. MEMBERS—ATTENTION

The January Communion and Reception Service will be held at the close of the morning service next Sunday, January 7th.

### THE WEEK-END IN JARVIS STREET

There was nothing extraordinary about the week-end in Jarvis St., unless it were that notwithstanding abominable weather the services were well attended, and blessing abounded. There was a fine meeting for prayer on Saturday evening, as usual. The attendance at School Sunday morning was a little down, as was natural in view of the combination of the tiring season and a week of indescribably unpleasant weather. By Sunday evening the temperature had risen, and the city was deluged with rain which washed the ice clean, and made roads and sidewalks wet and slippery. Coming through such nasty weather, a congregation of a hundred would have been a big one anywhere; but the congregation in Jarvis Street must have been twelve times that number. The singing of the Junior choir which augmented the regular choir was greatly appreciated by the congregation, and, as letters published elsewhere will show, by our radio audience also.

Monday morning there was a fine gathering of members and friends at ten o'clock for the New Year's morning service. The meeting lasted until nearly one o'clock—and apparently we were not half through then. The Pastor gave for the year's motto, "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection", a text suggested by Mr. Vivian Harries of Brantford, who was converted in Jarvis Street Church New Year's morning twenty-one years ago.

Monday evening there was a fine congregation to hear and participate in the service of praise rendered by the regular choir, augmented by the choir of children from the School, and under the direction of Mr. W. J. Hutchinson, choir-leader and Sunday School Superintendent. It was a service of blessing to everyone.

## RADIO MESSAGE ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We publish below once more a number of letters received from radio hearers. Hundreds more have been received since last we published them, and these are merely some of those received more recently.

We call special attention to two. First, the one written on shipboard somewhere in the Atlantic, about twelve hundred miles from Toronto, and signed by the captain of the ship. The passenger liners do not carry radio because of its interference with their wireless telegraphic equipment. This was evidently written from a freight-carrying vessel. We hope to have further correspondence with the captain. It will be noted that the letter was mailed in Italy.

The second letter is from an inmate of one of the penitentiaries of the United States. For the proverbial "obvious reasons" we omit the name of the particular prison, and everything else by which it could be identified. Our readers, we feel sure, will share our grati-

tude in being permitted thus to minister to souls literally in prison.

### Radio Finances

Of all the hundreds of radio hearers who write acknowledging the receipt of our service, a very small proportion really enclose any contribution for the radio fund. It is an expensive enterprise, and we think the letters which follow prove that it is a most useful and fruitful missionary undertaking and is surely deserving of the support of God's people.

As soon as the new year comes upon us we begin to think of the end of our church year, March 31st, and of the necessity of having all funds balanced by that time. We suggest to all our radio hearers that the time to begin in the radio fund is as soon as possible—which means now. The radio fund always needs money, as do THE GOSPEL WITNESS and Seminary Funds. Once more we recommend all these to the generosity of our friends.



The Sheaf Steam Shipping Co.,  
M.V. "Titanian", en route Genoa, Nov. 13, 1933  
W. A. Souter & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.  
The Padre, Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto.

Dear Sir:

Last night during the broadcast of your service you asked for acknowledgment from listeners in, so as we were about 1,200 miles from Toronto out on the ocean I wish to show our appreciation of your service.

The singing was great and all came through so clearly, during the sermon we were interrupted by our own operator working some station so am not aware if there was any break; if not, then I should say the sermon was about 55 minutes. This reminds me of an incident once when I was home (England). We had a new minister come to the church after being demobbed and his first sermon took exactly 12 minutes. After the service the minister came to the church door to shake hands with the congregation as they came out and as one of the members took his hand he said, "Allow me to congratulate you on the shortness of your sermon," to which the minister replied, "Oh I am not always so brief as that", to which the friend replied, "Well take my advice and be brief and you will be the most popular man in the circuit".

It is the first time ever I heard broadcasting from Toronto, but I can assure you I shall look forward when on the route again to the Sunday service.

I remain Sir, yours faithfully,

RIDLEY TAYLOR, Master.

