

The Gospel Witness

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

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The Jarvis Street Pulpit

THE KING AND THE THRONE—ETERNAL

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, December 13th, 1936

(Stenographically Reported)

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"But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom."—Hebrews 1:8.

Prayer before the Sermon

Once again, O Lord, we thank Thee for the Rock of Ages cleft for us, in Whom we all may hide. We thank Thee for the blood-sprinkled mercy seat, for the place where mercy and truth have met together, and righteousness and peace have kissed each other. We rejoice that Thou hast provided a way whereby Thou canst be just, and yet the Justifier of sinful men who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

We thank Thee that so many in Thy presence and so many of those who hear by radio, know Whom they have believed. We rejoice in the security of such as have been washed in the blood, for Thou hast given to us eternal life, and we shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck us out of Thy hand. We thank Thee for all that Thou hast done for us here, and for the prospect of the continuance of Thy loving kindness hereafter. We bless Thee for a place in this world, for some responsibilities, for something to do. Thou hast made us, O Lord, to be responsible to Thee for our own thought and action. Every one of us must give account of himself to God. We thank Thee for the disclosure of Thyself in the person of the Lord Jesus. We worship Thee this evening in terms of His revelation. We come to pay our tribute of praise, O Lord, to offer Thee the praise and adoration of our hearts.

We thank Thee for One Who sits upon the throne, and doeth all things well. We bless Thee for Thy great goodness to many who, in their individual experiences can say, Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. There is not one of us but has ten thousand reasons to bless the Lord, and to exhort his soul not to forget Thy benefits.

We especially thank Thee for Thy goodness to us as a people, to this Dominion, to the United Kingdom, to the Empire as a whole. We thank Thee for Thy controlling hand upon all the affairs of state. We bless Thee that in a world shaken by confusion, Thou hast been pleased to steady us, to bring us through a great crisis into calm waters, and with a new manifestation of the unity and solidarity of the Empire. This is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

We pray this evening for Thy great grace to rest upon the King and Queen, and upon all the Royal family. May the traditions of the last reign be maintained, and a godly example be set by those who are thus exalted to this high position. Graciously continue to give direction to the King's counsellors, and in all that may lie before us as an Empire! We pray that Thou wilt be the Captain of the ship, the Lord of all, effecting Thy purposes through individuals, and through the various units of the Empire, and through the Empire as a whole.

Speak to all Thy people who know Thy name. Help us to remember that Thou hast said we are the salt of the earth. May the salt never lose its savor, but may the influence of Thy Holy Word, its principles and precepts, ever be registered in our national life, that thereby our life may be regulated by standards of true godliness. Look in grace upon us all, for we are all sinners, and none of us can call for judgment upon each other. We pray Thee that Thou wilt bring all the prodigals home, and especially the one whose voluntary exile with all its significance has brought such sorrow to the Empire and to the whole world. Bless all those who especially need Thee—and who of us does not need Thee? Hear these our earnest supplications in Thine abounding mercy. As once again we meditate upon Thy Word, illuminate the sacred page, and shine in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

We ask it in His name, Amen.

The last quarter of a century has probably witnessed greater changes in human thought, in the multiform standards of life, and in the whole structure of human society, than any other similar period in the world's history. Methods of transmission of thought, in objective signs, in pictures on the page, on the screen and by radio, by accelerated telegraphy, and again by radio, and by printing processes of ever increasing speed—all these things have made the thought of one, the thought of millions, in perhaps less than an hour of time. Thus it is

possible for the world to make up its mind—or to change its mind—in respect to a given subject within the space of a few moments, certainly quite easily within an hour or so.

The thought of one thus becomes in our day the thought of many in a moment of time. The habit of one becomes an example to many. Local changes in human life in all relationships may now affect the whole world. These modern conditions have had the effect of making life more complex, more sensitive—and increasingly dangerous. Thoughtful men therefore have become quite as much afraid to live as they are afraid to die. The nerve-centres of the world may now easily be touched by a single action. This new super-sensitiveness has affected the whole structure of human society, and has made it more emphatically impossible than ever for any individual or nation to live to himself or itself.

I suppose we have all been conscious recently of political earth-tremors, which have sometimes threatened the destruction of the fabrication of civilization itself, as though by a universal earthquake. Amid the continuous fluctuations of human thought and activity, and the rapidly changing social structures, one must wonder what a day or an hour may bring forth. And, as when one is in motion by ship, or car, or train, or rapidly flying through space, it becomes instinctive to measure one's progress and to take his bearings by observing some fixed, immovable object, so one cannot help asking in relation to human life, the life of the individual, or of nations, or of the world, whether there be anything that is fixed, whether there can anywhere be found, something that cannot be shaken.

I think we have an answer in the verses I have read to you. The writer of this epistle, in the sublime introduction of the first chapter in which he celebrates the superiority, the universal preeminence of Jesus Christ, compares Him, not with man whose breath is in his nostrils, but with the angels who do His commandments; he exalts Him above the angels, saying, "He hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they". Quoting from the Psalm from which Mr. Brown read to you this evening, he says, "But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom."

I.

Here, then, is the picture of A THRONE THAT IS ESTABLISHED IN THE HEAVENS, and of a kingdom that "ruleth over all". We are not to think of the throne as of some thing in a particular location; as, for example, the throne of Solomon. After all, what matters it whether it be of gold or of ivory? It is but a symbol of governmental authority. When we speak of the British throne, we do not intend a particular seat in the House of Lords, or in Buckingham Palace: we mean the position occupied by the monarch. The throne is a symbol of imperial unity, and of governmental authority. There is a Throne, a fixed centre of government, an unchanging place and seat of universal authority—a throne which is established for ever.

How greatly we need some authoritative direction in life! Surely even in mundane affairs the recent history of the world has proved to a demonstration that, as "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps", neither is it in man that willeth to govern himself. We need an authority beyond ourselves, not merely beyond ourselves as individuals, but beyond and above the race, en-

dowed with qualities and powers beyond human capacity. We need a government that will direct human conduct, that will keep the souls of men within bounds, and that will call to account every transgressor. I say, the failure, at least the partial failure, of every form of human government proclaims the fact that this earth has not yet realized a governmental ideal, and that we still await One with a universal sceptre, Whose sceptre shall be a sceptre of righteousness. There is such a throne, my dear friends; and for that let us be thankful.

I would have you observe that *this heavenly throne is permanently identified with a Person*. A throne must always derive its glory and its authority largely from the character of its occupant: "Unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." He Who sits upon the throne is the Son of God, and God the Son. Let it never be forgotten that the whole teaching of the Word of God is that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the express image of His person, the Outshining of His glory, the Manifestation in human form of all divine qualities—God manifest in the flesh, the King, is Jesus Christ the Lord, our God: "Unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

He it is who sits upon the throne, and gives it glory. Oh that we could remember that He Whom we adore as our Saviour, at Whose bleeding feet we fall, to Whose wounded hands we submit our poor sin-stricken and bruised souls for healing, that He Who said to us, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest", is none other than the Creator of all worlds, the Preserver and Ruler of the universe, Who sits on no precarious throne, nor borrows leave to be. He is the Son of God, and God the Son: "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever."

