

# The Gospel Witness

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

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.

Vol. 15, No. 47

TORONTO, APRIL 1, 1937

Whole Number 776

## The Jarvis Street Pulpit

WHO CARES WHETHER CHRIST BE RISEN?

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, March 28th, 1937.

(Stenographically Reported)

Broadcast over Station CKOC—1120 Kilocycles

"If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins."—I Cor. 15:17.

### Prayer Before the Sermon

O Lord, we would praise Thee with all our hearts for the disclosure of Thy heart to us in the person of Thy Son, Who died for our sins according to the Scriptures. Never shall we be able to understand the greatness of Thy love to us; but we rejoice in the truth of it, and many of us in some experience of it. We know that God loves us, and in this we find our supreme satisfaction.

We thank Thee for every one in Thy presence this evening who has been made a partaker of the grace of life, who has been brought from the far country to the Father's home, and from a condition of alienation to become fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. For what we have experienced of Thy lovingkindness here we praise Thee; and for the prospect that stretches before us, the assurance that in the ages to come "Thou wilt show Thy kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.

We bless Thee for these young lives, these boys and girls, so many of whom have been redeemed to Thyself. Thou hast made them Thine own while still young in years; and we delight to believe that Thou art pleased with the sacrifice of praise which is the fruit of lips, giving thanks to Thy name. And this evening we praise Thee, Lord; we worship Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Graciously make us to know that Thou hast received us in Christ Jesus and that we are all accepted in the Beloved.

Look upon the larger company whom we do not see, who share this service with us by radio, the aged and infirm, those who are sick, those who are waiting upon the sick, many, perhaps, whose duty legitimately prevents their attendance at Thy house. We beseech Thee, make all these to know that Thou art ever ready to receive the praises of those whose hearts are attuned to Thee. So do Thou make every such place where there is a believing heart, a veritable Bethel, where the angels of God shall ascend and descend upon the Son of man.

Now bless us in this service. Glorify Thyself in the salvation of some who hitherto have not known Thee, and in the further upbuilding in their most holy faith of the children of God.

We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

I suppose none of us like to be mistaken in anything; but there are some things in life which are relatively unimportant. There are items of news which reach us sometimes, or certain matters which are alleged to be "news", in the hearing of which, perhaps, we find pleasure until we discover that the report is not true. We may be disappointed, but we survive the disappointment and go on. If announcement were made to any one of you that you had been mentioned in the will of some wealthy person, recently deceased, and you had become heir to a large fortune, the contemplation of it would, perhaps, thrill you. But later if you were to discover that the report had no foundation in fact, you would be disappointed. Still, you would survive. There are some "ifs" in our language which are not suggestive of utter ruin. If the thing be not true, we should be sorry, but we should be able to endure it. But I can conceive of nothing more terrible than the discovery that the Truth of the world is a lie. "If Christ be not raised"! What a terrible suggestion is contained in even the mention of the possibility! What would happen?

There are people who do not read the newspapers because they are not particularly interested in affairs that are outside the immediate circle of their own life. But what "if Christ be not raised?" Do you care? Would it make any difference to you? What sort of people ought to be supremely interested in this Easter story? How much depends upon it, I wonder? Who are they who should be supremely concerned to discover whether, indeed, the story of the resurrection be true?

There are people who deny the truth of the biblical record. There are hundreds of so-called Christian ministers who deny that Jesus Christ did actually rise from the dead. Of course, there were those in the

years immediately following the events of which Calvary was the centre, who denied the reality of the resurrection. Annias and Caiaphas, and all the kindred of the high priest, denied that Jesus was risen from the dead. They paid the soldiers money, and the soldiers who had watched the grave, declared that they had slept on duty, and that while they slept the disciples had come and had taken the body of Jesus away. And that saying was commonly reported within certain circles, nor has that report died down yet. I could quote to you very many books written by theologians, men who profess to preach the gospel, who declare the literal resurrection of Jesus Christ is unthinkable, that He never did rise. In fact, I greatly fear that thousands of those who profess to find an interest in Easter, regard it as little more than a legend, and do not really believe that Jesus has risen from the dead. The Apostle Paul was writing to such, or at least, he was writing in respect to those views which involved the denial of the resurrection.

I remember in a rare moment of indignation, a remark made by my predecessor, Dr. Thomas, who was twenty-one years Pastor of this church. Speaking of those who deny the truth of the Bible, and the reality of the miracles, and the genuineness of the biblical record which affirms the virgin birth of Christ, and His miraculous life, and His miraculous resurrection, Dr. Thomas—who was usually a very gentle man—with exasperation and indignation said, "The fools! what do they hope to accomplish by their denial!" Well might he so say. If Christ be not raised, if it be not true, where are we? What hope have we?

### I.

Some people ought to be concerned about this. First, **THOSE WHO NEED THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN**, those who have a record of transgression written before God, those whose idle words have been treasured up for an accounting, those whose evil thoughts have not escaped the divine discernment and record; those who are sinners, and who have much sin to be forgiven, who have no hope whatever of being able to pay off old scores themselves, but who find that with every passing hour they do but increase their obligation to the divine holiness, and who long ago discovered that they cannot by any means diminish the great obligation. Have you any idea who they are who need the forgiveness of sins? The preacher is one. I am sure, my dear friends, that you are included in that category. There is not one here this evening excluded from it. We all need the forgiveness of sin. I say, forgiveness! Somehow or another we need to find a way whereby the terrible record can be blotted out, though we can make no contribution whatever to that act of removal.