P.S.—In 1931 Archdeacon Beamish, of Toronto, was in charge of the Mission at Trieste; should he be back in Toronto I should thank you to pass the kindest regards of the officers and myself on to him.

Dear Dr. Shields: Christmas Day, Dec. 25, 1933

Hoping that you will pardon the liberty I am taking in writing to you, I will presume to tell you some things which will, I sincerely hope, give you a sense of satisfaction that you are being used of God to help, in a spiritual way, those who are shut in from friends and loved ones.

A few weeks ago you, in your Sunday night broadcast, acknowledged letters which you have received from your vast radio audience from Canada and the United States. I wonder, sir, if it has ever occurred to you that you have done a great deal to help and cheer men in prison, too?

The Saviour said, "I was in prison and ye visited me, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Truly you have done this. You and your choir surely have been a blessing to me and others here.

This Christmas season brings us nearer to the Saviour and I thought that perhaps it would be nice to write you this Christmas night and tell you how much you have cheered me.

There are nearly two thousand men here in — and all of them have ear-phones in their cells. But the operator of the main radio, I am ashamed to say, doesn't tune your service in! However, some men here have their own radios. Some of my dear folks at home sent me in a radio and I am very glad because now I can enjoy many religious services and let me say right now that I like yours best. In fact you are the only one I've ever written about service broadcasts.

This is a rather rambling letter, I suppose, and perhaps it may be a little long but I want to tell you just why your services appeal to me more than any other. There are many reasons.

First, because you seem more sincere, you seem deeper spiritually, you have a very fatherly voice just like my dear old Dad. My dear old Christian Mother and Dad used to sing in several choirs in Canada many years ago, long before I was born, in St. Thomas, Strathroy, Deseronto, and from my earliest moments of recollection I can hear the grand old songs of the church which they used to sing to me.

Well, one Sunday night when I first got my radio, I searched all over the dial for a good church service. I found none until about seven-fifteen o'clock I tuned you in. Ever since that night I have been in regular "attendance"! You and your choir sang the very songs which Mother and Dad sang to me when I was a baby. They are nearly eighty years old now and I have written them many times about your services and they listen in too.

Every Sunday night I lie in bed in my tiny room, my radio beside my bed, my ear-phones under my pillow (we are not allowed loud speakers) and I wait eagerly until seven

o'clock and I never "leave" until nine o'clock. I sing every hymn along with the choir for I know most of the hymns that you use. I enjoy them and your sermons so much. Some of the hymns I do not know and if you will please tell me the address of the publishing house that prints the book you use, and the price, I'll send for one, soon as I can.

Your choir is wonderful. I have sung in several choirs outside and in one broadcasting quartette and sing in the choir here, bass. I have played in many good bands outside. I play Saxophone in E flat. I played bass in the band here.

I tell you all this so that you may know that I am not unqualified to speak of the merits of the real music which your choir renders. I am a real lover of good singing, Doctor, and I sing along with your choir in every hymn, and those hymns which I do not know, I hum along too. Often, as I sing, tears fill my eyes, and God does seem so near and dear to me! Sure I am in prison. But once I knew what it meant to be looked up to and respected. I knew then and thank God I know now what it means to be a true Spirit-filled Christian! Praise God for my saintly mother and dad who have always prayed for me; also for you and your choir who have been such a blessing and encouragement to me. If ever there was a living example of the Prodigal Son—I am he.

I've just read this letter over. I guess you'll think it sounds rather funny, and I guess I haven't pictured to you just how full my heart is, nor have I succeeded in showing you just how much your service means to me. I wish I could send you a little offering but I only make twelve cents a day here but just as soon as I can I surely will send you something. It won't be much but I hope it will help some. Hoping this letter will in some way give you a little happiness, again let me thank you and your very excellent choir for your splendid work and for the happiness and blessing which you and the choir have brought to me. May God richly bless you all.

South Bend, Ind., Jan. 1, 1934

We had such a splendid service at your church last evening over the radio. And while we have heard your singing and a part of your prayer; jazz came on strong and drowned your sermon out. But we had splendid reception for the last three services, and how we did enjoy the children's voices and especially one little voice close to the microphone.

