

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

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STILL MORE ABOUT ONTARIO'S SHAME

Once more we begin with an apology to our non-Canadian readers for imposing upon them a discussion of our local affairs. But those who are interested in matters with which THE GOSPEL WITNESS deals will not be indifferent, we are sure, to the great problem we have been discussing for these two or three weeks.

Last Sunday evening the Editor preached—or, perhaps more accurately, addressed the Jarvis Street congregation—on the subject of this editorial. The address itself will be found on page four. A regrettable incident which occurred during the course of the sermon, and which has been widely published in the press, must here be referred to.

While the preacher was in the midst of his address a man and woman came in at the Gerrard and Jarvis Streets' door of the church, walked boldly and briskly right up the south side, and around toward the pulpit, past the orchestra, and took their place in a seat just beside the press table, where reporters were seated. Their whole attitude rather gave the impression that they had a special commission, and we assumed for a few moments that they were belated press representatives who had had to "cover" some other service, and hence arrived late at ours. But after a little while they began speaking to each other. They were right in front of one of the radio microphones, and so their muttering was undoubtedly heard by our great radio audience.

They became so objectionable that at last we had to reprove them; but they became worse. It soon became evident that they were both intoxicated. We requested the man to desist from his interruptions, and at last asked him to leave. He then became quite violent in his speech, and refused to leave; whereupon we called upon the chairman of the ushers to remove him. As the chairman advanced, the man refused to accompany him; but, instead, struck him a heavy blow. He was a muscular fellow. The chairman was soon reinforced by a number of other ushers, and at last, with considerable difficulty, he was forcibly ejected—indeed, practically carried out by seven or eight men.

Four policemen were on duty outside the building, watching the traffic, and ready for its regulation when the congregation should be dismissed. Outside, the disturber endeavoured to fight with the police, but he was placed under arrest and taken to the police station.

Within, the woman disturber subsided for a little while. (It transpired that the disturbers were mother and son). Later the intoxicated woman began her denunciations again, and we were forced to ask her to leave. This she refused to do, and a police constable in uniform came in and removed her. She was arrested, and both were charged with disturbing public worship, and one at least also with being drunk.

We regret all this, and yet, as we remarked at the time, it was only an exhibition of what the demoralizing Hepburn Beer Parlours are accomplishing all over the Province. The next day a woman telephoned us to say she had heard the disturbance by radio, and that we had but once in the church what, since the opening of the beer parlours, she had had to endure every day in her own home.

Protests against the continuance of the Hepburn Beer Parlours continue to pour into THE GOSPEL WITNESS office. Up to going to press, we have received something over twenty-six thousand signed protests. We hope all readers of THE GOSPEL WITNESS will continue to do their utmost to awaken the people to the danger of these beverage rooms, and to stir every Ontario voter who has a conscience to action.

We print herewith a letter we have mailed to-day to Mr. Hepburn, Premier of Ontario. It contains a clear promise that we are determined to do our utmost to correct this evil. Following is our letter to Mr. Hepburn:

A LETTER TO PREMIER HEPBURN

September 5th, 1934

To the Honourable Mitchell F. Hepburn,
Premier of Ontario,
Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, Canada.

Dear Sir:

Having read in the daily press a statement given by yourself to the press, relative to my public protest against conditions arising out of the administration of the Wine and Beer Measure, I know that you have already been apprised of my protest.

I had intended asking you to accord me the privilege of a personal interview, but I have received so many hundreds of expressions of desire for a longer time to obtain the signatures of voters, that I have decided to postpone my intrusion upon your time to a later date.

While, personally, I wish it were possible absolutely to prohibit the liquor traffic, as a practical man I recognize the

impossibility of doing so, at least in the present state of public opinion. I believe it is exceedingly difficult for any government, however well intentioned, to enforce any law which is not supported by the main body of public opinion. For that reason, I have never felt justified in protesting against the principle known as Government Control. That Act was not an arbitrary act of Government in advance of, or in opposition to, the opinion of the electorate; for the reason that the people had been consulted on the subject.

The Wine and Beer Measure has never received the sanction of the Ontario electorate. Both the late Premier and yourself promised the same thing in this respect. And, taking you at your word, that you planned to remove the liquor question from political discussion in order that you might concentrate public attention upon other matters, I believe the majority of voters felt as I did, that if there was no choice between the parties on the liquor question, a vote might be cast for one or the other without violence to any principle held by the voter relating to liquor control. To this date, therefore, the Wine and Beer Measure stands as an act of Government—the former Government and your own—in respect to which there has been no expression of the will of the electorate.

If, for the sake of argument, it could be assumed that the wine and beer regulation is in accord with the desire of the major portion of the electorate, there would still remain for consideration the question of how wisely to administer the law. Mr. Odette, yourself, and others, have pleaded that the new law be given, a fair trial. I must leave it to others to describe particulars of the working of that law in neighbourhoods where they live, and with which I have no acquaintance. I speak of the neighbourhood of Jarvis Street, not because of a particular interest in it, nor on the assumption that it is either better or worse than other places, but only because it has come under my observation—in respect to this neighbourhood I speak that which I know, and testify that which I have seen.

May I respectfully enquire, if your Administration desires that the Wine and Beer Measure be given a "fair trial", and if there be a readiness to correct such evils as that trial may display, can there be any reasonable justification for issuing three "authorities" on what are practically three of the four corners of Dundas and Jarvis Streets? to add to those three, one at the Windermere, one at the Westminster, one at the Westmoreland, one at the Avonmore, and one at the Ambassador—which means six licenses in one block, and two more removed only by the width of another street, practically eight to the block? And, by the same principle, is it giving even that law a "fair trial" to issue two more "authorities" in the next block, the Frontenac Arms and the Atalanta Hotel; and still another in the next block, Hotel New York, making eleven within three blocks?

Why this prodigal distribution of licenses?

Furthermore, I would call your attention to the fact that in the middle of the block between Gerrard and Dundas Streets, there is the First Unitarian Church. On the next street over, George Street, there is a large institution known as the Boys' Home; and in the same block, the Fegan Boys' Home. On the corner of Jarvis and Gerrard Streets there stands the Jarvis Street Baptist Church; directly across the street from the Frontenac Arms is the Junior Vocational School; between that and Jarvis Street Church, on the same side of the street, is Toronto Baptist Seminary; and next door to the Vocational School is Old St. Andrews United Church. In the block north of Carlton Street, on the west side, is Havergal College. Next door to the Hotel New York on Jarvis Street, in the same block, is a Catholic Girls' School, and next door but two, Jarvis Collegiate Institute. When Jarvis Collegiate is in session, the restaurants roundabout its neighbourhood are crowded with students at the lunch hour.

I ought also to say that in the immediate neighbourhood is the Normal School, occupying a whole block, from Gerrard to Gould, and from Church to Bond Streets; and on the north side of Gerrard, between Church and Yonge, what was formerly St. James Square Presbyterian Church, now known as Toronto Gospel Centre.

Is it "fair" to plant these eleven beverage rooms practically on the doorsteps of these dozen or more charitable, educational, and religious, institutions? I think I am well within the bounds of the facts of the case when I say that never in the worst days of the open bar was such a situation as I have described permitted. I have seen more drunkenness in four weeks under your administration than I have seen in my

entire ministry of forty years. For such conditions as your administration has created, one week was altogether too long to give the beverage rooms, of this district, at least, a "fair trial". It were as reasonable to object to the application of the principle of quarantine until smallpox and scarlet fever, and any and every contagious disease, had been given a "fair trial".

I send you therefore, sir, my own personal protest against this matter. In common with other citizens of Ontario, I welcome every honest attempt to effect economy in governmental affairs. But I speak the sober truth when I say that, if you could induce all your followers in the Legislature, and the majority of persons in Government employ, to serve without remuneration; if you could cut the cost of Government, not only fifty per cent., but seventy-five per cent., you could not possibly compensate the Province of Ontario for the wholesale debauchery and moral wreckage your administration has caused in the few weeks which have elapsed since you assumed office.