There is a further word which shows that *His Person is in harmony with His sceptre, with the laws of His kingdom*. The laws of His universal empire are not irksome to Him who originated them. He is Himself the Source and Fountain of them, the very Centre and Author of all law; from Him all laws proceed. And the sceptre, the symbol of His rule, of the quality of His government, and the character of His law—the sceptre of His kingdom is a sceptre of righteousness. There is a King Who rules in righteousness, and because of that He sits upon a throne which cannot be moved.

There are principles which are inherently temporal and mortal: unrighteousness, injustice, untruth, unfaithfulness—these carry the seeds of death within themselves, and inevitably come to an end. But principles of righteousness, of truth, of justice, of equity, of faithfulness, of mercy, of love, of grace—these are of God, and, like God, endure for ever.

No throne can long endure which is not established in righteousness. No life can long enjoy prosperity and peace that is not lived righteously. It is impossible that one should do violence in any walk of life, to these moral principles which are but radiations of the essential nature of God, whether individual, or nation, without great cost to the transgressor. It is forever true that "righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is a reproach to any people". The ideal of all kingdoms, and all governments, and of all sovereigns, is here, "Unto the Son he

saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom."

II.

Observe further, that **THE PERSON OF THE KING, LIKE THE SCEPTRE HE WIELDS, IS THE EMBODIMENT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND TRUTH.** There are theories of religion by which officers of religion, by virtue of their office, are clothed with certain authority, irrespective of what they are in themselves. *But no man has, or can have, authority in the moral and spiritual realm whose own nature is divorced from the principles which he professes, and which he professes to exercise.* When this divinely inspired writer has said, "A sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom", he adds, "Thou has loved righteousness, and hated iniquity." The quality of the Ruler, His essential nature, was in harmony with everything He did, and with every word He uttered. His outward character was an expression of His real nature.

There is no safety for any one of us, but in loving righteousness for its own sake. It is not enough to do righteously, nor merely to conform to external standards, nor to yield to outward compulsion, nor to have a form of godliness without the power thereof. Righteousness is a quality of the heart. We must love righteousness for its own sake, irrespective of consequences, because it is righteousness. We must receive the truth—but we must receive it *in the love of it*; and love it because it is the truth. The judgment and destruction of some is predicted not because specifically of what they have done, but "because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved." There is no safety for any man until he has been brought by divine grace to love "righteousness". It is not enough to do it, I repeat—the outward doing must be an indication of the inward loving. Otherwise when the form or mold is removed, when the restraining influences have ceased to operate, that which is at the heart of the man manifests itself, and because he does not, within, love righteousness, he ceases to be righteous.

And we must not only love righteousness, but *we must hate iniquity.* The only safety for any of us, the only attitude that any man can safely assume toward an evil from which he would be delivered, is not merely to refrain from participation in it, but to seek divine grace that his nature will be so changed that he will have no affinity for it, but will be repelled by it. Therein lies salvation. And therein lies the perpetuity, the eternity, of the divine throne. It is because God is holy that He endures for ever; and it is because Jesus Christ is the express image of His person that His throne shall endure for ever, and His name as long as the sun.

III:

Let me add this further word. **ONLY IN SUCH INHERENT MORAL QUALITIES CAN REAL HAPPINESS BE FOUND.** Here is a happy King. Here is one Who is the very Fountain of joy and of gladness, albeit He was once "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief". But because He loves righteousness, and hates iniquity, it is said, "Therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."

This King of Whom I speak, and Whom I would exalt before you, *finds supreme satisfaction in His own nature.* There is no inward conflict in the Godhead. Holy is He; and because He is holy, He finds His pleasure, His own

divine satisfaction, in the enjoyment of His own perfections. And in our measure we shall be happy only as our natures are brought into agreement with the moral law of God. So long as we are in bondage, so long as we find the requirements of the divine Word to be irksome to us, so long as we are fettered, cribbed, cabined, and confined, by the principles and precepts of Holy Writ, just so long must we be, in the truest sense, unhappy, and strangers to abiding pleasure. When we have been changed by divine grace, and made partakers of the divine nature, when, by the operation of the Divine Spirit, we are made new creatures in Christ, so that His love of righteousness becomes ours, and His hatred of iniquity becomes ours, then inevitably shall we be anointed with "the oil of gladness above our fellows".

There is a joy—not only, nor supremely, in doing good—there is a joy in being good. Only in part do we share it now, for none of us are free from our natural corruption; but it will be the joy of heaven at last that we shall be without fault before the throne of God; and when for ever we shall have done with iniquity, and dwell in the divine palace with Him Who is Himself holy, in the New Jerusalem into which there shall enter nothing that defileth. Then, indeed, shall we be able to sing, and share the joy and gladness of the King upon His throne.

Oh that our legislators would learn that the happiness of a people cannot consist in mere economic adjustments! There are people in the world to-day who have millions, who are poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked. And there are others who, being poor, know even now something of the joy of heaven itself. Joy is not to be found in our circumstances, in external relations: it is to be found solely in right relationship to God, through Christ, whereby our natures are brought into harmony with Him, and we become members of the body of Christ, and share in that gracious anointing with the oil of gladness above our fellows.

But was this King content to be alone? Oh no! His name is Love. This is the portrait of the greatest Lover of all time. God is love, and it is of the nature of love to communicate itself. When He said, "It is not good for man to be alone", and established the marriage relation, it was but a type—not the antitype—of a higher and holier relationship of which He Himself, the Creator, should be the centre. God will not be alone: therefore did He make the worlds. God will not be alone: therefore did He choose for Himself a consort, a bride. That is the teaching of Scripture. Follow me, will you, very closely for a moment. Strangely enough, *He set His heart's love upon one who was without the pale.* Between Him and union with the one He loved stood the whole structure of God's law, forbidding that the sinner should ever come into His holy presence. Was His holy nature jeopardized by the direction of His affection? Would it involve imperfection on His part that He should love one who was so imperfect? Nay; for He was God. He had in His heart a plan by which that law should be honoured and magnified. Therefore He stepped down from His throne, and came into the world, and took upon Him the likeness of sinful flesh, was exiled from God, and exclaimed at last, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Out into the outer darkness He went. Having fulfilled the law, He paid the penalty of our infraction, so that the Scripture says this wonderful thing, "Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the

law by the body of Christ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God." He took all our sins upon Him, assumed full responsibility for us, atoned for them all, and released a power to change the nature of those whom He would make His bride for ever, that making them holy as He is holy, they might be joined to Him in an indissoluble union. Poor sinners are thus exalted to share the throne with the Son of God.

