STORY OF THE PLOT THAT FAILED—Page 6 D. L. MOODY, THE GREATEST OF MODERN EVANGELISTS—Page 9 JOCK TROUP IN JARVIS ST. SATURDAY NIGHT NEXT—Page 16



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Editor: T.-T. SHIELDS

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

Address Correspondence: THE GOSPEL WITNESS, 130 Gerrard Street East, Toronto 2, Canada. Registered Cable Address: Jarwitsem, Canada.

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The Iarvis Street Pulpit

WHAT A BIG MAN THOUGHT OF THE SERMON

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, February 14th, 1937

(Stenographically Reported)

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"So he turned and went away in a rage."-II. Kings 5:12.

There are, perhaps, few chapters in the Old Testament with which people are more familiar than with this fifth chapter of the second of Kings; and very few chapters of Old Testament history have been more frequently employed, perhaps; for the setting forth of the gospel than this story of the healing of Naaman, the leper. I have, myself, preached on it repeatedly, because it is so replete with gospel truth.

The word of God has in it a kind of X-ray quality. It is said in the New Testament that it is a "discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." There never has been another book written that set forth so clearly the great principles of what men now call psychology, the analysis of the functions of the various qualities of the human mind, than they are set forth in the Bible. Another scripture says that he who looks into the perfect law of liberty, that is the Word of God, "is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass." If we would know what is in us, our own mental and moral constitution, we shall be well advised to study the Bible, for there is no other book that can tell us just what we are, and what is wrong with us, and how all wrongs may be made right.

I might perhaps safely assume that the story of this interesting chapter is known to us all; notwithstanding, it may be profitable to relate it in a few words, so that our minds may be refreshed.

It is the story of a man who was a great military leader, generalissimo of the armies of the king of Syria. He was a man of great reputation in his own country, and his reputation was solidly based upon a distinguished record of military achievements. He had done great things in the service of his country, and he was highly esteemed especially by the king of Syria. But with it all, he was a leper! All these great advantages were neutralized, indeed, nullified, by the malady that was in his blood.

There was a little Hebrew girl in his home, who had been taken captive by the Syrians, and she waited upon Naaman's wife. Utterly forgetting that she had been carried away from home by the forces represented by her master, she was touched with sympathy for him. She had heard of the great miracles of healing wrought in her own country by Elisha, the prophet. And one day very probably, when someone was speaking of the progress of Naaman's disease, she could contain herself no longer, and she said: "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

What a human touch that is! When sickness comes into the home how many new doctors are recommended! How many friends come in and say: "I know somebody who was similarly afflicted"; and immediately you have prescriptions enough to cure or kill any man. This little girl, with a child's simplicity, knowing something of the power of the prophet, spoke out of the conviction of her own heart, saying that if her master were only in her country, and would go and see the prophet, she was quite sure he would be healed.

That simple statement made by the little maid was repeated until at last it reached the ears of her master. They said: "Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel." It came at length to the ears of the king of Syria, and he said: "Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. I will give you leave of absence, that you may make your journey to Syria, and

present my letter of introduction, and seek healing there."

Naaman took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment as a present for the king of Israel. And when he presented the letter, the king of Israel was filled with consternation. He said: "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me."

Then Elisha heard about it, and he said: "Let him" come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." Then Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, he drove up in great state to the door of the prophet's house. "And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times." That was all. And when the messenger came to Naaman with that word, he "was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper." "Go and wash in Jordan", said he. "Why, there are better rivers at home. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage." And he set his face toward home-but still a leper! Some of his servants, recognizing their master's need, dared to break in upon his anger, and they said: "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?" The great man thought a moment and then changed his mind. "Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean." Then he returned to the man of God in a very different attitude. Oh, how strikingly that illustrates human folly in respect to the great matter of salvation!

That is the story. I would have you to analyze it with me as we retrace our steps, and go over familiar ground, and yet learn, perhaps, some lessons that have escaped us, as we shall consider why he came in the first place, and why he went away, and why he came back again.

I. .

WHY DID NAAMAN COME IN THE FIRST PLACE? I think it may be remarked that it was not because he felt any affection, either for the king or for the prophet in Israel. He was not attracted to Israel's land by anything in him that longed for the fellowship of anyone yonder. He had been quite content to live forever apart from the people of Israel.

Sometimes we are told that men are attracted by the love of God, and that what is needed in our day is merely to assure people that God loves them, and they will become interested in Him, and will turn to Him. But what proof can I give you that God loves you? Shall I take you to the cross, and tell you that Jesus died? What if I do? What is the explanation of His death? Why did He die? Why did we need Him to die? There is something more than love in the cross, or else the cross were without significance. If that were all then while it would be an exhibition of the love of God, it would be at the same time—I say it without irrever-

ence—an exhibition of divine folly, if indeed that could be conceived at all.

No; I do not bid you come to the Lord primarily and solely on the ground that He loves you; because you do not love Him. No natural man loves God. He is no more interested in God than Naaman was in Israel. There must have been some other reason for Naaman's going to Israel.

It is rather extraordinary that Naaman should have exalted the simple tale the Israelitish maid told, into a gospel. Why did Naaman believe it? Why was he influenced by the story of a little child? Sometimes men say, "It is hard for me to believe." To believe what? Under some circumstances it is very easy for some people to believe. Naaman may have been proud of his intellect, and of the mental prowess which he had shown in the campaigns which he had so successfully conducted. In the nature of the case, as a military commander, he had been under the necessity of weighing the value of reports that reached him, and considering well whether they were true or not, or even probable. Why was it, as soon as this maiden's story was whispered to him, that that story met with acceptance in his mind, and was reported to the king?

Why are people so reluctant to believe the gospel? Because they do not feel any need of the gospel. If it be so that men are not sinners, that there is no retribution in the future, there can be nothing to be afraid of here or yonder. Why should one be interested in the cross of Christ, or any other cross? If it be true that we have evolved from some lower order, and that we are a good deal better than our forebears, and that whatever moral eccentricities there may be about us are nothing more than the residue of the lower nature which we are endeavouring to slough off, then there were no need of salvation. And if then a gospel of salvation is offered, men may well afford to disbelieve and disregard it.

Why did Naaman receive and believe the little maid's gospel? What is the matter with you, Naaman, that you listen to a little girl? Would he not answer, "Would you not listen to any one, or any thing, if you were in my state?" They had not coined the proverb then that "a drowning man will grasp at a straw", but the principle of it governed men then as now. Ah, but there was something sadly wrong with Naaman! *He was in desperate need*, and he was willing to grasp at anything that promised him relief from his malady.

I need not recite to you the items which made up the sum of his greatness. The exalted position he occupied, the reputation he enjoyed, the favour of his master in which he delighted, the record of his own great accomplishments as a military commander, of which, doubtless, he was proud. He had all these things to his credit, and, in addition, no doubt he had a good many inherent qualities that distinguished him from his fellows, and commanded their respect for his natural greatness. Ask him why he is not satisfied with his great estate. He will answer, "Because I am a leper." That is the diagnosis, and this is what the doctors call the prognosis: slow but certain death. Therefore all these splendid robes were as nothing. Did you ever hear, my dear friends, of a beggar on the street watching the funeral procession of a multi-millionaire, and envying the dead man because of the honour shown him in death? No; no! "A living dog is better than a dead lion." The poorest man alive does not envy the dead man all the pomp and circumstance attending his obsequies, for he

says, "He is dead and I'am alive." Naaman must have looked into the future and said: "It will not be very long before all these things, upon which men set such value, will slip from me, and there will be nothing left but a loathsome leper, and ultimately nothing but a reeking corpse." "But you believe this extraordinary story of the little maid? Does it not indicate great credulity? Is it not indeed rather superstitious to credit this promise of the supernatural?" He will answer: "I do not know what to believe; but I am in desperate need, and I will try anything that promises to save me. I know I am lost without help from somewhere."

My dear friends, do you see the psychology of faith? It is not possible for any man to believe in Christ until he has first repented. Repentance is the first step. There is no reason why I should believe in a Saviour, until I feel that I need Him. But if I am a sinner, in desperate straits, with no power to save myself, and in all Syria no physician that promises me help, I am ready to listen to a little Sunday School girl, or anyone else, who will whisper a word of promise in my ear.

Oh, that men could know that they are sinners! If you and I here this evening could only realize what sin is, and what sin, as sure as God is true, must inevitably do, our supreme passion would be to seek deliverance from it. Nobody in such a frame of mind would fear to walk up the aisle to confess Christ. Men would go to the ends of the earth to find salvation.

I once asked a great surgeon, talking to him about someone who was afflicted with that terrible scourge, cancer: "Doctor, do you think there is any hope in these advertised cures for cancer?" He said: "You need not trouble to ask that question. In the day that a cure for cancer is discovered it will make no difference where it is. If it is in the heart of Africa it will not need advertising. All that will be necessary will be bands of soldiers to regulate the multitudes who will go from all parts of the earth to seek healing." And that is true. The devil tells the truth sometimes. Once he said: "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." If there were a man here this evening afflicted with some physical malady, and had obtained advice, and was told that there was death at the heart of his trouble, if he had one hundred million dollars, he would part with the last cent if that would save him. If only men knew, in spite of all that modern scholarship says, in spite of all that the Evolutionists declare-if only men believed that sin has hell at the heart of it, that it separ-, ates the soul from God for time and for eternity, a man would give the whole world, if he had it, if only he might save his soul. There would be no difficulty in persuading people to believe in Christ if only first of all, by God's good grace, they could be made to understand their need of Him. They would then cry

> "I can but perish if I go, I am resolved to try. For if I stay away I know I must forever die."

That is why Naaman was so ready to believe, and that is why he went to the prophet.

II.

Now let me try to show you WHY HE WENT AWAY. It was not because he was not offered healing. He could have been healed of his leprosy. Salvation to him meant, not a spiritual salvation: it meant physical healing. That is what he came for, and that is exactly what the prophet offered him. He told him in the simplest possible terms

how he could be healed of his leprosy: "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." And yet "he turned and went away in a rage."

