

# The Gospel Witness

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES  
AND IN DEFENSE OF THE FAITH ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS.  
\$2.00 Per Year, Postpaid, to any address. 5c Per Single Copy.

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

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Registered Cable Address: Jarwitsem, Canada.

Vol. 13, No. 16

TORONTO, AUGUST 30, 1934

Whole Number 641

## MORE ABOUT ONTARIO'S SHAME

Our non-Canadian readers, we are sure, will bear with us for devoting so large a part of this issue, and that of last week to the discussion of a local matter. And yet perhaps we need make no apology, because the liquor traffic is the same under all flags, and in all climes. In the campaign for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in the United States, Ontario was held up as the one place in the world that had found a satisfactory solution of the liquor problem. Nothing, of course, could have been farther from the truth. The fact is, the Government, this summer defeated at the polls, when it first came into power, did everything to bring the Prohibition law into disrepute. Its attitude toward law enforcement was as un-British as anything could be; and was, we are persuaded, dictated by the liquor interests. When it had succeeded in making Prohibition a by-word, it introduced Light Beer—and when people had become gradually accustomed to that lowering of the standard, it brought in Government Control. Then, in the dying days of the Legislature, it passed a measure authorizing the sale of wine and beer by the glass.

Mr. Hepburn announced that if he were returned he would proclaim the law, and give it effect. He was returned—and almost immediately licenses were issued to "beverage rooms", or beer-parlours. In the last four weeks or so the Province has been deluged with liquor, and littered with "drunks". Since our protest of August 19th, much information has come to our hands. It now begins to be apparent that all but the liquor elements in the Province were greatly deceived in the last election.

Through the promise of a more economic administration, the Liberals won the support of thousands of Conservatives. The attitude of the present Premier of Ontario, in taking the administration of the Liquor Act into his own hands, and together with Mr. Odette, drenching the Province with liquor, makes it evident that he is not reluctantly implementing his predecessor's promise; but that he is himself in full sympathy with the liquor interests. The shameless Hepburn Beer Parlours are the worst the Province has ever seen in its history. It is idle to blame the last Administration, and the sooner the Province of Ontario awakens to the realization that she has in her present Administration a group in thorough sympathy with the liquor interests, and which holds

everybody who is opposed in utter contempt, the better it will be for the Province.

### Last Sunday Evening's Service

The service of last Sunday evening was largely attended. The auditorium was crowded; the Lecture Hall and Parlour were well filled; and, could the people have heard sufficiently to induce them to remain, both these rooms would have been crowded; but when people found difficulty in hearing many left. The area of the church ground east of the building, used for our open air service, and within reach of one of our amplifiers, also contained some hundreds of people. At least three thousand people endeavoured to hear the service in and about the building; while hundreds of thousands, we are certain, were included in the radio audience, the service being broadcast as usual.

By Monday's mail we received one thousand and ninety-six written protests; Tuesday's mail brought two thousand, five hundred and forty-eight; Wednesday (at the time of going to press), one thousand, eight hundred and forty-three. At this writing we have received fourteen thousand, five hundred signatures.

We are sorry that we are obliged to leave Toronto at this time. Were it not that our British engagement is of long standing, and that all services have been arranged and widely advertised, we should be disposed to ask our London brethren to consent to a postponement, that we might go on with the work. But that is impossible. We would, however, through THE GOSPEL WITNESS, urge all our readers to keep up the good work. Secure as many signed protests against the present wine and beer regulation as is possible. In a little over a week, without organization, we have received over fourteen thousand signatures. That would be a very small number were it not for the fact that they have come by the initiative of the people themselves. We believe that in hundreds of municipalities throughout Ontario more than half the people would be glad to sign. Premier Hepburn has said there will be no referendum. The best we can do, therefore, is to roll up the number of our present protests with a view to putting ourselves in a position of strength from which to approach the

Government. We sincerely hope that all religious and temperance organizations throughout the Province will mobilize their forces, set aside all their prejudices, and by concerted effort make the Government to understand that Ontario still has a conscience, and that the voters who have the moral welfare of the Province at heart are still a force to be reckoned with.

We hoped, first of all, that we should find the present Government but half-hearted in its administration of the liquor policy inaugurated by its predecessor, and that it would welcome any expression of antagonism toward it from the people. In this we have been dis-

appointed. There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that the Premier is at least as zealous in promoting the "beverage room" business as he is in his much-advertised campaign of economy.

We voted for a Liberal candidate at the last election: we trust we may be forgiven for having done so. Our great hope is that the fearful debauchery occasioned by the Hepburn beer-parlours will so shock the moral sense of the Province as to compel at least a decent administration of the law.

The address which was delivered Sunday evening follows.

#### TO EVERY ONTARIO READER OF THIS ISSUE OF THE GOSPEL WITNESS

In making our protest against the present liquor regulations we did not stop to ask anybody's opinion or support. We have undertaken the task without any financial resources. Our advertisements for last Sunday's service alone cost us over \$200.00. In addition to that, we have printed thousands of protest slips. The handling of all these thousands of protests has also involved considerable expense. In addition to all this, we are mailing a copy of this week's issue of THE GOSPEL WITNESS to every one of our radio hearers who wrote us protesting against the liquor evil.

Of the thousands of signatures thus received, *not more than four or five appeared on cheques! and only a small number sent even a postage stamp.* Someone, writing in one of the daily papers, charges us with having found that such a protest was commercially profitable. The fact is, we have spent hundreds of dollars in making the protest, and the total amount of money contributed toward the expense of this effort to awaken public opinion would be but a little, if any, in excess of \$50.00. We therefore appeal to those who will read this paper, and who approve of our stand on the question, to have fellowship with us in bearing the expense. Nearly everyone could, if they would, send \$1.00; many could send \$5.00, or more. Please send in your contribution to The Gospel Witness, 130 Gerrard St. East, Toronto,—AND DO IT AT ONCE. IF YOU POSTPONE IT FOR A DAY, YOU ARE LIKELY TO NEGLECT IT. DO IT NOW.

## "ONTARIO'S SHAME"

An Address by the Pastor, Dr. T. T. Shields

Delivered in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, August 26th, 1934

(Stenographically Reported)

Broadcast over CFRB, 690 k.c., as is every Sunday evening service of Jarvis Street Church, from 7 to 9.00 o'clock, Eastern Daylight-Saving Time.

Galatians 3:21, 22.

I apprehend that it is the supreme business, the vocation and not the avocation, of every truly converted man and woman to save their fellows; to give to men and women a knowledge of Jesus Christ, through whom they are justified and have peace with God. The Scriptures make it perfectly clear that it is utterly impossible that anyone should ever be saved in this spiritual and eternal sense by the principle of law: "For if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law. But the scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe."

Law, in the sense in which the verses I have read as a text employ the term, is simply a rule for the governance of human conduct; and God never designed that men should be saved by law. Law directs a man what to do,

and what to refrain from doing; but it supplies no power to enable him to obey its own behests. As a matter of fact, you cannot make men moral, much less holy, by law. Morality is a quality of the heart, not an action of the hand: and you cannot make a man pure in heart by law.

What shall we do then? Seeing we cannot change a man's heart, shall we have no law to regulate his conduct? I readily grant that a man is not saved until divine grace renews his heart; but I must insist, notwithstanding, upon the propriety—indeed upon the absolute necessity—of there being a law to control his hand. If you cannot by law compel a man to keep the inside of his house, in which he lives to himself, clean and in order, it is well that some law should compel him to keep the outside clean; that he may not make himself a public nuisance.

I hold, therefore, that as in God's plan for man, Calvary and Sinai are mutually complementary, each having its

necessary place, and the law is man's school-master to bring him to Christ by teaching him the knowledge of sin, so every Christian who believes in the necessity of spiritual regeneration in order to eternal salvation, should ever be an earnest and active supporter of every movement in the direction of moral reform. Wicked men should be restrained by law until they are constrained by grace. In the interest of public order men should be compelled to go the one mile of outward morality, for they will then be more likely by grace to volunteer to go the second mile of righteousness and true holiness.

As I address myself, however, to the subject in hand this evening, I am prepared for the advice that preachers should be content with preaching the gospel. I agree. But much more is involved in preaching the gospel than some people imagine. It is assumed in some quarters that the preaching of the gospel consists in issuing tickets for another country, to those who expect soon to take their leave of this earthly sphere. But the gospel is the good news of God's way of making men godly; and "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come". The religion of Christ has to do with every interest of human life. A true Christian is a man who has been made a new creature in Christ, and who carries and practices the principles of his new life into every sphere of human relationship and activity. Christianity relates a man first of all to God, and then to his neighbour in all the manifold relationships of life.

If, walking down Jarvis Street, I should see a jagged piece of glass on the sidewalk, and a barefoot child running toward it, were I to make no effort to remove the glass, to save those little feet from being cut, I should not deserve to be called a man, much less a Christian. Were I to see fire breaking from a basement window, and fail to sound an alarm sufficient to awaken the sleepers in peril in the upper stories, I should deserve the reprobation of all possessed of ordinary feelings of humanity. Nor, in such cases, would anyone discern in one's saving little feet from bleeding, and little sleepers from burning, anything inconsistent with the calling of a minister of the gospel.

But what have we in the Liquor Traffic in general? For some reason it is legally differentiated from all other legitimate forms of trade—it must be licensed, restricted, controlled. There is no law to restrict the selling of bread and butter, tea and sugar, potatoes and carrots, save such regulations as are enacted for purposes of revenue. Why should the Liquor Traffic require such control? Alcohol has been so long controlled and kept within doors in this country, that I fear many have forgotten his ugly features, while the record of his terrible crimes has become but a dim memory. When a crime has been committed, and one is suspected of complicity in it, the police carefully scrutinize their album of criminal faces in an endeavour to establish the identity of the offender.