I therefore count it a public duty to send you this, my protest, and to inform you that I am already in possession of twenty-six thousand and thirty-two signed protests which have been secured without any organization, without the raising of any funds for the purpose beyond such resources as belong to this local congregation, augmented by a very few voluntary contributions.

Will you allow me to say that I regret exceedingly that, instead of facing fairly the issue raised, and promising at least respectful consideration of the protest of a body of Ontario electors, you should have allowed yourself to stoop to the practice of calling names. I am not ashamed of being known as a "temperance" man, but I do not think my record in respect to that matter could fairly justify my being called a "crank". I shall be undisturbed, however, by any other characterization of my efforts you may care to employ.

I write you now, sir, merely to say that I believe there is a body of unexpressed public opinion in Ontario which will yet register its opposition to this Beer and Wine Measure in general, and to your administration of it in particular. If one church can marshal more than twenty-six thousand voters, what can be done when all the organizations in this Province which exist for the promotion of its moral progress, as being of greater importance than its merely material prosperity, join heart and hand in seeking the same end?

I write you, sir, to pledge you my strongest, intensest, and continuous, opposition to the present liquor policy. And, further, I promise to do my utmost to discover and to mobilize for offensive purposes all the "offensive temperance cranks" of Ontario. It remains to be seen what measure of success may be possible in our effort to secure the repeal of the Wine and Beer Measure.

Believe me to be,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) T. T. SHIELDS.

OUR PROTEST OF LAST MARCH

No matter how one attempts to do good, there will always be found some people to enquire why one does not do something else. A few have asked why we did not protest against the beer parlour law before it became law. Our reply is that we did protest. We are not particularly anxious to justify our present course, but it may interest our readers to know what was said at an earlier date. We therefore print below a verbatim report of what we said on the subject last March, while the wine and beer proposal was still before the Legislature:

REMARKS ON THE AMENDMENT TO THE ONTARIO LIQUOR CONTROL ACT

By Dr. T. T. Shields, made before the Sermon in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Sunday Evening, March 25th, 1934

(Stenographically Reported)

I have a word to say upon another matter before I begin my sermon. I speak very carefully, and, at the same time, very clearly, so that no one can possibly misunderstand.

Last evening I was invited by telephone—I suppose in common with other ministers—to attend a meeting which I presume was held, but was then to be held, in Massey Hall this afternoon, to protest against the proposal of the

Ontario Legislature to introduce a law, to pass a bill, authorizing the sale of intoxicating liquors by restaurants and hotels.

I told my friend who telephoned me that I greatly regretted I should not be able to be present this afternoon, but to count upon me as sharing in the protest. And I said, in order that my absence should not be misunderstood, I should be happy to explain my position in a brief word at the evening service.

I do not know how all who hear me this evening will receive what I have to say, but it is the habit of this pulpit to declare its convictions irrespective of whether people like it or not. We are always happy to have people come to Jarvis Street, but we always tell them—I do not mean that we say it all the time—but we frequently tell them that here we comply with the law; that all our doors open outwardly, and that it is a good deal easier to go out than come in. If they do not agree with the testimony of this place, they are under no compulsion to hear it.

In the days when many of the churches were advocates, not only of temperance principles, but of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, I very gladly took my position, with others, on that subject. I was travelling in the United States on one occasion, and one very hot day I ordered a small bottle of a certain kind of ginger ale. The waiter served it to me, and in a moment or two the steward of the car came behind my chair and in a whisper said, "I am sorry to have to tell you, sir, but our customers are not allowed to mix drinks in this car." I said, "I am happy to know that, and for your information let me tell you that I am a confirmed and incorrigible prohibitionist."

I told the congregation this morning that I hate the whole liquor traffic, from top to bottom, through and through, just as I hate the devil himself—and for precisely the same reason, because it does the devil's work in the world. Before we had prohibition I suppose we had nothing like the number of motor vehicles we have to-day. I have not consulted any statistical table, but I think I am well within the facts when I say that within the last twenty years, since the beginning of the World War, motor traffic has at least doubled. I am not sure that I should be exaggerating were I to say it has trebled and quadrupled. I think I should be fair in saying that in that time places of refreshment in Toronto, restaurants and so on, where people can buy a meal, have also doubled. The city has grown, and because of its larger distances, the habit of eating away from home has necessitated a very much larger number of eating-places. How many of these places would be licensed to sell liquor I do not know. But it is a bad business at the best.

About a year ago when going to Chicago I travelled by a late train. I went back into the club-car to read, because I am not in the habit of retiring early, and the berths in the sleepers were made up. There I found a very agreeable gentleman who invited me to drink with him. I need not tell you that I declined. But he found someone else with whom to share his bottle. It was a large one, but he managed to empty it before he went to bed, with the help of one or two others. Before he retired his tongue was rather loose; it acquired a kind of ball-bearing operation, with no four-wheel brakes.

He said a good many things that undoubtedly he would not have said so readily in a public place had he been more sober. It would be unfair for me to identify him: I will try to cover with a mantle of charity the conduct of such a man when thus beyond control—though he was responsible for his condition. It is enough to say that he was an official in a certain organization interested in the sale of liquor, and that he had been attending a convention in Toronto. And he predicted, at that time, the very thing which now the papers announce. He said, "We are neither Conservatives nor Liberals. If one party will not do it, another will; but we are determined it shall be done." And it is going to be done!

I am not a politician. I fear I should not be very comfortable in the Legislature were I a member, although sometimes I half wish I were there. But I am certainly not a party man. I am, however, Conservatively disposed. Now, you Liberals, do not get angry at that. I like to let well enough alone—when it is well enough.

As for the present situation, I cannot tell you what to do. I have no hope that anything I can say, or any protest meeting in Massey Hall, will delay the passage of this bill,

for the reason that all parties seem to be ready to pass the bill.

I wonder who wants it? I do not. I do not know of any church that has asked for it, either a single congregation, or a larger organization of congregational units. I am not aware that any religious body in this country has asked for this measure. There may be some obscure sort of organization who has asked for it. It may also be that some organization that does not court publicity wants it. But one cannot help being curious as to the reason for the measure for which there has been no public demand.

Surely the gentlemen who are going to put the bill on the statute books do not want it for their own convenience. I should be reluctant to view them in that character. They must, therefore, be acting in behalf of others. I wonder who the people are? I know of no organization in this country that has asked for it. I know of one organization that, as long ago as a year ago last January, predicted it would come. The man with whom I spoke was an official of that organization. I said this morning, and I repeat it now, that both parties in the Legislature—I hope there will be individual exceptions when the bill comes up—that both parties in the Legislature have sold themselves out to the liquor interests. There is no other possible explanation of the course they propose to pursue.

Last night the streets were rather slippery even for sober people. It was the sort of night I should not like to be out if people who had had a glass before they started were at the wheel. I remember coming home with a company of people some years ago. We had been about a hundred miles or more to a meeting, and were returning in a special bus. Somewhere west of Guelph, while it was raining heavily, we came upon a motor-car in a deep ditch, on its side, with the lights burning. There was no motion about the thing at all. The men of the party got out, went down into the ditch, looked through the glass, and we saw one man in the front seat, and one in the back, both motionless. The light was not very good, so we knocked on the window. The man in the front seat awakened up. He let down the glass, and the moment he did so, an odour came out like that from a bar-room; it was evident the two men were drunk. The man who awakened said, "There are a number of you men, enough to get this car out of the ditch." We could have done so, and some of the men were ready to attempt it. I advised against it, as a man at a car wheel in the condition of either of them would be a menace to other people's lives. We told them to put up the window to keep out the rain—and go back to sleep.