Why is it people will not believe the gospel? In the course of my ministry I have known of many people who have gone out of church ready to tear me in pieces. I remember a man who was gloriously saved later, but his wife told me that she positively trembled once as they drove out into the country. She said all along the road he cursed the preacher as she had never heard anyone curse in her life,-damned me up and down, consigned me to perdition, and vowed that he never-never-never would go and hear that man again. He was just like Naaman. He was offered salvation, but he went away in a rage. We have all done it. I have done it. Perhaps nearly all of those of you who are Christians, have done so before the Lord gave you more sense. Why is it that when we acknowledge to ourselves in secret that some time, sooner or later, we hope to be saved from that thing that is within us, we become angry when the Remedy is offered us? We know there is something wrong, but we do not quite know what it is. The Bible says it is malignant, it is sin. It is not merely a bad temper that one may grow out of, but sin that will drag a man down to utter destruction. And yet when in simple terms the gospel offers us salvation from that very thing, we won't have it.

I am sure that in the course of these years in which I have tried to minister from this pulpit, I must have had hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people who have come into this building knowing in their deepest souls that they needed salvation. And when they were offered the salvation they needed, and the salvation that, in a certain sense, they wanted, they would not accept it. "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" That is God's cry.

Why is it that people turn and reject the gospel? Well, Naaman wanted to be healed, but he wanted to be healed in a way that was appropriate to his own dignity. He came as a great captain, and he expected that his rank and position would in some way be recognized. And when the prophet said, "Go and wash", he "went away in a rage".

Do you see how they had confused the little girl's gospel? "Why", said the king of Syria, "if there is healing in Israel, the king will know about it, and the proper person for such an one as you to see is the king himself. I will give you a letter of introduction, and when you arrive, present your credentials, and he will receive you" as commander-in-chief of my army." But the little girl did not say that the king would heal Naaman of his leprosy. She had said the prophet would do so. How many people there are who want salvation on their own terms! "He went away."

And one reason why he went away was that he had come with his own preconceptions of how he should be saved; and what the prophet told him to do was not in harmony with his preconception. The prophet said: "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee." And he said, "Behold, I thought." Yes: "I thought"! That is why some of you are not saved. "Well, do you not want a man to think?" Yes; but you had better think God's thoughts. "Behold, I thought that the way I should be saved would be like this: I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. I thought

4 (388)

THE GOSPEL WITNESS

there would be some ceremony, with all my attendants standing around observing, and saying, 'How wonderful' But to go down to the Jordan, and dip myself seven times—absurd! And when it comes to washing, if that is all there is in it, Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? If I am to be healed by washing, then I will go home and wash. I will wash in my own rivers. Behold, I thought!"

How very clever we are when we undertake to think out a way of salvation! But, my friends, that accomplishes nothing. Some preachers go to Chicago, or to Rochester, or to McMaster University, to learn how to improve upon the gospel of the word of God; not how to think God's thoughts, but how to think their own. They go here and there trying to invent a new gospel. I do not know what your preconceptions are, my dear friends, but some prejudice has occupied the minds of some of you here. Perhaps this is the first time you have been here, but you have been to other places, and you have heard the gospel, and you are not saved, and if I were to ask you why, you would say: "Well, I heard the preacher say"---if, indeed, you went to a place where the gospel was preached-"that I was to trust in Christ, and that seemed to be an inane sort of thing, just to believe and be healed, and-well, that does not agree with my thinking." No; I do not suppose it does, and I will tell you why. Listen: "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Oh, you cannot climb to the altitude of God's thoughts. How much wiser it would be to receive the gospel of Christ in simple faith. But Naaman would not have it. "He turned and went away in a rage."

Observe also, he had ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. Naaman thought the most important part of the service was the collection, and he was going to give a handsome donation. He came ready to reward the king or the prophet. But the prophet said nothing about that. He said: "I am too busy to see you. Go and wash in Jordan." I have had to do with the Naaman attitude in my time. I remember receiving a letter from a very rich man, who was a deacon of this church. It was almost a book. He told me how to preach, and told me what I ought not to preach, and how I ought not to offend people. He thought it was unnecessary and rather disgraceful to have Naaman go away in a rage! Of course the fault was with the prophet, not with Naaman. "You should not do that, Pastor. The proper way is to do" thus and so. Well, I did not answer the lefter. And one night in a deacons' meeting this deacon stated that he could not understand my silence. He said to his brother-deacons: "I wrote to the Pastor, and I called his attention to certain things, and I received no reply. I must say that I am very much surprised that no notice was taken of my suggestions." I looked at him, and said: "Deacon, are you still waiting for an answer to that letter?" He said, "Yes, sir." "Well", I said, "you will never receive one. I do not receive orders from you. My commission is to declare the whole counsel of God. I cannot help it if Naaman goes away in a rage. I am authorized only to tell him God's way of being saved, and if people will not have that, but go away in a rage, I am sorry, but that is their responsibility, not mine."

I should be sorry if any one of you should go away this evening displeased, really sorry. I would very much

rather please than displease you. But if I knew, in advance, that you were going to be displeased, I should not modify my testimony. You go to the dentist sometimes, do you not? And when he has to hurt you, do you say: "What do you do that for, Doctor?" Of course you do not. You went for treatment, and you know that he hurts only to heal. Of course, it hurts a little to deal with sin. It is bound to hurt if you deal with something that has the germ of hell itself in it. It is never a happy or exalting experience for any one of us to have to repent of his sins, but there is no other way of forgiveness. "He turned and went away in a rage." I am sure that Elisha was sorry. I do not think he had any feeling of satisfaction arising out of Naaman's attitude. He probably said: "Poor man, how foolish of him to sacrifice his life to his dignity and position, instead of doing as he was told!"

III.

But NAAMAN CAME BACK AGAIN. I have seen them come back, oh, many, many times! If this gospel which I preach, were preached without the Spirit of God, it were enough to drive anyone away, and to keep him away. But you see, Naaman was a leper still. And as he went on his way, angry because of the treatment he had received, he may have looked at his hands and he may have said: "My anger is not healing or even helping me. I still have this deadly plague with me. I am not getting rid of it." Perhaps he may have done a little thinking afterwards with himself. "I said back there when I turned away from the prophet's house, Behold, I thought! What a fool I was. I have had plenty of time to think, and all my thinking has not cured this leprosy, nor anyone else's thinking either; it is still with me." Perhaps he was rather silent as he went on his way in his chariot. And perhaps his servants talked among themselves, until they got up courage enough to speak to the great man, and one of them, being the spokesman, may have said, in effect: "My father, please forgive me. I do not want to be offensive, but we all want to see thee made whole. And it seems so strange to us. We have been with thee on the field of battle, and we have seen thee do great things, and if the prophet had bidden thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? Oh, master, master, how much rather when he saith, Wash and be clean. Wilt thou not do it even yet?" I think there was a pleading, beseeching, tone in their speech, as they addressed him.

Then the order was given to stay the cavalcade, and the heads of the horses were turned in the opposite direction, and Naaman went back to Jordan, then down into the water he went, and at the seventh plunge the leprosy departed, and he was made whole.

And suddenly all his anger passed away! Perhaps someone said: "Shall we go home now?" "No, no! we will go back to the prophet's house." "But you did not like him, master?" "No; but my attitude toward him is entirely changed. Now I want to see him. I want to talk with him. I want to say, Thank you, to him. I want to let him know that I am grateful that he did not condescend to my folly; but insisted upon God's plan." And so Naaman went back: "Here I am, perfectly whole. Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel. He has not only healed my body, but He has changed my mind, changed my whole attitude toward life, and toward everyone, and most of all, toward Himself."

I remember going to the church of which my father was minister when I was quite young. And a certain member of the church spoke to me, and asked me when Vol. 1 I was going to receive Christ. I do not know exactly what I said to him, but in the politest way I knew how I let him know it was, in my view, none of his business. Then I sat down in the pew and folded my arms, and I said: "That kind of thing does no good. I won't be saved if I am to be asked by a man like that." I turned it over in my mind until I was like Naaman, full of fury. At last I almost persuaded myself that I might have yielded if anyone but that particular man had spoken to me. I did not like him. But light broke through my

folly, and I did like Naaman, came simply as a poor sinner to the cross, and trusted the Lord Jesus, and He forgave me my sins. The next time I saw that man I wanted to put my arms about him. I really did! My whole attitude was changed: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Yes; when the Lord Jesus touches us, so that we are washed and made clean, all life is different.

> "Heaven above is softer blue, Earth around is sweeter green; Something lives in every hue Christless eyes have never seen, Birds with gladder songs o'erflow, Flowers with deeper beauties shine, Since I know as now I know I am His, and He is mine."

Now, my dear friends, will you do the simple thing to-night? Nothing can be more simple than the gospel. Do not try to complicate the gospel, and pile up barriers between yourself and Christ. He desires that we should all be saved, and so as not to exclude anybody. He has made it so simple that the little children whom we saw come to Christ this morning, are able to believe. That little Israelitish maid in Naaman's home understood it. She was only a little girl, but she was God's messenger to the greatest man in all the Syrian kingdom. I wish I could be as simple as that little girl, and say to some Naaman here: "Will you not come to my Master? I wish you would trust Him. I know Him so well that I am sure He would recover you of your leprosy. I know He would forgive your sins. I know He would save you with His great salvation.

I beg of you as one of His servants, and your servant for Jesus' sake, be wise, and do the simple thing:

> "There is a fountain filled with blood. Drawn from Immanuel's veins. And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains. "The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day: And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away."

I cannot make it simpler, save to tell you that Jesus has done it all. Salvation is His free gift. You have nothing to pay. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Let us pray:

Thou hast told us, O Lord, that the Holy Scriptures are able to make us wise unto salvation. We are, none of us, wise, until Thou dost make us so, and that which we call the foolishness of God is really the wisdom of God. We thank Thee that ever Thou didst break in upon our darkness, and enable us to see in Jesus Christ the Lamb of God Who taketh

way the sin of the world. Oh, if there should be one here this evening who has not yet looked to Christ, we pray that he may look this evening, and looking, find everlasting life. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

Bible School Lesson Outline

First Quarter February 28th, 1937 Lesson 9

DR. T. T. SHIELDS, EDITOR

BAPTISM, A SYMBOL OF BURIAL AND RESURRECTION

Lesson Text: Acts 8:44-48; Romans 6:3-5; Col. 2:12.

