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

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The Jarvis Street Pulpit

"THE LORD SAT AS KING AT THE FLOOD"

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, March 4th, 1934

(Stenographically Reported)

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"The Lord sat as King at the Flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever."—Psalm 29:10.

The revised version has it, "The Lord sat as King at the Flood." This Psalm depicts the glory of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of storm; when the winds rage, and the waters roar, and the thunders peal, and lightnings cleave the sky. To the spiritually sensitive soul, all this is but the echo of the music of the voice of the Lord. This Psalm, indeed, is a picture of a storm:

"Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty, give unto the Lord glory and strength. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters. The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire. The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh. The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests: and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory. The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever. The Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace."

If you have ever been at sea, or in the forest, or on the mountain, in a time of storm, you will be able readily to understand and to appreciate the picture sketched by the pen of inspiration in this Psalm: "In his temple everything saith, Glory." When the fountains of the great deep are broken up, and the four winds are loosed, and the waters rage, and the thunders are heard, and the lightnings flash,—what follows after the storm? The flood. The translators of the revised version evidently identified this verse with the Deluge; they capitalize the word, Flood: "The Lord sat", in that dark and dreadful day, "as King at the Flood."

I.

Let us look at the text HISTORICALLY, first of all, that we may see something of its significance. What was the Deluge? It was iniquity at the flood: self-will in rebellion, the carnal mind—all the powers of darkness, principalities and powers, a confederacy of men and devils; iniquity at its utmost; sin at its highest point; wickedness at the flood! And the Lord? "The Lord sat as King at the Flood." The throne of His holiness unshaken, His sceptre unbroken, His power undiminished, His honour untarnished, His glory unsullied: "King at the Flood"! A day of darkness and of judgment? Yes. A day when sin was punished, when God's power was revealed, when His justice was vindicated. And then? "The Lord sat as King at the Flood." But it was a time of Love's manifestation too, a day when mercy was exercised, when grace triumphed, a type and prophecy of the whole programme of redemption: "Grace sat as King at the Flood."

The text means, then, in principle, that the Lord is equal to the emergency. It means that God never fails at the crisis. It means that when human and satanic powers have reached the acme, the utmost, of their expression, that over and above it all, God sits as King at the flood. What a great truth that is! How much we all have need of it to-day!

II.

Let us make application of it in respect to THOSE FLOODS OF MORAL EVIL WHICH THREATEN TO ENGULF THE SOUL. How true it is, when a sense of guilt comes upon the soul, when iniquity within rises as a flood, and when the soul is all but in despair of deliverance, that even in that moment the Lord sits as King at the flood. Of course I know there have been times in the experience of all of us when we had no consciousness of guilt at all, when there seemed to be no prospect of a flood, when the

soul was very much like nature clad in her ermine robes of winter, when the man boasted of his goodness, and was proud of his own righteousness, when in his frigid soul there was no response to the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness which shone upon him.

As I came down to church this morning I said to myself, Can it be possible that I am living in the same country as I was two weeks ago? There was water flowing everywhere, every evidence of flood. But there was none last week, and particularly two or three weeks ago. I looked at the bare trees and the frozen ground then and said, Will Spring ever come? But it is coming. Yesterday I saw two boys down at the bottom of my garden. I went out on the veranda and said, "What are you doing, boys?" "We are watching the flood", they said. "You have a junior Mississippi down here." I went down to see, and the water was flowing down from I do not know how many of my neighbours' gardens, across my garden, into the garden south of me. There was in it every prospect of a flood on a larger scale.

And it was not nice to look at, filled as it was with dirt and filth. One wonders where all the soot and dirt come from in the winter. When things begin to thaw, how filthy everything looks; when the immaculate snow of winter begins to dissolve into a flood, have you noticed the colour?

And when the man who was so proud of himself at last comes under the direct beams of the Sun of grace, and his frigid nature is thawed out, and he is made aware of his guilt, it rises like a great flood that threatens to overwhelm him—it is another story then. Then as McCheyne sings:

"When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see;
'Jehovah Tsidkenu' my Saviour must be."

And He has so proved Himself to us. We found Him King at the flood.

That is true in respect to *the power of sin*, too. When the iniquity of our heels, as the Psalmist has it, doth compass us about, when sin asserts its power, and claims the dominance over the life; when selfishness, and ambition, and worldliness, and every element in human life that is alien to God,—when these, like a spring freshet, and like so many swollen tributaries, pour their volume into the channel of the enfeebled will, and like a roaring flood have threatened to sweep us away from our confidence in Christ, from our allegiance to Him, from our place of service; and we were almost carried away, when our feet were almost gone, and our steps had well nigh slipped? What happened then?—"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." "The Lord sat as King at the Flood."

The Lord does sit as King at the flood. "Yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever": in *the hour of stress and temptation* when it seems as though the enemy has commanded all the imps of the pit, in agreement with the principle followed by the king of Syria when he instructed all his bowmen to train their arrows, not upon small and great, but upon one man only, I have no doubt you have all felt as though the powers of darkness were concentrated upon you. The arrows of the wicked were flying thick and fast about you, and it seemed as though you were going to be overwhelmed with a flood of temptation and trial, with satanic power, until, like Jehoshaphat, in the midst of the surging mass you cried out, and immediately the

Lord appeared as King at the flood. When you had recovered yourself, recovered your breath, so to speak, and you viewed that experience in a very brief perspective, you were able to understand the Psalmist when he said, "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say; if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us: then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us: then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul: then the proud waters had gone over our soul." But because the "Lord sat as King at the Flood" we were delivered.

III.

I doubt not that the principle applies also to *THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF LIFE*. How untoward they are sometimes, how contrary to all we conceive to be for the highest interest of our soul! How it seems sometimes as though we must be overwhelmed! There are people who hear me to-night who will say, Amen, to this sentiment. If anyone had told you four years ago that you could subsist on the meagre income which has been yours in the last two or three years, you would have said, "It is impossible. I should be swallowed up; there would be nothing left of me in two or three years if that is all I am to get." There seemed no possibility of surviving. But you are here. Why? Because the Lord sat King at the flood. Evermore it is true that "when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." We marvel sometimes at His power; but the strong man armed always meets his match in one Who is stronger than he.

I do not know how many friends have said to me, "Shields, you ought to have died a hundred times." I know that. The enemies of the gospel have said that. They did their best to accomplish it. I remember not so very many years ago when it was freely said, "He cannot stand it physically; he will snap under it; he will die." Doubtless that would have been true; by all human reckoning I suppose it ought to have been true. We ought to have been more accommodating to some people! But it is not to the credit of this man, or of this church, that we still live. We ought to have been blotted out. But, Hallelujah, "the Lord sat as King at the Flood." That is why we are here: He has proved Himself equal to every emergency we have ever had to face.

Look at the ancient story of Israel's emergence from Egypt full of hope for better things. Then they hear the tramp of Pharaoh's horsemen behind them. They find themselves at last before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon. The utmost strength of the greatest military power in the world behind a company of unarmed men, accompanied by thousands of women and children, with no physical defense at all; and immediately before them the waters of the sea—the flood barring their passage, challenging their faith, until, amazing miracle! the flood parts, a path is made through the waters, and they cross the sea "dryshod", "which the Egyptians assaying to do were drowned". When at length the great company stand on the other side, and the waves of the flood beat upon that farther shore, they bring to view scores, hundreds—thousands—of the dead bodies of their enemies: "And Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore." All of them, without a single human stroke, had perished. Why? Because "the Lord sat as King at the Flood."

Another example of this principle, all the more effective because you know it so well, is provided in the narrative of the three servants of God who faced, not a flood of

water, but a flood of fire. They were required to surrender their faith, and to acknowledge somebody else in God's place. They said, "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up. We will go into the flood, and we will trust God there." Nebuchadnezzar selected certain experts, unusually brave men, "he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and to cast them into the burning fiery furnace. Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace. Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. And these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace." By and by the great King Nebuchadnezzar, from a distance looked in upon those fiery billows, and "was astonished, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? . . . Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." And, verily, it was He: "The Lord sat as King at the Flood."

You may not be called to such heroic service as that. Then listen to another story from the Old Book. A poor woman has long endured the days of famine. She is like many people in this day of depression, and she says to her son in effect, "I think I can scrape together a little meal from the bottom of the barrel, and perhaps I can drain a little oil from the bottom of the cruse; we will make a cake with it and die." Even as they were gathering sticks to bake it, a stranger appeared. A beggar who had come to ask alms in the time of famine? Oh no! He said with a strange authority, to which she was unaccustomed, "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thy hand." To which she answered, "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die. We have reached the crisis, sir; we cannot subsist another week. This is the last morsel we have, and there is no prospect of replenishing our supply. I would gladly do it if I could, but I have reached the end." "But", said the stranger, "fear not, go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth." At the last moment—not merely at the hour, but at the moment of crisis, when the flood is at its height, behold, the Lord, the Master of all floods, appears and shows Himself to be King at the flood.

Do you know anything about that? If you are a Christian, you must.

Perhaps you are like Peter, rather heroic was Peter. He had been a great preacher. He had had a brief but very great career. Now he is shut up in prison, with four quarterions of soldiers to keep him. What compliments the enemy pays poor preachers sometimes! They put him in the inner prison, and put two soldiers

in his cell to guard him. He was chained to two soldiers, and door after door was shut upon him. Herod, because he had pleased the Jews with one crime, proposed to please them with another.

How important are the little words of Scripture. Listen: "The same night"—What night? The night before the morning when Herod was to bring Peter forth to the people and have his way, and show what a great man he was—"the same night Peter was"—sitting awake greatly troubled, between two soldiers? No!—"the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the door kept the prison." Could you sleep like that? I have heard of preachers who were rather afraid of the "spare" bed. Peter's was an even less comfortable spare bed, for he had two chains into the bargain—and two bed-fellows, soldiers to keep him company. Notwithstanding it all, he was enjoying a sound sleep on "the same night", while the tide was rising, before the morning, when Herod and Death as a flood were to come in. Will Herod triumph? No! for suddenly the light of heaven filled the prison, and the angel of the Lord appeared. The chains fell off, and the angel said, "Do not be in a hurry, Peter. I am master here. Put on your sandals; get dressed. All ready? All right; follow me." He took him past the first and second ward, to the iron gate that led unto the city, "which opened to them of his own accord: and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him." "The same night" when Herod was so sure of his prey, when the flood came to take Peter away, "the Lord sat as King at the Flood." There was no Peter to be slain the next morning when Herod awakened up. That is the truth I bring to you this evening: our God is equal to every emergency.