When we reached Guelph we informed the police, and they took out two cars, one a wrecking-car, and another to bring the men back.

If I were a magistrate, and found that a man had taken as much as one glass of liquor before driving a car, if the law allowed me to do so, I would send him to jail for twenty years. Any man who does that is a potential murderer. It is dangerous to be on the highways even now, but if the perils of travel are to be multiplied by increasing the number of drinking places, the dangers will increase. I should suppose the motor industry might wisely take some action, even in their own self-interest, if for no other reason, even as the railways were compelled to do years ago.

"What shall we do?" someone asks. I do not know. I am a pessimist in this respect. I lay the responsibility upon the churches. The pulpits of this land have been busy destroying men's confidence in the authority of God's Word, and removing the fear of God from before men's eyes; and there has been an inevitable and corresponding moral deterioration. It is bound to be so. Churches made up of regenerated people are the salt of the earth: "But if the salt have lost its savour . . . it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men."

I suppose the members of the Legislature will vote for this iniquitous bill—and some of them so voting are church members and office-bearers. I am thankful they are not members of this church. If they were, and had all the wealth of all the millionaires of the earth, I would ask them to retire as speedily as possible. The church of the living God has no right to have anything to do with such iniquity. And for men responsible for such a measure to teach Bible classes, or superintend Sunday Schools, is the most arrant hypocrisy. The cloak of temperance reform has been set back fifty or

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The Jarvis Street Pulpit

STILL MORE ABOUT ONTARIO'S SHAME

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, September 2nd, 1934

(Stenographically Reported)

Broadcast over CFRB, 690 k.c., as is every Sunday evening service of Jarvis Street Church, from 7 to 8.30 o'clock Eastern Daylight-Saving Time.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—Revelation 22:1.

Prayer by Dr. P. W. Philpott

O Thou great and holy One, Who never turned away a sinner or a sufferer, Thou art just the same to-day,—the same in love, and the same in power. Thou art waiting still to save the multitudes that come; yea, whosoever,—whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. We thank Thee that it is our privilege to assemble ourselves together again in this house. We thank Thee for a great many things to-night. As we look over our lives we see that Thou hast been constantly giving and blessing, though frequently we have been unmindful of Thy gifts. We have failed to recognize Thee; we have failed to honour Thee. Yet in Thy great mercy and love Thou hast been giving to us continually. We feel that Thy great goodness should bring us to repentance.

We pray to-night, O Lord, that somehow or another, as we sit in this place where Thou hast been honoured, and where Thou hast manifested Thy presence frequently in the past, we may be very conscious of Thy presence in our midst. And we ask the same for those who hear by radio. May the message that comes from this pulpit be the message of God to our hearts. Give us ears to hear what the Spirit would say. Many are dull of hearing. Many about us in the world have not the faintest idea of what the gospel message is. Never did the multitude need that message as they need it now. Men bow beneath many burdens, and face, many of them, a despairing future. How they need the help and courage that come from Thy blessed truth.

We pray that something may happen in this country in the way of a religious awakening. Send us, we beseech Thee, a great spiritual revival, that men may be brought again to a realization of God, and that we all have to do with Him. Let us see in this fair land of ours a great spiritual movement, a turning back to God. We believe, O God, that many of our troubles and sorrows have come to us as a result of apostasy, just as they came to Israel when they forsook the God of their fathers. When they forsook the truth, famine and pestilence came to them. So these times of distress have come to the nations because the nations have been forsaking God; and He loves us enough to let us suffer physically that we may not be lost spiritually.

For Dr. Shields we pray to-night. We thank Thee for him. We thank Thee for the great message that He has been sounding for all these years. We pray especially now as he leaves us to go on this important mission to the Old Land, that there he may be made a great blessing. Now we leave this hour, as we do all things, in Thy hands. Bless us in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Amen.

I shall not ask you to exercise your minds for the entire time at our command with the subject announced. I feel it is necessary that I should say something about it, however, and then I want to preach the gospel,—although I believe that what I say about the evil now confronting us is in strict accord with the principles of the gospel of grace.

We have received, up to this time, almost twenty-four thousand protests. That may not seem a very great number compared with figures which appear at election time. But you must remember, in the first place, that these have come without any organized effort. They are

practically the spontaneous expression of public sentiment on this matter.

Sometimes a by-election is held apart from the time of the general election, and it is frequently regarded by the victor as an indication of the sentiment generally obtaining were it given an opportunity to express itself. If a by-election were held somewhere in this Province for the election of a member to the Legislature, and if in a constituency where there was a voting strength equal to the combined votes received by Mr. Hepburn and his opponent, and if the people going to the polls were unanimously to vote against Mr. Hepburn's candidate, to give a unanimous vote for somebody else, I have no doubt whatever that the press of the country would regard it as a fair indication of the trend of general public opinion.

Without any organized effort, but as a result of the call for action from this pulpit we have already received twenty-four thousand signed protests against the Hepburn Beer Parlours, or more than the combined votes received by Mr. Hepburn and his opponent at the recent election.

I want to guard against any misunderstanding. August is perhaps, of all summer months, the holiday month. The majority of ministers, if they take a holiday at all, take it in August. The beer parlours have operated during this holiday month, and the majority of ministers perhaps have been out of their own pulpits; and if preaching as guests in other places may not have felt free to introduce so highly controversial a subject into their message. The fact is, the churches of Ontario have not yet been heard from. But I am greatly mistaken if there will not be an expression of opinion from all religious bodies on this subject.

I think I should be right in saying that thousands of these protests have been signed by members of the United Church, by members of churches of all denominations. And I believe that these signatures are indicative of what may be expected on a far larger scale when the forces that stand for the higher moral welfare of the Province have had an opportunity to express themselves. May I without offence humbly suggest to my brother-ministers of all denominations that it would be well to let our position be known. I announced that I was going to present these protests to Mr. Hepburn. I purpose to give effect to that promise. But I think I shall wait. Without waiting for the receipt of our protest—but hearing of it through the press—the Premier of Ontario has already expressed his view that these protests come from "offensive temperance cranks". I am quite willing to accept the designation, and to reply to the Honourable Mitchell F. Hepburn that so far as this—"temperance crank" is concerned he is resolved to become more "offensive" still.

I believe, dear friends, that we must continue this matter. I would venture to urge upon people of every name the necessity of dropping their differences, and uniting against the common foe. I recall something I read in *The British Weekly* just the week before the outbreak of the Great War. Someone enquired of an Irishman—you remember the Irish question was then a very vital one in British politics—whether there was any probability of Irishmen's fighting. "Certainly they will fight." "Well," said his interrogator, "will they fight the British?" "Oh, no; they will not fight the British." "Then," pressed his questioner, "whom will they fight?" "I do not know; but the Lord will provide." And by the next issue of that paper war had been declared.

There are people who differ one from the other in their religious views, and in their political affiliations, who are yet sound at the core in their desire to see the moral interests of the community in which they live served and promoted to the utmost. In this matter we must consider the interests of the people at large. I have tried to peruse—I will not say carefully to read—all the letters that have reached me, for they have come literally by the thousands. Many of these protests are individual protests; some of them are lists of names. One woman, sending a list, said, "This list represents ninety per cent. of the voting power of this municipality." It was a referendum taken without the sanction of the Government. I think we ought to do that everywhere. I do not see why we should not press a united front to this matter in the interest of the people at large.

One woman told me of her two boys, sixteen and seventeen years of age, or thereabout. She said she is a widow, and has two good boys. They are faithful to their mother. They never stay out late at night; they use no bad language; they still accept her direction. They have a car, and enjoy it; and get all the fun they need. But they have been invited to go to the beer parlours, and have said, No. Again and again they have refused, saying, "Mother advises us against it; no, we will not go." Others have even offered to pay for the drinks, but still they said, No. Then she enquires, "But how long, oh, how long, will they be strong enough to say, No?"