#### A Respectable Gangster

The old robber and murderer, Alcohol, has become quite respectable of recent years; and latterly has masqueraded as a public benefactor in dignified gilt-lettered garments of Government Control. But now still more recently he has wearied of his restricted apparel of dignity, and, donning freer garments of the street, he now runs at large in places of entertainment known as "beverage rooms".

For the information of the present generation it seems now to be necessary to bring forth the portrait of this quite respectable Mr. Alcohol, who is none other than the old-time criminal who was once prohibited from walking at large anywhere in Canada.

I have read recently that the chief of all gangsters, Al. Capone, has been transferred to an island prison, from which there is said to be no possibility of escape. A few weeks ago, after a man-hunt of months, in which all the police force of the United States was engaged, the police of Chicago shot to death the multi-murderer, John Dillinger. But Capone and Dillinger combined—with the Lindbergh kidnapers thrown in—would not be so dangerous to the moral and material welfare of Ontario as that amiable and extremely sociable Mr. Alcohol who has recently been licensed to roam at large among all the people of the land. Only because of his extended retirement from public view, and the indistinctness of the public memory respecting his character and record, do I take a little time this evening at the beginning of my argument to describe this character against which this pulpit has drawn the sword.

The evil of Alcohol consists in the position he has assumed; in the fact that whereas he was made to be a servant, he has usurped the master's place. Like the gangsters who presume to set themselves above all law, Alcohol has built himself a throne; and proclaimed himself a dictator. And this dictator's seat of power is reared upon the ruins of a once-magnificent temple originally built for God to dwell in, the temple of the human body. He mounts to his seat of power by tearing down the temple as God made it, and building his throne of the ruin.

The first step is *departure from total abstinence, or beer by the glass*; the second is acquired appetite; and the third, the loss of self-control. By these three steps in many a human life Servant Alcohol usurps the throne of the rightful King. Slave-owner and driver as he is, he mercilessly wields a long-lashed whip: its stock is the surrendered human will, and its lash the inflamed and ultimately insatiable human appetite.

Alcohol has built for his dwelling, and for the carrying on of his infernal trade, many a great mansion; and they are built of the ruins of millions of happy homes. In Toronto Alcohol dwells and devours in something less than a hundred licensed houses which are really the most costly buildings—even the most squalid of them—in the city; for they are built and maintained at a price of tears and blood. His houses are lighted by candles of delusion, which are lit by the devil's tapers with fire borrowed from the flames of hell.

There is music in his mansions, for Alcohol's musicians play upon glasses such music as the fingers of the devil's harpers make. They dance to the music in the mansions. They begin in the morning with a merry round of pleasure, and as the sun goes down, and the shadows lengthen, and the starless night drops down, they dance the dance of despair.

Within the mansions, for the entertainment of Alcohol's guests, there are chairs of pain, couches of torture, and pallets of penury and shame.

Roundabout the haunts of Alcohol there are gardens, but they are *gardens of bitter herbs*. There flourish in melancholy abundance the bitter herbs of disappointment, hope-deferred, too-late repentance, and eternal despair. There grow no flowers in these gardens, no violets to

make the walks fragrant by their unseen presence; no forget-me-nots, the mute reminders of an undying love; no blushing roses, blood-red to speak of the Rose of Sharon; no lilies trustfully and toillessly wearing the dress divinely made, and surpassing the splendour of Solomon's—nothing but bitter, bitter herbs!

Alcohol's gardens are *watered by many fountains*, and none will wonder that their fruits are bitter who know that these fountains are *fountains of tears*, fountains whose reservoirs are filled by the tears of sisters and lovers, wives and mothers, and by the scalding tears of a multitude of little children. And these fountains never, never, run dry.

Beside these brackish streams of tears there grows many an upas tree, whose poison pollutes the air, and whose cursed influence is fatal to every moral purpose and unselfish desire. Here too, beside these sobbing waters, the funeral cypress grows; and the weeping willow, as the wintry winds of want sweep by, murmurs its fellowship with human woe. But no birds sing in the branches—only the croak of a raven or the screech of an owl, for it is always dark in the garden. The shade of funeral cypress shuts out all the sun. Never a linnet heralds the morning; never a lark leaps up from the herb-beds, to go singing upward on its happy flight; and never a nightingale in willow or cypress finds voice to sing "a song in the night".

And in these gardens of herbs, watered with tears, Alcohol has reared a vast museum. It is built of stones of saddest memories, cemented with mortar mixed with water dipped from the rivers of tears. Within, Alcohol keeps the many trophies of his skill, and cunning, and tremendous power.

Hung up on memory's walls are many pictures. They are pictures of mortgaged farms, ill-balanced ledgers, bailiff's sales, desolate homes, empty pantries, ill-clad children with hollow cheeks and bony hands, weeping women wringing their toil-worn fingers in an agony of despair.

And there is in this museum a ponderous album in which Alcohol keeps the portraits of many a poor slave who has acknowledged his power, and obeyed his rule. They are the portraits of mothers' sons dearly loved and much entreated, most of them; pictures of lovers fondly prayed for, and lovingly advised. There are pictures of husbands to whom well-nigh infinite patience was shown; portraits of fathers too whose support and protection children had a right to expect, but for which they looked in vain. And oh, the pity of it! Oh, the shame of it! There are pictures of daughters too early gone astray, of wives unworthy, of mothers too, whose blood-shot eyes were turned away from baby's tears.

But these are only some of the pictures, and they were taken not in a photographer's gallery, but some staggering along the street; some, making home a hell; some, lying in the gutter; and many, oh, so many! looking out through iron bars which cannot be removed for many a year; and some, ah, some, from part of a procession moving in the early morning beneath the cold shadow of a high wall around a yard in the midst of which is a building whose windows are barred with iron, and some in that procession whose portraits are in Alcohol's album, are moving in the early morning toward a scaffold in the corner of the prison yard!

And on the inside of the southern wall of this museum, where never a sunbeam rests, are hung pictures of rough

mounds of earth. No grass or flowers grow upon them, no sculptured columns rise above them. They are only the graves, the nameless, numberless, graves of the millions, countless millions, Alcohol has murdered.

And this dictator, Alcohol, like hell and destruction which are never full, not content with his present achievements, has assumed the role of dictator, and has gathered about him a well-armed force to assist him to entrench himself in his present dominant position, and to still further press his conquests for the increase of the misery of men.

For the multiplying of recruits he has cracked his whip over supposedly strong statesmen, more accurately denominated, *politicians*, and dared them to prevent him from trafficking in the land. He stalks through legislative halls and council chambers in this fair Province of Ontario. He laughs in the face of hundreds of evangelical churches and missions, representing tens of thousands of church members who are professed Christians a large proportion of whom, in the franchise they enjoy, have power to declare Alcohol an outlaw, to put him in harness, and restrict his movements to serviceable occupations. I do not exaggerate, but speak the sober truth, when I say that there were greater wisdom in liberating all the inmates of our penitentiaries than in licensing this demon Drink to walk freely through the land.

In the United States, because he had committed a few robberies, and had murdered a few people, John Dillinger was named, "Public Enemy Number One". But I dare to say that, in view of his record, of the bodies he has wasted, the tears he has caused to flow, the abilities he has negated, the fortunes he has dissipated, the disease he has propagated, the governments he has corrupted, the nations he has demoralized, the hearts he has broken, the persons he has murdered, and the souls he has damned, I name the Liquor Traffic, "Public Enemy Number One".

During the Great War, when the enemy was thundering at our gates, it was recognized that this Public Enemy Number One was, in the circumstances, an ally of the enemy without; and for a brief period Public Enemy Number One was deprived of his liberty, and placed under Prohibition. Since that time, however, the world has been chanting a recession song, and religiously, morally, and politically, it has slipped back nearly a hundred years.

#### General Retrogradism

Politically, in many quarters, democratic forms of government have given place to various sorts of dictatorship; and a large part of the world has retrograded by at least a century. Gradually the public mind seems to have been lulled into a mental state of acquiescence with every form of retrogradism.

Religiously, the rejection and repudiation of the authority of the Bible has inevitably issued in a rejection of every principle of objective authority; and the religious subjectivism resulting therefrom is essentially latent anarchy. This has benumbed the individual and the public conscience, so that all the standards of life have been lowered; and such morality as remains for the regulation of human relationships has substituted principles of expediency for principles of intrinsic and essential righteousness.

Shall we whose souls are lighted meekly accept the new order, and, by our silence, become "accessories before the fact" in further retrogression? Is it possible even to

stem the tide, much less to turn it? Or shall we unresistingly drift out to sea with the receding tide? Shall we not, rather, lay to heart the lessons to be learned from vanished empires and obliterated civilizations? Do we not need to heed the exhortation of Kipling's prophetic recessionist?—

"Far-called, our navies melt away,  
On dune and headland sinks the fire;  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, Lest we forget!"

In the specific matter of retrogression which is before us this evening, what shall we say? The long labour of temperance advocates of every name, the painstaking education in temperance matters of successive generations, the results of the organized efforts of that splendidly effective organization, as an example, the Dominion Alliance, have now all been blotted out; and this Province has receded to a position in its liquor legislation where it is not one whit better than it was fifty years ago. I know that the Liquor Traffic has consented to a change of nomenclature, but the dignified term of "Government Control"—and the socially attractive euphemism of "beverage room" has not changed the nature of the evil itself.