IV.

What about THE GRIEFS OF LIFE, when sorrows are multiplied, when grief flows as a river, when anxiety of soul rolls in upon your spirit like a mighty flood? You say, "I cannot endure it. I shall go down under it." So Jacob said: "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces . . . I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." But he survived. When many years have passed, famine comes. He sees his whole family reduced to the verge of starvation, until he sends them yonder to a far country, and they come back with sacks of corn—but one more of the sons is missing. The corn is used up, and again Jacob says, "Go again, buy us a little food."

Then Judah said, "The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you." Poor Jacob! "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." Everything in life seemed to conspire against him. The flood came in upon his soul—and then, just then it was that Someone walked upon the engulfing waves,

"He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm,"

for, so far from all these things being against him, all things were working together for his good; and it was not very long after that experience that he had Simeon back, and Benjamin back—and Joseph as well. And before he died, Jacob was led to say, "The angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads." He also had proved, "The Lord sat as King at the Flood."

There was Naomi too, another biblical character. When she returned to Bethlehem the people said, "Is this

Naomi?" "And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi, that means pleasant. Call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?" Her husband and her two sons were sepulchred in Moab's land, and only Ruth the Moabitess was with her. Only Ruth? Only Ruth? No! "The Lord sat as King at the Flood." Oh, the blessing that came to Naomi and to Ruth, and to all succeeding generations because, at the crisis hour of life, our gracious God stretched forth His hand.

V.

All that being true, what about WORLD AFFAIRS? Is there any flood just now? Yes; surely flood enough in some respects. There are many people who are trying to bring in better times. It is none of my business what they do in the United States, but professional theorists are dangerous advisers, in any sphere of life. Mere theorists, whether in the field of economics or of theology, or of anything else, are dangerous counsellors. Are they going to bring back prosperity by the NRA? I am not an economist, but I am sure the principle of the thing was death-stricken from its birth. I believe there is no possibility of success in it. The President's "Brain Trust" are like boys lighting a fire on the shores of a frozen lake and saying, "This is Spring." It is not. You cannot make spring by a bonfire. You cannot restore general prosperity by mechanical and artificial means, much less by destroying or limiting the production of the fruits of the earth. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." Such gifts can never be obtained anywhere else. When He Who reigns above, even though He blesses us in the fields of nature, withholds His hand from interference in national affairs to save us from our folly, men and nations must decline.

There was a time when I thought men who sat in high places had wisdom. I do not think so now. This Book tells of men in high places who had no wisdom to discern the signs of the times nor the cause of the nation's ills. Is the Lord defeated? Not at all. Will prosperity come? Yes; just as surely Spring will come. How will it come? By the operation of laws which have their origin with God, and not in Washington, or Ottawa, or London. You cannot ignore the law of supply and demand, nor effect general prosperity in defiance of it. You may dam up the stream for a while; bankers and others may pile up their wealth and put it in cold storage, and then talk about "frozen assets"; but let me tell you the world's frozen assets will be thawed out one of these days—and I will tell you who will thaw them out. The power to liquidize them will come from above, not from below; either by the gradual operation of these laws, or by direct providential intervention. But as surely as the earth revolves in its orbit, and as surely as by and by the sun will directly pour his beams upon this frozen earth and make its streams to run again, so will God visit His people. People will probably try to take credit for what God does—they always do—but when prosperity comes, the Lord will be found sitting King at the flood.

The present difficulties are not occasioned by the shortness of the supplies of nature. We have remarked upon that before. Where is the difficulty? There is one

cause for it all: it is in the hearts of men,—human selfishness, human greed, human worldliness.

What is largely responsible? The fact that the pulpits of this country, of the United States, of England, of Germany, have taught men to doubt God, to deny the authority of His Word, until there has come a general repudiation of authority everywhere. And, the fear of God being removed from men's eyes, men in business and other relationships of life, think they can serve the devil with impunity. But it is not so: they cannot. The hour of God's interference will come, and if in no other way, then God will let loose His flood of judgment upon the earth.

Some there are who would persuade us that war can be prevented by creating a public opinion against it. Nothing can do away with war until the hearts of men are changed. Men cannot, by human means, correct these ills. There is one Power: there is no other. It is His prerogative to control the floods. He takes counsel with no man. "He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay his hand, or say unto him. What doest thou?" He it is Who always sits King at the flood; yea, He sitteth King for ever.

As a dutiful citizen I will obey the laws of my country. If I were in the United States I would obey the laws imposed upon me; I would submit to the NRA, even though I believe, as I do, that a greater piece of economic absurdity was never imposed upon a people. That is a strong statement to make. Thousands of people under the Stars and Stripes hear me to-night; but when the day comes that the flood breaks, and you see that all your efforts without God have failed, then perhaps you will remember this simple message. By all means, let us give due honour and obedience to those who are in authority over us. But there is no hope for the individual, for the community, for the nations, for the world—anywhere—but in God. He only is the Master of the flood.

I was asked if I was going to preach on, "Toronto's Centenary". No! I am glad Toronto is one hundred years old—and that she appears so young without the aid of powder or rouge. May she live many hundreds of years more, if the Lord should tarry. But I do not care whether she is one hundred years old or not. This church is older than Toronto. We ought to have celebrated our one hundredth birthday several years ago, but we were so young and sprightly that we let it pass; in fact we forgot all about it. This church was organized before Toronto became a city. And there has never been a Sunday since its organization when the people of God have not gathered about the Lord's Table, as we shall do to-night, to remember His death in the breaking of bread. The future of Toronto, of Canada, of the British Empire, of the United States—the future welfare of the world consists solely in getting back to God. He sits King at the flood. Let us look to Him. Let us rejoice in Him. Let us praise God for what He has done for us, and trust Him for to-morrow. Whatever the emergency, whatever the crisis that is yet to come, if we trust Him, He will see us through the flood.

Shall I tell you my principal authority for the proclamation of this gospel? It is this: there was once a greater flood than that which covered the earth in Noah's day. When millenniums had passed, and the sins of a rebellious world had multiplied themselves into a destroying deluge; when principalities and powers and the

rulers of the darkness of this world had assembled their votaries, and all their instrumentalities, visible and invisible, there appeared on the earth once again a sinless Man, bearing in absolute perfection the express image of the invisible God. He challenged all the powers of darkness, giving, as God had given to the ocean, His decree that the powers of darkness should not pass His commandment. Then, as the fulness of time had come, all providential restraints were withdrawn, and the tides of evil from the seven seas of a wicked world rose to the flood; and though the crown He wore was of thorns, His sceptre a reed, and His throne of power a cross of shame—the God-man hurled His defiance in the teeth of hell and, triumphantly exclaiming, "It is finished", the Lord sat as King at the flood!

And when His body was laid in a rocky sepulchre, guarded by principalities and powers, as well as by the Roman soldiers; when thus He had expiated the guilt of a world, He threw wide the door of His prison, and flooding the darkness with Heaven's glorious light of hope, in resurrection power and glory, the Lord sat King at the flood.

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work his woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate—
On earth is not his equal.

"Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He!
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same:
And He must win the battle.

MORE ABOUT KING DAVID

A Bible Lecture by Dr. T. T. Shields

Delivered in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto,
Thursday Evening, March 1st, 1934

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(Stenographically Reported)

Lesson Text, II. Samuel, chapter six.

Our lecture text this evening is in the sixth chapter of the Second of Samuel. The subject matter of the chapter is an account of David's effort to bring the ark of God home to him, and to establish it in a place of its own. We have heard nothing about the ark of God for a long time. The last reference to it was in the early days of the reign of King Saul, when it rested at Kirjath-jearim. The ark was the centre of Hebrew public worship. It was the centre of interest in the tabernacle; and typically, as we know from the New Testament, it represented the person of our Lord Jesus.

Within the ark were the unbroken tables of stone, even

as in Him the law of God was kept inviolate, and He wrought out a righteousness for us. In the ark was Aaron's rod that budded. You will remember the historical occasion when there was a dispute as to the authority of the high priest. Moses and Aaron were charged by the people with taking too much upon themselves, and the Lord took means of showing who His chosen was. The rods of the various tribes were put up before the Lord, and the rod that budded would indicate the man of God's choice. And Aaron's rod budded. It was put in the ark. There is only one High Priest: there is not another, even the High Priest and Apostle of our profession. He is the Chosen One, and He will not divide or share His glory with another. In Him all that Aaron's priesthood typified finds its complete fulfilment.

Then, too, there was a golden pot in the ark that contained manna. You will recall that the Israelites were instructed to gather their manna day by day. On the morning of the sixth day they were permitted to gather a double supply to avoid sabbath labour, and only on the sixth day would the manna keep over night. If more than a day's supply was gathered at any other time it became putrid; to quote the descriptive words of Scripture, "It bred worms, and stank" if they gathered more than a day's supply. But on the sixth day they could gather a supply for two days, and it remained sweet and wholesome to the morning of the seventh just as though it had only then been gathered. This was true of no other day. But now some of that manna that could be preserved but twenty-four hours was laid up in the ark in a pot of gold, and it kept sweet all the time. In other words, the ark was symbolic of a perpetual miracle. was representative of the principle of supernaturalism. that God over-rules even natural law.

Then above the ark was the mercy-seat, with the cherubim and their overshadowing wings. The ark was the centre, I say, of the worship of the tabernacle. But now public worship in Israel has become a thing of the past. And you will always find that when public worship declines, national prosperity declines with it. There never has been a revival in all human history that was not accompanied by a revival of public worship. During the latter part of Saul's reign, and the wilderness experiences of David, there seems to have been no central place of worship; and the ark was all but forgotten. Yet, even in those times, God had His chosen, and not a few of David's Psalms, expressive of the deepest and highest devotion, had their origin in the experiences of those wilderness years. Sometimes when public worship is at a discount, private devotion flourishes, for the Lord will always have His remnant according to the election of grace. There are always to be found people who pray, for the Lord leaves not Himself without witness.

But now David has been made king over all Israel. They have taken the stronghold of Zion, and the same has become the city of David. Jerusalem has become the city of the great king. Now David proposes to re-establish the ordinances of public worship, and to bring to that centre of national interest the ark which was representative of the divine presence in the midst of His people. He would bring back the ark of the testimony, the ark of the covenant, the symbol which would speak to the people of their covenant-relationship to God, and place it in a settled tabernacle.