The temptation is before the youth of this Province in a most alluring form, and I propose to make every effort to roll up the number of names until it is not twenty-four thousand, but fifty thousand, and one hundred thousand; and by and by go to Mr. Hepburn and tell him we represent a very considerable portion of the electorate. I have had scores of letters—if not hundreds—that have said, "If I had but the time I could send you hundreds of names." I say to my friends who have thus written, Take the time. Get hundreds more, and thousands more, and keep on sending them in.

So important do I regard this matter that, for my own little part in it, were it possible, I would cancel my engagement to go over the sea. It happens to be announced, that I shall speak at several places in the British Isles, and it is too late to change it. But, God willing, I will begin again when I come back, and carry on the campaign all over this Province.

I shall have to say some things that some of you who hear perhaps will find it difficult to accept. I know something of political prejudice. I know how high and strongly the tides can run. I have never been a party man. I do not view the present issue from that point at all. I

am not a politician. Mr. Hepburn has been commended for taking this question out of politics. He has succeeded in putting it into politics. Never within my memory of the Province of Ontario was the liquor traffic more completely established in its political life than it is at this moment. I ask you why that splendid, cultivated, gentleman, Mr. Sinclair of Oshawa, was removed from the leadership of his party? Mr. Hepburn says, "This is not my measure: we inherited it." Somebody has called it the child of the Henry Government. If that be so, I am bound to say that its foster parents have fallen violently in love with it, and if it had been their own offspring they could not be more affectionately attached to it.

Since I last spoke on this subject much information has come to me. I told you of an official of the Hotel Association predicting to me a year ago last January that the liquor interests of this country would compel some Government to do the very thing that is now being done, before ever it was mooted in legislative halls. He said, "The Henry Government will do it, or we will get a government that will." I ask Mr. Hepburn whether it be true that he himself was preparing to make an appeal to this Province on a wet platform? The then Government, discovering that fact, weakly thought to steal his thunder and introduced this legislation—and immediately Premier Hepburn adopted it. And I point out to you that it is absolutely the only thing left to this Government by its predecessor that it has adopted! It has repudiated all that the former Government did. Why its special affection for this particular item of legislation? That is what I should like to know. Using the figure which was not of my origination, if this be the baby allegedly of the Henry Government, I am now of the opinion that it is of somewhat doubtful paternity—and the older the youngster grows, the more the features of Mr. Hepburn appear.

Let me address the Liberal members of the Government, if they are listening. When I was but a little boy I remember hearing the discussion of political affairs between my father and mother. I remember one of Mr. Gladstone's general elections when he was returned by a great majority. It does not matter what the measure was, but at the first session of Parliament Mr. Gladstone introduced a bill which was strongly opposed in the House of Commons and was exceedingly unpopular with the British electorate. At that time Joseph Chamberlain and others of Mr. Gladstone's supporters crossed the floor and voted against him, and the government was defeated in the House of Commons. Within a short time there was a second general election because even that great man was defeated because he misinterpreted the mind of the electorate.

Will the Liberal members of this Province, when the Legislature is convened, forget every sound principle of Liberalism, and support the Premier of Ontario in the conduct of this iniquitous wine and beer policy? Are there not among them men of conscience, men who fear God, men who will put the highest interests of the people they serve above all party considerations? Will they not, in the fear of God, say to the Premier of Ontario, "We will have neither part nor lot with you in this iniquity"? It might be a new thing in Ontario, but it is quite possible to stir up public sentiment to such a degree that many from conviction, and others perhaps even from policy, will refuse to support the Government's liquor policy.

It is sometimes the business of public men to study the symptoms which certain movements display, and to discern, if possible, what lies behind those movements. In this time of depression we all have had to learn economy, and we want to see economy practised in Governmental affairs. Hence the Provincial Government's economy cry has been very popular. But for a moment go back in your memory over the political history of this Province, and of this Dominion, and answer me whether ever in the history of Canada there was a Government which, in so short a time, made such wholesale dismissals of public servants. Some of them perhaps deserved it. But the Hepburn axe is like the rain in this respect, that it falls on the just and the unjust alike.

I have had letters from many people who are alarmed at the diminution of the effectiveness of the public service, particularly in the department of health.

And now the Premier of Ontario speaks, I see, as though he were already dictator of Canada. I wonder who his political ideal is? I judge it must be Adolf Hitler. There may be a little touch of Mussolini, but he is far more like Hitler. I asked a man once about a certain preacher, "What sort of preacher is he? After the style of Dr. Jowett?" "Yes", he said, "but a long, long way after!" I heard of a very popular preacher in the Midlands in England, a man of vigorous intellect, a superior man, of unusual mental powers, but who had one defect: he had a poor voice. When he warmed to his subject his voice would break, and go off in an unpleasant squeak. Many of the rising young preachers of his day tried to copy this great man—and succeeded: they copied his squeak!

I am no admirer of Hitler, but his ruthlessness is in danger of becoming contagious. There are tides running the world over that fill one with apprehension. And unless I am greatly mistaken there are tides running in this Province that need careful observation; for under the guise of economy, throughout the Province, the Government has already resulted in changing the face of all the Police Commissions; interfered with police administration; has dismissed a host of magistrates and is reorganizing the magistracy of the Province to suit its own programme; threatens to take possession of township and county—and I suppose of the entire Dominion. I believe that we have in the present administration a group of radicals whose principles have nothing in common with Liberalism as interpreted either in Canada or Great Britain. Until convinced by their actions, to the contrary, it would be unfair to assume that all Liberal members of the Legislature agree with the radicalism of the present administration. In the attitude exemplified by the Premier of Ontario you have an ideal of Government which this country can never afford to tolerate long. It looks to me that we should do well to be on our guard. Let us put the interests of this country before all our political prejudices.

I am not a politician, I repeat. I have never had anything to do with political life. But I have never been so apprehensive—and I voted for the present Government,—I voted for Mr. Roebuck; I am in his constituency,—but from what I now observe of the trend of things in Ontario, I have never been so apprehensive for the peace and prosperity of this Province as I am to-day. We need to rally all forces of every name to

stand against the evils that are being released upon us. One thing is indisputable, that never in history anywhere has the liquor traffic been permitted to gain such ascendancy in Government halls as it now enjoys at Queen's Park that it did not corrupt the whole national life.

So then, my friends, who hear me by radio, and who are here, I ask you with all diligence to press this matter. I shall not see Mr. Hepburn before going to England. I shall write him a note explaining why. Already there are twenty-four thousand protests: it will be a much larger number than that before we get through.

How many of you believe we ought to do that? How many of you are ready to work for that? Even though you never did such work before? My radio friends, send in your protests by the thousands—by the tens of thousands. I hope that every church in this Province will speak, that every minister will take his stand for righteousness by opposing this new wine and beer measure.

My last message before leaving you for a couple of months must be more than a protest against this liquor measure. I hate it, but I do not want to work in the sewer. I do not want to have anything to do with the filthy thing if I can avoid it. But if it is going to corrupt our homes, and every aspect of national life, then the preachers will have to get into overalls and go to work. I propose to do it with whatever energy I can command. I am not afraid of the Premier of Ontario. I have seen no evidence in any of his public utterances of powers that need to make any of us afraid. I have nothing to say against him as a man. I suppose he is an excellent man, but I do not like his present course—and I abhor his liquor administration. I am informed that he has practically told his cabinet to keep their hands off it, that he will look after that business. Very well, then, we must deal with him—and keep on at the job.

And now a few words on the text.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." You wonder why I announced a text like that to-night? The only cure for beer is water; and the only real substitute for this liquor business, in the last analysis, is the Water of the River of Life that proceedeth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. However perfect your law; however justly, fairly, and inflexibly, it may be administered, it can never change the hearts of men. And so, dear friends, let me give you a few words this evening on this subject.