Oh, what a matchless story of redeeming grace that is! He did not propose a new law, but He found a way whereby the law could be kept—whereby the law as it stood should be honoured and obeyed. That it might be so, He took upon Himself all our sin, and died in our room and stead, and made us His own. I wish we could realize more deeply the profound philosophy of the scheme of redemption—how that the One Who is the Source of all law and order in the universe, without violation of His law made it possible for those who were utterly undeserving to have all their sins washed away, and to share in His glorious coronation.

That is the gospel, and nothing less than that. Do not speak to me of the superficial nonsense that is preached in the name of the gospel to-day, that a man, with all his sins upon him, and without atonement or cleansing, can, by any means, come into the presence of the living God, and share either His throne or His felicity. There is only one way by which we can be married to Jesus Christ, and that is to become dead to the law by the body of Christ—to trust in Him, and in Him to die, and be buried, and in Him to rise again into newness of life, having the record of the past expunged and for ever forgotten, and to be saved with an everlasting salvation.

Are you saved? Have you fallen in love with the Divine Bridegroom? He has fallen in love with *you*. He died for *you*. He left His throne for *you*. He incurred His Father's displeasure for *you*. He made the very angels of heaven to wonder at His infinite stoop as He came from the highest throne in glory to the cross of deepest woe—for *you*. Nobody can understand a love like that. Nor shall we ever understand it fully until we come to the palace of the King—and then we shall find that eternity must be all too short to utter all His praise. It will require all eternity in which to thank Him for His matchless mercy, for His everlasting, infinite, sacrificial love. May the Lord bring us all to Himself, for His name's sake, Amen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

For thirteen years Jarvis Street School has used a course of lessons which required us to go through the whole Bible consecutively from Genesis to Revelation. We still believe in the whole Bible principle, particularly for senior classes. But in the interest particularly of the ages included in the departments from Beginners to Intermediates, we propose to try a new plan for six months. Our object will be to arrange a series of lessons which will enable the teachers to approach their classes with a lesson definitely designed to set before the scholars the doctrines of sin and salvation.

We shall endeavour to select portions of Scripture of a pictorial character, rich in illustrative material, which will make it easily possible for every teacher, in all departments, to teach the children how they may be saved from sin, through faith in Christ; and, further, to teach young Christians how to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ".

We shall publish next week a list of the lessons for the first six months of 1937.

THE EMPIRE CRISIS

An Address by Dr. T. T. Shields

Delivered in Jarvis Street Church, Thursday Evening,
December 10th, 1936

(Stenographically Reported)

"Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

"He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

"The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

"He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

"They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.

"In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

"They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

"The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

"Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

"For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

"He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

"He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence; and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

"And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

"There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

"His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

"Blessed by the Lord God, the God of Israel who, only doeth wondrous things.

"And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory; Amen, and Amen.

"The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended."

—Psalm 72

How significant, "The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended." There was nothing left for which to pray.

I have always felt it to be a serious obligation to fulfil a promise implied in any public announcement, and when a subject has been announced, to keep faith with those who have come in expectation of hearing its discussion. But I am sure you will all recognize that we are facing just now exceptional circumstances, and will agree with me, that though the subject announced* is one of great importance, it would be appropriate to defer its consideration to a later date, perhaps a week hence. I have a double reason for thus turning aside from the subject: I rather expect your minds are preoccupied with other matters, and because too I am forced to admit that that is true in my own case.

I hope we all, as Christians, take our citizenship in this country, and in the Empire to which we belong, seriously; and that we have a due appreciation of the responsibilities, as well as of the privileges, which that citizenship confers. Because of that, I feel sure that we

*The Claims of the Papacy in the Light of Holy Scripture.

have all been conscious of being under a pall, and have been plunged in deepest sorrow. There are some things that are harder to endure, that are more cruel, than death itself.

The Empire to-night, I am confident, must be bowed before God. The days in which we live seem to be pregnant with tragedy, until one almost fears to be reckoned as belonging to the land of the living. We had thought, until a week or so ago, that we were singularly immune, and perhaps we were in danger of imagining we were the favourites of Providence, and tempted to persuade ourselves that we, as a people, had some inherent merit which distinguished and differentiated us from all others. But, whether as applied to individuals, or to the component parts of the Empire of which we are wont now to speak as a Commonwealth of Nations, or of the Empire itself, we might well consider the scripture which admonishes us, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

This is not a time for harsh words. It is easy to blame; and sometimes we are in danger of persuading ourselves that some reflection upon our own character is implied if we refrain from blaming. Yet it seems to me that it would be the most inexcusable disloyalty to men and institutions for anyone at a time like this to speak condemnatorily or harshly. There is a divine attitude revealed in the Book, when God looked upon a nation that had become the author of its own ruin. For its situation, it had no one to blame but itself. And let me remind you it is no mitigation of a man's sorrow to have borne home to him the fact that his sorrow is of his own making. It does not lighten the load when a man comes to see that he has been guilty of folly in the superlative degree. And while we must never condone evil, and never become apologists for unrighteousness, yet it seems to me that ever the Christian attitude is to be sorry for those who do wrong, and to be willing to do anything in the world, had we it in our power, to deliver wrongdoers from a situation perhaps of indescribable distress and sorrow into which they may have been plunged by their own sin.

But I remind you how, looking upon a ruined nation—would it be irreverent to say, with a broken heart—the King of kings, the Ruler of all nations, said, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel? How shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together." As though God would say, "You put yourself where, in loyalty to, and in consonance with, the qualities of my own nature it has become impossible for Me to help you." How often have I seen, as a Pastor, cases where I have laboured with someone who was desperately wilful, and so have you. You have put your arms about some man, pleading with him—done everything that a mortal could do; but at last with tears have had to say, "I can do nothing more; I shall have to let him take his course."

Do you not feel like that to-night? Do you not feel you would be unworthy of your British citizenship if you entertained any other feeling than that of immeasurable compassion? We had cherished an ideal. Had it no basis in fact? Was there no element of reality in it?

I have seen a few men whose lot had been cast in some singularly favoured nook of life, some sequestered spot upon which the winds of adversity seemed never to blow. I have seen such characters grow up as tender plants, that one would expect to perish at the first sharp wind.

Yet suddenly the protecting walls have been swept away, and the life has become exposed to all the winds that blew. New responsibilities have been imposed, new duties have demanded attention; and to everyone's surprise the life took on new character, and developed qualities that no one ever suspected were there.

Character is never made apart from responsibility; and very often you will find that the back is strengthened for and by the burden, and that under pressure someone who seemed to be but a weakling has developed the full qualities of a worthy manhood.