I think we may learn a lesson from the conduct of David in this particular. Now that the kingdom is established under his hand, and he is recognized by a united Israel as the Lord's anointed, he will to signalize that

triumph by a public avowal of the commitment of himself to the Lord. How few public men there are who honour the Lord when they are honoured, who recognize the Lord in the midst of their prosperity! What an example David sets in this particular! There is to be no secret, or quiet, or reserved, recognition of God: he assembles no less than thirty thousand men. He designs that his acknowledgment of God shall be as public as it is possible for it to be. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Do not be afraid to let anybody and everybody know of your relationship to God, and of your submission to His revealed will. David planned to restore the ark in a way that would command the attention of the people, and the reverence of the populace.

The ark is spoken of as "the ark of God, whose name is called by the name of the Lord of hosts that dwelleth between the cherubims". That ark was representative and significant of a very peculiar and particular relationship. It was the ark of Jehovah of hosts who dwelt between the cherubim, Who was in covenant-relation to His people, and Who could be approached only by way of the mercy-seat. It is not enough that we should acknowledge God. Ah, how many men in public life speak of "Almighty God". Why not name the Lord Jesus? "Whose name is called", it is said here, "Jehovah of hosts." David wanted Him distinguished and differentiated from the gods of the heathen. He is to be Jehovah of hosts, Who is in covenant-relation with His people. As though he had said, "That is what the ark means, and I want all the world to know."

David was particular to bring home to him the ark of God, "whose name is called Jehovah of hosts". And the Jehovah of the Old Testament was the Jesus of the New. Call Him by His full name, and let all the world know that you know nothing of God save as you know Him through Jesus Christ your Lord. David, in a public capacity, as king, as leader of the people, led them in restoring the ark of God.

They set it upon a new cart. That may have appeared to be a small matter. So often we are told that it makes little difference how we serve the Lord so long as our motives are pure, and we are sincere. I hope it is still fresh in your memories, though it is some time since we thought through that part of Scripture, what elaborate provisions were made for the moving of the tabernacle. Three families from among the tribes of Levi were chosen, to whom the different duties in connection with the setting forward of the tabernacle were assigned. There were the Merarites, the sons of Merari; the Gershonites, the sons of Gershon; and the Kohathites, the sons of Kohath. For the Merarites and Gershonites wagons were specifically provided, and certain portions of the tabernacle were loaded upon the wagons as they were moved from place to place. The ark, you will recall, had rings on either side of it, and staves of shittim wood were placed through those rings. The sons of Kohath had no wagons, but it was their part to bear upon their shoulders the ark. They were not allowed to put the ark of God upon a wagon: it had to be carried from place to place, and carried covered with badgers' skins, that none might look upon it, and that its sacred secrecy might be maintained until it was put in its place behind the veil, through which the high priest entered alone, and then but once a year.

Now the ark of God is to be brought back, and apparently the divine regulations have been overlooked or for-

gotten. It may be that there were some in those days who said, "That is rather old-fashioned. It is all very well to have the ark, but let us have it up-to-date. The proper way to move the ark is on a cart—and on a new one at that."

I need not make application of that. The machinery invented to-day for the setting forward of the work of God in substitution for the plan divinely specified in the Book is well known to you. It is not enough that we perform good deeds, but you must do good in God's way: otherwise, you cannot be sure that you are doing good. One may do what seems to be a good act, but his only guarantee that it will be really good is that, not only in motive, but in method, the divine direction is followed.

I do not know why David, thoroughly instructed as he was, should have acquiesced in this error, for error undoubtedly it was. It may have been that he was so intent upon bringing the ark home, so earnest in his purpose, that he momentarily forgot that even methods are not to be ignored, that right ways must be observed in doing right things. At all events, whoever was responsible, the divine regulation was set aside, and the ark was carried upon a new cart.

"And they brought it out of the house of Abinadab which was at Gibeah, accompanying the ark of God: and Ahio went before the ark. And David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals." I heard of a church in Toronto that split some years ago on the question as to whether or not they should have an organ.

When David and the people were filled with the joy of the Lord, they not only wanted to get together, but they wanted all the help they could find to help them to make a joyful noise before the Lord. They had all sorts of instruments. There is nothing in Scripture, either in spirit or letter, that forbids the use of musical instruments; David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord.

I think we may learn from that that there is a place for the sanctified expression of emotion. I do not want a religion that is all emotion, that is all feeling. I am not interested in that type of religion that assumes the body of Christ is all tongue, all talk, all shouting. The mere shouting of Hallelujah, and, Amen, ought not to be encouraged, I think; but, on the other hand, where there is genuine devotion, real heart-worship of the Lord, I do not see why Christian people should not be numbered among the happiest people in the world. I delight to hear one cry, "Hallelujah!" or "Amen," in a public service, when it really and manifestly is a cry of the heart. That is why we have these social meetings. That is the reason for the institution of public worship. Here is the principle: "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." The man is so full that he cannot express himself. It is as though he would say, "I use my voice as well as I can, but lend me your voice, and a hundred others, a thousand others. Come and let us exalt the name of the Lord together, and magnify Him."

Do you not find that your own emotions are augmented and intensified in association with other people? Do you not think there is definite blessing to be obtained in public worship? I do. You will scarcely believe it, but I have been blessed by my own sermons! I really have! I knew it was all true, but felt a little down; and had to nerve myself to the task of preaching, and have preached to myself. When I got through I have felt like saying,

"Hallelujah! I have a religion that satisfies, after all." It is a good thing to share our heart-experiences with other people.

That was the spirit of this revival movement—for that is what it was, a reinstatement of public worship in Israel.

There was a mistake made about the cart, and it was a fatal mistake, as we shall see later. Still David was happy, for as yet it had not dawned upon him that he ought not to have used the cart. They all joined with him, and "when they came to Nachon's threshing floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it." I do not know whether Uzzah was responsible for the cart or not, but he thought he was responsible for the ark that was on it; and he put forth his hand to steady it.

"And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God." Some modern folks would say, "That was severe treatment to be meted out to a man for putting out his hand to steady the ark of God." Yes; but God will be sanctified in those who come nigh unto Him, and the ark was representative of the divine presence—therefore Uzzah was smitten to death right in the midst of the revival.

Did you ever experience anything like that, when it looked as though the whole community was going to take fire—and then some Uzzah effects a breach in the whole programme by his error? Suddenly everything stops. Nobody sings any more. In this case the cymbals and harps were laid aside. Instead of a great time of praising the Lord there was a funeral.

The Lord was angry, and David was angry: "David was displeased, because the Lord had made a breach upon Uzzah." Did you ever get angry with God? David ought to have known better. "And he called the name of the place Perez-uzzah to this day."

I am not sure of the full significance of David's displeasure. It says, "Because the Lord had made a breach." Certainly he did not understand the ways of God. "David was afraid of the Lord that day, and said, How shall the ark of the Lord come to me? So David would not remove the ark of the Lord unto him into the city of David: but David carried it aside into the house of Obed-edom the Gittite."

We must not presume to dictate to God. If the Lord says, "Carry the ark", we had better carry it. As a matter of fact, the only way by which the Lord Jesus can be put forward is by that method: you and I must carry Him. No denominational machinery, or any other kind of machinery men may devise, no new cart, will ever effectively deposit the Ark in Mount Zion. It can arrive there only in God's way.

The ark did not reach the city of David on the new cart. It turned aside into the house of Obed-edom the Gittite, and it stayed there three months. We do not know much about Obed-edom. Uzzah had died. Presumably Obed-edom knew what havoc the ark had wrought among the Philistines, and among the men of Beth-shemesh. Now he had seen Uzzah die beside the ark. He had seen the king tremble, saying, "I fear to take it to Jerusalem." This humble man opened the door of his humble house, and afforded hospitality to the ark of God, and welcomed the divine presence into the bosom of his own family. It was there for three months, and the Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom because of the ark.

It was the ark of Jehovah of hosts which a godly man took into his family, and taught his children to reverence

it, and made it the centre of their family worship. However it was done, the divine record says, "The Lord blessed Obed-edom, and all his household."

Then David wanted it. That is the way to recommend the religion of the Lord Jesus. When people see others being blessed by it they will say, "I want that; I should like to have a religion like that." Even the king, when he heard that the ark, properly received, properly entertained, according to the divine requirement, was a means of blessing, determined to bring it up to Zion. And so it was that he brought it. If you read the record in Chronicles you will find there was no new cart this time. David observed the divine requirement, and the priests carried the ark from the house of Obed-edom to Zion.

"And David made him houses in the city of David, and prepared a place for the ark of God, and pitched for it a tent. Then David said, None ought to carry the ark of God but the Levites: for them hath the Lord chosen to carry the ark of God, and to minister unto him for ever. And David gathered all Israel together to Jerusalem, to bring up the ark of the Lord unto his place, which he had prepared for it. And David assembled the children of Aaron, and the Levites . . . and said unto them, Ye are the chief of the fathers of the Levites: sanctify yourselves, both ye and your brethren, that ye may bring up the ark of the Lord God of Israel unto the place that I have prepared for it. For because ye did it not at the first, the Lord our God made a breach upon us, for that we sought him not after the due order. So the priests and the Levites sanctified themselves to bring up the ark of the Lord God of Israel. And the children of the Levites bare the ark of God upon their shoulders with the staves thereon, as Moses commanded according to the word of the Lord."

"And David offered burnt offerings and peace offerings before the Lord." Thus was the ark honoured. The ark had no significance without the sprinkled blood. Had they forgotten that, as well as the requirement that it should be carried? I should not be surprised if, in the meantime, David had consulted the law, for this time he said, "Because ye did it not at the first, the Lord our God made a breach upon us, for that we sought him not after the due order." When you get into trouble, you had better consult the oracle and find out the right way of doing things, and get the blessing that Obed-edom received, and that David also received when he brought the ark home in the right way.

"And David danced before the Lord with all his might." What an unbecoming thing to do! Do you believe in dancing? I do—that kind of dancing. I remember a dear friend with whom I ministered some years ago, holding special meetings. One night the service continued until past midnight. I had tried to close again and again, but the people would not go home. Many were converted, and the people were loath to leave. At last, past twelve o'clock, we said, "We must have the benediction." When we got home, my friend walked up and down the floor. He was nearly seventy years of age, but he was "spry", as we say, and we were having glorious times. I can see him now pacing the floor while his wife was getting a little supper ready. It was well on toward one o'clock in the morning, and pausing, he turned to me and said, "I do not want to go to bed. I do not even want to go to heaven yet." He was like Brother Davis of Yonge Street Mission. You know how he dances, how light of foot he is, notwithstanding his years.