What is salvation? It is something that proceeds from the throne of God. Did we ever need more than we do to-day the message of the possibility and promise of supernatural power in human life? We need something more than a philosophy of life, something more than a religion of idealism, something more than a system of ethics. We need somehow or another to get into touch with the throne of God. No matter what form of government we have, however nearly it may approximate our highest political ideals, because it is human it is bound to be defective. Blessed be God, His throne is established in the heavens, and His kingdom ruleth over all.

The message of the gospel is that there is power with God that can be brought into the life of a man, the river proceedeth out of the throne. There is no heresy, no religious heresy, comparable in its—what shall I call it? in its deadliness—there is no religious heresy comparable to that which would teach men, by their own efforts, to save themselves, and shut God out of their lives. Our evolutionary friends have falked much of human progress. Before the war we were told there could be no more war. Since the war our pacifist advocates have been going up and down the world advocating principles of pacifism, telling us that the world had learned enough of war. My dear friends, if there be anything in the evolutionary hypothesis, there is one thing at least for which I am devoutly thankful, and that is that I did not arrive on the stage earlier. It is bad enough now. There is retrogression everywhere, religiously, politically, morally.

I speak of tens of thousands, to my certain knowledge, in the United States of America this evening. There never was a time when, in your history, the devil had more nearly his right-of-way everywhere than he has under the Stars and Stripes to-day. Your beer parlours—your flood of liquor that is demoralizing your country—are like ours. We are a little later in this form of it, although I believe we have been held up as an example, under Government Control, of an ideal way to manage the liquor business. But I care not where you go, Canada, the United States, Britain, Italy, Germany, Russia—everywhere—there is degeneration, retrogression, moral decay.

What hope is there for anybody apart from divine interposition? In this matter of which we speak some have said, Why did not the Pastor of Jarvis Street Church speak before? I did speak before. I have before me three pages of a closely typed address that I delivered last March, every word of which was reported. I predicted this thing then. I said publicly, and over the radio, that I was utterly ashamed of the members of the Ontario Legislature, of both parties, Conservative and Liberal, who, in the hope of winning an election, consented to vote for the demoralization of the country. I repeat it; I am ashamed of them. I hope the recent election brought some better men into public life.

This moral deterioration is due, in no small measure, to the deadness of the churches, and to the failure of the pulpits so to proclaim the Word of God that the fear of God should be before men's eyes. Remove the fear of God from before men's eyes, tell them there is no voice from Heaven, no authoritative word, tell them there is no judgment, no retribution, no hell, and what have you? What is rapidly coming about in all parts of the world to-day? My brethren of the ministry, whether you like it or not, you who have been denying the divine inspiration and authority of the Word of God, are more responsible for this demoralization than any other class of persons in the world to-day. "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men."

I said when I gave the address last March that if there were any member of this church, a member of the Ontario Legislature, who had voted for that iniquity, putting policy before principle, I, as Pastor of this

church, in order that we might cleanse our skirts, that we might save ourselves from any appearance of complicity with this evil, I would ask the church to dismiss him. Thank God we have, so far as I know, not a man anywhere that has any relation to it.

No one but God, nothing but a return to the old position of a recognition of God, the fear of God before men's eyes, can save us from further national degradation. Salvation is in the throne, the throne of God, and of the Lamb. Ah yes; this gospel is a gospel of authority. I will not plead with you to-night. I will magnify my office as an ambassador of Jesus Christ, as I shall give account of my stewardship at the great day, and tell you that He commands men everywhere to repent. Laugh at the authority of the Bible, mock at the reality of Jesus Christ, if you will. I tell you the whole stream of Christian religion proceeds out of the throne. It is authoritative. It has God behind it: "He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

There is no gospel apart from the gospel of salvation through the blood. My dear friends, is sin a reality? Is it? Have we not all been the victims of it? Are we not all even now, apart from divine grace, nothing but sinners? How can we make ourselves right with God? How can we balance the books, make up the deficit, and be right for time and eternity? Nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ can do that for us. It is a tremendous condescension that God should have come out of the unknown, that He should have clothed Himself in human flesh, that He should have appeared among men as the Son of God. There is an awful passage in the Word of God that one hesitates to mention. When the angels came to Abraham they said, "I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto me." I doubt not that one of the angels was an Old Testament appearance of the Angel of the Covenant, Jesus Christ Himself. Into that wicked city they went in order to demonstrate the truth, or otherwise, of the sin that smoked to heaven. You know the awful story which cannot publicly be told, the sin of man directed against God.

Jesus Christ, as the God-man, appeared among men, saying, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." This sinful world said in effect, "If God is like You, we do not want God." They took Him to the cross, they nailed him there; and the wounds which the Lamb bears in the presence of God are the final certification of the sin of a world that deserved hell. There is no defense. But it is also the mightiest manifestation of saving grace: "The throne of God and of the Lamb." He Who was crucified is now risen, and will come to judge the quick and the dead. Are you ready? Have you believed in Him? Are your sins washed away?

A HERO OF RENOWN

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

Preached in the Open-Air, on Jarvis Street Church Grounds, Sunday Evening, July 27, 1924.

(Stenographically Reported)

"Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house: and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three

times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime."—Daniel 6:10.

This is the story of a man who began early to trust in God,—a young man far from home, a member of a captive race, living in a foreign city among strangers. And because he was of good countenance, and pleasing address, he found favour with the king, and his princes; and being skilful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and having ability to stand in the king's palace, he was selected to be taught the learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans. He was offered a certain portion from the king's table every day. "But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat." Daniel learned early in life how to say "No",—and to say it emphatically. He lived his simple life and prospered; so that at the end of the period of trial, his flesh was fairer and fatter than those who had been supplied from the king's table. The story tells us how Daniel went on from one success to another, until, at last, he became actually prime-minister of that great kingdom.

But when a man comes to any position of prominence, there will always be found some other people who want his place. Therefore, that deadliest of all human passions—the passion of jealousy—possessed the princes, and the great men of Darius' kingdom; and they plotted the ruin of Daniel. By this time, he was an old man—a man something like that great man Clemenceau, the great French Premier, who saved France in the time of her extremity. He must have been nearly four score years old. When his enemies tried to remove Daniel, they examined his record carefully, studied his character: "but they could find none occasion for fault; forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him. Then said those men, we shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." All the way through, he had been consistently loyal to his God. Therefore, they persuaded the king by ministering to his vanity, to issue a decree that no one within the limits of his dominion be permitted for thirty days to offer any petition to any god, but to the king only. They stipulated that the king should attach a penalty in order to enforce the decree; and that any one who should be found praying to any god save to the great king Darius himself, should be cast into the den of lions. The decree was issued and signed by the king. And our text says: "When Daniel—the great man of the kingdom, prime-minister, next in authority to the king himself, promoted over all the other princes,—when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." King or no king, princes or no princes, prosperity or no prosperity, no matter what it cost, Daniel resolved: "Through all the years of my life, from the years of youth, I have endeavoured to keep God first; and I am going to keep Him first now." Thus he prayed as he had always done. He did not even shut his windows; he did not pray behind closed doors; nor did he open the windows to advertise his defiance of the king; he simply went on the even tenor of his way, doing as he had always done.

I bring you this story this evening as an example for every one of us, illustrating the importance of putting

God first, and keeping Him first; serving Him with all our hearts right up to the close of life; and allowing nothing, not even the will of the king, to interrupt our communion, or to prevent the utmost discharge of our duty as Christians. I shall endeavour to speak in such a way that some who have not prayed may learn to pray. I hold up before you this man of probably eighty years, defying the king, defying the princes, defying the power of that great empire, and saying in effect: "I will worship God according to the dictates of my own conscience; and I will permit nobody to interfere with my communion with Him."

I.