We thank God for the word that you are preaching, even when we do not hear it, as some one else hears and that souls are saved even inside of prison walls.

It was two years ago that we had the pleasure of visiting your church, one of my sisters and I.

We enclose \$3.00 for your radio fund, wishing you a Happy New Year and may God bless you.

Lansdowne, Pa., Dec. 26, 1933

We heard your wonderful sermon over the radio Sunday evening, December 24th. We were very much helped and inspired. It was a splendid Gospel message. I would appreciate very much if you would send me a copy. The message came over very clearly but we did not get your name. I am a minister in the Philadelphia Methodist Episcopal Conference. I was deeply interested and thankful for the Revival appeal at the close of the sermon. Thanking you and wishing you a Prosperous New Year.

Plainfield, N.J., Dec. 24, 1933

You will, I am sure, be interested to know that we greatly enjoy your Sunday Night Service on the air. Plainfield is 25 miles south of New York City. Our church is two miles on the other side of the town from our home. My eyes are not as good as they were 70 years ago, and we do not often drive at night. A few weeks ago, while turning the dial on our Philco we picked up your service, and since that time we look forward to it each Sunday night. In these days, when there is so little coming in by radio that is uplifting, it surely is good to catch the strains of a church choir and congregation, and listen to a helpful and inspiring sermon from the Old Book of Books. Last Sunday night the storm prevented our listening to your address on the "Many Mansions", very much to our regret. The music came in fairly good. Every other time we have been listening in the reception has been fine, and every word as distinct as though we were in your own building.

I am especially interested for the reason that in 1894 I spent a very pleasant week in Toronto at the International

Convention of the B.Y.P.U. and perhaps the meetings were held at that time in your church, I do not remember, except that it was one of the large Baptist churches of the city.

Your comments on the weather last Sunday night were interesting, especially in the light of developments here to-day. Friday, Dec. 15th, we had our ice storm, and as you said, it required courage to venture out at all. If you had 1,041 at school such a morning, what is your attendance on fine days? The Christmas holidays here were like days in the summer, but this A.M. it started to snow, and they tell me we have from 7 to 8 inches on the level. I have not been out since 9 A.M. when I came to the office.

It must be a great inspiration, both to you and your congregation, to know that your voices are being heard almost literally "to the ends of the earth" while you are singing and speaking the gospel message, and I am quite sure that no one but the Lord Christ knows how much of comfort, strength and courage you are giving to many weary souls in these dark and troublesome days. Was interested to hear your announcement of the request received from one of our cities in the South of the U.S.A., a mother seeking news of her boy. Please thank your choir and congregation for us for the joy and blessing their service gives to us as we listen in each Sunday night. Be sure we will be at the radio each time if at all possible.

Utica, N.Y., Dec. 24, 1933

Enjoyed your address Sunday P.M., also the request numbers by the choir. Please send me a copy of your address in print, also the name of the hymn book the choir used. Reception good except for some hedging in by other stations at intervals. Hoping to hear you again soon, also the choir and Mr. Hutchinson. I am also a Baptist and conduct the song service for several local ministers and churches. By the way I also heard Dr. M. E. Dodd and his church choir after your service at Shreveport, La., it seems like two extremes, one in the north and the other in the south. Thanks for the radio. Best wishes to you and your church for a prosperous year in the Lord's work.

Danielson, Conn., Dec. 26, 1933

We heard the good fundamental sermon broadcasted through your station Christmas Sunday night from the Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

What a treat it is nowadays to hear a good fundamental sermon when there are so few believers and the world so full of wickedness and sin. Hope you can keep up the good work. Could use a copy of the sermon if you have one to spare.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 25th, 1933

We are so much enjoying your Sunday evening broadcasts and were particularly enjoying last evening's sermon "In my Father's House," etc., when a sudden interference occurred and we were unable to follow you clearly but did hear the announcement that by writing you we could get the sermon in print.

My husband has been an invalid for the past five months and has, therefore, very much appreciated the services of your church. We were members of the church in Philadelphia of which dear Dr. Wm. Patterson (late of your city) was the Pastor and who has gone to the "Home Prepared" for him.