David was like that. And that is well when you have the ark, but do not dance when the ark is somewhere else. Be sure you have something to dance about. There is another occasion of dancing spoken of in Scripture. When the prodigal's brother drew near the house "he heard music and dancing"—not the kind of dancing they have nowadays. In other words, a little enthusiasm in religion will not hurt. Do not be afraid to let people know you have joy in the Lord, to know you can be shoutingly, hilariously happy in the Lord. It will do your lungs good, as well as your heart, to shout a little. Only be sure your shouting and dancing afford exercise for your heart as well as your lungs.

All the people were filled with gladness that day, and at last they went home. I wish I could leave out the remaining verses. There will always be someone who will not say, Amen, to your Hallelujahs. There will always be someone, like Gideon's fleece, who will miss the dew. You must not be discouraged, as young preachers, when you have had a happy time in preaching, and have felt that the whole congregation has been brought nearer to God—do not be surprised if you discover that some member of your congregation whom you supposed was a hearer was only a critical spectator. It may be a man, but is just as likely to be a woman.

I have told you a story before in another connection, which I now repeat, that I may tell you where it originated. I was out in the West one summer preaching. We had well on to two thousand people one August night. The Lord was there, and we had a glorious time. The people did not care how long we stayed, and I preached away until I had finished my argument. That is my custom! It may have been a hour, or more, but I knew very well that the people were not weary. Do not bury your eyes in your manuscript, so that you cannot see the people. Keep your eyes on the people, and if they go to sleep, wake yourself up! If you see they are getting restless—unless it be some people who are antagonistic about whom you needn't worry—if you see you are losing the interest of your congregation, do not waste a moment of time trying to make things better. Close up quickly, and hope for a better time next Sunday. But if the Lord is with you, and you know it, and you can see your congregation is responding to the message, if someone looks superciliously at you as much as to say, "I will make him feel he has preached long enough", say—not aloud of course—"No; you will not. I will keep on until I have finished."

That night we had a great time, but we did really conclude the service at last. I was a visiting preacher, and people were there from all parts of the country—not because of me personally, but because I was a stranger; they thought I might know somebody who lived in Nova Scotia! Or somewhere else a couple of thousand miles away! A crowd came up to shake hands with the preacher, and among them I noticed one woman in particular. This woman waited her turn, and although it was August, she looked like an icicle all the way from beyond the Arctic Circle. She paused before me, and in the presence of the others, thought I suppose to humiliate me by saying frigidly, with her lips as tight as a vice, "Good night. Rather a long service, don't you think, for an August night?" Acid! Vinegar would be sweet in comparison. You know

what I am going to say because I have told you the story before. "Did you think so?" "I certainly thought so." I replied, "My own congregation at home have a standing notice that I do not serve quick lunches, but full-course dinners." "Oh, how do your people stand it?" she asked. "We lose a little millinery", I replied, "but we do not lose any brains."

Is it not a pity that David could not at this second venture, when the ark of God is back at Jerusalem, and all the city is filled with holy Hallelujahs,—is it not a pity that he could not have stayed in that atmosphere? He said, "I will go home, and tell them all about it. I will gather my family about me, and share the blessing with them. We have had a great time officially, as a nation; but I will have a great time too when I get home." And he did!

David's wife had not been at the service. She had been looking through a window! There are some people who always look through a window. They never get into anything. They are always apart from it, looking through a window. And no one can share the blessing of a warm spiritual service by observing it through a window. David's wife had seen him leaping and dancing before the Lord. She was one of those very proud, haughty, ladies who do not believe in emotional display in religion. Everything should be decorous and dignified—and icy! When David came in she gave him a piece of her mind. The Lord pity a man when he gets that the moment he arrives home. In my experience as a minister I have known many cases of godly men who have been transported into heaven in the house of the Lord, who when they got home, thought they had arrived at another place! David returned to bless his household, and with fine sarcasm his wife said, "How glorious was the king of Israel to-day!" She likened him to the shameless fellows, imputing vile motives to him, when he got home.

If anybody is unfortunate enough to have that experience, the question is, What are you going to do about it? Accommodate yourself to that spirit, and say, "Now, my dear, do not worry. I will not dance any more. I will not be enthusiastic in the matter of religion. I will be very moderate, and very reasonable about it. You need not worry any more." Is that what David said? No! He said, "It was before the Lord, which chose me before thy father, and before all his house, to appoint me ruler over the people of the Lord, over Israel: therefore will I play before the Lord." In effect he said, "He displaced your father for not doing the very thing I am doing, and I will not follow in your father's footsteps. I will play before the Lord. And, furthermore, I will be yet more vile. How do you like that?" That is the way to do it! There must be no compromise, if it is done before the Lord.

David said, "You say that I have shamed myself in the eyes of the people? The maidservants which thou hast spoken of, of them shall I be had in honour." There was one man who showed himself a real king. And mark you: he was not only king over all Israel, but he was king in his own house—where every man ought to be king. If he is not king there, he is not king anywhere.

As for you young students, avoid all that by not making love to Michal, Saul's daughter. Get somebody else. I wish I had an hour more at you, but we must close.

A LETTER FROM DR. J. C. CARLILE

Minister of the Baptist Church at Folkestone, and
Editor of "The Baptist Times", London, England

In January last, in the course of a Thursday evening lecture on "The Witch of Endor" (See GOSPEL WITNESS, Volume 12, Number 35, January 11th, 1934, page 9) we referred to an article appearing in *The Christian Spiritualist*, of London, under the name of Dr. J. C. Carlile, in which Dr. Carlile reported a visit he had paid to a Spiritualist medium, to whom he submitted certain questions, and received from her certain answers.

In a letter from Dr. Carlile dated February 21st, and received March 5th, he characterizes our reference to him as "definitely untrue". This is one instance in which we would far rather discover ourselves to be wrong than right, and we shall welcome any communication from Dr. Carlile which will entirely clear the matter up. In the meantime we have had facsimiles prepared: first, of the heading of the title-page of the paper; secondly, the heading of the editorial page; and, thirdly, the entire page on which Dr. Carlile's article appears. If any of our readers should be unacquainted with modern methods, let them understand that these are printed from plates which are photographic reproductions of the original. Therefore there is no alteration even of a comma. We have done this in order absolutely to avoid all possibility of misrepresentation.

We have written a letter to Dr. Carlile in reply to his, which will be found below, following Dr. Carlile's letter. The plates we have had prepared will be found on pages eleven and twelve, and will readily be identified by their number. Number one is a facsimile of the title-page of *The Christian Spiritualist*; number two is a facsimile of the heading of the editorial column of *The Christian Spiritualist*; and number three, a facsimile of the entire page carrying Dr. Carlile's article. Our letter to Dr. Carlile will be mailed to him on the date of this paper's issue, together with copies of the paper itself. Our letter to Dr. Carlile offers, we believe, the fullest explanation of the whole matter it is possible to give.

LETTER FROM DR. CARLILE THE BAPTIST TIMES

The Baptist Church House
4 Southampton Row
London, W.C. 1.

Baptist Union of
Great Britain and Ireland

Secretary:
Rev. M. E. Aubrey, M.A.

Dr. T. T. Shields,
130 Gerrard Street East,
Toronto 2, Canada.

Dear Dr. Shields:

You may have forgotten our very pleasant intercourse during the period of the War, when you were with me at Folkestone, and we had the pleasure to have you in our pulpit, and when I was with you in Toronto, and had the opportunity of taking a service at Jarvis Street.

Your paper THE GOSPEL WITNESS for January 11th contains a lecture by you on "The Witch of Endor", in which you make extensive reference to me though you misspell my name. You are reported to have said—

"I have a magazine in my files called the 'Christian Spiritualist', in which is an article written by a leading Baptist of Great Britain, no less a personage than Dr. J. C. Carlyle, who is to come to Canada, according to *The Canadian Baptist*, to assist in some sort of celebration in connection with the centenary of the birth of the great C. H. Spurgeon. This article written by Dr. Carlyle, and published in this Spiritualist magazine, states that when he was asked to become the Editor of *The Baptist Times*

of London, he resorted to this spiritualistic medium to ask her whether he should accept the position. She told him that he was eminently qualified to become a Journalist, and strongly advised him to accept the editorial chair of *The Baptist Times*, and promised that he would be eminently successful. When a Baptist paper accepts for an editor someone who is approved by a witch, they are rather hard up! I thought of publishing the article—I may some day."

I read the paragraph with amazement. Your memory must be hopelessly at fault, or I must be labouring under a delusion. I have no recollection of consulting any medium in reference to any question concerning the "Baptist Times" and certainly do not recall having been told by a medium that I should accept the editorial Chair of that paper, and that it would be eminently successful. As a matter of fact, the paper is successful, but I do not think any satanic agency has anything to do with it. You threaten to publish the article. You not only have my permission to do so, but as a matter of common honesty I appeal to you to print it or to retract your statement which is definitely untrue. I am not concerned to enter into controversy with you. You are a past master of the art, but I cannot believe that you would willingly bear false witness against one of your brethren. Had you followed the Scriptural method of approaching me you could have known the facts at once, and would not have laid yourself open to the charge of circulating untrue statements. Please publish that article and send me a copy!

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) "J. C. Carlile."

OUR REPLY TO DR. CARLILE

130 Gerrard St. East,
Toronto, Canada,
March 8th, 1934.

Dr. J. C. Carlile,
Editor, *The Baptist Times*,
4 Southampton Row,
London W.C.1, England.

Dear Dr. Carlile:

Your letter of the 21st ult. reached me on March 5th. No; I have not forgotten our pleasant intercourse during the period of the War. I have frequently recalled those days of fellowship with pleasure. I remember, too, having the privilege of speaking from your pulpit; and, of course, I very distinctly remember your visit to Toronto, when you favoured us by preaching in Jarvis Street Church.

Now as to the principal subject of your letter. Before I deal with that part of my lecture which you quote, I beg leave to quote the next four paragraphs, though they are somewhat long:

"Read what the Bible has to say about witchery and wizardry, and about those who have familiar spirits, and you will find that the Bible always ranks them with those who do the devil's business. As for example: 'Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God.' When you find something labelled, 'This is not for you', keep away from it. You do not need to study it any further. You can learn all there is to be learned about spiritism from the Bible itself; and, learning what the Bible has to say about it, you will shun it as you would shun the devil. You need not investigate further.