It is said that some plastic surgeon had wrought such changes in Dillinger's physiognomy that he was almost unrecognizable. The Liquor Traffic, like Sophie Hooper and Mortimer Clamby, has also been in the hands of the plastic surgeon. But such manipulative surgery changes only the outward form, and leaves the man-eating tiger nature untouched.

Who is there, then; among us who has courage to begin again? Do you remember Kipling's "If"? Let me recite it to you:

"If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting;  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies;  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

"If you can dream, and not make dreams your master,  
If you can think, and not make thought your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,  
And treat those two imposters just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken,  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build them up with wornout tools;

"If you can make one heap of all your winnings,  
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart, and nerve, and sinew,  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,  
Except the will which says to them, 'Hold on'!

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth, and everything that's in it,  
And—what is more—You'll be a man, my son!"

This is our task:—

"To dream, and not make dreams our master,  
To think, and not make thought our aim;  
To meet with Triumph and Disaster,  
And treat those two imposters just the same;  
To learn to bear to hear the truth we've spoken,  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
And watch the things we gave our life to, broken,  
And stoop and build them up with wornout tools."

That is our job! Who of us will accept the responsibility? Who of us will accept the task?

If then we may not hope for the immediate prohibition of the Liquor Traffic, we may at least look—and work—for the largest reasonable measure of restriction.

And what should be the foundation principle? It should be based on the nature of the thing to be restricted. Alcohol creates an appetite for itself. It masters the senses. It subdues the will. It reduces a man to the status of a shackled slave. That being so, liquor in any form should not unnecessarily be exposed to view. It should be kept out of sight. It should not be thrust under the eyes and nostrils of men and youths too weak to resist its demoralizing power. That, as I understand it, was the substance of the principle of the argument for Government Control. The new "beverage rooms" are "silent salesmen" for the liquor traffic. They are the glass cases, the show windows, whose doors ajar beckon the unwary to come in. The Liquor Traffic, from the door of the "beverage room" speaks the language of the nursery rhyme:—

"'Will you come into my parlor', said the spider to  
the fly,  
'To the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy?'"

A woman who was an alcoholic told me years ago that she hated drink as she hated nothing out of hell, but that when the fumes of alcohol smote her nostrils her will was paralyzed, and she was utterly helpless in its grasp. But the other day when I motored past one of the "beverage rooms", crowded within, and with many waiting without, I could smell the place even in the middle of the street. The principle of the "beverage room", which is nothing more nor less than the bar-room or the tap-room returned to us, is dangerous to the last degree. On that ground, the recent legislation, providing for the sale of wine and beer by the glass, ought to be rescinded; and every person who has the moral welfare of this Province at heart ought to lift his voice to bring about that recession.

Another element which must not be overlooked is the appeal of the "beverage room" to the social instincts of men and women in general, and to young people in particular. The body requires substantial food for its maintenance, but doubtless multitudes of people, young and old, have patronized ice-cream parlours and other places of light refreshments, quite as much for the opportunity of social intercourse, as for the light refreshment provided. And such indulgences were not only harmless, but wholesome. But now the ice-cream parlours will be largely forsaken for the "beverage room", and the trade of one will steadily diminish as

that of the other increases. For every man that would deliberately form the habit of drinking alcoholic beverages alone, a thousand will contract the habit in company.

Moreover, the effect of these "beverage rooms" must be especially demoralizing to young women. A few years ago it was argued that the enfranchisement of women would rid the world of half its moral evils; and it was especially urged that if women were given the vote they would speedily drive the bar-room out of business. But now a plan is set in operation to capture the women—and it is doing it at a very rapid rate. Government Control was bad enough in that respect: the "beverage room" is a thousand times worse. Could anything be sadder, could any more pathetic sight be witnessed, than that of young girls, still in their teens, unable to walk straight, or being carried home in cars or taxis, helplessly drunk?

When women sink to such levels, what hope is there of the men? The men, of course, represent the stronger element in humanity: the women are the "weaker sex"! The man prides himself on being master in his own house. But recently I read that the man who boasts that he "runs his house", on examination, will be found to run the lawn mower, the washing-machine, the vacuum cleaner, the baby carriage—and all the errands. That observation is from *The Boston Transcript*, so it may be assumed to have quite a classical flavour! But how terrible must be the demoralization of the home, and of society in general—of the nation at large—as a result of what I shall call these utterly damnable "beverage rooms".

I know it is the veriest commonplace, for anyone with an infinitesimal grain of sense must have recognized that this legislation will inevitably increase the hazards of the highway, and result in incalculable damage to limb and life.

But what shall be said of the economic aspect of it? Can this country drink its way back to prosperity? The manufacture of munitions of war was a sad and gruesome business. When a finished shell was ready for use it represented a great deal of time and labour. The moment it was used, it destroyed itself—and perhaps many human lives beside. In this way, billions of dollars were blown into space. But we have hoped that it left us at least a small moral residue; it preserved our British liberty for us; it saved us from coming under the yoke of a Kaiser, or a Hitler; and has left the British Empire, the United States, the French Republic, and other weaker nations, free to live their own lives in their own way. That is something.

But can anyone tell me what the Liquor Traffic accomplishes, what abiding good it achieves in its onswEEP? It is wholly destructive. The time and labour spent in its production, its manufacture, and distribution—and consumption—while they may effect a momentary pleasure, the net result of the industry is that "at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder".

According to the latest report, there are over nine hundred and ninety thousand unemployed in Canada, and three hundred thousand of them are residents of Ontario. Millions of dollars have been spent in trying to mitigate the miseries of people thus handicapped—the vast majority of whom suffer from no fault of their own. It is right that the strong should bear the infirmities of the weak, and not please themselves. It

is right that, by taxation, people who have should be equitably required to distribute to those who have not; but it is not right that this damnable Liquor Traffic should take its share of the fruits of that taxation. That it will do it—and the major share—if relief is granted in the form of cash, there can be no doubt whatever.

But what effect must these "beverage rooms" inevitably have upon all other branches of trade? The grocer, the milk-man; the butcher, the baker, the clothier, the coal man, and every other seller of legitimate and necessary merchandise, will be required to give credit, out of sympathy, to save the starving from hunger, and little children from being cold; while the insatiable monster, the Liquor Traffic, will open its great maw, demanding that it first be fed. Every sane business man in Ontario, even in the interest of his own trade, as well as for the moral and material safety of his customers, ought to oppose these wasteful "beverage rooms".

A letter received since last Sunday informs me that in Sturgeon Falls, where only seventy-five persons are on salary or receiving wages, one beer parlour took in one Saturday night one hundred dollars at three drinks for a quarter—or twelve hundred drinks. Another woman writes that she gave her husband two dollars and twenty cents to pay the milk-man's bill—and every cent of it was spent in a "beverage room". Beer for the thirsty man, but no milk for the little children! The keeper of a boarding-house writes me from Huntsville, Ontario, saying that she earns her living, and that of her two children, by keeping boarders; but that since the opening of these "beverage rooms" drunken boarders had made a complete wreck of two of her rooms. She tried to shut some of them out, and, returning drunk, they wrenched the staple from her door and entered in a state of intoxication. She asks, "What shall I do if these conditions continue?"

#### What About Our Schools?

Then what shall we say of our schools? Was there not a sound principle in that regulation of the old license law that licenses should not be granted to any place within the immediate neighbourhood of any sort of educational institution? One lady wrote me that she saw a company of little children from five or six years, to eight or nine, playing. Some were sprawled on the grass, others were staggering about; and as she approached, one little girl looked up and said to her, "We are just playing drunk". Where did they learn it? Where did they see it? Shall these sights be offered to the view of little children as they come from school? Such places ought not to be opened within many blocks of any educational institution.

But here we have the Seminary next door; the Vocational School half way up the block; just above Carlton Street, Havergal College on the west side; on the east side, a Roman Catholic Girls' School (I think it is a high school of some description); the Administration Building of the Roman Catholic School Board; and then the great Jarvis Collegiate Institute—five schools in two blocks. And in those same blocks we have the Frontenac Arms, with its "beverage room", or "dining-room", recently enlarged, we have the Atalanta Hotel—so-called—a new name given to a rooming-house, owned by the proprietor of the Carlton Tea Rooms; and right next door to the Catholic

School, next door but one to the Administration Building of the Catholic School Board, and next door but two of Jarvis Street Collegiate, you have the Hotel New York. I demand of the Government, in the name of all that is reasonable and decent, and merely humane, that these places adjacent to these schools be closed, and closed before the schools open in the next month.

#### What About the Churches?

Was it not also a sound principle which made possible the withholding of a license to sell liquor from any place in the immediate neighbourhood of a church? Three hundred feet was the legal distance, and surely that is near enough to any place of worship for hell to open one of its trap doors. Churches are composed of reputable citizens. They put into the institutions to which they belong a proportion of their earnings. They invest their money, their time, and their talents, in those institutions, with a view to doing good. The value of such institutions, to the state, and to the community in which they especially minister in particular, is recognized by the fact that they are exempt from taxation,—though as a Baptist, lest I be misunderstood, let me here interject that I think it would be better if all churches were taxed. This church taxed itself, and paid for a number of years into the treasury of the city an amount in the aggregate, I think, of about twenty thousand dollars. That is aside from my purpose this evening, but I call attention to the fact that by a long standing practice in British countries, the value of religious institutions to a community, and to the state, is recognized by their exemption from taxation. Talk about "vested interest"! Has not this church a vested interest? As an organization it has existed longer than the city of Toronto. It is more than a hundred years old. This present building has been established on this corner for fifty-nine years. Is it reasonable, is it just, is it by any principle fair at all, that these beer parlours should be allowed to disturb the peace of this neighbourhood, and to make it almost unsafe for respectable people, law-abiding people, sober people, to come to attend its services?