Trusting you may have many more years of service in the Vineyard of our Master and wishing you a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

My husband was the choirmaster of the John Wanamaker (Presby.) Church for 27 years.

Taylorville, Ill., Dec. 24, 1933

I shall be very happy to have the sermon just broadcast from Jarvis Street Baptist Church. This is our first time for hearing this service. May I say that this was the most tenderly beautiful sermon we have ever heard from the scripture used. We shall look forward to hearing future broadcasts.

Hawwatosa, Wis., Dec. 24, 1933

Last evening at 7 p.m. Milwaukee, Wis. time, I happened to tune in on your station, and in the course of the church services you were broadcasting I heard a wonderful, old-fashioned, but spiritually edifying gospel sermon. But when

the announcer mentioned the pastor's name as well as the location of his church it faded out to such an extent that I failed to get the information I then so much desired. I thought he said the sermon you just heard was delivered by Dr. Shields and his church is located on Jarvis Street, Toronto, Canada, but am not sure whether I understood correctly. I would kindly ask you to hand this letter to the Pastor whose service you were broadcasting so that I could kindly ask him to send me a copy of that sermon. His text was John 14:2 and 3.

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Friend in Christ: I trust by now you are safely back to your home and your flock. I have had the joy of listening-in over the air to the messages delivered from your church; thank God you committed your work to faithful witnesses, for God's Word was given out in mighty convicting power. The message last Sunday night was wonderful; full of the Holy Spirit. I cannot understand how people can listen to the gospel such as was given out last Sunday night and not be moved to accept such a loving Saviour. The preacher did not mince matters; he showed God truly as Love, but also of vengeance. I think if we had more of the old-fashioned preaching more souls would be won for Christ. Nearly all these new religions extol a God of love and it does suit the devil, but He is a God of vengeance as well as love. We have only to look at Calvary and see God's hatred of sin; we as His beloved children know Him as All Love, and the more He abides in us and with us the more we know Him as Love—Praise Him.

Well, dear friend in Christ, I am a stranger to you in the flesh, but I am one with you in Christ and well known at the Throne of Grace, where we gather round one common mercy seat. I followed you in spirit and prayer while on your vacation. I have also been informed through the Christian Herald, which we have taken in our family close on sixty years. I have your sermon in this week's Christian Herald which I think you preached three weeks ago, "The Voyage of Life." Before I had read it all a sister in Christ called to visit me and she begged me to loan it to her, with the promise she would return it in a few days, I consented, but I said, 'Be sure you let me have it back, for I read the sermons many times over.'

I was speaking to another friend and telling her about the Canadian Spurgeon, which happens to be Dr. Shields of Toronto, Canada; I should add Jarvis Street.

Well, I thank God that for you, God always duplicates and oft with a double amount of the Spirit. I think God verified that in Elijah and Elisha. Well, we do know God never leaves Himself without a witness and He never leaves us comfortless; even in our heart-riven sorrows, of which I have had the dregs, and am still passing through a great trial of affliction; I am passing through the wilderness, but praise Him He has furnished me a table and it is abundant with rich food; when my appetite is poor He sends me some dainties, and when I am hungry He heaps up the table and my cup runneth over when my spirit is overwhelmed; He just lets me lean on His bosom and there my tears just fall on His precious feet, and in my loneliness He whispers: 'Fear not thou art mine, I am thy husband, yea, and more, I am coming for thee, so be of good cheer.'

I thank God for your safe return and trust you are refreshed in body, soul and spirit.

Warnerville, N.Y., Dec. 28, 1933

We sure have been enjoying your broadcasts the last few Sundays. It is our pleasure to enclose \$2.00 for the radio fund. Would you please send us the sermon from last Sunday. We would appreciate it.

Riverhead P.O., N.Y., Dec. 28, 1933

In reply to offer made over radio Sunday night, that any one wishing a printed copy of your Sunday night, Dec. 24th sermon, could procure the same by writing a request for it. Thanking you in advance. Please find 3-cent stamp enclosed for postage. We enjoy your sermons more than I can tell you. Gratefully yours,

Rockville Centre, Long Island, N.Y., Dec. 26, 1933

I have been listening-in on my radio and have been enjoying the services very much, and hear this gospel paper men-

tioned which I should like a sample copy if possible, and I trust that it may meet with my expectations, as I believe it will, judging by the sermon over the air I have been hearing.