"If someone says, 'It will not hurt you to come to a seance', my advice to you is to keep away. I am not going to keep company with the devil, nor attend his meetings. I have a vivid recollection of a funeral service I conducted on one occasion. I spoke of the revelation of God in Christ, of the principle that He had brought life and immortality to light through the gospel, and that the only way we could know God was through Christ. I do not think I ever had a more difficult time in speaking. I am not super-sensitive in matters of that sort, but it seemed as though the very atmosphere would choke me. Everything I said came back. I shortened the service, and when I came out of the house somebody said, 'Do you know where you were?' 'No; but I know I was not far from the pit.'" "Well", said

my friend, "that room was crammed full of Spiritualists. There were two or three mediums there." I felt as though I had been in the presence of the devil himself, and I believe one must be whenever he touches it.

"There are many things in this city I have not seen—I do not want to see them. There are places indispensable to the health of the city, but I do not want to see them. So far as this principle is concerned, when anybody says, 'What do you know about Spiritualism? Have you studied it diligently', do not be ashamed to say, 'I know all the Bible has to say about it, and that is enough. It says it is of the devil, and I will have nothing to do with it.'

"Is that strong? Well, say what you like about it, I think it is well to be prejudiced sometimes—when your prejudice is scripturally based. Do not admit poison to your mind on the plea that you are 'investigating.'"

You will see from this that in my lecture I was counselling the students and others to have nothing to do with Spiritualism, but to abide by the teaching of the Word of God.

Having said that, I next proceeded to offer you my sincere apology for having explicitly stated that which, at most, the article to which I referred may only imply.

I am this week doing what you have requested me to do, publishing the entire article; and in order to make sure there was not the slightest alteration in it, I have had a cut made of the entire page, as also of the top of the title-page of the paper, and the heading of the editorial page. Each of these is reproduced from a photograph so that readers of THE GOSPEL WITNESS may see exactly what was said in that paper.

When the copy of *The Christian Spiritualist* was sent to me, the suggestion was made that probably "the literary work recently offered me (you)" was the Editorship of *The Baptist Times*. The article was published in *The Christian Spiritualist* of October 7th, 1925. The particular date on which your article was written is not named, but *The Baptist Times* of September 10th, 1925, reported that you had accepted the invitation to continue as Editor after having been Acting-Editor for eighteen months previously. And the Baptist Handbook of 1926, reporting a meeting of the Baptist Union of that year, records a resolution passed, expressing appreciation of your work as Editor of *The Baptist Times*. The report of your acceptance of the Editorship appeared in *The Baptist Times* a little less than a month before your article appeared in *The Christian Spiritualist*. It might readily be inferred, therefore, in view of these dates, that the literary work offered to you to which your article refers was the Editorship of *The Baptist Times*.

It is quite possible, however, that such inference was entirely wrong; and if so, I most sincerely apologize, and ask your forgiveness for the mistake. I think, however, the context of my lecture which I have quoted, and which perhaps you had read as well as the paragraph referred to by yourself, shows that the specific character of the literary work offered you, whether the Editorship of *The Baptist Times*, or something else, was of only secondary importance. The point is, the article, said to have been written by yourself, represents you as submitting to a medium this question:

"Should I be right in taking up the literary work recently offered me?"

Whether it was the Editorship of *The Baptist Times* or something else is relatively of small importance. The fact which the article states, that some literary work had been offered you, and that you asked the medium whether you would be right in accepting it, is really the point at issue.

This article in *The Christian Spiritualist* states, moreover, that the message written on the slate, in answer to your question, was as follows:

"My dear good friend, Dr. C., your guide says it would be well for you to take up the literary work which has been offered you. You will make it a success. It will harmonize with your present activities."

What I said in my lecture, except for the fact that I identified, rightly or wrongly, the "literary work" as the Editorship of *The Baptist Times*, I think any candid reader will admit is in substantial agreement with your report of what the medium said, it certainly recommended you to accept what was offered you, promised you success, and said it would harmonize with your present activities. Again I say, the literary work offered you may not have been the Editorship of *The Baptist Times*; but whatever it was, you submitted the question to the medium, and received from the medium an encouraging answer.

So much, therefore, as an explanation of what I said respecting the article in *The Christian Spiritualist*.

The next question arising is, Did you write the article? The photostatic copy of the article appearing in this week's GOSPEL WITNESS, certainly credits the article to Dr. J. C. Carlile, of Folkestone. In this connection I print an extract from the editorial column of *The Christian Spiritualist*, of the same date, commenting upon your article.

"Another privilege falls to our lot this week in that we are permitted to publish the fact that a leading minister of the Baptist denomination has accepted the invitation to look into our subject with serious intent. How Dr. J. C. Carlile has done so, and how honestly he has stated the facts, how fairly he has dealt with the persons concerned, how respectfully he has responded to the urge of the Spirit, and withal how faithfully he has remembered his great responsibility to that denomination which honours itself by honouring him, our readers will be able to attest when they read his contribution. Like a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, he intends to look at a thing in all its bearings before he commits himself. No honest man could wish him to do otherwise, nor to rush him into premature statement of opinion or belief. If he will but continue looking into this matter for the good of his Church and the humanity his Lord loves, what more can we desire? The Spirit of Truth will guide him into all the truth in due course; and happy he will be to learn more here, rather than to leave his progression wholly until he arrives There, as so many of his fellow-ministers are doing. We feel it to be also a peculiar pleasure to be able to print this communication beneath Dr. Carlile's name, for it declares him a superbly honest and courageous man; and that both Dr. Carlile and ourselves made our beginning in ministerial life from the same Alma Mater gives but added joy to this historic event."

Thus there can be no possibility of doubt that *The Christian Spiritualist* declares this article to be of your authorship, and says, "We feel it to be also a peculiar pleasure to be able to print this communication beneath Dr. Carlile's name." Thus it tells us that you wrote it, and that it is printed under your name, with your consent. It also says that this was the result of your response to "the invitation to look into our subject with serious intent."

There is, however, a bare possibility of the article being a forgery, and of your name having been set to an article for which you were not responsible. If that had been done, however, I should have expected you to demand of *The Christian Spiritualist* what you now rightly ask of me, the retraction of whatever in it was untrue.

There is one other still more remote possibility, and that is that the article printed in your name was never brought to your attention, and that, therefore, you had no opportunity of repudiating it. If any of these hypotheses be correct, I feel that I have done you a service in calling your attention to it, that through the medium of THE

FACSIMILE OF TITLE PAGE—PLATE No. 1

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST, October 7th, 1925.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE
Christian Spiritualist

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7th, 1925.

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Price Twopence

GOSPEL WITNESS you may have the opportunity of entirely repudiating responsibility for the article.

Having said that, however, I must in honesty state further that all these possibilities seem to me to be very improbable, and that I fear we are driven to accept the assumption that the article was written by yourself, and that it was published under your name, with your consent. That being so, we have your own word for it that in respect to this offer of literary work, whatever it may have been, you consulted a medium, and received an answer; and that you submitted also the following question:

"Can you get into touch with any of my dear ones who have passed over? If so, do. Is there anything they wish to tell me about themselves?"

To this you report receiving the reply:

"My dear J. C., my lad, I am here. We have quite a family circle here, but I have been able to get in touch with you since I have been in this world. My work is along your lines. My dear boy, I have played an important part and have helped you. Grandfather Carlile."

In your letter to me you say:

"I am not concerned to enter into controversy with you. You are a past master of the art, but I cannot believe that you would willingly bear false witness against one of your brethren. Had you followed the Scriptural method of approaching me you could have known the facts at once, and would not have laid yourself open to the charge of circulating untrue statements."

I fear you compliment me too highly. I am not "a past master" in the art of controversy. I have, however, had what is alleged to be a "scriptural method" recommended to me before. The matter to which I referred, however, the fact that you had consulted a medium, is reported under your own name in a public journal; it was a matter that was given to the public. I regret very much the error in naming the "literary work" offered you as the Editorship of *The Baptist Times*, when perhaps it was something entirely different. Notwithstanding, I must insist that there is no difference in principle. The point is, that as a Baptist minister, occupying a prominent position, recognized as an official of the Baptist denomination, you did submit certain questions to a Spiritualist medium.

It may be said that it was done merely out of curiosity. But at the beginning of the article you said:

"I am not a Spiritualist, neither am I hostile."

The point I was making in my lecture was: that I am not only not a Spiritualist, but I am definitely and unalterably hostile to that which is so plainly forbidden in the Word of God. We are living in a day when multitudes of people are running about after every new thing that promises them some sort of religious stimulus, and I was warning my students and others against that tendency,

and counselling them to recognize that Spiritualism is not of God, and can only be of the devil, in so far as there is anything superhuman in it.

I ought also to apologize, for inadvertently misspelling your name. I hope you will not think I was uncomplimentary in associating you, by my orthographical error, with the great Carlyle.

I hope I have made ample amends for my error. Sincerely and abjectly I apologize for the error of identifying the literary work offered you with the Editorship of *The Baptist Times*, if indeed it was an error.

Please allow me to say that I shall welcome any statement you have to make on the subject. There will be no limitation of space, and you have my promise that I shall faithfully reproduce everything you write.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) THOMAS T. SHIELDS.

P.S.—In order to save time, and get the whole matter into print immediately, I am venturing to publish this letter in THE GOSPEL WITNESS to-night, that my answer may thus appear in the same paper with your objection.

—T. T. S.

FACSIMILE—PLATE No. 2

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

Editor; the Rev. J. W. POTTER.

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THIS PAPER IS FOUNDED AND CONTINUED ON
 PERSONAL SACRIFICE.

The Cost of Printing, Publishing, Distributing, Specimen copies, during its first year of existence, August, 1925, to August, 1926, in addition to estimated income from sales, is

£468

Gifts are earnestly requested from sympathizers toward this cost.

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	92 15 0
Received this week	21 19 6
Balance needed	353 5 6

Acknowledgments.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, £20; Mr. R. H. Jebb, £1; Mrs. H., 4s. 6d.; Mr. O. S. Lieberg, 5s.; Mr. H. A. Stevens, 10s.

'See that YE ABOUND in THIS grace also.'

October 7th, 1926.

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

75

Famous Baptist Minister Enquires.

The following article was written by a distinguished Baptist minister, Dr. J. C. Carlile, of Folkestone, after his sitting with Mrs. Pruden, the American slate-writing medium, who visited London a few weeks ago. We print it as an impartial account by an enquirer.

By REV. J. C. CARLILE, D.D., O.B.E.

I am not a Spiritualist, neither am I hostile. It was suggested by an old friend that I might like to meet an old American lady, a Baptist, who was visiting England. She has acted as a medium for many years, and secured wonderful manifestations in connection with slate-writing. She is a lady of independent means, and does not follow mediumship for money.