We are only one of several churches. There is one in the middle of the block to the south of us, and there is one on the next corner to the north of us; and the principle of protection of religious institutions embodied in the old License Law, while it may not have been carried forward in the present liquor law, has at least established a precedent which ought to weigh in the administration of the law.

I repeat what I have said before. Across the corner to the left, on the south side of Gerrard Street, is the Ambassador Hotel, with a "beverage room"; on the other corner is the Avonmore Hotel, with its "beverage room"; just a little below Gerrard Street is the Westmoreland Hotel, with a "beverage room"; next is the Westminster Hotel, with a license; beyond that, the Windermere, with a license; on the next corner is the Royal Cecil, with a "beverage room"—at least six licenses in one block, while on two other corners of Dundas and Jarvis other licenses—three out of four corners, and two on two of the four corners of Jarvis and Gerrard Streets! The Frontenac Arms is right across the street from the Vocational School, and the "beverage room" connected with the Carlton Tea

Rooms really is directly on the opposite corner from Old St. Andrews United Church. Half way between Gerrard and Dundas Streets is the First Unitarian Church; and I say that, if the principle of the old License Law were applied in the administration of the present law, it would effect the cancellation of every license between Dundas and Wellesley Streets, on Jarvis Street; and as Pastor of this church, as representing this congregation, and this great Sunday School, with an enrolment of nearly two thousand scholars, touching, as we do, thousands of people every week, I respectfully but firmly demand of the Government of this Province, in the name of all that is just and reasonable and decent, that every one of these licenses in this neighbourhood be immediately cancelled; and that Jarvis Street be made once again a street fit for respectable people to walk on.

Will anybody say I am asking too much? I promise the Government that they shall never hear the last of our protest against these damnable "beverage rooms" until we see the last of them, so far as I am concerned.

#### Who Is Responsible?

Because many may be listening this evening who did not hear last Sunday evening's address, let me once more briefly ask you to consider where the responsibility rests for this condition. Everybody knows that the amendment to the Liquor Control Act was passed by the late Government in the dying days of the Legislature. This pulpit, before the measure was passed, protested against the amendment as vigorously as possible. It is easy to lay responsibility for one's troubles upon someone who no longer has authority to correct them. The action of the late Government in respect to this matter was reprehensible to the last degree. I said this before: I repeat it now. But we must be fair. The responsibility for the present condition must rest solely with the present Government. It has not hesitated to repudiate other acts of its predecessors, and in view of the overwhelming defeat of the Henry Government, the Premier would surely have been justified in refusing to give effect to a bill that was passed at the end of the Government's natural life. But if the legislation was to be given effect at all, there was surely no necessity for such a prodigal distribution of licenses, as for example, Jarvis Street displays. *Responsibility for the present administration of the liquor law rests squarely on the present Government—and that the conditions obtaining under that administration are the worst Canada has ever seen, is surely indisputable.*

The present terrible condition of this Province has been dictated wholly by the liquor interests. No organization, political, religious, or fraternal, ever asked for such legislation. I appeal to the citizens of Ontario, of every name, irrespective of political colour, or religious creed, to stand for righteousness in this great battle; and everywhere immediately to endeavour to rally the sober people of this Province to an attack upon this iniquitous measure. I am certain that I am well within the facts of the case when I say that, though such evils cannot wholly be measured in terms of dollars and cents, yet even by that standard, the beer-parlours of this Province in one month have inflicted a far greater pecuniary loss than the two millions of dollars a year the Government is alleged to have saved.

# The Jarvis Street Pulpit

## "OTHER LITTLE SHIPS"

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Church, Toronto, Canada,  
Sunday Evening, June 15th, 1930

(Stenographically Reported)

*(This sermon has been printed before, but its simple message has been blessed to so many, that still requests for copies frequently reach us which we are unable to supply because it is out of print, and for that reason it is here reprinted.—Ed. G.W.)*

"And there were also with him other little ships."—Mark 4:36.

### Prayer before the Sermon

We draw near to Thee, O Lord, this evening with but one name upon our lips and with one ground of confidence in our thought: we remember that Christ died for our sins according to the Scripture, that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scripture. We rejoice that when He had shown Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of His disciples forty days, He ascended again to Thy right hand, entering into heaven itself with His own blood, there to appear in the presence of God for us. Though we have all sinned and come short of Thy glory; though we have proved the truth of Thy Word in our experience, that there is none that doeth good, no not one; though we have explored the utmost bounds of the far country, and have been reduced to an attempt to nourish our souls upon the husks of that alien land, we rejoice that there is a way home for all poor sinners, and that we can come to Thee pleading the promise Thou hast made to us, that if we confess our sins, Thou art faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

O Lord, help us all thus to pray this evening. We would come into Thy holy presence with deep contrition of heart. We pray for ourselves and for one another, and we would pray too for those who do not pray for themselves. May the Holy Spirit touch every heart that shares in this service this evening.

It may be there are many prodigals who will hear Thy word, for whom many prayers have ascended,—prodigal sons and prodigal husbands, prodigal fathers, and mayhap prodigal wives and daughters; many who have turned their back upon Thee. Call them to-night, O Spirit of God, and bring them from strangerhood to a place in the divine family, from the want and penury of the far country, into the wealth and plenty and fellowship of the Father's house. May this be a night of salvation to a great multitude of people!

O Lord, we would very tenderly bring to Thee this evening Thy children who suffer. We thank Thee for the privilege of speaking a word to those who lie upon beds of pain, who cannot come where Thy people are gathered in Thy name. Be gracious to them where they are this evening. Soften their pillows, we pray Thee; minister to them as only the wounded hand of the sympathetic Saviour can minister. Take the pain from their bodies if it please Thee; but above all things, give them rest in their spirits.

There are not a few who share the service with us this evening who are aged and infirm, whose faces are toward the west where the sun is rapidly sinking. We pray that Thine angels may be very near to them, and as Jacob in the eventime saw that all things had worked together for good to him, so grant, we pray Thee, that Thine aged saints may be filled with joy as they contemplate the setting forth from this land and reaching the country where night shall never come.

Bless, we pray Thee, all lonely hearts this evening, and those who are widely separated from their friends. Wherever Thy word shall reach as it is now proclaimed, may the power of the Holy Ghost accompany it! May it result in renewed consecration on the part of Thy people, and in a simple trust on the part of the prodigal! O God, may it have the effect of bringing many broken-hearted sinners to the feet of Jesus Christ.

Lord, bless us. Open our hearts to receive Thy word, and open the treasuries of Thy Word to our wondering view. May we all be enriched with such wealth as shall last through time and through all eternity. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

Our evening text will be found in the fourth chapter of the gospel by Mark. I shall read from the thirty-fifth verse: "The same day, when the even was come, he saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side. And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships. And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith? And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?"

"And there were also with him other little ships." I suppose it is quite natural, when reading this story of the miraculous stilling of the tempest, that our attention should be chiefly given to the ship in which Jesus Christ sailed. But the record I have read this evening tells us that, although the disciples who sailed in the ship with Jesus enjoyed the special advantage of His presence, and the privilege of calling upon Him in their time of danger, yet on that stormy night, sailing that troubled sea, there were "also with him other little ships".

### I.

First of all, will you turn over in your mind the very simple observation, that THERE ARE ALWAYS MANY SHIPS AT SEA, AND THAT THE STORM THAT BREAKS UPON ONE SHIP, BREAKS UPON THE OTHERS.

That is true of those who are exposed to the winds of adversity. However troubled you may be by circumstances which you imagine are peculiar to you, out on the storm-swept sea there are also "other little ships". The storm of adversity does not break upon you alone. You are probably having, some of you, rather a hard time these days, for these are not days of general prosperity. There are some here this evening, very probably, who are finding it difficult to make ends meet, who are subject to many limitations because of the straitness of their temporal circumstances. And there are some, perhaps, who are disposed to imagine that they are rather hardly treated, that their situation is peculiarly difficult, that somehow or another something has gone awry with the government of things. I would remind you, my friends, that you are not alone in your adversity. There are "other little ships", and you must not groan and grumble too much. We are having not very easy times in Canada just now, but I read in last evening's paper that there are perhaps a hundred thousand unemployed in Detroit—in the land of plenty and of wealth to the south of us. When I read it I said to myself, The storm is sweeping that sea as well as ours. We have no monopoly of the present-day difficulties on this troubled surface; there are still "other little ships".

I know some will say that that furnishes but small comfort, but I think there is great advantage in our



recognizing that no strange thing has happened unto us. The worst thing that can come to any man is for him to imagine that all the fates are against him.

I know of one poor fellow who used to attend this church, who got it into his head that everybody was his enemy. He came here one day with samples of bread, and cake, and I know not what—food he had brought from different restaurants. He wanted us to have it analyzed, because he was quite sure that wherever he went somebody was putting poison in his food. He was a good fellow at heart, but his head was wrong, and he had to be taken care of.

There are many people who are not in asylums who open their hearts to that fallacy; they think they are having a hard time, hence they become cynical and hard and bitter. I would remind you that trouble is the common lot of life; when the storm breaks, the whole sea is troubled, and you have no monopoly of the tempest—there are with you "other little ships".

That is true too of *physical affliction*. I do not know how often in the course of my ministry as a pastor people have said to me, "Why should I be, especially afflicted? What have I done to deserve such chastisement? Why should all this trouble come upon me? Your difficulty is that you are so sea-sick you cannot get on deck to see the other little ships. When affliction comes to us we are disposed to think that we are the only one who has such sore trouble; and yet if we go up on deck a while and look out upon the rolling billows, we shall discover that there are other ships at sea. You are not the only one who has sickness in your home. You are not the only one who bears burdens. Many ships are ploughing their way through the storm this drab and dreary day.