P.S.—Let me know what your subscription is per year.

Sonora, Kentucky, Dec. 26, 1933

Please send me copy of your sermon Sunday night, Dec. 24. I got so much help and satisfaction from it. I have heard you every Sunday night for some time and am so glad I can. Would appreciate any other sermons you may have, and I thank you.

Syracuse, New York, Dec. 24, 1933

We have listened with great interest this evening to the sermon in the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, and would be very glad to receive a copy of it, as offered at end of the broadcast.

This program usually comes in here very clearly and is always enjoyed.

Tully, N.Y., Dec. 26, 1933

Will you kindly send copy of the sermon "Home" that was broadcast on Christmas eve.

Thank you—It was a wonderful sermon and I would gladly send postage for mailing if you could use our stamps.

Elyria, Ohio, Dec. 25, 1933

Kindly send me a copy of THE GOSPEL WITNESS as announced over station CFRB last night. Reception was excellent, and your sermon was enjoyed very much. Am a member of Dr. R. E. Neighbour's church.

With best wishes to you, I am,

Fort Wayne, Indiana, Dec. 24, 1933

My wife and I greatly desire to thank you for your wonderful sermon over the air on Christmas Eve. It was a fine subject, and appealed to us, as we both are of English importation (London). We hope to hear you again next Sunday.

It was rather interesting to us also to hear you mention the ice you were having in Toronto, because it was hardly necessary to light one's furnace before evening here. When you spoke on how you left Mons (part of your explanation of Home) was very nice.

My wife joins me in wishing you and your congregation a very happy and prosperous New Year, and again thanking you.

Ambler, Pennsylvania, Dec. 26, 1933

All the way from Philadelphia I am writing for a copy of your Christmas Eve sermon. I enjoyed it so much and was helped.

Thanking you most kindly and wishing for you a blessed New Year, full of God's richest blessings, I am, I, too, am a Baptist.

St. Johnsville, N.Y., Dec. 26, 1933

I'm writing for the gratis copy of your sermon on Christmas Eve which we heard and enjoyed so very much.

My husband and I listen to your sermons every Sunday evening when we can get you. Very often there's something else comes in which drowns you out, "that Crazy stuff" and we do not get it all. It came in on our radio fine Christmas Eve, and we think it the best we ever heard, and has helped us wonderfully. Nearly all of our dear ones have gone to the Heavenly Mansion that He has gone to prepare for us.

May God bless you abundantly in your great work is our prayer.

Yours in Christ Jesus,

Woodstock, Ont., Dec. 21, 1933

Enclosed a small mite (\$2.00) to help with Radio Fund. Having been a shut-in from sickness, the broadcast from Jarvis Street has been a real spiritual feast.

You are often remembered at the Throne of Grace, for your courage in the stand for truth.

Wishing you God's richest blessing.

Concord, N.H., R.F.D. 6

I have just finished listening to the sermon of the Baptist minister over CFRB from 7 to 9 but didn't catch the minister's name. I understood anybody could get a copy of it. It was about "If I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again." It was one of the most interesting sermon I have

heard for a long time, and I will be sure to listen-in again. Thanking you for all your trouble.

Stanford, Ill., Dec. 25, 1933

I had the pleasure in being home last evening during the time of your church broadcast and I enjoyed the entire service very much. I also heard you speak to a Mr. Hutchinson. I presume this is Mr. W. J., connected with the Fegan Home, located at 295 George St. Please remember me to Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. Greenway as they are known to me, and will remember my former associations with the Home.

It was indeed good to hear from Toronto, and praying God's richest blessing upon you, and your work there at Jarvis St., and trusting I shall again be able to listen-in. I am,

CFRB, Toronto

Eau Claire, Wis., Dec. 25.

Dec. 24 I heard over the Radio Station in your city part of a sermon delivered by a minister and was too late tuning in to get it all, but it was announced that a copy of the sermon could be obtained by addressing the station, and the sermon would be published in THE GOSPEL WITNESS. I would be very grateful if you would be so kind to send me a copy of the same.