Golden Text: "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ."-Galations 3:27.

I. Baptism is much more than a meaningless ceremony. In the thought of some, adult baptism is a religious ceremony prescribed as a term of church membership. An examination of the scriptures set out in this lesson will show that it has a special symbolical significance, and is therefore designed to be a teaching ordinance. If a believer's conversa-tion is to be restricted to "that which is good to the use of baptism is the spiritual fitness of the candidate.

II. Baptism is expressly said to symbolize the burial and resurrection of Christ. We know of no more illuminating illustration of the gospel than the ordinance of baptism. The believer, by submission to it, declares that in the death of Christ he has recognized his own death, and that all his iniquities were justly punished in the person of his absolutely sinless and voluntary Substitute.

The centurion marvelled that Jesus of Nazareth had died so soon, and Pilate would not release the body until it had been certified to him that Jesus was dead. Thus the reality of His death was established; and of that fact His burial was a certification.

That principle holds in baptism. "The wages of sin is death", and the wages have been duly paid, and the sin com-pletely expiated.

But baptism symbolizes also the resurrection of Christ. It were folly for one to submit to baptism who did not believe that Christ was raised from the dead, and we are specifically told that that is a condition of salvation: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Baptism is the believer's confession of his belief in the resurrection of Christ, with all its implications. Hence, as we frequently say to the enquirer, baptism illus-trates the truth that when Christ died, you died; when He was buried, you were buried; when He rose again, you came out of prison with all debts paid.

III. Baptism not only sets out the terms of justification through the death of Christ, but it illustrates also the truth of sanctification through the Spirit. The believer is raised in the likeness of His resurrection. The spiritual significance of that tremendous fact is set out by the Apostle Paul in Ephesians 1:15-23, particularly from the 19th verse.

IV. The symbolism of baptism represents most plainly what baptism really is, a burial, or an immersion. The doc-trinal significance of the whole ordinance is destroyed if sprinkling is substituted for immersion. It is called a burial both in Romans, chapter 6, and Colossians, chapter 2.

The promise of the baptism of the Spirit was definitely fulfilled at Pentecost, and again when God certified His ap-proval of the preaching of the gospel to the Gentiles in Acts, chapter 10. Thereafter the Spirit abides with His church, and all believers have a right to share in His ful-ness. We refer to it now in order to combat the error that an experience of the Spirit's power obviates the necessity for water baptism. In Acts 10:47, 48, we have an example of where the Spirit was poured out upon those who had not yet been baptized. But, observing it, Peter answered, "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord."

February 18, 1937

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 XV.

The work of the Forward Movement occupied everybody's attention denominationally until the financial canvass had been completed.

I must return to the affairs of Jarvis Street Church. Jarvis Street had long been proud of its musical service, and for years it had been the home of the finest musical productions. Under Dr. A. S. Vogt, who had been its organist for nearly twenty years, the Jarvis Street choir had made for itself a fine reputation. The choir formed the nucleus of the Mendelssohn Choir which grew at last, and still continues to be, a civic institution.

Dr. Vogt was succeeded as organist and choir-master by Dr. Edward Broome, who had served the church five or six years when I became its Pastor in 1910. Dr. Broome was an excellent musician, and a great choral leader. By some he was rated as superior to Dr. Vogt. He lacked, however, the combination of qualities which made Dr. Vogt a conspicuous success. Dr. Broome was successful, too, though not in precisely the same way, and perhaps not to the same extent. He was an exemplification of the proverbial saying that such an one had "the defects of his qualities". Which I understand to mean, that the very qualities which make a man conspicuously able in one direction, may limit his success in another. Personally, I had the most happy relations with Dr. Broome for a number of years.

Dr. Broome was ambitious to succeed as a choral leader, and organized the Toronto Oratorio Society. For his oratorio concerts in Massey Hall he brought to Toronto such musical organizations as the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and I believe, the Chicago Orchestra. Bringing these great organizations of nearly one hundred musicians to Toronto involved an enormous expense. Indeed, they came at a cost that would have been prohibitive had not Dr. Broome had the backing of friends who were financially strong.

I always reveiled in Dr. Broome's productions, and, by observing him just before some great occasion, learned something of his temperament. He was like a violin tuned for a performance. Every nerve was taut. When an instrument is thus prepared for service, it should be used, played upon. I have known Dr. Broome, after one of his performances, like any other public man who has been under great nervous strain, react very suddenly; and, under such circumstances, he was often greatly misunderstood and misjudged.

When all this has been said, Dr. Broome was a professional musician who felt that his own and his choir's musical standards must be maintained. The musical numbers in Jarvis Street were heavy. They were superbly rendered, but were not sufficiently simple to minister to people who were not musically trained. No one could ever justly complain in those days of the conduct of the choir in the public service. Their general deportment, so far as I was able to observe—and they sat in front of me—was all that could be desired.

But the musical numbers were too heavy, too long,

and too numerous. They were always, of course, carefully prepared in advance, and if one should be omitted there was grave danger of giving offence. What was designed to be an "opening sentence" sometimes turned out to be an anthem that required ten minutes to complete. The result was that, do as one would, it not infrequently happened that the Jarvis Street preacher would begin to preach about the time other congregations were hearing the benediction.

I have observed other than regular church services cumbered with too heavy a programme. Time is occupied unnecessarily by a chairman's address that means nothing. Then one or two other persons are called upon to speak, and at long last the "principal" speaker is 'This so-called "principal" speaker has introduced. usually been specially requested to give an address on that occasion, and has prepared himself with a message requiring certain time for its delivery. It often occurs that his name has been used to advertise the meeting and assemble the people, and that the majority of them have come particularly to hear that address. But the people are wearied to the point of exhaustion with divers preliminaries before the speaker of the evening is called upon. He may be perfectly innocent of any transgres-sion. He may curtail his speech, and occupy but half the time he was requested to occupy-but it makes no difference. When the meeting concludes, the time of the conclusion is marked, and the last speaker is blamed for it all.

During the years up to the Spring of 1920, I had noticed many people go home before the sermon began, who later advised me that they were so wrought up by the prolonged musical service that they were in no condition to listen to a sermon. I once heard the late E. O. Excell on a Convention occasion, when the speaker was Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, on an August night with the temperature running somewhere in the nineties, wear out a congregation for nearly an hour and a quarter in "preparing" them for Dr. Morgan's sermon.

In the early part of 1920 I reached the limit of my patience, and proposed in a Deacons' meeting that some action be taken to bring the musical service within reasonable limits. A resolution was adopted as follows:

"In the judgment of the Deacons, the best interests of the church would be served if the musical church service were so changed as to allow the anthem to be sung in the morning service while the offering is being taken, and to have not more than two anthems at the evening service, one of which shall be sung while the offering is being taken, and to allow no additions to these numbers at any particular service except after first conferring with the Pastor and obtaining his consent."

The Committee interviewed Dr. Broome, but he strongly objected to the choir's singing while the offering was being taken. The Committee was continued, and the matter dragged out from February to April, with no action being taken. At last I determined to call the church together and ask for a decision on the subject. Having made the announcement, I called the Deacons together at the close of the morning service. That was on May 2nd, 1920.

THE GOSPEL WITNESS

The gentleman who had moved the amendment to my resolution at the Ottawa Convention was Chairman of the Music Committee. He was a very excellent man, but was not biblically informed. I never saw any evidence that he was a student of the Bible. From the kind of book he occasionally quoted in prayer-meeting, and what I learned from himself of his religious views, I know that he had never been "rooted and grounded" in the principles of Evangelical Christianity as historically held by Baptists. His idea of a religious service, it seemed to me, was that the sermon should occupy a subordinate place, and that the music, as represented by the choir, was the most important element in the service.

When the Deacons assembled that Sunday morning, and I explained my purpose to submit the choir's place in the service, to the church, this particular Deacon objected, and said something 'to this effect: "I have no doubt that the Pastor would be overwhelmingly supported in his objection to the proportion of time occupied by the choir; but a vote taken on that matter would only beg the question, for there are other issues involved in the present situation." I knew what that meant, for we had in Jarvis Street Church a number of young men who were graduates of McMaster University; and I cannot think of one of them who ever gave evidence of a spark of spiritual life. They belonged to Jarvis Street families; most of them had joined the church from the Bible School when quite young; and I can think of only one who was ever seen at the prayer-service-and he was the most mischievous of all, who came, not to do the Lord's work, but unquestionably as the agent of that spirit "that now worketh in the children of disobedience". The decision taken at the Ottawa Convention, that the one whom the Convention had supported in his protest against Modernism, should be beaten in his own church, was being given effect; and these alumni of McMaster University were now distinctly unfriendly.

Every Pastor who reads these words will understand what I mean when I say that I detected an undercurrent of antagonism which was just as difficult to define exactly, as it would be to define the exact course of the Labrador current that flows from the Arctic region. I had felt the chill of it in many directions, and when this Deacon made that remark, I replied, "Very well, sir; I will make my communication to the church next Wednesday as broad as my relationship to the church as its Pastor. I will present my resignation, and will tell the church exactly why I present it. I will tell them what they may expect from me in future as a Pastor if I. remain in the pastorate of Jarvis Street Church, and will make it possible for the church to decide whether they want a new Pastor or not. I will accept the verdict as a vote of confidence, or the reverse, as the case may be."

That proposal was, in this gentleman's view, as objectionable as the other; but I said to him: "What would you propose? I cannot be fairer than to give every member of the church the opportunity, by merely raising the hand, to say whether or not he wants a change in the pastorate."

I adhered to my proposal, and sent the following communication to all the members of the church:

"Toronto, May 3rd, 1920.

"To the members of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, "My dear Friends:

"At the Communion Service last evening, I informed the church that certain events had occurred which led me to feel that some members of the church desired a change in the pastorate; and that, therefore, in order to give the church an opportunity to express itself on the question, I would present my resignation for consideration, Wednesday evening, May 5th.