I recall the case of a woman who was troubled with rheumatism, which is one of the worst of isms. She used to spend most of her time in a wheel-chair. In this particular case the rheumatism seemed to have found its way into her spirit as well as into her joints, for she was about as rheumatic spiritually as physically. She was all pains and groans; and when I went to see her—she always called her husband by his surname—(to be as impersonal as possible I will call him Smith), and used to say, "Smith does not understand me." She had two of the most devoted daughters I have ever known; who waited on their mother hand and foot; but she insisted that they had no sympathy either, nobody cared; her timbers were the only ones that creaked in the storm, her ship was the only one exposed to the violence of the waves. And I used to tell her of another little ship, of another woman who was troubled just as she was; but she was like Dickens' Mrs. Gummidge who used to suffer from the east wind, and when informed that the east wind touched other people as well, insisted that nobody felt it as she did; that the east wind went through her shawl as it got through nobody else's shawl. Her constant complaint was, "I'm a lone lorn creetur' myself, and everythink that reminds me of creeturs that ain't lone and lorn, goes contrairy with me." To "Dan'l" she insisted, "If I felt less, I could do more. You don't feel like me; Dan'l; thinks don't go contrairy with you, nor you with them."

And there are many like her, who are never so happy as when they are miserable. They take a melancholy delight in magnifying all their ills, and in persuading themselves that all the trouble in the world is theirs. Nothing could be farther from the truth, my friends.

We sympathize with those who are in trouble—as we ought, for we cannot escape it ourselves; but I remind you that when the storm breaks and the waves are rolling mountains high, yours is not the only ship at sea. There are also with you "other little ships", equally exposed to the violence of the waves.

I heard from one dear soul last week who said, "I heard your message last Sunday. I have been a year and a half on my back in a sanitarium, and I was so happy to be able to join in your service." I cannot help thinking of scores of others to my certain knowledge who are similarly circumstanced. We send you, dear friends, through the air, our loving sympathy, and pray that God may lighten your affliction. "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted", hear this word from the Lord: "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, said the Lord that hath mercy on thee." It may comfort you somewhat to know that there are others battling their way through the storm, plowing the waves; and yet receiving grace, like Paul on the sea whipped into fury by the wind called Euroclydon, to call upon their fellow-voyagers to "Be of good cheer".

Last Sunday night before I left the church I found a telephone number awaiting me. I called, and a voice that was full of pain, and yet of cheerful gratitude, said, "Is that you, Doctor?" I said, "Yes"—I will call him by name. Perhaps he is listening in; I believe he is,—I said, "Is that you, Brother Wright?" He replied, "Yes; and I just wanted to tell you I had a good time with you to-night." He is a soldier who was terribly injured in the Great War. He used to come here for a while, wearing a steel case of some sort, but it is impossible for him to get out to the house of God now. When I asked him how he was he said, "I am pretty well. I cannot get out now, but I have much to be thankful for. I have more to be thankful for than some have." He had managed to get to the deck of his ship, and looking out through the mist of the storm he had seen "other little ships", and was comforted by their perhaps unconscious comradeship.

And that is true, too, of *those who are exposed to peculiar sorrows*. One says, "Mere stress of circumstances, and even bodily affliction are as featherweights compared with sorrow at heart; and it is from this last I suffer." "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." Yet we are tempted to think that we have a heavier burden of sorrow than anybody else; that we are going to be altogether overwhelmed. We thought that grave-digging was a new business the first time our spade was made to turn the sod, and we could hardly see through our tears that the path to the cemetery was worn by many feet. Others had been there before us, and as we came away we met others coming to the same place to bury their hearts. Notwithstanding, sometimes we felt that we were not travelling a road—it was a wild and furious storm-swept sea we were riding! Yes, but battling with the boisterous billows of the sea of sorrow there are also "other little ships." This is a troubled world. Long ago a keen observer said, "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." It is as natural for us to come into trouble as it is for the sparks to fly upward. You say it is poor comfort to be reminded that other

people are passing through the same experience. You remember Tennyson?—

“One writes, that ‘Other friends remain,’  
That ‘Loss is common to the race’—  
And common is the commonplace,  
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.”

That does not help us? O but it does, sometimes! A mother was standing dumb with grief beside a little coffin in which her only child lay cold in death. Her friends came in and they brought flowers and piled them around the casket in a well-meant effort to disguise death. But it was still death! I remember myself standing, in a similar case, beside the form of a little boy. His mother stood with me—and I expect she is listening in as I speak this evening,—and as she laid her hand upon his cold little hand, she said, “Pastor, that is death.” I had nothing to say. So these friends came in, and they brought their flowers. Others came and told her she should not weep; that after all God had taken her darling child home, and that she must be resigned. She listened to it all, but made no response, and was un comforted. Then a little woman came in and stood with her for a long time in silence. Presently she put her arms gently and lovingly around the stricken mother—she was an intimate friend—and she said, “Mary, in a drawer at home I have two pairs of little shoes, and the little feet that used to wear them are walking the golden streets to-day.” That was all! But the stricken mother seemed to shade her eyes with her hand as she looked out over the raging waters, until she saw that there were other little ships at sea. There was a bond of sympathy between her and another suffering soul, and she was comforted.

It may be there are some here this evening who say, “Well, I could endure even that; I could bear physical pain; I could live on dry bread; I should be content to live in one room; but it is the moral aspect of things that troubles me. It is so hard in my business to steer a straight course; it is so difficult to live as a Christian should live; the temptations of life are multiplying, and the storms are so severe.” I was talking with a theological professor one day some years ago regarding his attitude, and the attitude of the Christian Church in general, toward the Bible; and he said, “Well, what are you going to do? We are facing a world condition.” His policy was simply to drift, drift, drift. The winds are blowing, and the seas are rolling mountains high—what can one do but drift with the storm? Ah, blessed be God; if our eyes are opened, though we may not see them at once, they may disappear in the trough of the sea for a moment, but if you look long enough you will see some other little ship bravely riding out the storm, steering a straight course, because commanded by one Captain Who is Sovereign of the sea.

We perhaps have thought that the storm of anti-supernaturalism which has been sweeping over Christendom has swept all orthodox ships from the sea, except ours! We are in danger of supposing ours is the only ship at sea using the divine chart. We admit we have observed no “traffic jam”: but though they may be hidden in the trough of the sea, or obscured by the fog, there are other little ships at sea. “I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: because

the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left. I am the only ship at sea.” “O no, Elijah,” said the Lord, “you are wrong. Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him. I have seven thousand other little ships, and they are all steering a straight course. Cheer up, Elijah! You are not alone.” It is a dark day, my brother. The storm is on; and it is true that men are “lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God,” and that “they will not endure sound doctrine,” but turn away their ears unto fables; and yet, I verily believe that there never was a day since Peter stood up with the eleven that the Lord had more faithful souls than He has to-day. There are still other little ships.

I recall an experience I had a few years ago, before the days of motor cars. But please remember that is not so very long ago, for I am not speaking as an octogenarian. It was in the days when bicycling was fashionable, and I was in the fashion—I had a wheel. I had been away to a meeting which continued until late. I was the last speaker, and it was later still when I got through, as you would expect! I had to be home the next morning at eight o'clock, and there was no train; in fact, it was a country place, and there was no way of getting home but going on my bicycle. The road was strange, and I was directed to take a road that I had never taken before. I started out from the church in the country about midnight, and I wheeled along for a few miles until I came upon a sandy road, with a deep ditch on either side. I had to dismount, and I trudged along and pushed my wheel through the dark. After tramping for several miles further I came into the midst of a thick bush, and it was as black as Egypt. The sky was cloudy, there was not a star anywhere to be seen. It was hard enough walking without pushing a bicycle, and I could not get off the sand without getting into the ditch. There were a few fireflies here and there—it was in the summer time—and I remember that I felt as though I were the only one in all the world that was awake. I felt as though there was no human creature anywhere within a thousand miles of me. I was very, very lonely.

Then I felt a few big drops of rain, and presently I heard the thunder, and a summer thunder-shower came on. The only redeeming feature about it was that the lightning lightened my path a little occasionally. I got a little wet and lonelier still, and I said to myself, “Was there ever such a night as this? Was anybody ever in such a plight as I am to-night?” I did not know where I was, nor whither I was going, and there was no one to tell me. At last I came to a railway track, and a little way-station. I climbed up on the fence and tried to read the sign, to discover where I was; but there was not light enough. Then I put up my hand like a blind man to see if I could read it with my fingers, if the paint would give me any help; but all to no purpose; so I resumed my journey. Presently I heard the sound of wheels, and as the vehicle approached, I hailed the driver. But he evidently feared I was a highway man. He applied his whip and galloped away, and as the sound of the wheels died away in the distance, I was left alone again, the only one out in that storm.