An appointment was arranged, and I made my way to the hotel, facing Kensington Gardens, where the medium was staying. I found her a delightful old lady, very ready to talk about all sorts of subjects, with a keen sense of humour and an idealism not uncommon to American Baptists. The far-away look in her eyes and occasional momentary suggestions of aloofness were all that indicated the mediumistic temperament.

We were quite strangers to each other, and had no one to introduce us. The room was perfectly light; there was no attempt even to draw the curtains. We sat by the table, quite an ordinary bit of furniture, and simply talked.

"How long have you been in touch with the spirit world?" I enquired.

"All my life, I think," she replied, though I did not begin to get writing upon the slate until about forty years ago. Since then I have sat with judges, ministers, and people of all sorts."

"You would hardly be regarded as a professional medium?" I ventured. "I mean you do not sit for payment, as most of the mediums in this country do."

"No," she answered. "I have always been comfortably placed, and my object has been to help my friends into the fuller life which has been such a blessing to me."

"Have you met many people in England?"

"Oh, yes. I have been sitting two or three times each day, but only with people who come for a special purpose. I do not like large circles, and I would rather sit with those who are enquiring."

To my surprise my friend switched off the conversation to little pleasantries about the people she had met, some of whom I know; all the names that were mentioned were the names of people of eminence in their own departments.

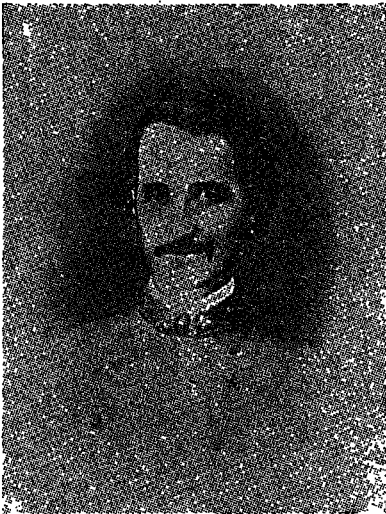
Another friend arrived, Miss Cohen. We had not met before. I had no idea of Miss Cohen's existence. Then we got to business.

The medium explained that it would be necessary to cover one side of the little table to prevent the light falling upon the slate during the process of writing. Two double slates were placed upon the table. They were ordinary school slates, fastened by a piece of cloth on each frame, so that they could be doubled over closely, one on top of the other. A bit of pencil was placed between, so that the control could write on the slate while it was closed.

Being of sceptical turn of mind, I asked permission to examine the slate, which I did, and to turn up the table and examine the carpet. It was all quite satisfactory. My Spiritualist friend was very much amused at the precautions I was taking. Then we sat in a perfectly light room, just the three people. The medium on one side, Miss Cohen and I upon the other. Each could see every movement made by either of the others.

OPEN-MINDED PASTOR TESTS A SLATE-WRITING MEDIUM.

"WHO CAN EXPLAIN?" ASKS DR. J. C. CARLILE.



WILBUR THOMPSON.

Mrs. Pruden's Spirit-Guide.

Wilbur Thompson was a Brigadier-General on the Southern side in the American Civil War, and was the Baden-Powell of his day. They called him "The Swamp Fox of the Confederacy."

Knowing what might happen, I had written about a dozen questions of various kinds, which might be used for test purposes. I had placed them in my pocket, and purposely mixed them up so that I could not tell the particular question I took out. That was done in order to prevent the possibility of the question being distinctly in my mind, and, possibly by the process of telepathy, conveyed to another.

There was a faint sound of scratching between the surface of the two slates. The slate was held by the medium's right hand. It was under the table, behind the cover, the other parts of the table being partially exposed.

"They are writing now," the medium said. "The slate is heavy. Would one of you hold the other end?"

I immediately lifted the cover on my side and held the slate, taking care to have a good look at it. The sound stopped, and the slate was opened. I copied the writing, which was quite clear, the characters well formed, and this was the message: "Good morning, my new friends. I shall be happy to give you the very best at my command."

"Miss C., your dear spirit mother is here, and sends you loving greetings."

"Dr. C., I thank you for this morning's visit. Spirit control W.T."

It was explained to us that W.T. was the pet name of Wilbur Thompson, who was the medium's spirit guide. Then Miss Cohen placed one of her written questions out of the reach of the medium, and the second slate was held behind the table cover.

Miss Cohen's question, it is learned after was: "Is there a George over there we are trying to find? My sister wants a message so badly." The reply I copied was: "My dear friend, it is best, in order to get a perfect message through, to have your sister sit for herself. But she is guided by her loved one, and there is a wide field of work in front of you."

The medium became clairvoyant, and said, looking over to me: "Wilbur has found three people who are closely connected with you. They must have been very dear ones. They are here, and want to talk to you. They do not understand why you do not speak to them."

The three were then described. Without attaching very serious importance to this message, it is only fair to say that three of my dearest have passed over. The medium then described a man who was said to be a friend of mine, and I had no difficulty in identifying Mr. William Bird, who was closely associated with me some twenty years ago in Folkestone.

Miss Cohen tried another question.

"Florence's Mother. I am greatly in need of evidential truth. Do try and sign your name and send a message that will help."

The same process was followed. We held the slate, and the sound of writing was distinctly heard. I read the message. "Madeleine, dear child, your father will be spared to you for some time to come. We are helping to make him as comfortable as possible, and to give him strength in his declining years. Madeleine, dear, as time progresses you will receive the evidential messages you hope for. You have done your part well."

In clairvoyance, the medium asked Miss Cohen if she had with her a spare handkerchief. If so, would she put it under the table so that her mother might tie it up in the old way, to convince her of the reality of the visitor. A pocket handkerchief was placed under the table. After a while, this message came: "My dear child, I have tied with my own spirit hands your handkerchief as a wreath, the old emblem of life without end."

When the handkerchief was picked up, it was tied in small knots and shaped as a ring. Miss Cohen still has it.

I then placed my first question. I did not know at the time what it was. After a while this message appeared on the slate: "My dear good friend, Dr. C., your guide says it would be well for you to take up the literary work which has been offered you. You will make it a success. It will harmonize with your present activities."

When I opened the question, it was: "Should I be right in taking up the literary work recently offered me?" So far as I know, neither of those who sat with me in the room had the least idea that I had any special work offered me.

The second question I took out of my pocket without knowing what it contained. I placed it upon the floor just under the table, and put my foot over it. The paper was doubled up; it certainly did not move. The question was as follows: "Can you get into touch with any of my dear ones who have passed over? If so, do. Is there anything they wish to tell me about themselves?"

The writing was heard on the slate, and this was the answer I copied: "My dear J.C., my lad, I am here. We have quite a family circle over here, but I have been able to get in touch with you since I have been in this world. My work is along your lines. My dear boy, I have played an important part and have helped you. Grandfather Carlile."

There was an initial to the surname; but it was not clear enough for me to be absolutely sure what it was.

The medium seemed tired and the sitting came to an end, with the suggestion that we might like to sit together again, or to sit separately. We went to lunch to talk over possible explanations. Many were suggested, but they were hopelessly inadequate. *There must be some explanation. WHAT IS IT? I wonder!*

The Union Baptist Witness

Is the Official Publication of the Union of Regular Baptist Churches of Ontario and Quebec. Send all communications to the Office Secretary, 337 Jarvis Street, Toronto 2, Canada.

UNION ACTIVITIES

While the Executive Board appreciates the whole-hearted co-operation of the churches for the Home and Foreign Mission branches of the Union's work, it would remind our whole constituency of the necessity of supporting the Budget adopted by the Convention. There is the Seminary with its ever-growing needs; the Student Fund for summer service; the Western Missionary appeal; the Sunday School work; News and Publicity; and the building up of an adequate Superannuated Ministers' Fund. All these objects are heartily commended to the whole constituency for your prayerful and generous support. Look for news of these other departments later on.

GOOD NEWS FROM LIBERIA

Mr. Hancox and Mr. Clubine on Trek

Mr. Hancox and Mr. Clubine had just returned from an evangelistic trek, when Mr. Hancox wrote on January the 18th, and we quote from his letter. "We had opportunities of speaking twenty-one times. We planned our route so as to bring us in the neighbourhood of Geah Bar Zondo, and by this means Mr. Clubine was able to see our station there. It was the evening of their Bible class, and so he was able to meet quite a number of their regular attendants.

"This trip again revealed the tremendous need for gospel preaching in this land. In many places a really warm welcome was extended to us, while at other towns a decidedly cold shoulder was given. In towns where the Devil Society is strong, indifference was very marked. Not as much territory was covered as on other trips of this sort, because after we had gotten a distance of about three miles from the Mission, we preached in nearly every town that we came to. This we did for several days, making use of the Sunday to visit three towns besides the town where we were remaining for the week-end. In the latter town three services were held, one on the Saturday evening, one Sunday morning, and another in the evening. Eight happy days were thus spent in the giving out of the precious Word of Life. May the Lord abundantly bless that seed-sowing, and gather through it a glorious harvest of souls.

A Busy Year

"During the year that has passed a total of two hundred and forty-seven gospel services were held in native towns, conducted mostly by the native Christians. These towns were anything from one hour's walk away from the Station to a distance of three days' walk. At River Cess the interest in the Word continues, and appeals have again come for a Teacher to stay with them.

A Busy Day

"I was hindered in the writing of this letter," continues Mr. Hancox, "and now another Sunday has slipped past. It was the busiest Sunday I think I have ever seen here at this station. By seven o'clock in the morning three groups had started away along different paths to take the gospel message to the towns about. I went along in one of these groups, and by noon had preached in three towns. Returning to the Station for dinner, I went out again in the afternoon along with Mr. Clubine and Mrs. Hancox, visiting one more town. Peter, who had remained to interpret for Mr. Clubine in the morning service, also went out in the afternoon and preached Christ in another town. When the other two groups returned they reported twelve towns visited. This made a total for the day of seventeen village services conducted in the single day. At the same time the church was almost full here at the Station, notwithstanding about a dozen of us being away, and nearly all the school girls at home on vacation.

A Macedonian Call

"A letter has just come in from another town which was visited by our native evangelists last July. On our recent trek, Mr. Clubine and myself stopped in a town almost next door to this one from which the letter has come. Now they beseech me to come to their town this coming Saturday and remain for Sunday. This request, D.V., I will fulfill this

coming week-end. There is a man in this town who along with his wife have visited the Mission, and who profess to have believed in the Lord as their Saviour. I believe that it was through the visit of the boys last summer that they have made their decision.