We very often hear the broadcast sermons and regular service of the church in Toronto and enjoy them very much. Will you please send me a copy? Hoping that you had a very merry Christmas and that the Gospel of Christ is taking a firmer hold on the people. Thanking you in advance, I remain, a follower of Christ in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, U.S.A. I enclose ten cents for postage.

Oshawa, Dec. 27, 1933.

I heard your church service over the radio last Sunday evening. Your Christmas sermon was based on the fourteenth chapter of John which was a beautiful sermon. I enjoyed every bit of it. It was announced that any one could get a copy of it by writing to you. I am sending postage to mail one back, if you would kindly do so and also have one to spare.

Wishing you every success in your work and also wishing you all the Season's Greetings.

Rochester, Minn., U.S.A.

Would like a copy of THE GOSPEL WITNESS containing the radio sermon of last Sunday evening. Will you please forward this or some way that I could get it.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 1, 1934.

I heard about the sermon preached by Dr. T. T. Shields last night in the Jarvis St. Church (Dec. 31). Will you please send me a copy.

Peekskill, N.Y., Dec. 31, 1933.

To-night it was my great pleasure to tune in, for the first time, to your broadcast. I was thrilled with the entire service which came in as clear as could be. I could not have heard more had I been in your church. I sang as those grand old tunes came in—the children, their clear utterance and evident interest—the adult choir, the splendid execution of your organist and your appealing message (Psalm 51). When you alluded to the weather I laughed—if your people had water, we have snow, and 24° below zero, the worst conditions in sixteen years.

I am located not many miles from New York City—quite a distance from Toronto. We have churches enough but only four which hold Sabbath evening services. In my church (M.E.) we have no evening service, no prayer service. Hence you can understand that I am happy to have chanced upon your service. If you will send me your paper, I will know that this note has been received.

Downsview, Ont., Dec. 25, 1933.

I was delighted when I heard the announcer state that it was possible to procure a copy of the wonderful sermon preached by Rev. T. T. Shields last night. There is a dear old lady living not far from me, and who at the present time, cannot even have the pleasure of listening to the word of God through the radio, and who I am sure will appreciate the copy a great deal.

This sermon was especially dear to me as the text, "In my Father's House are many mansions, etc.," was a favourite

(Continued on page 12)

# The Union Baptist Witness

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## MISSIONARIES RETURNING TO LIBERIA

The Board of the Union announce that Rev. H. S. Davey, our pioneer missionary, and Field Director of the work in Liberia, and Mrs. Davey, set sail from Halifax, N.S., on the S.S. Aurania, Cunard S.S. Lines, on Saturday, December 30, 1933, at 11 o'clock p.m., en route for West Africa. They were accompanied by their own son, Neill, who will be reared for the next few years on Liberian soil. Of course "Danny", as he is known among the churches, is being returned to the land of his nativity, and will be brought up under the supervision of the missionaries at New Cess Station. Lest any should forget, his real name is Daniel Seypeyhen.

Their eldest son, John, remains with Mrs. Davey Sr., at their Ottawa address. The separation of parents and children for the sake of the Lord's work and the education of a missionary's family is a problem not easily solved. All Missionary Societies have had to face such difficulties. While the children are not of school age, it is possible for them to remain with their parents. When they become of school age the question arises, What is the best course to follow? Send them back with their parents to be brought up under the hazardous conditions existing in the tropics, or keep them in the homeland where the general conditions are less trying? Most Societies have adopted the latter course, and have gone so far as to provide a home for missionaries' children in order that they may be reared with the least possible risk and educated like other boys and girls in the homeland. Pray for all parents and children who are thus called upon to make such sacrifices for the good of their loved ones.

## COURTLAND AND OTTERVILLE

A joint meeting of the Courtland and Otterville Regular Baptist Churches was held in the Otterville Baptist Church, Sunday evening, December 17th, 1933. Preceding the preaching service six candidates from Courtland, and one from Otterville, followed their Lord in baptism. Mr. Arthur Graydon assisted Pastor Roblin in the service. Both Pastor and people are rejoicing over the manifestation of the Lord's blessing.