If the responsibilities of the world's largest Empire, in the most critical age of all the world's history, could not produce or display such qualities, then there were no hope that any situation which later circumstances might create, would ever do so.

Who knows what lies beyond? Who knows what need we may have before long for a steady mind, and a firm hand, and a sound and noble heart? I do not know—nor do you. But I know Someone Who does know, the One from Whom "no secrets are hid".

Frankly, I felt to-night as though I would like to be alone. I am not ashamed to say that I could more easily weep than speak. "How are the mighty fallen; and the weapons of war perished!" Sometimes we forget that people in high positions are but men and women like ourselves. They may have worthier qualities than we, they may be better able to bear some of the burdens, and possibly some of the glamour and glories of life; but still, like the great Elijah, they are men of like passions with ourselves. Blessed be God for a King Who was "tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin". How wonderful to reflect that the One of Whom the psalm speaks is He of Whom it is said, "They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure"; that it is said of Him that He is "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh". "Made of a woman", made "in the likeness of sinful flesh", He understands the humblest of His subjects, and He understands the king upon his throne. Therefore we can refer all matters that require, in order to their adjudication, a superhuman judgment, to One Who joins Deity with His humanity—and never makes a mistake.

We are none of us able to judge each other. I know how easy it would be for you and for me to justify harsh judgments to ourselves; but it is better that words that cut and sting and fester be left unspoken, and so far as is possible, by the grace of God, that even condemnatory thoughts should not find hospitality in our minds.

I think of one to-night with whom I am sure we all could weep. I have imagined I could see her in her solitariness, hearing again the acclamations of London's hundreds of thousands, and of the millions of the Empire, as she and her beloved husband, the two of them, the greatly beloved rulers of this Empire, rode through the streets of the world's metropolis on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee. I heard King George's speech when he expressed his gratitude for the affection lavished upon him, and for the respect for the throne. Then he paused to say, "And may I say it, for the one who sits thereon, God help him." That night as the King and Queen sat together, and reviewed the twenty-five years of responsibility so worthily discharged, I have fancied their saying to each other, "It has not been in vain. God has helped us to live and reign as those who feared Him, and we have thus made a place for the monarchy in the hearts of our people."

I speak to you this evening as people who really know the Lord, who know where to go when you are in trouble.

You could not hear King George, of blessed memory, without feeling that he spoke as a man who lived in an attitude of dependence upon God. I have no doubt that in the strictly New Testament sense, in the evangelical sense, King George was a Christian. We know by her own personal testimony that Queen Mary is. So I say, I have imagined her with her husband, giving thanks to God for His grace, that through the world's most critical period, they had been enabled to win and retain the hearts of a quarter of the world's population.

Then but a little while afterward the world was plunged in sorrow. I was in the great republic to the south of us at the time, and they seemed to mourn the passing of King George almost as much as we. He was universally respected, and almost universally beloved. Whether it be true or not, if it be not authentic I can forgive the reporter for imagining it, when one reports that Queen Mary had cried herself out. So would you mothers have done.

But God always has His man; He always has someone in reserve. And what a man he is! outstanding for his known and unquestioned qualities. What a beautiful domestic picture the Duke and Duchess of York, and their beautiful children, always present. The family is the social unit of society. That is one place where you can never afford to have a defect. When we think of this royal couple, we think of a father and mother who love to be with their children. The Duke is not a play-boy, not one who has lived lightly—and we may well be thankful to a gracious Providence for what the world will hear within a few hours, that George VI. has ascended the throne.

But there are other things that must give thoughtful people some anxiety in days like these. Important as is the consideration of the personal qualities of rulers, one cannot disregard the importance and value of principles which enter into human government. Years ago I was at a luncheon of the Directors of Toronto Exhibition, sitting beside the then President. At my right was a gentleman from Maryland, a physician who was visiting a daughter in Toronto who had married a Canadian. This Maryland physician was very appreciative of British institutions. He remarked to me that he thought there was a very distinct advantage in our form of government over the form of government under which he lived. He said, "The President of the United States is, of course; the head of the nation, the Chief Executive. There is a certain sense in which, when he attains to that exalted position, he is removed from all partyism. If a toast to the President of the United States is proposed, all loyal Americans, irrespective of their party affiliation, honour it. But in spite of that, the fact is he is the successful leader of a political party; and in any company of men there are always present some who can never forget that they are asked to honour someone who has defeated them. Hence our unity is less real than yours. Your King is an embodiment of your national and imperial ideal. You have not to cheer for a piece of bunting. You have one in whom all the traditions of your race and Empire are gathered up, for whom you feel a personal affection—and you can the more heartily respond."

He was just in the midst of his talk when the President of the Exhibition arose and proposed the toast to the King, which, in those good old prohibition days, was drunk in water—and which some of us would still so drink. When we resumed our seats this friend said,

"That is what I was just about to remark on. There is something vital and personal with you when you honour the head of the nation, and of the Empire."

Ah yes, but the head must be honourable. And, blessed be God, I am sure that within twenty-four hours we shall be able to sing, "God, save our gracious king"—yes, and, "God, save our noble king." And for that, I at least, am profoundly grateful to God.

But another thing. All forms of government have been passing through times of testing. I remember Mr. Lloyd George, some time after the Great War, making what I thought at the time was a dangerous remark when he said something to the effect that "crowns are falling like Autumn leaves", yet rejoicing in the stability of the British throne. So far as human government can be ideal, it does seem to me that a monarchical form of democracy is about the nearest approximation to an ideal government that human wisdom has yet devised. The monarchy gives permanence to government, and provides a bond of unity, especially for such an Empire as ours, made up of self-governing dominions. You remember Kipling's saying?—

"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own."

Quite so. And daughters love to visit their mother so long as she is motherly. Mistress in our own house, what a blessing it is that, politically, we still have a house in which we are proud to be known as daughters! I believe that democracy—I do not mean democracy in the sense in which that term is used on the lips of a demagogue, but democracy in the sense that it represents the government of a people, that it is the expression of the collective will of a people of moral intelligence. I ventured to say the other day, quoting Lincoln's famous saying as perhaps the most comprehensive and satisfactory summary of the genius of democracy, "Government of the people, for the people, and by the people"—that democracy, with all its defects, has this advantage, that when government of the people ceased to be *for* the people, it could always be remedied by the people.

I have been concerned—and I am sure you have been—at the displacement of the Bible—I had almost said, the forced abdication of the king of books from the counsels of the church, and for the supercession of its principles in the life of the people generally by principles bordering on lawlessness. Queen Victoria is sometimes spoken of as having been rather austere. As a young girl, when she was informed of her high destiny and the heavy responsibilities which she must assume, it is reported that she said, "I will be good." And she sought, by God's grace, to be "good"; and is remembered as the "good" queen. But there was a man in British political life during her reign—I will not even mention his name, or, by referring to him, recall memories to your minds that may well be forgotten. He was known as one of the shrewdest and ablest statesmen of Europe. But there came a shadow upon his character. How to dispense with him, Queen Victoria never questioned. She refused to permit him to enter her presence. The door was shut. Therefore, never again could he hold public office.