What made Daniel, in the eveningtime of life, the mighty, the heroic spirit he was? The answer is this: DANIEL WAS A MAN OF POWER BECAUSE HE WAS A MAN OF PRAYER. After all, power comes from above; and, if we would be men of might, we must, like Daniel, hold correspondence with God. Daniel daily talked with God. But you cannot talk with an angry creditor; you cannot talk comfortably to anybody to whom you are deeply in debt. If you want to separate somebody from you, lend him some money; and you won't see him again for a month,—and probably you will not see him again at all. I have had a little experience of that sort of thing myself. Somehow or other, when people are in debt, they do not want to face the people to whom they are under obligation. And so long as a man is conscious that his debt to God is unpaid; that his obligations to the Most High are not being discharged, that man is not likely to find any pleasure in calling upon God. Now, Daniel prayed because his debt to God was paid for him: his trust was in the great Sacrifice. And there is only one way by which any one of us can get on praying terms with God; there is only one way by which any one of us can come into communication with the Most High,—and that is through Jesus Christ our Lord, Who paid our debt; Who cancelled our tremendous indebtedness, "blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us"; and Who stands ready to give us a receipted bill, a cancelled account, saying to us: "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven." I should like to appeal to the hearts and consciences of those who hear me to-night. I ask you, Are you, in the emergencies of life, in the time of temptation and trial, a man of power? Are you conscious of superhuman help? Do you know that the angels of God come to be your deliverer? Do you know anything about the mighty power of the Holy Ghost resting upon you? Are you able to stand out boldly against evil men, because you are in communication with God? If you are not, there is only one way of getting that power,—and that is, by asking for it. There is only one way of being made thus strong,—and that is, by coming into communication with God. And that is not possible until your debts are paid.

Daniel had a troubled life. Very often the road under foot was rough enough; very often the hills were steep; but the sky above him was always blue. He was always able to look up into the face of God. Thus, three times a day, as we feed our bodies, this man nourished his soul by waiting upon God.

II.

Then another simple word: DANIEL BECAME A MAN OF PRAYER BY PRACTICE. Practice makes perfect in any-

thing. And he became mighty, because he practised prayer; he began when he was young. "It is hard to teach old dogs new tricks": there is a proverb to that effect. It is very hard to teach an old man a new art. It is especially hard for an old man to begin to learn how to pray. I have seen many a man with grey hair driving around through the streets of the City, with some young man driving him. I have spoken to many, and I have said: "Don't you drive your own car?" But the old man answers, "No. I should have been able to drive it if I had learned when I was younger. But my nerves won't allow me to learn now. I am a little too old to learn to adapt myself to all these new things. I have to get somebody else to do it for me." There is no sadder sight in the world than an old man who cannot pray. When the almond tree flourishes; and those that look out of the window are darkened; and the spirit is afraid of that which is high; and the grinders cease because they are few; and the daughters of music are brought low; and man is getting ready to depart for his long home,—an old man blossoming for the grave, his limbs shaky, his whole frame having every mark of mortality upon it; and yet unable to pray: I say, outside of Hell, there is not a sadder spectacle than that,—of a grey-haired man who does not know how to pray. Thank God! It is possible by His atoning grace, even for old men to learn how to pray. But it is a thousand times better for a man to learn in his youth, as Daniel did, to get into touch with God, and to live in communion with Him—to live by the energy of the divine Spirit, exercising the duties of life unto God.

I appeal to you young men this evening: Have you learned how to pray? Some of you left high-school for a while and you went to work at something. Then you found yourself desiring to enter, perhaps, one of the learned professions. You saved money; and then you went back to school again. But you found that, during those few years in which you had been out of school, your mind had lost something of the discipline to which it had been subjected in the days of your training. When you got back to school, you said: "It is hard to learn. I find it much more difficult to have to begin where I left off long ago; and I have got to bring all my powers into subjection again." Oh! my friend, while the grace of God can save the oldest sinner, yet there is a tremendous advantage in beginning the service of God, as Daniel did, in the days of one's youth, and learning to pray, and praying all the way through life.

Daniel became expert in prayer by practising on fine days. He did not wait to learn to pray until he heard the growl of the lions waiting to devour him. Daniel did not wait until some great emergency faced him to learn the fundamental lesson of life. He was wise to choose the most favourable situation with which to begin with God: he learned when but a boy. My friend, a time is coming in your life when you will need God more than you will need all the millions of this earth. A time is coming in the life of every man and woman here, when it will be a greater privilege to be able to talk with God than it would be to have the accumulated wealth of all the Continent, and of all the world—beyond any doubt! You talk by long distance telephone to Ottawa, or Montreal, or Chicago, or New York; and when you get the bill it frightens you; it costs so much. But I will tell you this: If you had the millions of Rothschild, and Henry Ford, and Vanderbilt, and Rockefeller, and all the

rest of them, the time is coming when, without hesitation, you would pay it all down for the chance, for the opportunity, of talking to God for one minute! It would be worth all that the world could give to be permitted to have access to God. When are you going to begin? When are you going to pray the publican's prayer—"God be merciful to me a sinner"? When are you going to have all the obstacles removed, and come into communion with God? I charge you to begin now! Do not wait until the vessel is rocked with storm: learn on this fine evening. Do not wait until you face the fiery furnace: pray while it is easy to pray. Do not wait until the lions hunger for your flesh and thirst for your blood: pray now, while you are young. You fathers and mothers! Do not wait until the child is at the point of death, until you are at the end of all human help, to say, "I must have God, or I am lost": learn to take God into your families now. Learn in the fine weather!

III.

As moral power is conditioned upon prayer, and prayer upon practice, so the PRACTICE OF PRAYER DETERMINES THE PROSPECT OF LIFE. How much there was in Daniel's surroundings to divert his attention to sordid things! But he kept his windows open toward Jerusalem. It was the Jewish fashion: they were looking toward the Holy City, toward the temple, toward the place of sacrifice, where the blood was shed. And Daniel prayed with open windows. The doctors tell you now to sleep with your windows open. I hope you all do it. It is a good thing to have plenty of God's fresh air. It is a great thing to spend one's life before a window that is thrown open to heaven itself. There are men who travel around the world as to their bodies, and yet, in a certain sense, never leave their own back yard; they do not see anything at all. And there are other people who have not the advantages of travel, and yet, through the open window, hold commerce with all the universe. And the man or woman who walks with God always lives before an open window; always looks to the City which is far away.

I heard a story one day of a woman who went to an oculist to have her eyes examined. He examined her, and he said: "Where do you live?" She gave him the name of a certain street. "Well," he said, "what is opposite your house?" "A row of houses." "How far can you see from your window?" "Not very far." "Have you got an attic in your house?" "Yes." "Any window in it?" "Yes." "How far can you see from the attic window?" "Well," she said, "I don't know. I don't go up there very often." "Well, now, think a minute! What can you see from your attic window?" "Why," she said, "from the attic window, I recall now, I can see over the roofs of the houses, across the streets." "Very good! And what is behind the houses?" "Oh," she said, "in the distance there are green fields." "And what beside?" "In the still greater distance," she said, "there are the hills." "Well, then," he said, "I will tell you what to do. Go home, and make it a rule to spend half an hour every morning at your attic window, looking out at the fields and at the hills." "But," she said, "I came to have you examine my eyes." He said: "I have examined them." "But," she said, "you have not told me what is the matter." "Oh, yes, I have," he said, "the trouble with you is that you are looking at things which are too close to you: you are looking at the walls of your kitchen, and your house, and the neighbour's house across the street;

and you are becoming short-sighted before your time. What you need is a wide outlook, a broad and distant aspect. You go up to your attic window." "Oh, but," she said, "I haven't time. I could not spare half an hour in the morning." He said, "You had better take time if you want to save your eyesight. It will be the most profitable half hour you can spend." But it will be monotonous, she thought, to sit up in the garret looking out of the attic window. But the doctor insisted that she obey orders. So she went up one morning and looked out of the window, looked at the fields, looked at the hills like the Psalmist, I think, who said: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." She began to look at the hills; and she found that she was strangely rested. The half hour passed very quickly. Duties called her downstairs. But she found that her mind was going up to the attic. The next morning she was there again; and this time the half hour was extended to three-quarters. She hurried through her work in the morning that she might have a little time at the attic window. Thus she formed the habit, until after a while no day was complete that did not give her an hour's outlook upon the distant scene.