After a few more miles I came at last into a village street, and I thought, "I shall surely find company here," but it seemed lonelier than the road through the bush, because everybody was fast asleep. There were no electric lights, everything was in darkness; until, getting to the end of the street, I saw just a glimmer of light: I shall never forget the feeling that came over me, and I said, "Well, there is somebody else awake in the world." As I reached the place I saw the light came from a dim lamp, shining out through the screen door. I stood on the street and looked through the screen door, and there were two women sitting beside the bed of a man, who was apparently very ill. I went up, and so as not to alarm them, gently knocked on the door. They were startled, but one of them came to the door, and as I began to tell her that I was lost, she said, "Will you come in, Mr. Shields?" And I said, "How do you know me?" She said, "My sister's husband is dying, and she sent for me two weeks ago. While on my way I saw you on the train, and I overheard somebody mention your name, and that is how I knew you." I went in, and went up to the couch of the sufferer. This good lady yielded me her chair, and I sat down beside his wife. He was dying. I took his hand and I talked to him about the Lord Jesus. I did not know whether he was a professing Christian, but he seemed to open his heart, or the Spirit of the Lord opened his heart, to the truth, and he was greatly comforted. Then we knelt in prayer, his wife, and her sister and I, and commended him to the One Who goes through the valley of the shadow with those who put their trust in Him. Presently he lapsed into a peaceful slumber. Then these good women said, "You had better not go on." "Well," I said, "I do not know where to go. Perhaps you can tell me where I am. I have not the remotest idea." They told me the name of the village, and I said, "I will wait until daybreak, but I have to go a long way, and must be home early in the morning." So I waited until the birds began to herald the morning. I could have said,

"I wait and watch: before mine eyes  
Methinks the night grows thin and gray;  
I wait and watch the eastern skies  
To see the golden spears arise  
Beneath the oriflame of day!"

—and then amid the beauty, and to the accompaniment of the awakening voices of the opening day, I mounted my wheel and quietly slipped away.

A year or so after that I was preaching in a certain place, when at the close of the service a woman in a widow's garb came up, and gripped my hand very heartily, as she said, "Do you remember me?" I said, "No, I do not." "Do you not remember being lost," she said, "one night some years ago, and finding your way to the side of a dying man at three o'clock in the morning?" I said, "Yes." She said, "I shall never be able to tell you what a comfort your visit was to my husband. He has gone home, but he witnessed a good confession before he went."

There is always a reason for your being out in the storm, my friend. There are "other little ships," and it is your privilege to share the trouble of the night with them.

## II.

These little ships SAILED IN THE WAKE OF THE SHIP IN WHICH JESUS SAILED. He was not in their ship, but they put to sea because He put to sea. "And there were also with him other little ships." It would be interesting to know the story of their passengers, and their crews, and their cargoes. I wonder what they carried? I wonder whither they went, those little ships that were on the stormy sea that night, because He was there? One of them may have carried a doctor, another may have carried a teacher, another may have carried a philanthropist upon some errand of mercy bent. But whoever they were, whatever they proposed to do, they were there because He was there, although they were not actually in the ship with Him. When Jesus puts to sea He never sails alone.

*There is an indirect influence of the Gospel which is not to be under-estimated.* Many beneficial influences are set in operation by the preaching of the Gospel, for which the Gospel gets no credit at all. There are always with Him "other little ships." There are some people who deny to the Church of Christ credit for accomplishing anything in this troubled world. It is popular to boast of the various forms of social service in which clubs, and fraternal organizations, and other institutions engage, to the disparagement of the church. Ah, yes, but your hospitals are the ships with doctors; your educational institutions are the ships with teachers; and all your philanthropic endeavours are ships that carry well-intentioned men who put to sea only because Jesus first shows the way.

I heard Professor George Jackson deliver an address before the Ministerial Association. I am not sure of the exact wording of the title of his address, but I think it was "John Morley, The Priest of The Outer Court." He extolled John Morley, the biographer of Gladstone; he described his blameless character, his wonderfully serviceable life, his amiable disposition, and held him up as a kind of superman; being careful to point out that in the production of this character religion had no part; for John Morley was an agnostic. I happened to be living in the same direction and walked up the street with Dr. Jackson, after the meeting, and I said, "Doctor, has it ever occurred to you that Morleyism never yet produced a John Morley, that you cannot find a John Morley where Christ is not preached, and His principles are unknown?" I said, "All the influences which made him what he was had their origin in the very religion which he refuses to acknowledge." "There were also with him other little ships;" and everything that is good in what we have been pleased to call our Christian civilization is there because Jesus sails the sea.

## III.

But let no one make any mistake: THERE ARE SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO THOSE WHO SAIL IN THE SHIP WITH JESUS. I would rather sail in the ship with Him than be in either of the other ships, wouldn't you? What was the difference? In the first place, *those who sailed in the ship with Jesus were conscious of His presence as the others were not.* The others shared the miracle, the others reaped the benefit of His stilling the tempest, although perhaps they never knew, and never acknowledged what they owed to Jesus. Multitudes of people

sail a calmer sea, and live an easier life, because Jesus shares the sea with them; but they are in one of the "other little ships," and they do not know how much they owe Him. But they who were in the ship with Him knew that it was the presence of Jesus in the storm which brought deliverance to them, and to the other little ships.

It may be there is someone here this evening, who is not a Christian, and who says, "I have seen Christian people just as much troubled as I." Yes, they sail the same sea with you, my friend. "But they are just as fearful in the storm as I am." Yes, they seem to be so. They may even talk of perishing sometimes, as David did when he got into a fit of the doldrums. He said, "I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul. He will be too much for me some day. I fear I shall be overwhelmed at last." Yet, he really knew better; and so did these disciples. Although they were filled with fear, there was a subconscious realization through it all that there was Someone in the ship with them Who had command of the winds and the waves. You will remember how they awakened Him at last, and said, "Carest thou not that we perish?" The Lord does not command the storm at the first gust of wind. He lets the wind blow awhile for us; and some of us have to have a time of real seasickness before we get out of our difficulties, and perhaps that will do us good. They say seasickness is very beneficial! But He is there; and in due time He awakes and rebukes the wind and the waves, and there is a great calm; and the ship in which Jesus sails always outrides the storm.

It is a high privilege to sail in the ship with Him. I exhort you to be sure you get in the right ship. May our lives be such that we may be conscious always of the immediate presence of Jesus with us in the storm. See that you put to sea in a ship that is equipped with wireless so that you will never get out of communication with Him.

"Begone, unbelief; my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear;  
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm."

#### IV.

Let me now remind you of THE GREAT PRIVILEGE OF STILLING THE STORM FOR OTHER PEOPLE. What did these men do when they arose and said to Jesus, "Carest thou not that we perish?" They prayed, and said, "Lord, save us, we perish." He answered their prayer; and in the hour in which He answered their prayer, they brought deliverance to "other little ships" beside themselves. There are "other little ships" watching your course, my friend. I was at a funeral service a few years ago with a minister of another denomination. I had never met him before. We drove to the cemetery together, and he said, "I have long wanted to meet you." And I said, "I am glad to meet you, sir." He said, "You know a lot of us have been watching the course of Jarvis Street Church, and you would, perhaps, be surprised to discover that many ministers are fighting the same battle that you have been fighting, in greater or lesser degree, and," he said, "I know of at least two ministers who have found deliverance through the victory God gave you in Jarvis Street Church." I said, "That is another view of things."

Do you not see, there were also with us "other little ships?" I am hearing it everywhere. Brethren, what are our many weekly prayer-meetings for? Why do we meet so frequently, week after week, now over nine years? Somebody says, "Your great revival has not come yet, has it?" No, not in the measure in which we hope to see it. We have seen souls saved; but then, do you not see we are not praying for ourselves alone? We are praying for "other little ships," and who knows what blessing even one church may be privileged to bring to other churches, and to other ministers, and to other hard-pressed mariners on the mighty deep? Let us see to it that we use our privileges aright, for the sake of the "other little ships." How truly there are "other little ships" following us; how necessary that parents should be in the ship with Jesus for the sake of the "other little ships"; how important that every man and every woman should live in such relationship to Christ that their influence may tell upon other lives, and calm the sea for other ships!

#### V.

Just this last word: THERE IS A VOYAGE WHICH ONLY ONE SHIP CAN TAKE. When the storm breaks upon that sea, there will be only one ship that can survive; there will be with it no "other little ships".

This was but a temporal salvation that I have been speaking of, saving them from physical death and physical discomfort. Their little ships on that inland sea were tossed about, but had they dared to brave the wide expanse of the Atlantic they would have been beaten to pieces. I read in the Book of a storm when there was one great ship built according to the divine pattern; and at God's call Noah and his family went into the ark, and God shut them in. When the windows of heaven were opened and the fountains of the great deep were broken up, that ship was made for a stormy day and for a rough sea. When the storm of divine wrath broke upon a sinful world, and the waters rose until the tops of the highest hills were covered, "all in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in the dry land, died", save only those whom God had shut in with Noah. When Noah looked out upon that boundless sea of judgment, looking to the horizon in every direction, no where could he discover even so much as one other little ship.

There was One Who set sail alone: "I have trodden the wine press alone", said He, "and of the people there was none with me." He made the voyage alone. He explored a world that men have never known. He tasted death for every man. And some day the earth and the heaven will flee away. He will be seated upon His great white throne, and salvation will be in Jesus Christ, and in Jesus Christ alone. There will be no other little ships: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." He is the Ark of our salvation.

We cannot be saved in the sense of being delivered from the guilt and power of sin, and brought to everlasting felicity in the presence of God, by the indirect influences of the gospel. Beneficial as such influences may be in this present life, it is only as we are found in the ship with Jesus Himself, as we are in Christ, that we can safely make that last great journey to the land where there is reared "a city which hath founda-

tions, whose builder and maker is God". Christ in you is the only hope of glory. Only as you are in Him, and He in you, can you be brought to the desired haven.

Let us pray together. Will not those who hear us over the air—indeed, all to whom God calls to-night—just where you are, join us in this prayer:

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass come from Thee:  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

"As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
When Thou sayst to them, 'Be still!'  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

"When at last I near the shore  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

## The Editor's Visit to Great Britain

We have received from the London Committee a final announcement of what is called "the Spurgeon Centenary Mission", in which the Editor of this paper has been invited to take part. The announcement contains, first of all, the "Programme of the Mission", and a statement of what Spurgeon taught, which we have also been asked to publish. Following this is "An Appeal For Prayer" by Rev. Chas. Fisher to our readers for prayer.