Dry Weather Opportunities

"We are seeking to make full use of the dry weather to get out to the villages, as you will see from the foregoing, and will better understand when I say that during the present month fifty-six services have been conducted in the towns and villages about us. The half of these have been conducted by the native Christians, and the other half by Mr. Clubine and myself. It has kept us busy, but our hearts are happy to have the opportunity. While there are two men on the Station, we plan that only one shall remain here for the Sunday, and one go out to the towns. That is, up until the noon-time. The boys carry uncooked rice with them and cook it wherever they may happen to be at noon-time, usually remaining out the entire day, and reaching more towns, and those lying at a greater distance from the Mission than those we ourselves visit in the morning. Our hearts cry unto the Lord that His own richest blessing may rest upon the Seed thus sown."

Mr. Clubine Getting Settled

In a letter dated January the 19th, Mr. Clubine writes, "I have been very busy since I came here, unpacking the cases and getting things arranged. It has not been very hot yet, but it is very damp, especially in the morning when we seem to get very heavy mists. It is hard to keep things from moulding, so I am thinking of sending to England for another air tight trunk to pack books, shoes, and other things in.

"My house is large, with a nice living room, bedroom, and bathroom, forming the main part. The kitchen is at one side under the piazza. At present I am taking my meals with Mr. and Mrs. Hancox. Later I may have a boy of my own, but until we hear about the Davies and while I am so busy in getting things straightened around, I am glad to be able to eat with them. By the way, I have such an appetite that I am sometimes quite ashamed of it. I am well, and strong, and have not felt the heat as yet. It is really quite cool in comparison to what I expected, although it is hot enough on the path in the middle of the day at times. In the month that I have been here I have not had as much as a headache to complain of.

"At present I am starting to do language study, which keeps me out of mischief at least part of the day. For exercise I am also doing some carpentry work, that is making some furniture for myself. I have succeeded in finishing a fine desk for myself, which was the first thing that I wanted. It is a beauty according to my idea, with a set of drawers on each side. The carpenter is at present making me some chairs which are very nice.

Itinerating Among The Villages

"Beginning in the first week in the new year, Mr. Hancox and I went on an evangelistic trek for seven days. We had with us ten boys to carry our loads and so were a rather long line when on the path. We visited about thirty-five towns, and preached twenty-one times to about one thousand people in all, besides visiting the Zondo Station and passing through some thirty or forty towns on our return trip to New Cess. The trip from Zondo to New Cess usually takes the best part of two days, and is about thirty miles long, but we did it in one day for a change, starting at about 6.25 a.m. and arriving home at 7.20 in the evening, having stopped two hours at noon for dinner. I suppose that we were actually walking about ten hours at an average rate of three miles an hour. I can recall many times when we lived on the farm that I was much more tired, but my feet were still tired on the bottom the next day for a while. It was a marvel to me, however, to see the boys carry their loads for that distance with no shoes on their feet to protect them from the stones and pebbles of the path."

(Continued next week)

FROM MARA TO ELIM

By Miss Elizabeth Stevens

(A Testimony Given at a Jarvis St. Prayer Meeting)

I would like to tell you how the Lord led me from the bitter waters of Mara to Elim with its palm trees.

Some four years ago God took away my mother and I was left desolate and lonely. Like Naomi, I complained that the Lord had dealt bitterly with me and I became unyielding and rebellious. I had often joined in singing the hymn, one verse of which is as follows:

"Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh:
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer."

I sang those words, but I could never really have meant them, for I did not wish to be taught the patience of unanswered prayer. I did not want to have any unanswered prayers! Then when, during my mother's illness, my prayers for her recovery were not answered, Faith and Trust spread their wings and took flight and Love all but died. I spent three years of utter wretchedness yet I would not give in and say "Thy will be done"; and the shores of the Dead Sea could show nothing more desolate than my own soul.

Then a little more than a year ago, while recovering from an illness, I was left in the house alone one Sunday evening. I was weary of reading and piecing together jig-saw puzzles, and wondered how I should pass the time. Suddenly I thought of the radio. Now the radio had been there all the time, but during my convalescence I had grown so tired of it, that I had it turned off and it had not been used for some time. I believe it was the Holy Spirit Himself who brought the radio to my mind that evening and made me wish to hear what was on the air. I turned on the current and went from wavelength to wavelength but nothing I heard interested me at all, and I was about to impatiently turn off the machine, when I paused by another wavelength.

Just as I tuned in, I heard a few notes from an organ, and almost immediately the congregation commenced to sing. I knew there must be a large attendance judging from the volume of sound, but it was the hymn they were singing which arrested my attention:

"Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine.
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost Divine."

I have since discovered that they frequently sing this hymn in Jarvis Street Church, but I think I had never before heard it in Canada. Memory took me back many years and in fancy I was again in Spurgeon's Tabernacle in the heart of Old London, and I heard that same hymn, without accompaniment of choir or organ, being sung by a congregation of something like five thousand people. I do not easily give way to emotion, but I frankly confess that I wept during the whole time that hymn was being sung in Jarvis St. Church. This was the first stage in the softening process which God had planned to bring me back to Himself. I listened to the remainder of the service and felt more miserable than ever. The next two Sundays I listened to the Jarvis Street service over the radio.

Then came a Sunday when, feeling sufficiently recovered to go out, I thought I would go and see what the people of Jarvis Street Church were like upon closer inspection. So I came to my first service in this church. I was particularly struck with the heartiness of the congregational singing. There seemed to be some intangible something which one so often misses, especially in churches where the choir do the major part of the singing. Then I witnessed a baptismal service, the first I had seen for about twelve years, and I a one-time member of Spurgeon's Tabernacle! Here again Memory played her part, and I was carried back in thought to that night when I was baptised and I remembered all the great plans I made for serving the Lord. Memory was not kind that night and I heartily wished she were not so faithful in recalling some of these incidents of the past.

What shall I say about the sermons I had heard, three by radio and this one in the church itself? The preaching one

hears at Jarvis Street is too well known to need any general eulogy from me, but I may at least give my personal testimony regarding what it did for me. In these sermons the Pastor spoke so much about the love of God; sometimes it would be the love of God in Christ Jesus for the whole world, sometimes it was the love of Christ for His people, His Church, His Bride; but always the love of God. I do not think sermons upon any other subject just at that time would have had the same effect upon me. I was in no mood to be alarmed by the thunders of Sinai. Being still rebellious, sermons on the Sovereignty of God would have but made me more bitter. Did I not know something about that already? But the LOVE OF GOD! Who that has ever known anything about it can ultimately resist it? We may backslide and lose touch with Him, we may rebel for a longer or shorter period, depending upon our temperament and nature, but the time must assuredly come when we will throw down our arms and exclaim "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!"

The sermons I had heard had much the same effect as do the Spring rains upon the unyielding and half frozen earth, warming and softening it until at last, those roots far below the surface, apparently dead, feel within them the stirrings of life and, reaching upward through the dark earth, emerge at last into God's sunlight. So that radio hymn, that baptismal service and those sermons, each had their part in softening a cold, rebellious heart until that spark of love for God, which once kindled in the soul, can never really die, was rekindled and the half-frozen soul once more turned to its Father, as it inevitably must, saying in the words of the hymn:

"Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can, hold out no more.
I sink, by dying love compelled
To own Thee Conqueror!"

So the Lord led me from Mara with its bitter waters to Elim with its palm trees. I have been a member of Jarvis Street Church for almost a year. Not a long time, it is true, but long enough to know that the word which is preached from its pulpit finds its entry into the lives of its members, that here is a church free from the icy atmosphere that characterizes so many of our churches. Here the Lord Jesus Christ is given the pre-eminence, and the hearts of its people are filled with love to Christ and for the perishing multitudes around them. If Tertullian could come to earth again and know some of the Jarvis Street people, he would once more exclaim "Behold, how these Christians love one another!"

I understand that this simple testimony may find its way into THE GOSPEL WITNESS. If that is so, I would make bold to say a word to any into whose hands it may fall, who are ministers, teachers or Christian workers of any kind. Never neglect an opportunity of telling your audience, large or small, about the love of God. I am persuaded that there is nothing else under Heaven that will bring men and women to the Lord like this will. Ministers need never lack for material for a sermon, teachers need never wonder what they shall take for a lesson, Christian workers need never be in a quandary as to what they shall say when they speak to some seeking soul. Tell them about the Love of God! It is the "Open Sesame" to every human heart, and that is why Jesus Christ came to earth to reveal it. He knew this was the one thing that would save a lost world and by this alone. He could reclaim this fallen star and place it again in the silver socket whence it fell through sin. Other subjects have their place in the preaching of the Word, but first and foremost, supreme above all other themes is the Love of God in Christ Jesus.

TO JARVIS STREET MEMBERS PARTICULARLY AND TO ALL HER FRIENDS GENERALLY

Please remember there are only three Sundays more in March. Our books must close March 31st for the following funds:

Jarvis Street General Expense.
The Gospel Witness.
Toronto Baptist Seminary.
Radio Fund.

Have You Answered the Editor's Letter Yet?

Whole Bible Course Lesson Leaf

Vol. 9

No. 1

REV. ALEX. THOMSON, EDITOR

Lesson 12 FIRST QUARTER March 25th, 1934

ISRAEL'S WICKEDNESS BEARS FRUIT

Lesson Text: II. Kings 23:31-24:20.

Golden Text: "And he carried away all Jerusalem, and all the princes, and all the mighty men of valour, even ten thousand captives, and all the craftsmen and smiths: none remained, save the poorest sort of the people of the land."—II. Kings 24:14.

Bible School Reading—II. Kings 23:31-24:7.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS:

Monday—Jer. 15:1-9. Tuesday—Lam. 2:1-9. Wednesday—Ezek. 12:17-28. Thursday—Matt. 24:1-14. Friday—I. John 5:13-21. Saturday—I. Thess. 5:1-13.

I. JEHOAHAZ (23:31-33).

Frequently throughout these historical studies we have had occasion to note the truth of the principle that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6:7), and at the end of their pre-exilic national life the same is again evident in the experience of the people of Judah. God had been gracious unto them despite their sinfulness. He had corrected them from time to time with the intention of leading them to repentance, but such treatment had failed to bring a permanent change in their attitude, and at last the full consequences of their sin were to be felt. The northern tribes had been carried into captivity by the Assyrians, (17:6), and the Babylonians were destined to do the same for them, after a period of humiliation at the hands of the Egyptians. Observation may be made of the fact that while God is merciful, a time is coming when He will visit the wicked in judgment, (II. Tim. 4:1). The Lord's people will also be called upon to give an account of themselves before the judgment seat, (I. Cor. 3:13).