Now, Daniel was a man of great affairs. He was at the head of a great state. Upon his shoulders there rested great responsibilities. But he got up to the attic window; he had his windows open toward Jerusalem. With the eye of faith, he looked through those windows; and he saw not the literal Jerusalem, but by faith he saw the Holy City with all its glittering towers; he came into commerce with God: "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." It is a great thing to live before the open window. There are some men and women here in Toronto, perhaps there are some here before me this evening, who would be saved from the hospital—saved physically as well as spiritually,—if only you could get to the open window; if you could get away from the things which are seen, and which are temporal, and get a glimpse of the things which are unseen and eternal. I beg of you to take pattern from this man: take your station before some open window somewhere; look out into the great future, and dream of the days when He shall come whose right it is to reign, with all His holy angels with Him. "Well," you say, "that is a most impractical thing:—Talk to a man about living by prayer, living in communication with God! What do these preachers know anyway? Don't they know we have to go to business?" And some woman here says: "I have to look after my household affairs. How can I find time for the open window?"

Let me tell you the effect this had upon Daniel! When these jealous men sought to accomplish his overthrow, his entire destruction; when they examined his life microscopically to find a flaw in it, that they might charge him with unfaithfulness before the king, they said: "There is nothing against him." That look at the open window had made him so faithful in the discharge of the every-day duty; had made him so efficient in the service of the king; had made him so indispensable to his day and generation, that even his bitterest enemies could find no fault in him. If a man be a true Christian, he is the best workman in your office. He may not in every case be as skilled as some others; but he puts conscience into his work. And you Christians! If you are not a better man in your office, in your shop,

in the place where you work, because of the open window, then you go home and ask God to help you bear witness for Him. We cannot afford to make these professions about our relationship to the skies if that relationship does not make us better able to walk circumspectly on mother earth. We cannot live in an aeroplane, and up in the clouds. The religion of the Lord Jesus is the most practical thing in the world. Somebody says, "Why, sir, do you believe in the Sermon on the Mount? Do you believe that the great precepts our Lord Jesus uttered there may be reduced to practice?" I do. I believe the Sermon on the Mount is the path to the Mount. The Beautitudes are but the rounds of the ladder that will lead you to God. Jesus never uttered a single word that could not be reduced to practice. He was Himself the proof of it; the incarnation, the exemplification, of every word He ever uttered.

IV.

Now, this is all commonplace; but SEE WHAT IT COST THIS MAN! At last, at eighty years of age, he finds the whole kingdom against him; he finds a law especially made that he might be brought under its condemnation. And there is the den of lions, and there are the hungry beasts waiting to devour the man who prays: "For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." But Daniel said, "Lions or no lions, I am going to talk to God as usual." This great man—intellectually great, for he was one of the wisest men of Chaldea, and socially great; a man of honourable and exalted position, a man who occupied a high position in the political world; notwithstanding all that, Daniel said in effect: "I prize the privilege of access to God, I prize the privilege of prayer, so highly, that rather than miss it, I will lay down my life: I would rather die praying than live prayerlessly." That is the great truth. But there is compensation in the companionship of Christ. Thus Daniel came under the condemnation of the law; and they cast him into the den of lions. And the king went again to the den of lions, expecting to see only the bones of his faithful servant; but there sat the lions, and there sat Daniel! He was made President of the Lion Tamers' Club, I think. There they were; and the prime-minister happy in his new fellowship. He was safer with the lions than he had been with the princes. And when the king said, "Can it be true? Is it you Daniel? Are you still alive?" Daniel answered: "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths." And I suppose you would sympathize with Daniel, and say, "Poor soul! that was a great trial." Was it? I think Daniel would have said: "No; it is the happiest experience I ever had. I have passed through a great many trials, and I have been ministered to by many of God's angels; but when I went down into the den of lions, I made a new acquaintance. God sent a special angel from heaven to look after me; and I learned lessons at eighty years of age, with the lions for my professors, that I never could have learned anywhere else."

And somebody thinks he is going to learn to understand the Bible in a theological seminary: some dignified higher critic with cap and gown is going to tell him what the Bible means, or what it does not mean. I will tell you how to learn what the Bible means: take its precepts and reduce them to practice. Scientists talk

about a working hypothesis, a something which they assume to be true. Assume the Bible to be true, and work on that hypothesis. Take every word of it and put it to the test. Prove it in the school of experience every day. I can find you men and women who know this Bible to be true, who never went to college; who never sat at the feet of any learned professor. But I wish some of the professors would sit at their feet; they would learn a few things. I have known many a washer-woman, many a poor thorny-handed son of toil, who could teach Doctors of Divinity a thousand things about God's Book. The fact is, you do not learn it in the cloistered chamber; you do not learn this hidden secret shut away from the world: you learn it in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; you learn it in the den of lions. That is the only place to learn the truth of God's Book, and the trustworthiness of His promise. The Bible was made to be a companion of the daily life; to make men strong and mighty against all the temptations that assail them. I beg of you to put this matter to the test. Take Jesus at His Word; and He will see you through. That verse we sang just now is absolutely true:

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to His foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

I wonder if I may give you a testimony? A lot of you know about this church behind me; many of you know some of the things that God has done there; but some of you have only read what the newspapers have had to say. Well, God sent us into the furnace, in order that we might know Him a little better. He has cast us to the lions, that we might learn something from one of His angels, with whom we were not formerly acquainted. He has done a thousand things round about this corner, to prove that He is true. When in Syracuse, New York, last week, I addressed a large group of ministers. I said to them: "Brethren, I am not troubled about the supernaturalism of the Bible. I know it is true. I am not troubled about the passage of the Red Sea; whether the Lord did actually make a path through the waters. I know He did; because I have been through them myself. I am not troubled about the horses and the chariots of fire round about Elisha. I have had a ride in one; and I would rather ride in one of God's chariots than in any Rolls Royce that ever was made. When He sends His angels with the chariot, He will do better than Henry Ford: He will take you there, and bring you back every time. You can be absolutely sure of that."

My friend, I offer you a salvation that blots out the past; that forgives your sin; that opens the way to Heaven, and establishes communication between your bankrupt soul and the storehouse of infinite wealth; and that will make you rich for evermore. I offer you a salvation that will make you strong; so that, if all men forsake you, you will be able to stand, if need be, absolutely alone with God; and go right down into the den of lions, and laugh in their faces, and in the faces of your foes; and then glorify God for your deliverance. That is what God wants to do in Toronto. He wants to prove that the gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Dr. Norris will tell you that story when he comes. The men all over America

who are preaching God's gospel are men upon whom God has set His hand; and whom He has taught certain lessons, while leading them through the flames and through the den of lions. Oh, that some young man here this evening, some young woman, would get a radio set in your house! Learn to talk with God to-night. Ask Him for forgiveness; receive His answer; and walk and talk with Him for ever.

I am going to give you an opportunity to confess Christ. I wonder how many there are here to-night who say "Amen" to these things I have been saying; who say, "I know what it is to trust Christ"? How many are there? Will you lift your hand? Praise God for such a great host! How many are there here to-night who want Christ; who desire to know how to pray, to come into touch with God,—will you lift your hand? Trust Him where you are. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Five hands were raised in response to the invitation.)