Oh, that the same were true throughout the Empire! I received a letter months ago from a very godly woman, in which she enclosed a cutting from an American newspaper on the Pacific Coast. I expect she is an American citizen, as she has lived long in California. In her letter to me she said something like this: "I send you the enclosed with reluctance. I spent my girlhood days in Lon-

don when the 'good' Queen Victoria was on the throne. I wept over this. It hurts me; let us pray that it may pass." My dear friends, the prayers that have ascended all over the Empire, not mere formal prayers in church, but from the hearts of people who have really prayed, have not been in vain. The Empire is saved and is safe!

I have on one or two occasions publicly voiced dissatisfaction, in common with multitudes of others, with Britain's foreign policy. Circumstances may yet show us that we were wrong. If so, we shall be happy to withdraw our criticism. But I must now say this, I believe that never before in the history of the Empire—perhaps never before in the history of the world—was a more difficult task set for any statesman than fell to the lot of Prime Minister Baldwin. Let me add that I believe in all the world's history there never lived a man who more wisely and tenderly and graciously and satisfactorily—in one great word—completely, discharged his duty. He stands out in my thought, to-day at least, as one of the greatest heroes of all time—and never more heroic than in his kind, gracious, considerate, and restrained recital of all the circumstances of his task in the House of Commons this afternoon.

What will be the result? Some time ago we read of the laying down of the keel of one of the biggest ships ever built. From time to time we saw illustrations of a great liner, and in due course she was named the Queen Mary. She appeared to be a marvellously fine ship. But the test of the ship is not her appearance on the stocks, nor her behaviour in the dock, or in the bay. We must wait until she has plowed the mighty main, and endured the buffetings of Neptune in his anger. Then when she comes into port we can say, "She is a worthy ship. We thought well of her before she sailed, but we think more of her now."

Democracy, our form of democracy, has just been submitted to the severest test to which it could possibly be exposed—and, thank God, the ship comes proudly and unhurt into port. Is that not something to be thankful for? I thought a few days ago, What will Europe do? What may not Hitler or Mussolini do now? I will tell you what I think they are saying to-night if they have a modicum of sense, "Hands off an Empire that can stand that." Well do they know that their form of government could not survive such a test. I believe, as you were singing as I came in, that God does plant His footsteps in the sea, and ride upon the storm. I am thankful still for the British flag. I feel that we can hold up our heads unashamed. And I am especially thankful to discover that the heart of the Empire, and all its members—let me rather say, that the moral health of the Empire is much better than I feared. There still remains, thank God; an appreciation of the homely, domestic virtues; still a high value is set upon the sanctity of marriage, and of the home. So that to-night, while we sorrow, and follow with compassionate interest—and I hope with private prayer—one who needs it very much. I hope that we shall, in our little measure, each in his own sphere, set our faces to the future, and rejoice that we are still able, with sincere hearts, to pray, "God, save our noble king."

I was to have spoken to you on another subject, and I wish I might have had time to think of this one with more clarity, but I felt perhaps you would let me, absolutely without preparation, but in a perfectly impromptu, spontaneous way, speak to you out of my own heart. I am a Britisher! I love the land of my birth, and every

part of the Empire, and all the traditions that have made it what it is. I believe the time will come—it may not be far distant—when we shall see the wisdom of it all. At all events, in this place, dedicated to the worship of God, where we seek to honour Him Who is the King of kings, we rejoice that the Empire has not abandoned the principles of the Bible, and that, when faced with the task of choosing between duty and the dictates of the human heart, while wishing there might be without sacrifice of principles of righteousness some other way, yet chose duty first, and has once again dedicated itself to that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

A NOBLE FAREWELL

From all reports, it appears that the people of all races in the British Empire, comprising about one-quarter of the world's population, last week regretfully resigned themselves to the inevitable, and in their hearts sadly bade the old order, Adieu, while they welcomed the new with fresh hope. The alternative, in the circumstances, had been relegated to the category of moral impossibilities, with practical unanimity.

This having been said, one cannot but admire the dignity with which the transition was effected. We question whether our former Sovereign ever appeared to greater advantage than in his farewell message to the people of the Empire. Whether one be right or wrong, the maintenance of an unbroken silence, enforced by constitutional restrictions, upon one of whom all the world was talking, must have required unprecedented restraint. And when at last—"at long last"—the silence was broken, Prince Edward began by declaring allegiance to his brother; and then assumed sole responsibility for his action. He excluded "the other person most nearly concerned", his family, the Ministers of the Crown, most particularly the Prime Minister, from any responsibility for the crisis. All blame, if blame there was to be, he took upon himself with evident deliberation, refraining from uttering a single word which, by any reasonable construction, could disturb the unity of the Empire.

We profoundly regret our former Sovereign's course, but we pay tribute to that noble chivalry which, acquitting all others, assumed sole responsibility. From that point of view, it seems to us no nobler words were ever uttered than the radio message of Prince Edward to the world, which concluded with the words, "God bless you all; God save the King."

REV. ALEX. THOMSON BEREAVED

We regret to inform our readers that Mrs. Thomson, mother of Rev. Alex. Thomson, Pastor of Mount Pleasant Road Baptist Church, and for a number of years the writer of the Sunday School Lessons appearing in this paper, passed away Thursday afternoon last.

Mrs. Thomson was critically injured in the motor accident in which Miss Edna Loney was almost instantly killed December 7th. It was at first thought that Mrs. Thomson's injuries were not necessarily fatal, but internal trouble, not previously apparent, developed, which carried her away Thursday afternoon. The funeral service of Miss Edna Loney was held in Mount Pleasant Road Church, Friday afternoon, December 11th, and was followed in the same church by that of Mrs. Thomson, Monday afternoon, the 14th. On both occasions the church was filled with friends from many of our Baptist churches.

THE GOSPEL WITNESS expresses its deep sympathy for Mr. Thomson, and his sisters; and prays that they may be divinely comforted.

THE STORY OF THE PLOT THAT FAILED

The History of a Church's Struggle to Maintain an Evangelical Ministry in a Free Pulpit

By T. T. SHIELDS

CHAPTER VI. (Continued)

(The exigencies of space last week compelled us to break our story in the middle of the narration of a conversation with Dr. Conwell, at the point where he said, "I am a lawyer, I will advise you: let us change the subject." We continue from that point this week.)