The Editor expects to sail from Montreal on the Anchor-Donaldson Steamship *Letitia*, September 7th. We need say nothing of what the brethren have written below except to add our earnest request that our readers will remember this mission earnestly in prayer. Following are the items above referred to:

### THE SPURGEON CENTENARY MISSION, LONDON

The final arrangements for the mission are now complete and the whole programme is given below. There is no thought of rivalry in the Mission with any other of the many Centenary Celebrations. The distance in time, as well as of purpose, absolutely excludes that.

When Mr. Spurgeon died Dr. Parker wrote, "Spurgeon has been the greatest and most consistent evangelist of this generation or, as a matter of fact, of any generation". At the recognition of his son Charles at South Street, Greenwich, Mr. Spurgeon leaned over the rail of the upper platform to his son on the lower platform and said, "Preach up Jesus, my son, preach up Jesus." Many feel that if Mr. Spurgeon could speak to us to-day he would say much the same thing.

It is the desire to catch the first and most abiding element in the ministry of Mr. Spurgeon that has led to the arrangement of this Spurgeon Centenary Mission. Among the many grateful remembrances of his unique life the purpose of the Mission is to endeavour to emulate the gospel service in which he lived and moved and had his being.

Incidental and fundamental to this, of course, will be a clear declaration of those things most surely believed and preached by Mr. Spurgeon.

Dr. T. T. Shields of Toronto is the Missioner. He is specially fitted intellectually and doctrinally and by reason of his record as a soul-winner. Perhaps no preacher in the world to-day reaches regularly every Sunday so many hearers through his "radio service" as Dr. Shields. He has before him a programme of ministry that would have taxed even the strength of Mr. Spurgeon in his early days. The prayers

of God's people are besought that physical strength may be given to Dr. Shields and that the Holy Spirit will give his sermons favour with the people and use them to the conversion of many.

### PROGRAMME OF MISSION SERVICES IN LONDON

Sept. 15th-21st	Highgate Road Chapel, N.W.5.
Sept. 22nd-28th	Lansdowne Hall, West Norwood, S.E.27.
Sept. 29th-Oct. 5th	Talbot Tabernacle, Bayswater, W.11.
Oct. 7	Trinity Road Chapel, Upper Tooting, S.W.12.
	(Hours of Meeting: Sundays, 11.00 and 6.30; Week Nights, 7.30).
Oct. 8th	GREAT WITNESS MEETING, CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER. Speakers: Dr. Shields and Dr. Dinsdale T. Young. 7 p.m.
	(Reserved seat tickets, 1s. each, from the Hon. Secretary or from Pastors of above Churches.)

### DR. SHIELDS WILL ADDRESS OTHER MEETINGS AS FOLLOWS:

Sept. 17th	Y.M.C.A., 186 Aldersgate St., E.C. 4. 12 noon.
Sept. 20th	Banks and Insurance C. Unions, St. Stephen's, Walbrook, E.C. 5.45 p.m.
Oct. 6th	Kelvedon (Spurgeon's Birthplace). 3 p.m.
Oct. 9th	Bible League, Cannon Street Hotel, E.C. 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m.
Oct. 10th	Lansdowne Hall (Annual Thankoffering Day). 3.30 and 7.30 p.m.
Oct. 11th	WALES: Tabernacle, Porth.
Oct. 13th-18th	IRELAND: Belfast (13th-15th), Ballymena (16th-18th).
Oct. 21st-22nd	SCOTLAND: Edinburgh (Sunday), Bruntsfield and S. Leith Churches. (Monday), Great Witness Meeting, Assembly Hall.
Oct. 23rd	Liverpool, Toxteth Tabernacle.
Oct. 24th	Manchester, Free Trade Hall.
Oct. 25th	Glasgow.

Complete list of Meetings, and other information, will be gladly supplied by the Hon. Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. W. J. R. Horsburgh, 24, Haycroft Gardens, Willesden Green, London, N.W.10.

### WHAT SPURGEON TAUGHT

One of the chief purposes of the forthcoming SPURGEON CENTENARY MISSION is to emphasize the Scriptural truths that were so prominent in Mr. Spurgeon's teaching, that were the basis of his remarkable work as an evangelist, and for the defence of which he was so largely ostracised by his brethren.

Fortunately, we have not to search for a statement of these truths. Before he passed from us he, with six like-minded brethren, drew up a doctrinal statement which they called "A Confession". It embodies simply, and without the burden of detail, their doctrinal position. Here is a copy of it:

"We, the undersigned, banded together in fraternal union, observing with growing pain and sorrow the loosening hold of many upon the truths of Revelation, are constrained to avow our firmest belief in the verbal inspiration of all Holy Scripture as originally given. To us, the Bible does not merely contain the Word of God, but is the Word of God. From beginning to end, we accept it, believe it, and continue to preach it. To us, the Old Testament is no less inspired than the New, the Book is an organic whole. Reverence for the New Testament accompanied by scepticism as to the Old appears to us absurd. The two must stand or fall together. We accept Christ's own verdict concerning 'Moses and all the prophets' in preference to any of the supposed discoveries of so-called higher criticism.

"We hold and maintain the truths generally known as 'the doctrines of grace'. The electing love of God the Father, the propitiatory and substitutionary sacrifice of His Son, Jesus Christ, regeneration by the Holy Ghost, the imputation of Christ's righteousness, the justification of the sinner (once for all) by faith, his walk in newness of life and growth in grace by the active indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the priestly intercession of our Lord Jesus, as also the hopeless perdition of all who reject the Saviour, according to the words of the Lord in Matt. 25:46, 'These shall go away into eternal punishment,'—are, in our judgment, revealed and fundamental truths. "Our hope is the personal pre-millennial return of the Lord Jesus in glory."

These doctrines lie scattered thick throughout his many volumes of sermons. We believe that it was the fearless preaching of these great Scriptural truths that made Mr. Spurgeon's ministry so remarkable in its soul-winning power. We can but think that it is the departure from these truths, as the main theme of preaching, that has left the Church so powerless before the godlessness and indifference of to-day.

We are, therefore, anxious for a re-affirmation of these doctrines and The Spurgeon Centenary Mission will be our effort, with prayer and in faith, to preach and enforce them.

The Mission, we trust, will recall men to the Bible. Mr. Spurgeon, of course, depended wholly upon it. In September, 1864, he preached from the words "Thus saith the Lord," and in March, 1888, from the text, "The Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." In this last sermon he said "As for us and our house this priceless Book shall remain the standard of our faith and the ground of our hope so long as we live. Others may choose what gods they will, and follow what authorities they prefer, but as for us, the glorious Jehovah is our God, and we believe concerning each doctrine of the entire Bible that 'The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it'." And again he said, "We cannot adapt our religious belief to that which is more changeful than the moon. Try, who will; as for me, if 'the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it' it is the truth to me in this year of Grace, 1888, and if I stand among you, old and grey-headed you will find me making no advance upon the Divine ultimatum." He said further: "Where are we if our Bibles are gone? Where are we if we are taught to distrust them? If we are left in doubt as to which part is inspired and which is not, we are as badly off as if we had no Bibles at all. I hold no theory of inspiration; I accept the inspiration of the Bible as a fact."

The Mission, led by Dr. T. T. Shields, will take the same steadfast stand. The same doctrines of grace will be preached, dependant as Mr. Spurgeon ever was, upon the Holy Ghost. The same sovereignty will be recognized to which Mr. Spurgeon bowed.

These things have marked the ministry of Dr. Shields from the beginning, and the blessing of God has rested upon it.

Issued by the Committee of the  
SPURGEON CENTENARY MISSION

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AN APPEAL FOR PRAYER

BY REV. C. FISHER, M.A.

"Except The Lord Build The House . . ."

The present issue of THE GOSPEL WITNESS contains a statement about the Spurgeon Centenary Mission, to be conducted

in London, England by Dr. Shields, during September and October, with many other meetings in different parts of the British Isles. There have been many "Spurgeon" celebrations this centenary year of his birth, but it is hoped that Dr. Shields' Mission will be different from the others in bringing back something of the definiteness and successful evangelism characteristics of Spurgeon's ministry, into the church life of to-day. It is not enough to sing the praises of Spurgeon, we need to catch his spirit, and emulate his works. Can this be done?

In a leading obituary notice at the time of his death, there was a reference to "the failure of Spurgeon"; and quite recently a distinguished Baptist scholar contributed an article to *The Times* entitled "The Defeat of Spurgeon." Without attempting to analyze the *motif* of those articles, may we not adapt the old adage about the Roman army, and say: "The armies of the Lord, defeated in many a battle, always win the war"? Was the failure of Spurgeon synonymous with the failure of the Gospel? And was "the defeat of Spurgeon" another way of stating that Modernism had triumphed? It seems as though it could have been written, with equal truth, and with a very closely parallel purpose, "the defeat of Bethlehem"—when the body of Christ hung on the cross! But that was not the end:

"Up from the grave He arose,  
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes!"

And, later it could be written, "Thou hast conquered O Galilean!"

Equally so, when those who have been celebrating Spurgeon's life and ministry, have carefully avoided all reference to his "Downgrade Controversy"—that which was, in his own mind, the greatest struggle of his life, and which his widow says was the means of hastening his death, may we not look to God to raise up a testimony to His Name, and in vindication of His Word, in connection with this Centenary Mission?