REMARKS ON THE AMENDMENT TO THE ONTARIO LIQUOR CONTROL ACT

(Continued from page 3)

sixty years. "For whom shall we vote?" you ask. I do not know. If someone would select some inmate from the insane asylums of the country, or some of the men in our penal institutions, and set them up as candidates, it would at least give the electorate an opportunity to choose between evils. I leave you to identify the lesser of the evils. I only wish some benevolently-disposed Nebuchadnezzar could come and do for our Ontario politics of both parties what Nebuchadnezzar did for the children of Judah when he transported them to another country. I only wish some remote Babylon could be found to which our present Ontario politicians—we have no statesmen—could be transported for a seventy-year vacation, and give the country a rest. Then perhaps we could get something done.

Frankly, as a citizen of Ontario, I am ashamed, utterly ashamed. If you say I am in danger of being charged with sedition, of being charged with being held in contempt, I can only reply, one cannot be in contempt of a thing that is in itself contemptible. Do you know where I stand respecting this matter? That is all I wanted you to know. The action of the Ontario Legislature in respect to the liquor traffic is an abomination with which it seems to me right-minded men and women ought to have nothing to do.

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Whole Bible Course Lesson Leaf

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Lesson 38

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IS JOB A HYPOCRITE?

Lesson Text: Job, chapter 8.

Golden Text: "Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man, neither will he help the evil doers."—Job 8:20.

Bible School Reading: Job 8:1-26.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS: Monday—Matthew 23:23-33; Tuesday—Luke 12:1-9; Wednesday—Jer. 17:5-11; Thursday—Isaiah 45:14-24; Friday—Proverbs 10:22-32; Saturday—Psalm 37:23-34.

I. GOD'S JUSTICE UPHELD (vs. 1-7).

Bildad, the second friend of Job, joins in the conversation at the close of the latter's reply to Eliphaz. Evidently there were some things in the reply to which he took exception, and he sought to put his friend right in these matters. In his estimation the justice of God had been called in question, and this he proceeds to uphold. In doing so, he quite distinctly implies the guilt of Job, and his family before God. The very fact that they had been visited with affliction was proof in his eyes that they were being judged for their sins. He was wrong in his conclusion, yet how often we are apt to make the same mistake. Some of the most sincere saints of God are called upon to suffer while many of the wicked go through life with lesser burdens. It is a cruel and unscriptural teaching which tells the afflicted child of God that his sickness is due to his personal sin, and to his failure to live near to God. It may be so in some cases, yet it is not so in all. We know by scripture that God afflicts (Deut. 29:22), and that Satan afflicts (Luke 13:11-16). Sickness may be brought on by one's own efforts (Phil. 2:25-27). In the matter of healing, it should likewise be noted that God heals without the use of means (Luke 17:14), and with the use of the same (II. Kings 20:2-7). Let us be careful to compare scripture with scripture in the study of all subjects.

Bildad begins his part of the discussion with a somewhat invidious question respecting Job's statement (v. 2); and a further plain insinuation that Job himself was guilty in the statement that God would listen to him if he were innocent, and restore his prosperity (vs. 5-7). God was evidently not listening to him, therefore, his guilt was clear in Bildad's eyes. It is true that certain conditions are laid down for the privilege of answered prayer, and God will not answer where there is sin in the life (Is. 59:2); yet He does not, in all cases, grant the answer immediately. It may be withheld as a test of faith, but in His own time it will be granted. Care must therefore be exercised in judgment, lest we come to a wrong conclusion, as did Bildad. The subject of prayer may quite beneficially be dealt with in this connection, and the relationship of faith thereto; together with the privilege and power of prayer.

II. LEARNING FROM THE FATHERS (vs. 8-19).

Job in his speech had suggested that his friends should teach him, now Bildad advises him to learn from the fathers of the former age. Such is advice worthy of consideration, for we ought all to learn from the past, and from the older persons of the present. Many mistakes would be prevented, even among Christian people, if the past were studied more carefully, beginning with the Bible. Church history is an excellent study for those who would understand the religious movements of the present day, for inasmuch as there is nothing new under the sun (Eccles. 1:9), the various systems

of false teaching which afflict us are found to be but ancient heresies masquerading under new names. Knowing this, and likewise being assured of the true teaching by a study of the Word of God, we shall not be led astray. The teachable spirit is also essential to learning. To the law and to the testimony with an obedient will, and we shall learn from divine wisdom (Deut. 17:18-20), and obedience to such teaching shall increase our knowledge of that wisdom.

Bildad then proceeds to deal with the condition of the hypocrite, with somewhat of a local application pertaining to Job. The hypocrite flourishes under certain circumstances, as the rush in the mire, and the flag in the water; but remove these favourable conditions for their growth and they wither speedily. Added to this is the thought of the speedy withering of these plants under all circumstances. They do not stand like the oak or the pine tree. Their life is short. "So are the paths of all that forget God; and the hypocrite's hope shall perish." How suggestive is the figure of speech contained in these verses, emphasizing the brevity of the hypocrite's sway. His joy is but for a moment. He has no hope, and his eternal doom is certain (Matt. 24:51). Our Lord warned His disciples not to follow their example (Matt. 6:2, 5, 10); and denounced them in the persons of the scribes and Pharisees (Matt. 23). A hypocrite is therefore one who comes under the condemnation of God, who gets no real satisfaction out of life, and has nothing to look forward to but the wrath of God—unless indeed he repents of his sin, and seeks forgiveness at the throne of grace through Jesus Christ. God is merciful to the worst of sinners. It is a shameful thing to be a hypocrite; to pretend to be what one is not; and there is no excuse for such an attitude.

Another illustration used respecting the hope of the hypocrite is that of the spider's house (v. 14): "He shall lean upon his house, but it shall not stand; he shall hold it fast, but it shall not endure" (v. 15). The frailty of a spider's web is well known, with its absolute unsuitability as an enduring support. So is the hypocrite's hope (Eph. 2:12). Again he is likened to a plant withered by the sun, and denied by the very ground in which it had grown. The heat of the sun was too much for the plant, and the trials of life are too much for the hypocrite. He has no stamina for them. He has no root to go deep into the soil and draw moisture to withstand the heat from above. It is only the godly man who is fitted to stand the tests of time, for he is like a tree planted by the "rivers of water". He bears his fruit in his season, and his leaf withers not (Psalm 1:3). No one likes a hypocrite, and no one lays claim to him as such when he is gone. He is neither wanted in time nor in eternity. Bildad's statement is productive of thought, and valuable in lessons; but its application to Job was out of place. He was not perfect, yet he was not a hypocrite. The mere insinuation of this must have added to Job's misery. The misjudgments of friends and acquaintances in the present day is at times not easy to bear. The exercise of tact is necessary in giving advice to others.

III. THE BLESSING OF THE GODLY MAN (vs. 20-22).

In his closing words Bildad states some things concerning God's attitude toward the godly, and the ungodly. He "will not cast away a perfect man", implying that though a righteous man may fall into sin, as Bildad believed Job had done, God will not cast him off for ever: "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand." Repentance for sin is of course necessary to restoration to the favour of God: "Neither will he help the evil doer." All evil doers dwell under the wrath of God (John 3:36), and while in mercy He spares them, in order to give them opportunity for salvation (II. Peter 3:9), He will not help them if they continue in their sin. He takes the righteous by the hand (Is. 41:13; 42:6); but with the wicked He is angry every day. The blessing of God on Job would go on till his mouth was filled with laughter, and his lips with rejoicing. If anyone has cause for rejoicing it is the one whose sins are forgiven, and who is on his way to heaven. He is sustained by the presence of God, and is directly connected with the source of all true wisdom, peace, and joy. His privilege is to rejoice evermore (I. Thess. 5:16). The haters of Job would be clothed with shame, and their place would come to nought. So of the haters of all the righteous: their day is brief, and their end is certain (Psalm 34:21).