But I insisted on telling him my story. I told him what I knew of the internal affairs of McMaster University, and what construction I feared would be placed on Temple University's action. May I, without being charged with immodesty, frankly relate his answer. He said, "That is the price you pay, my boy, for having been given a little measure of success. For the first ten years of my ministry in Philadelphia I was unable to attend the meeting of the Baptist Ministers' Association, for", said he, "the brethren were accustomed to meet each Monday morning to explain away my crowds." He then explained that he and the church had outgrown it at last. The Baptist Temple had grown to the proportions of a Mount Everest in the ecclesiastical Himalayas, and the foothills had ceased to be jealous.

Beyond that, Dr. Conwell would not go. He entertained me by relating many incidents of his career, but absolutely refused to discuss the matter of the Temple University degree.

That afternoon I motored Dr. Conwell to several places he desired to visit, and in the evening came his lecture. All day the office telephone had been ringing. I recall one Presbyterian minister's asking me if I could by any means arrange with the janitor to let him in by a side entrance. He said he had another engagement, and it would be impossible for him to reach the church before eight o'clock, and that he was sure that long before that time the building would be crowded to capacity. I was glad to accommodate him—and his prediction was verified. The building was always crowded when Conwell came. If possible, on that occasion, it was more crowded than usual. I remember the baptistery was filled with chairs—of course there was no water in it! The steps up to the baptistery, and down into it, were all occupied, as were also the steps up to the platform, and the platform itself. All rules were broken, and on the steps down the aisles in the gallery people were seated, so that no aisles were visible. Around the walls, upstairs and down, in the aisle that goes all around the building, crowds stood to capacity. There was not room for another pair of shoes. How many were turned away, I do not know.

After opening exercises I introduced Dr. Conwell very briefly, and when he rose he did what I had never before heard him do: he spoke rather proudly of Temple University, of its thousands of alumni, and of its Faculty—if I am not mistaken, then numbering in all departments about three hundred and sixty-five. When he had described the work of the University, and its then dimensions and standing, he said something to this effect: "At a recent meeting of the Trustees of this University I was authorized, as its President, on the occasion of my

visit to Toronto, in the name of the University, to confer the degree of Doctor of Divinity, *honoris causa* upon the Pastor of this church, which I have great pleasure in now doing."

There could not have been far short of two thousand people present, if there were any short; and under the leadership of the then director of music, Dr. Edward Broome, the choir first, and then the entire congregation stood—almost leaped to their feet, took out their handkerchiefs and waved them, and cheered wildly. In that congregation were hundreds of ministers, scores of professors of Toronto University, and nearly the entire Faculty of McMaster University, including the Governors, and all other denominational leaders resident in Toronto. I had received not the slightest intimation of Dr. Conwell's intention. My consent had never been asked. I was utterly helpless. I made what acknowledgment I could under the circumstances, and then Dr. Conwell proceeded with his lecture.

At the conclusion of the lecture the scene can be imagined. A good number retired to my vestry a little later, with Dr. Conwell, among them my great friend, Dr. Thomas, who was present at the lecture. I overheard him, as he put his hand on the shoulder of one of the Deacons of Jarvis Street, who was also a Governor of the University, as he said, "There you are—late as usual. McMaster ought to have done that long ago." To which the Deacon replied, "I entirely agree, but it was not my fault; I did the best I could."

After that, people began to use the title, "Doctor". For a long time I refused to employ it. I valued it as an expression of the friendship and respect of my friend, Dr. Conwell, and of the University through him. But I had never cared for titles, and was content with plain, "Mister", or even less. But I soon found it impossible to escape it. I could not deny that the degree had been conferred, and to be constantly requesting people to refrain from the use of the title made me feel like some of my Plymouth Brethren friends who so strongly object to the title, "Reverend"—not knowing that in doing so they are but "striving about words to no profit". At last I succumbed, to avoid the bother of correcting everybody.

The Temple University diploma which Dr. Conwell, unnoticed by me, had brought to the platform with him, is dated February 24th, 1917.

In the early part of the year 1918, I received a letter from the Chancellor of McMaster University, informing me that McMaster proposed to confer the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon me. Now I was more embarrassed than ever. So I went to my friend, Dr. D. E. Thomson, K.C., Chairman of the Board of Governors, and showed him the Chancellor's letter, and asked what it meant. He said it meant exactly what it said, that it had been his desire, and the desire of others, that it should have been done long before, but that now he felt sure it was the desire of all concerned; and he assured me that he would be deeply disappointed and greatly grieved were I to decline to accept it.

Dr. Thomson and I had been very intimate friends through the eight years of my pastorate that had then elapsed. One summer I had gone for a while out into the wilds, as his guest. I lived a little beyond where he lived in Queen's Park, and so, by choice, we often walked home from prayer-meeting together, and quite frequently from Sunday services. The walk to where I lived was perhaps between two and three miles from the church, and my wife, finding it rather long; when Dr. Thomson and I walked, invariably went home by car. If we did not walk to the house of God in company, we very frequently walked from it. I think of Dr. Thomson as one of the greatest souls I ever met. I did not agree with his view of inspiration: he was much looser than I could ever afford to be. But I have never met one who was more obviously a genuine Christian. He was one of the greatest of Canadian lawyers. Some men were afraid of him. He seemed, at a distance, to be rather austere and forbidding: I found him a most genial and gracious soul.

Two or three incidents of my relation to Dr. Thomson I now recall. One belongs to a time when the franchise of Toronto Street Railway Company had still about seven years to run until the date of expiration. That Street Railway Company had been a clog on Toronto's progress. The instrument involving the franchise had been very cleverly drawn, and the Company was under no obligation to extend its lines beyond certain limits, notwithstanding the growth of the city. That necessitated the operation of a civic railway system, and the paying of a double fare. It was at last proposed to buy out the franchise instead of awaiting the end of seven years. The figure agreed upon for the assets, tangible and intangible, as I now recall, was something over thirty million dollars. Dr. Thomson was retained by the city to oversee the framing of the agreement in order that the proverbial Ethiopian might not again be found in the city's woodpile—or in what then seemed more likely to be the city's heap of junk, known as the Street Railway System.

In connection with the work of the church, I called for an entire day of prayer, to begin at nine o'clock in the morning. It happened that just at this time Dr. Thomson was engaged in superintending this proposed thirty-million-dollar transaction. But never did he miss a prayer-meeting. On that particular day of prayer, the first one to join me in the prayer-room in the morning, having dropped in on his way down to his office, was Dr. Thomson. We did not wait for others, but had a delightful time of prayer together.

I should like to give further testimony of the scriptural simplicity and real greatness of this distinguished lawyer, and I would do so for several reasons. I have sometimes feared that, through no fault of mine, and through erroneous press reports, people generally would assume that Jarvis Street was a very unspiritual and worldly church. Nothing could be farther from the facts of the case. Indeed, in my judgment, it had no superior in the whole Convention in these respects, and I doubt very much whether it had a peer. I repeat that this man, who was professionally so prominent, and would have been welcomed into almost any circle, I believe next to his home, where a lovely atmosphere obtained, loved nothing on earth so much as the church.