If God could vindicate Spurgeon against all the attempts of his enemies to discredit him, can He not honour this same testimony to-day in some striking way, and do a work in our day at which "both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle"?

That is the earnest desire and objective of this Spurgeon Centenary Mission, and the London Committee would make an earnest appeal to all the readers of THE GOSPEL WITNESS to pray without ceasing from now onwards, all through the period of Dr. Shields' special ministry in the British Isles, that God will once again make bare His arm. "When the enemy cometh in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." Truly things are at a low ebb in the religious world: those who stand firmly in the old path are few in number and are greatly despised. Our lot is well nigh comparable to that of the Jewish remnant who returned from the captivity! "Raise up Thy power, O Lord, and come among us, and with great might succour us." We seek only God's glory, the raising up of the Gospel standard, a re-affirmation of those truths which have been firmly believed by the faithful all down the ages of the Christian era.

Will you not join us in earnest prayer that God will honour this testimony, and use His servant Dr. Shields in some special way for His glory?

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

## LIBERIA AND THE CHURCHES OF THE UNION

By Rev. Gordon D. Mellish

It has been the privilege of Mrs. Mellish and myself to visit a few of the churches of our Union recently in the interests of the work of the Lord in Liberia. This has been just the beginning of our itinerary, and we are looking forward with eager anticipation to visiting the other churches and to meeting the people who have so loyally supported us during our time in Liberia, both by their prayers and by their gifts.

Two weeks ago we visited the Briscoe Street Church, London, and there we were very much impressed with the new building erected by the people there, and by the work which is going on in that place. The work here does not all take place inside the church building, for we learn that the members are continually distributing tracts, visiting the homes in the district, and seeking by every possible means to win lost souls to Jesus Christ. As soon as you arrive at this church you are met by one or more of the members who are stationed outside the building to assist people out of their cars, and particularly to help older people into the church.

Mrs. Mellish spoke to the children gathered for the Sunday-school, and at the same time showed them a few of the curios which we brought from Liberia. From the Sunday-school we went on directly into the morning service, when we were greeted by a large congregation. Again in the evening a good number of people gathered to hear of the triumphs of the gospel in the dark continent of Africa. The work as we viewed it during our week-end in London, speaks very well of the faithful efforts of the pastor of this church, Rev. R. D. Guthrie.

### Fenelon Falls

Another Sunday was spent in the church at Fenelon Falls, which church we had attended many times before going to Liberia, so that we know the people there very well. Here again we were greeted by large congregations both morning and evening, and they displayed a great interest in the work in Liberia.

Mrs. Mellish was privileged also to speak to a group of the ladies from the Fenelon Falls Church. There are many aspects of the life of the Bassa people and of work amongst them which cannot be discussed in a church service, and so meetings of this type provide an opportunity of talking about these things. Here the interest in the work was manifested by enquiries as to what definite things the ladies could do for the work.

### Miner's Bay

It was a great joy to re-visit the work at Miner's Bay and throughout that district where we laboured before going to Liberia. This work has not only been continued, but has advanced considerably under the leadership of Rev. Oscar Boomer, who is this summer assisted by Mr. Horne of the Toronto Baptist Seminary. During two visits to Miner's Bay meetings were held in every section of the field, with the exception of Buller, which we hope to visit at a later date.

On the first Sunday of our visit in July, Mrs. Mellish and myself, accompanying Mr. Horne, spoke in the morning at Dongola, afternoon at Head Lake, and evening at Uphill. Then we were both to have stayed for the second Sunday as well, but I had to go to Fenelon Falls, and so Mrs. Mellish, accompanied by Mr. Boomer, spoke in the morning at the Rock Schoolhouse near Kinmount, afternoon at Miner's Bay, and evening at Norland.

The purpose of our second visit to this district was to show the slides illustrating the work in Liberia, and also a few curios brought from that land. In this case it was necessary to arrange meetings very hastily, without proper announcement ahead of time, but even then large gatherings greeted us at each place. The first meeting this time was at Head Lake, not in the church, but in a farm house to which a

large group of the people from around the district, including a number of summer visitors, came. The second meeting was held on the Friday evening at the camp where the men working on relief work on the road are quartered. Besides telling of Liberia this meeting was a great opportunity for giving the gospel to these men who seldom, if ever, attend any gospel service.

On the Saturday evening the next meeting was held in Norland. Saturday evening is a very bad time for a meeting in Norland because many of the people are busy with tourists, and many are more interested in the big dance than with the things of God. However, over fifty people gathered to see the pictures of Liberia and at the close of the meeting an offering was taken for the work among the Bassa people.

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Mellish spoke at the Sunday-school held at Deep Bay, and in the evening we again showed the pictures to the group who regularly gather at this place to listen to the gospel.

As we re-visited the field at Miner's Bay, it was with happy memories of our work in that place when we came to know and love the people of that district. There are probably very few pastorate more difficult than this field, the difficulties of which are impossible to appreciate without actually visiting it. The field now served by Mr. Boomer is nearly thirty-five miles from one end to the other, and in this area the people are very scattered, the distance from one farm to the next often being one or two miles or longer, and nearly all over very rough roads. Considering parts of this district at least, there are very few parts of Ontario where there is as much sin and wickedness going on continually. This calls for a strong gospel testimony, for the message of the Cross is the only remedy for such sin; it is the only power which is able to lift men and women from the depths of sin and wickedness and make them new creatures in Christ Jesus. Souls have been saved in the Miner's Bay district, but our prayers are still needed for the work amongst that backward people. Coming back to the field again we can observe a wonderful work of grace in the hearts of some of the Christians. They have been shown their responsibility to the work of the church and the winning of lost souls. Those who first of all were afraid to pray or to testify in public are now ready to take part in the prayer meetings, and to testify of what the Lord has done for them. The work at Miner's Bay deserves the support and the prayers of all Christians.

As we have intimated above, we have been very much impressed with the interest of the people of our churches in the work on the Foreign field in Liberia, and we love to tell of the work, and of what the Lord has done out in that field. We are glad to explain as clearly as possible all about the work and to answer any questions which may be asked us.

### Liberia

Liberia is perhaps the most undeveloped country in Africa, and probably for this reason has been less touched than some other countries by missionary effort. However, this constitutes a great challenge to our Union to possess the land and tell everyone about Jesus Christ. When Mr. Davey and Mr. Lewis went to Liberia in 1928 the land was not open as it is today, particularly the interior. Now the whole land is open, and the people are waiting to hear the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In their heathen life, the people have an Animistic worship, as all other pagan tribes, but this is very vague, and it is certainly not satisfying. They have two Bassa words for God, the one being "Glepa" and the other "Kan Mba". The second word means "father of all chiefs". They are trying to worship God, but they do not know Him, and so it is our privilege to tell them of the living and true God and of Jesus Christ Who died on the cross to save them.

In the Bassa tribe, where our work up till this time has been chiefly, we have no Mohammedans, but back in the tribes

of the interior there are some, and everywhere they go they practise and preach their religion of Allah. It is quite a common thing there to see a Mohammedan who is only visiting a town, trading in cloth and kola nuts, in the midst of other people who are all pagans, taking out his prayer mat, facing the East and reciting his Mohammedan prayers.

Now is the opportunity to carry the gospel to those people of the interior before they have been touched by that curse. One place particularly is very much upon the hearts of all our missionaries, namely, Trobe. Two and one-half days' walk on one side of this place the Seventh Day Adventist Mission has a station. One and one-half days' walk, and also at two points behind Trobe, the Roman Catholics have established stations, and are preaching their doctrines. Around Trobe there is a wonderful opportunity to preach the Word of God to many large towns, where there are 200, 250, and 300 houses in one town as compared to the towns amongst the Bassa people of anywhere from 3 to 45 houses. The work amongst the Bassa people is necessary first, to serve as a base for the other work, because all travel through that country is by foot, and all loads must be carried on the heads of the native boys, there being no roads even fit for a bicycle through Grand Bassa County. Now we must establish a work back there as well. About \$2,000.00 will be required to start this new station, put up buildings, and carry on the work there for one year, exclusive of the support of the missionaries. Should such a small sum of money stop the advancement of the Kingdom of God?

It is estimated that there are approximately 105,000 people in the Bassa tribe living in Grand Bassa County. From our two stations at New Cess and at Geah-bar Zondo we are not touching more than 2,500 people regularly with the gospel. We could add a very few more to this number of those living farther away from the present stations to whom the white missionaries and the native Christians have preached, some

just once, others perhaps twice. We now have Bassa boys, converted and trained on our stations who are ready or almost ready to go to some of these people living a day or two days' walk from our stations. About \$2.50 per month will support one of these boys. Do not these needs and these opportunities stir us up to pray for and support this, the Lord's work in Liberia?

## Dr. P. W. Philpott in Jarvis St.

During the Pastor's absence Dr. P. W. Philpott, for many years the popular preacher of Hamilton, and later Pastor of the Moody Church, Chicago, will occupy the Jarvis St. pulpit.

### NEXT SUNDAY MORNING

Dr. Philpott will preach, and the Pastor will conduct the service. In the evening Dr. Philpott will conduct the service and the Pastor will deliver his last message before going to England.

### THE MONTHLY COMMUNION SERVICE

will be held at the close of the morning service.

### THE OPEN AIR SERVICE

(Weather Permitting)

as usual following the evening service. Next Sunday evening our *broadcast service* will be from 7.00 to 9.00.

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In addition it contains editorials on great religious and moral issues as in this number, and news in general of the religious world. Each regular issue also contains an exposition of the S.S. Lesson by Rev. Alex. Thomson. The paper is now in its thirteenth volume, and circulates in over fifty different countries. Subscription \$2.00 per year.

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