In our last lesson we learned of the defeat of Judah by the Egyptians, and the consequent death of Josiah, (vs. 29, 30). Such a victory gave Pharaoh-nechoh power over the Israelites which he was not slow to use. Shallum or Jehoahaz, the youngest son of Josiah had been anointed by the people to fill his father's place, (v. 30; Jer. 22:11, I. Chron. 3:15), but he was not permitted to enjoy his exaltation for a long period. At the end of three months he was removed by the ruler of Egypt, and taken down to Egypt, where he died; (v. 31, 34); Eliakim or Jehoiakim his older brother being appointed in his place, (v. 34). We do not know why the younger son was chosen by the people as their ruler. It may have been due to his more war-like qualities. It does not seem to have been on account of his superior piety, unless he changed after his elevation to the throne, for we are informed that "he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, according to all that his fathers had done", (v. 32). Evidently he reverted to the ways of idolatry, and by his example he would encourage the people to do likewise. His removal would be in the nature of a judgment. From the human side the older brother and his friends may have had something to do with it, or perhaps Pharaoh alone, due to his dislike of the other's attitude. In addition to deposing the king, tribute was levied on the land, which was paid by the next ruler. Observe the humiliation of Judah due to sin, the foolishness of king and people in forsaking God, and the heavy price paid for such disobedience. It never pays to sin.

II. JEHOIAKIM (23:34-24:7).

Jehoiakim the appointee of Pharaoh was permitted to reign for a longer period than his brother. "He reigned eleven years in Jerusalem", (v. 36). But from the standpoint of righteousness he was not better than his predecessor. He also "did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord", (v. 37). It is strange how wicked men fail to learn from the experience of others. The attitude of God must have been known to the king, together with the manner in which the nation had suffered for its disobedience to the divine law, yet he persisted in going in the way of rebellion. There is manifest in this the bent of the human heart away from God. Man does not seek God naturally, nor does He care for divine

things: the initiative in salvation is on the Lord's side. We may also note in this the deceitfulness of sin, (Heb. 3:13). Men proceed on this course because of the promise of pleasure, and a certain amount, of a particular kind, may be found, but it is not satisfying, nor is it lasting, and it proves in the end to be shallow, and far from what had been promised. Its appeal is, deceptive. Note the payment of the tribute by this king, (v. 35), and the probable effect on the people of the manner of its collection.

After their Egyptian humiliation the people of Judah were face to face with another enemy in the person of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, (24:1). This Eastern monarch had defeated the Egyptians, (24:7), and Judah, due to its location and condition, necessarily became involved in the strife, and by compulsion changed masters. One cannot but be sorry for this little state placed midway between these great powers and suffering the consequences of its weakness; yet it must be remembered that its strength had departed on account of its sin. Note may be made of the necessity of keeping right with God, and of trusting Him in the midst of the world's troubles. He is a very present help in trouble, (Ps. 46:1), and invites us to call upon Him for deliverance (Ps. 50:15), and for mercy and grace to help in time of need, (Heb. 4:14-16).

At the end of three years of servitude to the king of Babylon, Jehoiakim rebelled against him, (24:1), and brought upon his country the vengeance of his conqueror. Bands of enemies invaded his domains, and no doubt wrought considerable destruction, to the general misery of the people, (v. 2). Such a visitation came as a divine judgment, in fulfillment of the word of God, and because of the sins of Manasseh, (vs. 3, 4, 21:10-16). This implies the use of heathen people to carry out judgment on the Lord's people. Habakkuk the inquiring prophet couldn't understand this, (Hab. 1:5-13), but was assured of the justice of God's ways, and proclaimed his implicit trust in Him under all circumstances, (Hab. 3:17-19). The Babylonians did not escape the consequences of their sins, neither did the associates of these people. God plays no favourites when dealing with men respecting their sins. He is incorruptible, omnipotent, just, omniscient, and unafraid. He is also great in mercy. Observe the fact of the divine record of our deeds, (Rev. 20:12), and the implications arising therefrom respecting personal accountability.

III. JEHOIACHIN AND ZEDEKIAH, (24:8-20).

On the death of Jehoiakim, Jehoiachin his son followed him on the throne at the age of eighteen years, and reigned "in Jerusalem three months, (v. 8). Apparently, like his father, this king failed to learn from the experience of his predecessors, for "he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord", (v. 9). He speedily felt the power of his suzerain lord, and was taken captive to Babylon, where he remained for a considerable time in prison, after which he enjoyed a measure of liberty, (vs. 16:25-27-29). This visit of Nebuchadnezzar to Jerusalem resulted in a more drastic dealing with Judah than in the former one. The city was besieged, (vs. 10, 11), then it surrendered, after which the enemy did what he pleased with the people and contents. With the king there went into captivity his mother, his servants, his princes, his officers, and other leading men, and craftsmen to the number of ten thousand, (vs. 12, 14, 15). Nebuchadnezzar also plundered the treasures of the temple and the king's house, (v. 13). Jerusalem was much poorer after this event both in persons and possessions, yet the city itself was not destroyed, and over it there was appointed another king named Zedekiah the uncle of Jehoiachin, (v. 17; I. Chron. 3:15). He also did evil in the sight of the Lord, and brought final disaster upon his people, (vs. 18-20).

Respecting these final events observe the exercise of self-will in its refusal to learn from the experience of others, and its rejection of the way of righteousness with the resultant evil consequences. Self-will is always contrary to the divine will, therefore, those who would please God must deny self, (Matt. 16:24), and obey the higher will, (II. Cor. 10:5). In this self-abnegation there is both profit and pleasure, for God always seeks our highest welfare, and implants His own joy in the hearts of those in touch with Him, (John 15:11). Note may also be made of the fact that the worship of God may be brought into disrepute through the actions of His worshippers. In our lesson the heathen rob the house of God, but this was made possible through the disobedience of the Lord's people. If they had remained true no enemy could have overcome them.

MEAL-TIME FOR THREE LUSTY YOUNGSTERS

Hungry Because Healthy

Do you know it is a good thing to be hungry? Hunger is often an indication of good health. Healthy people have good appetites. Parents of a family of children know that it requires more bread to feed the family when all are well than when some of them are ill.

How happy the children are at meal-time! When dinner is announced, how eagerly they respond! The joy of anticipation almost equals the joy of participation.

They Are Very Healthy

That is why they are hungry. We do not appeal in discouragement. We are proud of, and thankful for, our children. They are growing splendidly, and we are in no mind to put them on a diet, in the sense of limiting their supplies. The only diet they need is plenty, so that they may continue to grow.

Happy Because Healthy and Hungry

Unemployment is likely to impair one's health and appetite. Our children have plenty of work, and are therefore hungry, healthy, and happy.

The Eldest is Lusty and Popular

His name is Gospel Witness. He has a good voice, and makes himself understood wherever he goes. He is a veritable globe-trotter. Our last report of his peregrinations informed us he regularly visits about sixty different countries. He beats Lindbergh and other travellers, in this, that he visits them weekly. His many friends tell us he is particularly welcomed by ministers and missionaries. He makes many calls on the sick and the aged. He is an industrious evangelist, and has been used of God to lead many to Christ. When occasion arises, he is a bit of a fighter too, for he has a fairly wide and favourable reputation as a defender of the faith.

He receives no salary, but it costs a good deal of money to pay for the paper clothes the printer makes him. He does not travel Pullman, but gets reduced rates on the railways and steamships by being willing to be tossed about in second-class mailbags. But, although he travels cheaply, he does not travel free. He carries no advertisements, hence advertisers pay him nothing.

Will you help us to keep Son Gospel Witness travelling on his missionary journeys?

The Second Boy is Rather Studious

He does not move about, but stays at home with his books. He has unusual tastes. His favourite book is the Bible. He has a passion for the Book of books. The fact is, he selects all his other subjects of study with a view to enabling him the better to understand the Bible. Hence, he has a penchant for Greek, and Hebrew, and English. He delves into church history, is interested in preachers and sermons, and missionaries

and mission fields; and, indeed, in the whole field of human knowledge as it relates to the subject of his supreme passion, the Bible.

He has no gymnasium nor athletic field, but keeps himself fit by exercising himself in teaching and preaching, and working hard at his books. He, too, aims to be a globe-trotter, like his older brother; and while seeing this continent first, he is resolved to carry his message to the uttermost parts of the earth.

This second boy of ours is rather expensive. His older brother, by his much travelling, makes friends who help to buy his clothes and pay his travelling expenses. The boy Sem (queer name, but that is what we call him for short) is not so widely known as yet—but all the world will know him some day. Meantime we are asking his older brother to help him, by making known his need. He is really a worthy and vigorous son, with a prospect of great and ever-increasing usefulness before him.

Please send us a contribution for the boy Sem, and, incidentally, remember him in your will. (But call him by his full name in your will, Toronto Baptist Seminary, Jarvis Street, Toronto.)

The Third Son Has a Marvellous Voice

Excuse us if we seem a little boastful, but really Son Radio is an extraordinary vocalist. Years ago an old man told us of one of the Baptist "elders" of the pioneer days of whom he said, "He was a great preacher. One could hear him clear across three hundred acres!" But that is nothing to our boy Radio. We tested the range of his voice the other day, and from letters received we found he had been heard clearly over an area one million, six hundred and ninety thousand square miles in extent, in which there are living one hundred and four million people. We fear some of the one hundred and four million people were engaged in other matters, but they could have heard him had they listened.

Very few preachers have a voice which combines qualities necessary to speaking and singing, but our boy Radio has. His singing is very popular, and many hearers say he plays the organ wonderfully well. He is heard in countless thousands of homes, hospitals, sanitariums, hotels, restaurants, prisons, in cars on the road, by ships on the sea, in garages and school-houses, and other places where people gather to hear him. As a result of his ministry, sinners have been converted, saints edified, sufferers encouraged, mourners comforted, workers inspired, defenders of the faith strengthened, aged people cheered—and, almost certainly, hundreds of thousands of needy men and women and children of all classes, helped.

Don't you think our boy Radio deserves a substantial gift to enable him to pay expenses as he carries on his work?

LETTER FORM

To save you the trouble of writing a letter we have prepared the following form which you may fill in, tear off, and enclose with your offering.

To Jarvis Street Baptist Church, 130 Gerrard St. East, Toronto 2, Canada.

Find enclosed \$..... for your Three Hungry Children, or for Gospel Witness, Seminary, Radio (cross out any not to participate in your gift).

Name:.....

Address:.....