Our prayer-meetings in those days were invariably large. So much so, that a lady who was a Presbyterian once said to me at the close of one of our great prayer-meetings, "Mr. Shields, I have a suggestion to make to

you. I hear ministers everywhere complain that prayer-meetings are a thing of the past, and that it is impossible for them to get their people to attend the prayer-meeting. I do not know how, but you seem to have solved the problem. Why not call the ministers of the different denominations together, and tell them how to have a prayer meeting?" I said to her something like this: I was unaware that the reason for this weekly meeting, throbbing with spiritual interest, is a secret. The explanation is merely this, that it is what it professes to be, a *prayer-meeting*. We do not come together to talk about prayer: we come to pray.

At one of these weekly meetings several requests had been brought before the meeting for people who were in special need, troubles of different sort, and for some who were ill. We always prayed in those days, as we do now, for the sick, believing with confidence that if God willed to do so, He could heal people without means, but that whether with or without, healing is always in Gods' hands; for the reason that our life is His.

When these requests had been made, and one or two prayers had been offered, Dr. Thomson rose and spoke after this fashion: "It is not often I speak of personal matters, but I feel it a duty to do so this evening, in view of these requests that have been brought before us. Some of the older members of Jarvis Street", he continued, "will remember a time when my wife was critically ill, and as it then appeared to doctors and ourselves alike, at the point of death. Hope of her recovery had practically been abandoned. We thought we would have one further consultation—with the result that the former gloomy predictions were confirmed. The specialist said she was dying faster than we had thought, and the end was nearer than we had supposed. But", he said, "Jarvis Street Church prayed for her recovery, and"—then he paused, his eyes filling, and his throat too. After a moment of silence, with deep emotion, he said, "Well, brethren, all I can say is, Thank God, she is with me yet"; and resumed his seat. How well I remember that night. It seemed as though the very heavens opened; and what a volume of prayer ascended to the mercy-seat! Such meetings in those days were by no means uncommon.

Why have I said this? Partly to identify, to describe the character of the one who, being Chairman of the University Board, said when I asked him what I should do with McMaster's proposal to confer a degree, he hoped I would accept it, that he would be deeply disappointed, and greatly grieved, should I refuse. Though many years my senior, I have met few men whom I more highly respected, or more deeply loved, than D. E. Thomson, K.C., LL.D.

I concluded that, as the Temple degree had been thrust upon me, I could not now, without offence, decline McMaster's proposal. But in my reply I did stipulate that I would accept only on condition of the absolute unanimity of the Senate in their recommendation. The degree was conferred at a convocation held in Walmer Road Church in the Spring of 1918. Others receiving degrees on the same occasion were: Rev. John MacNeill, Rev. A. N. Marshall, Rev. J. C. Carlile, and, *in absentia*, Professor T. Reavley Glover, of Cambridge, the degree of LL.D. What an assortment! Glover, Carlile, MacNeill—and Shields!

Dr. Carlile had been especially kind to the Canadian soldiers in and around Folkstone, and had come to be well known by reputation in a number of our churches;

and it was in recognition of this service rendered to the Canadian troops that McMaster University placed him on her Honour Roll.

I used to wonder why so many Baptist ministers in England, from all accounts, seemed almost eager to receive recognition from McMaster University. I believe I am right in saying there is no Baptist university with degree-conferring-power anywhere in the British Empire outside of Canada. I am not positive of that: there may be in India or Burma. But a friend with whom I have little religious agreement, who is a real Modernist in his theological outlook, but whom I respect and like very much as a man, once told me that he had asked a certain English Baptist minister why they were so eager to receive the McMaster degree; to which this English Baptist replied, "So that we can wear the gown"! What a pity! I did not understand the significance of that until, when in England on holiday a few years ago, having a vacant Sunday, I went to hear a certain minister who was a McMaster "Doctor". I was rather surprised, and not a little amused, to see him in his pulpit wearing his gown and hood. We wear them on this side of the sea only on academic occasions.

When the degree was conferred on me in Walmer Road Church, and I replied in response to their action, I told them frankly I had never coveted such degrees, that I would rather have an extra feather in my wing than a feather in my cap at any time, and that the Doctor's hood resembled neither: it was more suggestive of a parachute designed to secure the safety of those who go up in the air. But, as an expression of the regard of my brethren, and in so far as it was such an expression, I appreciated their action. It was later said that my response was not a particularly gracious one. It was certainly not intended to be otherwise, but, after all, how can one sincerely say, Thank you, to the person who puts two or three spoons of sugar in your tea when you do not like sugar.

In the summer of 1918 I went again to England, and supplied for my friend, Dr. Dixon, in Spurgeon's tabernacle. On my arrival in England, I received a communication from the Ministry of Information. I had lectured a little on the Great War, and one lecture delivered in Montreal was heard by a certain English correspondent of American and Canadian newspapers. This correspondent, whether because he thought I sadly needed information, or because he thought exact information would not be wasted on me, I cannot say; but he had very kindly directed the attention of the Ministry of Information to me, and I was invited to see Britain's war effort. My record had to be investigated by Scotland Yard, and what they called "M.I. Five".

While awaiting the results of their investigations, I stumbled one day in London upon Rev. James Frances, D.D., of Los Angeles, who told me that Dr. George Truett was in bed with a scalded foot in the Imperial Hotel, on Southampton Row. I went over to see him, and learned that Dr. Frances and Dr. Truett were members of a special commission sent over by the American Y.M.C.A., to visit the American soldiers in Britain and France, and to minister to them. Dr. Truett had scalded his foot in a bath immediately after arriving, and had had to go to bed for several weeks, until it could recover. Thereafter his room became a rendezvous for a number of us, and we went in to see him to cheer him—and be cheered.

On one of my visits I told Dr. Truett and Dr. Frances

of the invitation I had received from the Ministry of Information and asked them if their programme was sufficiently flexible to enable them to join me in the event of my being able to get the Ministry to extend the same invitation to them. They both said they would gladly cancel everything and go with me, if I could effect their inclusion. I told the Ministry of them, and took them down later and introduced them. Their records also were handed to Scotland Yard to M.I. Five, and I recall the officer's saying, "If either of these friends of yours has ever uttered an anti-British word publicly, we shall have a record of it." But in due time they were both certified.

Just before that time, my good friend, Dr. J. W. Hoyt, then of Peru, Indiana, who was also with the American Y.M.C.A., turned up in London. I made the same proposal to him, and he responded with equal alacrity. On communicating my thought to the Ministry of Information, they said that, as he had a British passport, they thought they could short-circuit it; and in due course the four of us were certified.