"I then asked the church to authorize me to call a special business meeting on that date. This was done; and I now write to ask you to do me the personal favour of being present Wednesday, if at all possible. Unless the church expresses a wish for me to remain by an overwhelming majority, I shall feel obliged to insist that my resignation be accepted.

"The only wáy by which any member may show his or her desire for me to remain will be by being present and voting Wednesday evening.

"Praying that the great Head of the church may direct us all into knowledge of His will, and hoping to see you Wednesday, I am,

Heartily yours,

(Signed) Thomas T. Shields."

The meeting was held, as announced, on May 5th, the Chair being taken by Mr. R. S. Hudson. The church minutes says:

"The attendance of members and friends filled the main part of the Sunday School Hall to capacity, and the galleries were brought into use to some extent."

• The minutes also record the following:

"The Pastor then briefly read his resignation to take effect on July 31st, or at an earlier date at the convenience of the Church.

"The Pastor then addressed the congregation at length, explaining fully the situation which led to his presenting his resignation. There had been complaints of the length of the services and of the fact that the preacher frequently had no opportunity to begin the sermon until the hour for service was nearly gone. On February 24th, the Deacons had passed a resolution curtailing the music to some extent. On March 7th, the resolution had been somewhat modified. There had been a growing antagonism in the choir ever since the passing of the resolution. The situation had been discussed in the Annual Meeting when a report from the choir and the music committee was called for. The Pastor The Pastor had then asked for a decision on the question whether the musical part of the service was to be so controlled as to allow the preaching of the gospel to be the supreme end of the services, but no vote was taken and the matter was referred back to the Music Committee. The following Sunday, the Pastor had announced that he was calling the entire membership together to vote on a certain question and that on their decision would depend whether he continued his ministry in Jarvis Street or not. On consultation with the Deacons, he had been told that the question was a broader one than that of the music alone, and he had decided to submit his resignation. He then dealt separately with a number of criticisms which he knew had been made concerning his ministry, and vindicated his own position. Concluding his address, he declared that his commission to preach the gospel still remained, and that he was perfectly sure that the Bishop was still planning his life. He was absolutely independent of Jarvis Street, and if the meeting decided that his resigna-tion was what the church needed, it might be that that would be God's way of showing him that he was needed elsewhere.

"The address had been punctuated with a good deal of applause, and at its conclusion, several, including the chairman, spoke strongly in support of the Pastor."

After several suggestions as to how the matter should be dealt with, in the form of motions and amendments, this minute occurs:

"Dr. Holman then presented and moved the following resolution, which was seconded by Deacon Grant:

"'That this Jarvis Street Church refuses to accept the resignation of Pastor T. T. Shields, and would express its thankfulness for his unswerving loyalty to truth, and would take occasion to express its high appreciation of his faithful and successful ministry in this church.'

"On being put to the meeting, the resolution was carried with much applause by an almost unanimous, standing vote."

Following this, the Pastor presented and moved a resolution with reference to the music, in the following terms:

"That the church hereby resolves that in the services for public worship, Sunday mornings and evenings, precedence shall be given to the ministry of the Word; and that each service shall be so ordered that all the elements of the service may be of such character and in such proportion as to contribute to the exaltation of Christ through the exposition of the Word of God. "And in order that these principles may be given effect, the church hereby places the conduct of the public services of the Lord's Day entirely in the hands of the Pastor of the

"And in order that these principles may be given effect, the church hereby places the conduct of the public services of the Lord's Day entirely in the hands of the Pastor of the church, or of such other preacher as may at any time minister in his stead; it being understood, as a matter of course, that the Deacons are the Pastor's proper advisers in all matters relating to the conduct of the public worship of the church; and that, therefore, henceforth the Music Committee shall be considered a sub-committee of the Deacons' Board, of which the Pastor shall be, ex-officio, a member."

The resolution was carried by the same vote. The Secretary of that time was distinctly in opposition. The minute says:

"The resolution was carried with much applause by an almost unanimous standing vote."

It is true there were a few who did not stand, but no opposing vote was recorded; therefore the vote was tech-, nically unanimous.

THE CRY OF OUR VERY NEEDY CHILDREN

We hear a good deal about a certain family in the north, in which there are five little girls of the same age. The Jarvis Street family, taken as a whole, is very much larger; and since all of our children are healthy and vigorous, they have enormous appetites.

The Oldest Child

The oldest child is THE GOSPEL WITNESS. It has outgrown its swaddling bands, and will very soon celebrate its fifteenth birthday. It was born May 17th, 1922. For one so young, this child has had a most extraordinary career. Impossible as it may seem, it actually went to work on the day of its birth, and has been working ever since.

We do not believe it possible to estimate what God has wrought through this paper. It has been a means of grace to multitudes of people who, through illness, age, or distance from a place of worship, have been unable to avail themselves of the public means of grace. To hospital and sanitaria, to sick-rooms, to lumber camps, to isolated places on the prairies, and to the far corners of the earth, it has carried the gospel message now for nearly fifteen years.

In addition to its ministry of comfort, it has exercised an educational ministry, in that it has brought instruction to many who were without the advantages of a teaching ministry; and even to those who regularly hear the gospel preached, it has been a means of blessing. Who of us does not recognize how little one is able really to carry away of the spoken word, and what an advantage it is to be able leisurely, quietly, and repeatedly, to read the record of that which we heard spoken?

Furthermore, we have had the testimony of hundreds of ministers from nearly all parts of the world, who have told us that they have found THE GOSPEL WITNESS suggestive and stimulating to them as preachers, and, at the same time, steadying, to them in the day of storm. Above all, it has been a messenger of grace to the unconverted in hundreds of cases.

The Editor has not received nor desired one cent of remuneration for his fifteen years of writing. Indeed, the greater part of the overhead of THE GOSPEL WITNESS has been absorbed by other interests. Otherwise, its continued publication would probably have been impossible. We have carried no advertisements—not because we disapprove of them, but because, in order to maintain the purity of our testimony, were we to advertise, it would be necessary to scrutinize every article, to read every book, and to assure ourselves that nothing was advertised in our pages which we could not recommend. This would involve such labour that the profit from advertising would scarcely pay for it.

THE GOSPEL WITNESS is indebted to the kindness of its friends, the members of THE GOSPEL WITNESS Family throughout the world, for their kind interest in it, and for their generous contributions toward its support. It is always hungry, and was never more in need of funds than at this hour. THE GOSPEL WITNESS closes its fiscal year March 31st, and we earnestly ask all our friends who have helped us hitherto, and the new friends we have made during the year, to help us with a substantial contribution for THE WITNESS Fund between now and the 31st of March. We are grateful for the smallest sum; but recently we read the account of a will by which \$50,000 had been left to a religious paper. What a paper we could make of THE GOSPEL WITNESS if we had a few thousand dollars to put into it, to develop it, and to make it known!

However, we are speaking of its present maintenance chiefly. We believe many of our readers have had more than a hundred dollars' worth of blessing from its pages during the past year. If you have only one hundred cents, send them along. But if you can afford \$100.00 or ten times that amount, it will be gratefully received. But please do not wait until March 31st. It will relieve us of much anxiety if you would send in your contribution early. Do it now!

Our Second Child

The second of the Jarvis Street children, in point of age, is *Toronto Baptist Seminary*. The Seminary is about four years younger than THE GOSPEL WITNESS. During its operation we have had between four and five hundred students pass through our class-rooms. Not all have stayed to graduate, of course, but many have. Our graduates number seventy-two. Already they are pretty well scattered over the earth: in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in America; many of, them are missionaries, more of them are pastors at home, in the United States, or elsewhere. We have reason to believe they are all standing solidly for the inspiration of the Bible, and that body of evangelical truth for which Baptists historically have stood.

We have no endowment. Our expenses are approximately \$15,000.00 a year, and we depend upon the contributions of God's people. It is our daily prayer that God will lead someone to remember the Seminary in his will to the extent of many thousands of dollars, if he has it to leave; and that He will move His stewards who control some of His money, to send us gifts continuously.

Send us the biggest gift you can for the Seminary Fund between now and March 31st. And by the way, we desire to say, "Thank you", to the many friends who responded to our appeal of a couple of weeks ago to send us contributions of food for the Seminary dining-room. We intended to publish a list, but at the time of going to press the list is not available, so we will do so next week—of course without the names of donors. We never publish names without the giver's consent.

Our Third Child

The third child is our Radio Fund. We were off the air for a couple of years, and resumed broadcasting some months ago on CKOC, a Hamilton station. This necessitates a long distance telephone line from Toronto to Hamilton, and adds considerably to the cost. We have obtained a little reduction in rates, but it still costs us about \$100,00 per service, or approximately, in English money, twenty pounds.

Being on a new station, we have gradually to build up an audience, and that we believe we are doing. But contributions to this fund have been very small. When our rates were raised in 1934, and we discontinued broadcasting, after the well was dry we heard from hundreds of people who expressed their regret and lamented their loss. Among them were not a few, even of those who were able to do so, who had sent us no contribution toward the work.

As a sample of what is accomplished, only this week we had a telephone call from a man whom we had not heard for years. He used to be carried into the church years ago in a kind of steel harness—he had been so terribly injured during the war. He is one of the most courageous spirits we have ever known. He never complains, is always cheerful, and always thankful. This week when the telephone

(Continued on page 16)

8 (392)

D. L. MOODY, THE GREATEST OF MODERN EVANGELISTS

An Address by Dr. T. T. Shields

Delivered in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto,

Thursday Evening, February 11th, 1937

(Stenographically Reported)

It is probable that there have been few famous men. of whom more stories have been told than have been told of D. L. Moody. He was, himself, a great story teller, and was accustomed to find many of his illustrations in his own experience, and was especially fond of telling stories which illustrated the gospel's power. I think I might easily this evening entertain you for an hour or so, and instruct you at the same time, by re-telling some of these stories. I shall not pass them by entirely, but so much is just now being written about Moody-the religious magazines are full of references to the fact that this year marks the centenary of his birth---that probably I might stumble upon some which you have already heard, or which are available to you in many of the works that have been published on the life of Moody, and in current articles describing his great work as an evangelist. I am chiefly concerned this evening that we should try, in a simple way, to analyze Moody's character and examine his career with a view to discovering, if possible, something of the secret of his power, in order that we may reap from our study some lasting spiritual profit.