## NIAGARA FALLS, TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH

It was a joy to meet with this Pastor, Rev. James Fraser, and people, and to see the good confession being witnessed for our Lord Jesus Christ, on Sunday, December 31, 1933.

The day had much to do with the attendances at the services. The icy condition of the pavements made walking very dangerous, and especially as it rained heavily just at

## RADIO MESSAGE ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

(Continued from page 11)

passage of my dear mother who has gone on to live for ever more with Him. Thanking you very kindly.

I am an old Baptist, being in my 78th year and in poor health. Yet I do love to listen to your valuable sermons on Sunday nights.

Can you send me a copy of Sunday night's sermon, Dec. 24, if you will I will be very much obliged. May God bless you in your work and keep you in health for many years to come.

Nicholson, Ont., Dec. 25, 1933.

I wish to show our appreciation for the sermon we heard over the radio last night. We live in a little hamlet along the C.P.R. line going to Port Arthur. We have no road, never see a motor car. The only way of getting out is by train or airplane, we are miles from anywhere, we have a radio and enjoy listening in to the outside world and especially your sermon last night. We tried to tune in for the 11 o'clock sermon to-day (Xmas), but could not get it.

the hour of the evening service, the attendances were smaller than usual. In the morning a blessed time was spent as Rev. W. E. Atkinson spoke on the sixth chapter of Isaiah. In the evening he brought a message based on II Corinthians 5:14. One woman responded to the invitation for salvation, and a young man came forward expressing his desire to re-consecrate his life to God. A Watch-night service followed, and Mr. Atkinson spoke again from Matthew 6:33, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Many were the testimonies, and very frank were the prayers of confession as the New Year approached, and the people rededicated themselves to the work of the Lord.

## IMMANUEL BAPTIST CHURCH, HAMILTON

In a letter from the pastor, Rev. H. S. Bennett, B.A., the following occurs: "We had a good holiday season at the church. The offering was slightly improved, some gifts came in to be used towards purchasing fuel, and a little more than half of our 'One-cent-a-meal' boxes produced over Fifteen dollars for the month of December, which enables us to pay interest and principal on an outstanding note. Best of all, on Sunday evening a boy of fourteen years of age accepted the Lord as his Saviour.

"We are looking forward to our Anniversary on January 21st, (when the Rev. Alex. Thomson, of Mount Pleasant Road Church, Toronto, will bring the messages), and take this opportunity of confirming our arrangement made over the telephone for you to be present on Monday, January 22nd at our platform meeting."

## RUNNYMEDE ROAD, TORONTO

After nearly a month's illness it was a joy for the pastor, Rev. P. B. Loney, and his people to fellowship together on December 31st, and to enter the New Year with brighter prospects for a happier and more prosperous New Year.

Large audiences greeted the return of the pastor, and a good day was enjoyed by all. In the evening a husband and wife decided to follow the Lord in baptism at the Back Home Hour which preceded the Watch-night service. The recalling of the "Cent-a-meal" boxes brought in a substantial offering of over one hundred dollars extra to be applied to the mortgage fund.

The singing of old hymns, the testimonies given, and the prayers offered at the Watch-night service all pointed to a renewed desire of those taking part for a time of revival and blessing in the Lord's work such as yet has not been known by those of this generation.

We would like very much to have a copy of last night's sermon. Wishing you a Happy and Prosperous New Year and may the Lord bless you all.

Clarkson, Ont., Jan. 2, 1934.

Will you please get the choir to sing the whole hymn of "In the Sweet Bye and Bye" next Sunday evening. This request comes from my little girl of eight years old, Irma Nelson, it was her favorite hymn. I am an ardent radio service listener. Please and thank you.

Barboursville, W.Va., Jan. 1, 1934.

I'm dropping you these lines to let you know that your station comes in good and clear in our home here in W.Va. And we heard you take your text, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow". Also heard the young folks sing. This was a great sermon and we heard it from start to finish, and want you to read our card as soon as you receive it, so we will know you got it. We all here are Baptists. Put all our trust in God. And wish you a great success.