But before we began our tour, and while Dr. Truett was still convalescing, I suggested to him that he should come with me to Spurgeon's Tabernacle and share the day's service. He said that he could not yet get his bandaged foot into a shoe. I told him I thought my shoes were a little larger than his, and that I had a pair of commodious slippers in my hotel that I would bring him, and that I thought we could get him shod, if not for the road, at least for the taxi and the pulpit. The experiment proved successful, and on Sunday morning I called for Dr. Truett—and for once in his life the great preacher stood in my shoes, at least, in one of them.

We arrived at the Tabernacle, and I introduced him to the Deacons, explaining that I had invited him on my own responsibility, as I knew they would approve of my doing in the case of such a famous man. At the morning service, Dr. Truett preached, and I took the rest of the service; and, in the evening, Dr. Truett conducted the service, and I preached.

We saw much of each other thenceforward. We went to France together, the four of us. By my suggestion to the Ministry, we toured Ireland together. We were entertained by the Lord Mayors of Belfast and Londonderry, by other gentlemen of distinction in Dublin; by the Bishop of Cork, and the Admiral-in-Command at Queenston, as well as by some great hospitable souls who insisted upon making us their guests rather than permitting us to go to hotels in Belfast.

On that visit our party met the Archbishops of Ireland, and sat for a whole evening by the fireside in the Shelbourne Hotel with the famous Tim Healey. I had never dreamed when, as a boy I had heard his name discussed about my father's table, that I should ever see him. I recalled a little ditty that had fastened itself in my mind, which had appeared in one of the London papers. When the famous Tim had delivered a denunciation of things British in general in the House of Commons, he concluded his address in a tone of exasperation, "Oh well, what else can we expect? You Britishers are as God made you." I quote from memory, as giving the circumstances of his remark, not the actual words; but the ditty to which I refer, I recall quite distinctly. It was this:

" 'Tis very true, as Tim avers—
And handsome of him really,
If God then made the Britishers,
Pray, who made Mr. Healey?"

We visited the Grand Fleet. We spent a day at Armstrong-Whitworth, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where we were told they had more people in their employ making munitions than the Duke of Wellington had men under his command at Waterloo.

Before this time, Dr. Truett had preached for me, in Toronto and now when far away from home he said, "I shall never rest until you come as our special preacher to the Southern Baptist Convention—and, indeed to the Texas Convention too, for that is bigger than the Southern Baptist Convention in point of attendance." He said he was sure I should be at home with the Southerners, and added with his usual threefold emphasis, "You're our sort; *you're our sort*; YOU'RE OUR SORT." We said good-bye at length, and I had no further contact with Dr. Truett until, as a guest of a convention, and knowing absolutely nothing of local conditions, being in the neighbourhood I telephoned Dr. Truett from my hotel in Fort Worth, Texas. I got him on the line, but after a very formal and icy, "How do you do", the conversation ended. I have since said that there may be some question as to whether Dr. Cook did actually discover the North Pole, but there is absolutely no question about my discovering it. From that day to this, I have never endeavoured to embark on further Arctic explorations! Although I knew nothing of it at the time, I later discovered that in the estimation of some, the First Baptist Church, Dallas, and the North Pole are almost identical.

Going to England about the beginning of July, 1918, I sailed in the flagship of a convoy of sixteen British ships conveying American troops to England. They said the convoy contained some forty thousand troops. The flag ship was the old Cunard Liner *Carmania* that, at that time, had already figured in several battles, and was pretty well battle-scarred. There were very few civilians on board. In fact, I can recall but three beside myself. One was my cabin companion, Sir Robert Falkner, President of Toronto University. A second was the famous "Tay Pay" (T. P.) O'Connor, the father of the British House of Commons. And the third was the famous—or notorious—Clarence Darrow, the criminal lawyer of Chicago. Darrow and O'Connor were at the same table, and one day after luncheon they came over to our table and said, "Let us go up on the top deck and talk religion"—and we did, the four of us.

Tay Pay was a genial soul who, without irreverence, could joke about his own religion, which I rather thought he did not take very seriously. Darrow said all religion was "dope". He said, "My wife and daughter take it, and it seems to do them good. I sometimes wish I could take it too; but I cannot. To me, it is all dope." Sir Robert Falkner was a most gracious companion. I hope our relationship was mutually agreeable, for on my side at least I found him a perfect gentleman of a truly lovely spirit. We met several times later in London, and when, having returned in December, I lectured on the war and the victory under the title, "The Fall of Lucifer", Sir Robert Falkner was kind enough to preside.

I must not neglect to say that I was in London when the Armistice was signed. Not a few Londoners will read this story, and will recall the joyful delirium which took possession of the world's metropolis. The streets were thronged. They played ring-around-a-rosy in the Strand; they commandeered trucks, taxis, cars—everything that had wheels. There was no order, yet there was no confusion. The city on that day was of one mind,

and when there is oneness of mind in any realm of life, what may seem to be confusion is always harmony at the core. If I dared allow myself, I could write much on that one day in London, but that is beside my point.

I think it was the Sunday following that I was in Paris, and at Place de la Concord when it seemed as though all the millions of France had come to the Capital. The procession was headed by President Poincaré and Marshal Joffre, but the people good-naturedly broke the procession into fragments, and like a surging sea the waves rolled up upon the historic square. The President removed the signs of mourning from the Strassburg Monument, and released a great flock of carrier pigeons, to carry the message of the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to the Republic to all the departments of France.

A little later I went to Mons where the Great War began—and where it ended. There were no railways then, but one cold morning in November—or the beginning of December—I drove with some Canadian officers to Brussels and witnessed the return to his Capital of the noble and heroic King Albert, of Belgium. To describe that scene, would require much writing: I merely record that I was there.

I returned to London, and thence to Liverpool, sailing on S.S. *Mauretania* for New York. We carried the first consignment of returning American soldiers. They had never been in France, but were largely mechanics who had done ground service in England to the Royal Aviation Corps. But there were nearly five thousand of them. We had a rough passage, the roughest I have ever known; but, sailing on Monday, we reached the river Sunday, and received the New York papers with news of the return of five thousand of "Pershing's heroes." To the credit of the men and the officers, no one was more amused than they at such a description, for not one of them had been across the Channel, or had seen service anywhere out of England. I had seen London on Armistice Day, Paris when Alsace-Lorraine were restored to France, and Brussels when King Albert returned, but all of them put together did not make a fraction of the noise that greeted us as, to the accompaniment exclusively of American flags, we sailed as inconspicuous civilians, up the Hudson to New York in company with five thousand of "Pershing's heroes"!

On my return to Toronto I found that the 'flu had done terrible damage, had carried away hundreds, some of whom I had known intimately. The Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, which usually met in October, had been postponed by order of the authorities, because of the 'flu, and convened instead in January, 1919. This brings me to the close of my recital of a few of the conspicuous events of the war years. Next week I shall begin the history of another war, fought in defense of "the faith once for all delivered unto the saints".

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