To begin with, it is something that a religious leader should be remembered by such a vast multitude of people nearly forty years after his death. Many men, even men of importance, men who have occupied large places in their day and generation in the public affairs of nations, are very soon forgotten when they have passed from the sphere of action. But here is a man who stands out as one of the great figures of religious history of modern times; in whose work people are still profoundly interested forty years after he has gone to his reward. I say, that in itself is worthy of consideration. Absalom in his lifetime-Absalom, the brilliant son of David-reared up for himself a pillar. He said: "I have no son to keep my name in remembrance", and so he reared up for himself a pillar of stone which was called, "Absalom's place". A great many men of distinction have left little behind them by which they can be remembered other than some sort of pillar, a pillar of stone, perhaps. But Moody had many sons, a multitude of spiritual children, who rose up to call him blessed; and they or their spiritual descendants are found to-day in all lands, and on practically every mission field in the world.

I used to go to the Moody Church and Institute some years ago, quite frequently, when my friend the late Dr. A. C. Dixon ministered there. In common with other guests who preached there, I was always assigned to Moody's apartments, which consisted of a plainly, but comfortably, furnished study, a bedroom, not particularly large, and a connecting bathroom. They told me that it was then exactly as it was in Moody's day. I visited there often later, after the Institute had greatly grown, and that room had been turned into Dr. Gray's study. But at the time of which I speak it was preserved just as it had been in Moody's day. Many a time I have stretched myself on Moody's couch, and looked at the text which Moody had put up upon the wall for himself, that he might look upon it. It was one of his favourite texts: "He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." The centenary now being observed throughout the Christian world, I suppose with more or less earnestness and interest, is itself an illustration of that great truth. Moody is not dead. We speak of him as dead, but "he being dead yet speaketh". It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that probably there has never been a day when Moody exercised a greater influence in the world than he does at this moment, indirectly, through his spiritual children, now forty years, or nearly so, after his departure for heaven.

What shall we leave behind us, my dear friends? What place do we occupy in life as Christian men and women, and what spiritual memorials are we erecting through which to perpetuate our influence after our day's work is done? Can it be said of any of us, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth"?

It must be said of Moody that the story of his life is full of inspiration for the ordinary man, and perhaps of greater value than that of many biographies, for the reason that *Moody was a man of very humble origin*. He came of an honest family, and if they had nothing in their record of which to be ashamed, it was equally true that there was nothing in the family history of which they had any very special reason to be proud. They were just ordinary, commonplace, people. Moody was not born to any great estate. If there was real greatness in Moody's family, apparently it began with him.

That was not so of the great Spurgeon. Spurgeon was a preacher to the manner born. I heard a great preacher once lecturing on Spurgeon years ago say that it took three generations to produce Spurgeon. He was born to the ministry, apparently, with extraordinary gifts even from his infancy. He was born into a family of learning and culture, and drank at the fountains of learning even from his earliest years.

Not so, Moody. He was born into an unlettered family, and his family was quite poor. His father died in young manhood, and had been able to make but little provision for his family of seven children. There were times when the family were in danger of being without food, and Moody's mother had a great task in providing for her seven children. Moody was the sixth child.

Moody was not only a man without distinction of birth, but *he lacked early educational advantages*. He had had very little schooling when he set out for himself. Indeed, it is recorded of him that when he went to school he was anything but an apt scholar. From all accounts, the Faculty of Toronto Baptist Seminary would have been rather impatient with him, and, in the beginning, might have sent him home to his mother. And yet, notwithstanding, he must have been possessed, from the beginning, of latent powers which, by the providence of God, were ultimately developed, and made him the world figure which he became.

The truth is, we acquire little. The beauty of the lily surpassed the splendour of Solomon because all Solomon's array consisted in external adornment, while the lily's beauty was natural and innate. The most that any educator can do is to lead out the qualities of mind which God has implanted within us. It is important that we should be born again, because it is indispensable to our salvation; but it is something for which we have need to be profoundly thankful if, by the goodness of God, we were well born the first time.

Moody had qualities that were unusual, and he was sent by Providence to the right kind of school to develop those latent powers. We must not assume that the only learning of value is obtained in an institution called a school. Moody was a man of extraordinary physique for one thing, evidently he had more than an average physical constitution. In later life he came to see that he had not always been wise; indeed, he said that he feared he had been wicked in the way that he had sometimes presumed upon his physical powers; for he was accustomed to say to his workers that we have not to serve a hard Master, and that God is not pleased when we abuse our bodies, even in His service. But conserve his strength as he might, it would not have been possible for Moody to do what he did, to have laboured as he did, had he not been endowed by nature, which in our view as Christians, of course, is but another name for God, with an unusual physical frame, and with a constitution that served him well in the stress of his more abundant labours.

We are disposed to misread some of the records of Scripture. Many young men would like to go to bed at night such as they are, stupid and indolent, and wake up in the morning wise, and strong, and heroic. But greatness does not spring up like Jonah's gourd. No hero was ever made over night; and no man of distinction did ever come to a position of usefulness without some form of preparation that fitted him for the hour of emergency when at last it struck. Samson slew the Philistines "heaps upon heaps" with the jaw bone of an ass. But he never could have done it if God had not given him extraordinary physical strength. We have all been attracted by the story of David, as of a man who leaped suddenly into fame. But David's fame came by his use of his sling and stone which he employed to such good effect. He could not thus have used his sling had he not had a good arm and well developed muscles. Nor could he have used them had he not had a keen and practiced eye; for although he had not been trained in a military school, he was thoroughly disciplined in the wilderness by the keeping of sheep, and he was given, in the providence of God, lions and bears to practice on! That was not a bad exercise! And they were not such lions and bears as you dream of in a nightmare. They were "the real thing!" It was there David learned the prowess which later he so splendidly exhibited in his triumph over the Philistine. And I think an analysis of Moody's career will show that that was true of Moody: he was a product of the school of experience where the fees are always high.

By ordinary human standards, at least by academicians, I suppose Moody would be called an uneducated man. But in the truest sense he was a man of education, for such powers as he had were trained and splendidly developed, and turned to practical and useful account.

Moody did not make his way "hitch-hiking" it, for there were no cars in his day, but he went on "shanks' ponies" from Northfield to Boston, where he had an uncle who had a shoe store. Moody was very independent, and possessed of boundless initiative. His uncle was rather afraid of him, and did not immediately offer him work, so Moody walked the streets for a long time looking for work. His uncle later said he had been afraid to offer him a job for fear he would want to run his store. But his uncle evidently misunderstood him. It

is possible for any of us to misunderstand young people. I hope we shall never be guilty of discouraging a wholesome independence, and the exercise of initiative, and such qualities of leadership as Moody exemplified to such an extraordinary degree in later life.

At last, driven to extremity, he went to see his uncle, who said that he had been waiting for him, that he would take him into his store and give him a position on certain conditions. He was required to go to a certain church every Sunday, and he was to go to Sunday School, and he was not to do certain other things. Within three months Moody was selling more shoes than all the other men in the store. I point this out to you to show you that God selects appropriate instruments. It is folly to say, as one writer has pointed out, that anyone can do what Moody did. Anybody could not do it. God always has His fitting instruments. Some young men have applied for admission to the Seminary, who have urged as a sure sign that God was calling them to the ministry that they had failed in everything else! That is never a valid argument. The man who can succeed in the ministry could succeed in almost any calling.

When Moody found that business was slow he did not wait behind the counter until someone came in and asked for shoes; although his uncle did not tell him to do so, he went out to the front door, looking at the people as they passed, to see if they did not need shoes, and he "shooed" them into the store and sold them shoes. That was characteristic of Moody. He never waited for work to come to him; he always sought out the work. He was possessed of initiative; and when God laid hold of him, that was sanctified and turned to spiritual uses.

Moody attended Sunday School, and without anyone's asking him he went out after scholars. We have a fairly large Sunday School now. After my coming to Jarvis St. for ten years we applied the latest and most approved Sunday School methods and we built up a Sunday School of about three hundred. Sometimes on special occasions we might have four hundred. But we knew all about how to handle a Sunday School! We had gold seals, and silver seals, and blue seals, and red seals, and front line classes, and back line classes-all kinds of classes. And we had a cradle roll, which we never saw or even heard, and a "home department" that was equally invisible. On paper, it was one of the most perfect of schools. And when we had an attendance of three hundred, or three hundred and fifty, we were very proud of ourselves. But Moody was not a gold seal school man. No one told him what to do. He had a supply of common sense, and therefore he went out after his scholars. He began in Boston even before he was converted. He concluded that if a Sunday School was good for him it was good for some one else, so he went after others. His Sunday School teacher's name was Kimball. This man knew that Moody was not a Christian and he made up his mind to go to see him. When he got to the store where Moody worked he was afraid to interrupt him while he was serving customers, and he walked up and down past the store several times, before he got the courage to go in and speak to Moody. But he finally went in, and they went to a room in the back of the store, and there he led Moody to Christ. A Sunday School teacher led him to Christ at his place of business! Moody never forgot that. Thereafter he always laid emphasis upon Sunday School work; and long before he began to preach, he became one of the greatest of personal workers, seeking people individually. Do you not think there was a special providence in the way Moody was brought to Christ, so

that Mr. Kimball's faithfulness might be indelibly stamped upon his mind?

He went to Chicago from Boston, and went there with the ambition of making a fortune. He set as his object one hundred thousand dollars. I suppose that amount would have been equal to a much larger amount in our day. He soon got a position selling shoes. He wrote to his mother soon after and said he could make as much money in Chicago in a week as he could in Boston in a month. He got along splendidly. After a while he became a commercial traveller, and made still more money. He lived as economically as he could and saved with a view to rolling up that one hundred thousand dollars. I have no doubt there was a providence in that. He never reached the one hundred thousand dollars, for the Lord soon inspired him with a nobler ambition. But he saved until he had over seven thousand dollars in the bank.

He joined a church in Chicago, and again he showed his initiative. He was a business man, not thinking of spiritual things particularly. He was perhaps not much more than a nominal Christian, not particularly zealous for the souls of men. But it was his habit to do whatever he did with all his might. Hence he seems to have concluded that if the doors of a church were open the pews ought to be filled. So he rented a pew and filled it, then he rented a second one and filled it, and a third, and a fourth. Every Sunday those four seats were full. He later said that he never once spoke to the young men he thus persuaded to go to church about their souls. He confessed it had never occurred to him to speak to them about their souls, that was the preacher's business. He conceived it to be his business to get them to church. But he then providentially learned what one man could do by patient, persevering, persistent, effort; and though the rest of the church might not be full, Moody's pews were always full from end to end.

Then he went to Sunday School. He had never had a Sunday School class in his life. When he asked the Sunday School Superintendent if he might teach a class, the Superintendent was not particularly impressed with his ability, and explained that all the classes were supplied with teachers. They had sixteen teachers and twelve scholars; but if Moody wanted a class he was told he would have to go out and get one. That is just exactly what we did in this Sunday School thirteen years ago, not because Moody had done it, for I don't know we had heard of his doing it, but it was a common sense thing to do. We first canvassed for names and then gave people names and said: "Now, go out and get your class." And they did.

The next Sunday Moody came in with what his biographer called eighteen "hoodlums"—and they were hood-'lums! But Moody discovered that he had a gift of catching boys. He therefore did not propose to teach them himself. He said: "You get someone to teach them, and I will go out and get more." Talk about visitation! Listen, you Jarvis St. teachers: just one man crowded that Sunday School until its accommodation was taxed.

Then he decided to start a Sunday School of his own in a needy part of the city. He became Superintendent of that School. By this time he had become a commercial traveller. He was out of town a good part of the week. He would get home sometimes Saturday evening. Then he rose always at six o'clock on Sunday morning. The hall in which he held his Sunday School was occupied by a German Club,

and used for dancing on Saturday night. And when Moody went to the hall on Sunday morning it was not in any state to hold a religious service. It would take him from six o'clock Sunday morning till almost noon to get the hall cleaned out, and heated, and ready for the School. When the hall was ready he would go out visiting, scouring the streets roundabout, getting scholars to come to school. As soon as school was dismissed he was out again with a list of those who were absent, visiting absentees. You Jarvis St. teachers think you are up to date! The best of you are only catching up to Moody back in the fifties. He held a gospel service at night.

He had been conducting Sunday School for some time when one of the teachers sent word that he was ill. That teacher had a class of young girls, and there was no one else to teach them, so Moody taught them himself, and he said they were the most frivolous girls he had ever seen. He was almost impatient with them. He felt like putting them out on the street. But later that teacher called on him at the store where he worked and told him that the doctor had said he had tuberculosis, and he could not live. He had to give up everything. He told Moody he was greatly troubled because he had never led one of his class to Christ. Mr. Moody said he had never heard anyone speak as he did, and he then proposed that they go together and tell each girl how the teacher felt. The sick man consented and he and Moody started out together. At the end of ten days every one of those girls had accepted Christ. The experience gave Moody a new conception of things. It was a mark of Moody's greatness that he was willing to learn from anyone." He said that he would not exchange the joy that he experienced in visiting with that dying teacher for all this world could give. Thereafter it was not numbers he sought, but souls. Without arrangement, as the teacher was leaving, and Moody went down to see him off, every one of those girls was there to say "Good bye". They tried to sing but broke down. Moody said: "The last we saw of that teacher he was standing on the platform of the rear car, his finger pointing upward, telling that class to meet him in Heaven." Moody spent the rest of his life pointing upward, directing the souls of men toward Heaven.

Moody was not the weak, "sissified" gentleman some people represent him to be. He had a boy in his school By this time he had Mr. John V. who was unruly. Farwell as one of his helpers. Moody had been watching that boy, and he said one Sunday: "Mr. Farwell, if that boy disturbs his class to-day, and you see me go for him and take him to the ante-room, ask the school to rise, and sing a very loud hymn until I return." What practical common sense: "Sing a very loud hymn!" Sure enough the boy began, and Moody went, and took him by the collar and dragged him into another room; and there they had it out. He gave him such a thrashing as Moody, himself, remembered to have received, with profit, years before. Then they came back, the boy entirely subdued, and Moody victorious. A little while after that the boy was converted! I still think a little muscular Christianity would do some people good. Anyway Moody practised it.

Now, I must leap over a great many years. Moody was given up to Sunday School work, and naturally, when the Lord blessed his efforts, other people came to him, seeking his counsel. And because of that he went to many Sunday School conferences, and tried to lead others in doing what he had done. Little by little he began to preach. He was not a great success as a public speaker

at first. One man, who thought he was a man of discernment told Mr. Moody that he was sure he could serve the Lord most effectively by distributing tracts, and refraining from all attempts at public speaking. We must not presume to set up a standard by which to measure every one. Think of Moody and Spurgeon, a moment, in contrast. The first time Spurgeon opened his mouth in public—he was an orator; he was born to the art of public speech-everybody was electrified at his first public utterance. He seemed not to have to learn, although doubtless experience and practice augmented the power even of Spurgeon's speech. But Moody had to learn; and he did learn in a marvellous manner. So if teachers find teaching difficult in the beginning, and you ministerial students find you have little facility in public speech, and find yourselves embarrassed at attempting an open air meeting, remember that one of the greatest evangelists the Lord ever raised up, began just like that, and that it took him some time to acquire proficiency in that art.

In eighteen hundred and seventy-one—and this is significant—he heard a man sing at a conference somewhere. At the close of the service Moody went to him and asked him his name and occupation, and then told him he had been looking for him for a long time, and that he would have to give up his position and join with him in evangelistic work.

Mark this: Moody had heard many people sing but he did not invite them to join him. Moody had sense enough to look for the right man. There is only about one man in a thousand who ever ought to try to sing a solo. I once had a man in my choir who thought he was a soloist. The organist came to me in great distress one time, and said: "Mr. So-and-So insists upon singing solos, and you know his wife is in the choir, and he has certain connections, and I am afraid if I do not allow him to sing solos he will leave the choir." "Well", I said. "if you let him sing solos, the congregation will leave the pews, so as between the two, let him leave the choir, but no solos from him." A man, and for that matter, a woman too, must be a real singer to sing solos to any purpose. Moody knew that. He had heard hundreds of people sing, but it never occurred to him that he wanted them. But when he heard Sankey he immediately recognized God's gift in him. It may be that no small part of Moody's success was due to that power of discernment so akin to the special gift of "discerning of spirits."

Moody went to Britain in eighteen hundred and sixtyseven. And what do you suppose he went for. Not to preach! He went first in order to hear Spurgeon. It was worth anyone's while to go to England to hear Spurgeon. He went in the hope also that he would have an opportunity of shaking hands with Muller, and of hearing Spurgeon preach. He did not go to see Westminster Abbey, or St. Paul's Cathedral: he went to hear the world's greatest preacher, and to see the man whose faith God had so signally honoured. He did not hold many public services, but a few people had heard of his work in Chicago, and he held a few meetings which were attended by great blessing.

In eighteen hundred and seventy-three he went to Great Britain again by invitation of three men, accompanied by Sankey. When he and Sankey arrived in Liverpool—you have heard the story—they discovered that the three men who had invited them, were dead. Moody said, "God seems to have closed the doors. We will not open one ourselves. If He opens the door we will go in; otherwise we will return to America." A little later Mr. Moody discovered in one of his pockets an unopened letter that had been delivered to him in New York, and which he had forgotten. It was from a man in York inviting him to come. He communicated with him, and it issued in their going to York. They began in a small way. I cannot detain you to tell you the story of how the fire began in York, and spread to Sunderland, and then to Stockton, and then to Glasgow, and Edinburgh, then through all the Scottish cities, until it had spread through all Scotland like a prairie fire.

From Scotland, Moody went to Ireland. He was invited to London many times, but he said the ministers were not sufficiently united, and it was not until conditions had changed that he accepted an invitation to London. He went in the meantime to Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, and other cities, and to London last of all, but with the same result, ultimately, at London, that had attended his ministry elsewhere. Thousands were saved, churches everywhere were guickened into newness of life, and into new activity. One of the principal characteristics of Moody's ministry was his ability to get other people to work. He never did a thing himself that he could get anyone else to do. Once, at the close of a service as he stepped down from the platform he met an inquirer. There was a man standing across the aisle whom he knew, and he said to him: "Mr. So-and-So, will you speak to this man?" He said: "Oh, Mr. Moody, I could not do that. I never did any-thing like that." "Then sit down, and I will get someone to come and talk to you." Moody thought if any man, who professed to be a Christian, did not know how to lead an inquirer to Christ, it was about time someone should talk to him; and I think he was right.

The result of the visit of Moody and Sankey to Great Britain was multiplied a thousandfold by Moody's unique gift, his extraordinary ability to interest people and get them to work; sending them out to work for other people, it strengthened them, and through them he was able to extend his influence.

I am not able to describe the work of Sankey. You are familiar with the story of "The Ninety and Nine", which therefore I shall not repeat. But I would make this observation about Sankey's style. In those days the church sang its stately hymns to their stately tunesand I love them; I hope we all do. But Moody was quick to realize that for his style of service they needed a lighter kind of music, which would help to free them from their conventionalities. He therefore introduced simpler hymns, and simpler tunes. But if you study the tunes in the book we use here-most of them are found in this book-you will find that they were entirely free from the modern evangelistic jazz. Did you ever hear a congregation sing that piece: "I am drinking at the Fountain"? Many of these jazz tunes of modern evangelism are set to dance measures. I do not believe they contribute anything to the reverence of a congregation. Sankey found the happy medium, tunes that did not divorce the thought of people from the subject which those tunes were intended to be vehicles to convey. We ought to learn that lesson. The tunes we have sung to-night, for instance, are all appropriate vehicles for the conveyance of a religious message. But these other tunes I am afraid turn people's thoughts in other directions. There can be little doubt that Sankey's singing by the blessing of God very largely contributed to the success of Moody and Sankey in England. Of course there were

some who said it was Sankey's singing more than Moody's preaching, which attracted the people. Both men, however, were agreed in giving all glory to God.

Naturally they were criticized: Mr. Sankey was making a great profit on organs! Mr. Sankey played a little portable organ, and many people wanted an organ like his. They imagined if they got Sankey's organ they would be Sankeys. And it was spread abroad that Mr. Sankey was an agent for the organ company, and was getting a handsome commission on all the organs sold. Then the hymn books brought in a large revenue, and it was said that the evangelists were getting rich on the sale of hymn books. The fact was, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey did not touch a cent of the royalties. All the money went into the hands of a committee. When they got through their campaign the committee had a little over seven thousand pounds. They wanted Moody and Sankey to accept that, but they refused. The committee said: "Why should you pay seven thousand pounds for the privilege of preaching in Britain?" But Mr. Moody would not have it said that they had profited, financially, by their mission. And then someone arrived from America, who told them what he had seen in Chicago-a new church, unfinished. Only the first storey had been built. Mr. Moody would not go into debt. And so the upper storey, with space for the galleries, had not been finished. This American friend suggested it would be a fine thing to send seven thousand pounds derived from the sale of hymn books to the Chicago Ave. Church, for the completion of the building. The old Moody Church, which is now the chapel of the Institute, was completed by the royalties derived from the sale of the Moody and Sankey hymn books in the campaign in Great Britain and Ireland.

It was reported also that Moody and Sankey had been sent to England by P. T. Barnum, the circus man! If people say uncomplimentary things about you do not imagine you are the only one. Others have similarly suffered. Moody and Sankey were no more exempt from the criticism which is levelled against God's servants than others.

Before I send you away, I must make two or three observations that have application to this present day. Moody made a second extended trip to Great Britain in eighteen hundred and eighty-one, and the results were even greater than in eighteen hundred and seventy-three. And the results were lasting.

Moody and Spurgeon were great friends. Spurgeon entirely approved of Moody. You have often heard me refer to Spurgeon. Spurgeon, to me, was one of the greatest men who ever lived. Dr. A. T. Pierson estimated that when Moody died, he had, by voice and pen, reached, in his lifetime, and before the days of the radio, not less than one hundred millions of people; but it was the same Dr. Pierson who estimated that Spurgeon had, by voice and pen, reached not less than three hundred millions of people. Moody travelled this continent and Great Britain: Spurgeon stayed in one place, and from that one place touched nearly a quarter of the world's population.

I have not always found it easy to read Moody's sermons. Spurgeon's preaching was of a vastly different order. Moody could never have stood in Spurgeon's place, and week by week preached to the whole world for forty years as Spurgeon did. But Moody could do things that Spurgeon could not do, and the two men were complementary to each other, and the greatest of friends,

neither of them saying to the other: "I have no need of thee". Notwithstanding, Moody was a great preacher. I never heard him preach. Some of you here, perhaps, did hear him. But he had found his own way to the storehouses of Scripture, and he knew how to bring out of the treasure-house "things new and old". Furthermore, he knew, as very few men knew, how to inspire people to study their Bible. It is doubtful whether a man ever lived who did more to stimulate the study of God's Word, than D. L. Moody. Hearing some preachers preach, a congregation might be impressed with the preacher's ingenuity. But when they heard Moody they said, "That is so simple, I can find it as well as he can", and they went to find it, and found it, and became students of the Bible.

Moody was not superficial: he was simple, but profoundly simple, bringing the great verities of the gospel to bear upon life and conduct.

Moody was a Holy Ghost preacher. He had had a real experience of the filling of the Holy Spirit. When I was assisting the late Dr. A. C. Dixon at a Conference in the old Moody Church he called to the platform one of the women, then very old, whom he described as one of two women who had prayed Mr. Moody out into world evangelism. And they told me that she and another woman used to hear Moody preach, and one day they said something to this effect: "Mr. Moody, we are praying for you that you may know what it is to preach in the power of the Holy Ghost." Mr. Moody was rather annoyed. "Why", he said, "I have souls saved. The Lord is bless-ing my work. What do you mean?" But they prayed on. They prayed that God would make Moody a light to lighten the whole world. Perhaps it was in answer to their prayers Moody was given a new experience of God's power. There came to him a time when he saw that the absent Lord had sent Someone to take His place, and that the Holy Ghost was here to carry on the work of God; a time when he yielded definitely to His power, and received the fulness of the Holy Ghost, and he was never the same man afterwards. Thenceforth when he preached, he preached in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Can we all here say that we have learned, definitely, to rely upon the power of the Spirit of God to make our service effective, just as surely as . we rely upon the merit of Jesus Christ for the cleansing of our sin? Moody was a Holy Ghost preacher. He There was no excitement, no Holy preached simply. Rollerism, or anything of the sort, about Moody's work: he was sane, and moderate. But he preached the gospel in demonstration of the Spirit and power.

Now you will ask, Why can we not have a similar revival to-day? That is an important question. I have said nothing of Moody's great ministry in the States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and all the great centres. Moody was just as greatly used in America as he was in Great Britain. and thousands were turned to the Lord. Why can we not have the same thing to-day? It is my deepest conviction that the Lord is equal to any circumstances, and to all the emergencies of any age. But I do not believe that it would be possible to have to-day, even under Moody, or any other likeminded man, exactly the same results in the same way, in the same length of time. Let me tell you why: Do not be offended. I received a circular announcing the Moody Centenary in which I was assured that all speakers would carefully avoid all controversial subjects, and would endeavour to promote revival. Seek revival! Seek revival! In Toronto! By that sort of thing! It seems to me it is impossible! I will tell you why.

When Moody went to York, he went to one godly minister first. Other ministers later came together. And there was nothing Moody preached that they did not believe and preach. They were all evangelical; they all honoured the Bible as the Word of God. They all preached the blood of Christ as the only way of salvation and of atonement. And the great mass of people had been trained to believe the Bible was the Word of God. When Moody went to Scotland he found the same thing-in Edinburgh and Glasgow the same conditions. The students flocked to him from the universities, and the professors too. Ministers of all denominations joined in, and they all stood together solidly with Moody on the basis of this Book. In the other cities of Great Britain the same conditions, obtained. He refused to go to London until such time as the ministers would get together and co-operate with him. That is one thing to be borne in mind.

Another matter should be observed: Moody made great use of the Young Men's Christian Association. In his day the Y.M.C.A. was a mighty evangelistic force everywhere. It was started by Sir George Williamsby the way he was another man whom Moody went to England to see. The last time I was in London I spoke at the Aldersgate Prayer Meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association, where Sir George Williams and Mr. Moody started a noon prayer meeting. That daily prayer meeting has been kept up from that day to this. And at Aldersgate Young Men's Christian Association, in the heart of the old city of London, we had that day, I suppose, more than a hundred people, the majority of them, ministers who had come together to pray, and to hear a brief address. But in Moody's day he received the blessing even of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of all the bishops. They said: "We cannot, officially, endorse Mr. Moody because he is a layman, out of orders, but he is doing a good work, and the clergy will not oppose him."

In other words, one of the things in which Mr. Moody rejoiced in his European campaign was the unity of spirit among the ministers of all denominations. And, if you please, when he went to London, at the first ministers' meeting there was one brother who wanted to make sure that Mr. Moody was orthodox. Not to hold it against him; but before he would give him the hand of fellowship, he wanted to know that he was sound in the faith, and so he said: "Mr. Moody we should like to know what you believe. What is your creed?" Mr. Moody replied, "My creed is printed." When they enquired where they could find it he told them it was in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. You smile at that! Let me tell you this: If one were to call a company of Toronto ministers together to-day, of various denominations, and one should say: "My creed is the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah", the majority would make such a statement a ground of complaint rather than a bond of union. Why? Because the ministers of this city who stand for the Book are in the minority. They do not preach the blood of Christ as the sinner's only hope. They do not teach people that a man must be born again in order to be saved. On the contrary even your religious educational institutions, instead of

sowing the truth of the gospel, are sowing doubt and positive unbelief. Mr. Moody went to fields that had been ploughed and sown, and watered with the tears and prayers of thousands of godly people. And he reaped. Let an evangelist come to Toronto to-day to preach as Moody preached, and what would he find? Let him assemble five thousand people. He might get five thousand Evangelicals to say, "Hallelujah!" who do not need saving, because they are saved already. But, if he got five thousand of an average mixed, assembly, church members and non-church members, he would find the vast majority had been under the influence of unbelieving preachers who had taught them not to believe the very things the gospel teaches. Therefore, before we can have a revival such as Moody had, we must have a revival in our ministry. We need to have ministers coming to the penitent form, and saying: "I am sorry. I have destroyed people's faith in the Word of God. Publicly I acknowledge my error and come back to the Book." The next revival will have to break the hearts of an apostate ministry, and an apostate church. You can put that in the paper if you like. Talk about having a revival without controversy! You cannot have a revival without preaching the sovereign saving power of the risen Christ, and that will provoke the bitterest of all controversies.

Moody resorted to no tricks. He preached the gospel in the power of the Spirit, and people were saved. He was not like Gypsy Smith, and some other modern evangelists. When they have finished giving their invitation they have made it so broad that everyone who is not an avowed and determined son of perdition will have signed a card, and they count the cards as converts. I would never lend assistance to bring a man of that sort here. Gypsy Smith used to preach the gospel gloriously, but whatever his personal testimony may be he is usually found keeping step with Modernists who deny the Bible, finding his friendships and fellowships in the camp of the enemy, instead of with those who believe the Book. The next time you see him you may tell him that I said so.

We can have the same results that Moody had when the gospel is preached as Moody preached it. But I see no hope until first of all, somehow, God, by His Spirit, touches the teachers and preachers of this age. Until then I think we may well work in some little corner of the vineyard and endeavour to sow it down with gospel truth and reap what we can from our own sowing. If there are strangers here you will let me speak to my own people for a minute. I say to you Jarvis St. people, let us plough, and sow, and keep on sowing, and cultivating our own field, until God shall give us a constituency of people who believe His Word and whom He can teach, then and thus we may be used to kindle such a fire as will compel people to recognize the finger of God. God is the same as He always has been. But neither Moody nor anyone else, could come to the City of Toronto now, and do what he did then, and in the same way. You cannot build an evangelical house on a modernist foundation, nor a temple of faith on a foundation of unbelief. I believe God will begin somewhere, in some corner, and little by little the fire will burn its way out into recognition of its heavenly origin. Even Moody would have to give "precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little," before he could reap.

People will have to be brought back to the Book and to the authority of the Book, and to the great verities of the faith, as a fruit of the next revival.

But let us rejoice in this: Moody's God still lives. And in some humble way we can say, in this place, that up to this hour we have proved and are proving that the gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth". We want no change. We stand in this place just where Moody stood, and where Spurgeon stood. I hope all of you do too. And why should we not, dear friends, pray for a revival? It will not come by glossing over error. It will not come by making light of the verities of the gospel. It can never come in that way.

You remember the story of Elijah. Oh, how we love to talk about that! I have read many sermons about Elijah's setting up the altar, and putting the wood in order, and the sacrifice upon the wood, and the water roundabout, and then praying to God for the fire, and how the fire came. But did it ever occur to you that that was not what Israel wanted just then? It was not what they needed. They needed water, not fire. Famine had prevailed for three and a half years, and it was water the land needed. But what was the fire? Why was it kindled? It was God's way of answering Elijah's prayer that He demonstrate that He was God. He said: "Let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again. Then the fire of the Lord fell." And then they had a great rain-Did they? No, they did not. Do you know what they did next. There were four hundred modernist preachers at that Convention, and they too built an altar and they prayed, and they said: "O Baal, hear us." They cried from morning till evening, but their prayer was not answered. But Elijah prayed and his prayer was answered. And when the fire came the people -not the preachers, Oh, hear me! The people-the people — THE PEOPLE who had been misled, fell on their faces and said: "The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God". And Elijah said: "Take the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape. And they took them: and Elijah brought them down to the brook Kishon, and slew them there". They destroyed Baalism in Israel. And it was after that, and not until after that, that Elijah fell on his face to the ground and prayed for rain. And you know how he sent the young man to look toward the sea, and at last he returned saying: "there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand." Then he said: "Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not."

The Lord will not come to a Temple in which Modernism is in the ascendant, nor will He build a spiritual structure upon the wood, hay and stubble of Modernism. And "except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." Modernistic philosophic unbelief must be turned away by the Fire of the Holy Ghost, that men may be brought to the place where they will acknowledge that the Lord is God. Then He will send us abundance of rain.

May the Lord send it to us speedily, for His name's sake.

NEWS OF UNION CHURCHES

SUDBURY—Pastor John R. Boyd: An Evangelistic Campaign has been carried on in Sudbury for the past two weeks, with Evangelist Bob Munroe, a former pastor. The interest shown in the meetings has exceeded their greatest expectations. Sunday, February 7th, was a day of great blessing, when fourteen young people openly confessed Christ as Saviour. During the campaign some twenty-four professed salvation, and the pastor and people are looking forward to still greater blessing under God. Pray for them.

BELLEVILLE—Pastor J. Scott: Sunday, February 14th, was Anniversary Sunday at the Belleville Regular Baptist Church. Mr. H. E. Irwin, K.C., of Toronto, was the special speaker for the day, and his messages were greatly enjoyed. Musical numbers were brought by Miss Lucille Jarvis of Toronto, and Miss Mary Jeffery of Long Branch.

ORILLIA — Rev. John Byers: Encouraging reports were received by the members of Bethel Baptist Church, Orillia, at their ninth annual business meeting on Wednesday, January 20th, presided over by Pastor John Byers. The financial report showed an increase, with a substantial balance in every fund. The total membership of the church stands at 107. During the year the church suffered a great loss with the passing of Deacon H. Dunford, the church's first and senior deacon who met a tragic death in an automobile collision whilst on holiday in the United States. Mr. Dunford was a strong supporter of the Union and all its missionary interests, and he greatly treasured the matchless ministry of THE GOSPEL WITNESS. The Church also sustained a loss in the passing of Mr. William Carter, a valuable member and one-time Sunday School Superintendent.

The Pastor, Rev. John Byers, in reviewing the work of the year, said that there was much in every way for which to thank God. The Sunday services had been remarkably well attended, the best on record. We could have desired greater blessing amongst the unsaved, but we are thankful for those who have been saved. Two of our young members are in Bible Training Schools, and others expect to enter this Fall.

We are launching an evangelistic campaign in Orillia in the month of May, when we expect to have with us Rev. E. P. Fosmark, North Dakota, an outstanding American Evangelist. Brethren, pray for us.

STRASBOURG, SASK.—Pastor D. S. Dinnick: In a recent letter Mr. Dinnick writes: "Did I tell you that the church has decided to erect a new building next summer? Did I tell you they raised my salary? Did I say anything in my last letter about going north next summer for special services for a week or so?

"Our year closed here with a balance of over \$300 in the general treasury. We have pledges toward our new building fund which will bring it up to-about \$650 by next summer.

CANNINGTON AND SUNDERLAND—Rev. W. Lempriere: The Cannington and Sunderland Baptist Churches have recently called Rev. Walter Lempriere as pastor. Mr. Lempriere commenced his ministry at these churches, Feb. 7th.

MEDINA—Rev. M. Henry: The work at Medina is still encouraging from the standpoint of the spiritual. Three girls have taken a stand for Christ since the night of the turning point on January 10th. We are planning on two weeks of special services beginning the 21st of this month.

CALVARY, WINDSOR-Rev. W. Wellington: The Calvary Baptist Church, Windsor, is having a week of prayer this week, in preparation for the coming of Rev. and Mrs. E. C. Wood, of Chatham, to hold an Evangelistic Campaign. The campaign will, D.V., be held from February 21st to March the 5th. The church would ask a remembrance in prayer that they may have a much needed revival.

LONG BRANCH—Rev. B. Jeffery: A special series of evangelistic meetings was held in the Long Branch Baptist Church from January 31st to February 14th, under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace and Mr. O. Neil. The meetings were well attended and were a great blessing and inspiration to all. Many confessed the Lord by baptism and have since joined the church. These meetings were preceded by a week of prayer with special speakers at each service. We covet your prayers for our work under the faithful ministry of Rev. B. Jeffery, and would also ask that you remember the work begun in New Toronto. 16 (400)

THE GOSPEL WITNESS

February 18, 1937

HEAR JOCK TROUP SATURDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 20th

TELL HIS STORY IN JARVIS STREET CHURCH OF

THE WICK-YARMOUTH REVIVAL OF 1921-22

Jock Troup was to this revival, in the providence of God, what Evans Roberts was to the Welsh revival. When Jock Troup was demobilized from the Navy, he went back to his native place, Wick, the principal industry of which is fishing. There the Lord laid His hand upon him, and thrust him out among the people, with the result that large numbers were converted. They were nearly all fisher folk, and as they went down the coast, and touched other ports right down to Yarmouth, the fire spread.

It is a fascinating story, to hear of his being like his Master, for months together without leisure to eat or sleep, besieged by people enquiring, "What must I do to be saved?"

We invite all "Gospel Witness" readers within reach of Toronto to hear this great story by Jock Troup.

There will be an hour's prayer meeting, 7 to 8 o'clock, in the church parlour, preceding the address in the auditorium.

THE CRY OF OUR VERY NEEDY CHILDREN

(Continued from page 8)

rang, and we took down the receiver, we instantly recognized his voice, and called him by name before he had a chance to introduce himself. He merely called to say he had enjoyed the service last Sunday evening. Asking him if it was clear, he said, "It would have been only that my tubes are nearly worn out, and I cannot afford to replace them. I leave it on for ten minutes, then turn it off for about ten minutes so that it can gather strength for another period." This friend is a splendid soldier both of his country and of the Lord. Would not some GOSPEL WITNESS reader like to replace two tubes in that radio, so that he may hear the gospel? If so, write us. The tubes required are two "forty-fives," whatever that may mean.

Another word of encouragement came from a soundly, evangelical minister, Pastor of a large church in this city, who called to say that his wife, who has been ill but is now convalescent, though still unable to attend church, stumbled upon our service Sunday night, and that when he returned home she told him of the delight she had had in worshipping with us.

These are but two of hundreds of cases. Who will help us, not only with an occasional contribution, but with a regular subscription to the Radio Fund?

THE MOTHER OF THEM ALL

We must not forget, however, the mother of them all, Jarvis Street Church. Few churches carry such burdens. The larger part of the Seminary's support is derived from Jarvis Street. In common with these other funds, Jarvis Street will close its fiscal year March 31st. We appeal, first of all to every member of Jarvis Street, not only to make up all arrears of contributions, if there are any, but also if possible to lay aside a little each week for our annual thankoffering at the year's end. And if there are `among our readers some who are unable to attend an evangelical ministry, will you not look upon THE GOSPEL WITNESS as one of Jarvis Street's assistant pastors, and send us some contribution for the Jarvis Street General Fund. Please do it now.

HER OTHER LITTLE SHIPS	SEPARATE SCHOOL ADDRESSES Copies of these Booklets, No. 1; 32 pages, delivered in Jarvis St. Church delivered in Massey Hall, 20 pages, may be obtained at the office of THE WITNESS, 130 Gerrard St. East, Toronto, Canada, at the following rates: No. 1 Single Copy 10c No. 2 Single Copy 12 Copies 10c No. 2 Single Copy 25 Copies 100 12 Copies 25 Copies 1.75 30 Copies 26 Copies 100 Copies 27 Copies 100 Copies 28 Copies 1.00 100 Copies (Above prices include postage) *0THER LITTLE SHIPS" \$1.50 per Copy, or 4 Copies for \$5.00	GOSPEL
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