Well, "if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins". "If Christ be not raised," He was mistaken as to His own mission. "If Christ be not raised", He was not the Son of God. "If Christ be not raised", He was not "the way, the truth, and the life". "If Christ be not raised" His life had no value: it was the life of a man who laboured under some great delusion, imagining that He had come down from heaven when He had not; imagining that He was joining our humanity with Deity in His own person, establishing an indissoluble union between the two. If He be not raised, there is not a single prophecy of His that has any value, nor a word of His teaching that is worth record-

ing. The resurrection, if there was a resurrection, was the climax of His career. It was the supreme attestation of His authority. If He be risen, then He is "declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead". But if He be not risen, the whole New Testament is blotted out, and the Old Testament has no value. We have no Saviour, and never had a Saviour. To believe in such an One were vain. If He be not risen then our faith has been a delusion, too. We have believed in someone who was utterly mistaken, and all our hopes are destroyed. We are yet in our sins. Oh, what a terrible possibility that would be! Never to be able to put them behind us! Never to escape from their condemnation! Never to be freed from their bondage in any way at all! To have no Saviour!

When Mordecai knew that the decree of Ahasuerus, by the instigation of that wicked Haman, had been signed, and that all his kindred had, by that decree, been appointed to death, he put on sackcloth and ashes, and came even to the king's gate, and cried with a loud and bitter cry. There was someone within the palace who was in the king's favour. There was someone who had the king's ear. And Mordecai said: "Go in to the king and pray for us. Ask him to lift the curse and give us all a chance to live." Mordecai had a friend at court. So have we had these many years. We come in sackcloth and ashes even to the King's gate, and pleading the name of Jesus Christ, we can make our petitions heard in heaven.

But "if Christ be not raised" there is no Jesus yonder! No blood has been taken into heaven itself to purge our sins away. The heavenly things have not been purged by that better blood. We have no Saviour. Oh, what a terrible contemplation that is!

### II.

Then there is another class of people who ought to be concerned with this enquiry. **SOME HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP IN CHRIST**. Paul said a great host of people have died in the confidence that they had a Saviour, pleading in glory. But "if Christ be not raised", said he, "then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished". There was one called Abraham, who lived in a tent. He called himself a "pilgrim" and a "stranger". He confessed that he had no abiding place, and he was but one of a great multitude who made a similar confession. They said, "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come". They said: "We have seen its glittering walls in the distance. Our eyes have beheld Jerusalem the golden, and we look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." And the Man, Jesus, once said: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad." But "if Christ be not raised" Abraham was mistaken. So were all the patriarchs, and so have they all been who have followed after. Call the roll of that long list of the heroes of faith in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and add to that the record of the countless thousands, nay millions who went to heaven in chariots of fire, believing that they were being carried to heaven therein. They laughed at death, mocked at it. But they were all mistaken, "if Christ be not raised".

But we can come nearer home than that, for we, too, have stood by the bedside when a spirit has departed somewhere. When the breathing ceased we said, "He

is gone", or "she is gone". Gone whither? Fallen asleep? How? Oh, they had fallen asleep in Christ. And then was it a foolish fancy as we followed them into the unseen world in imagination, and pictured them being welcomed into heaven, into the immediate presence of Christ, and found our wounded hearts somewhat healed and our grief assuaged—was it a foolish fancy to say that our loved one has gone to be with Christ "which is far better"? "If Christ be not raised" there is no Christ to Whom they could go. Our hope has been in vain, and those who have fallen asleep in Christ, have perished, and there is no chance of our seeing them again. They have gone out of our lives for ever, "if Christ be not raised".

### III.

I will tell you another class: THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE NOT HAD A VERY GOOD TIME DOWN HERE. Do you know any of them, people to whom this world has not been kind? I have seen little children, and I have wondered to what they were born, and what, humanly speaking, they had to hope for. There seemed to be no prospect of happiness for any of them. My socialistically-inclined friends will say, "Now you are talking sense. The business of the church ought to be to make life more comfortable for people who are having a hard time here." I grant you if that were possible, it would be a worthy thing to do. Not for the little children only, but for older people, too. I can find you men and women in Toronto who would say, "I never had a chance. All things have been against me. One misfortune after another has come upon me, until I sometimes wonder why I was permitted to come into this troubled world." A wise man of large opportunity for observation, long ago declared: "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward".

And when you tell me that our business is to improve the condition of people, I am prepared, for the moment, for the sake of argument, to say, Very well, sir, where shall we begin? Where shall we begin in a world made up of starving nations? in a world in which, for mutual self-defence, these nations which compose it are spending more money, I suppose, making instruments of destruction, than for education and the amelioration of life's ills? I am not condemning that. I cannot understand the logic of some men. I heard of one such addressing a women's club, and wondered whether or not he had escaped confinement in one of the asylums. I know that all these things are terrible, but they are here. What are you going to do about them? I say to all my friends who bring forward some panacea for the relief of the social ills of life: "Man, this generation, and the next, and a hundred others will have passed away before there is the remotest chance of your ever being able to accomplish anything. What are you going to do for those who must, in the nature of the case, die before any help can come to them?"

Ah, yes! the Christian religion offers a hope beyond. I know people mock at it. There was a man who did not live very long. He was a preacher, too; but he preached only one sermon, and they stoned him to death. But ere he died he said a strange thing. When the people looked at him, his face was as the face of an angel, and he said: "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God", as though he imagined—did he imagine it?—that the Redeemer

had risen. Remember the Scripture represents Him as being seated at the right hand of God. But Stephen said: "I see Him standing", as though He would come to the gates of pearl and say, "Stephen, you have witnessed a good confession, welcome home. There are no stones here. We are glad to have you." And so he closed his eyes, and as he did so, he said, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge", and he fell asleep. But it was all a dream, was it? The world was unkind to him, and he fell asleep in the hope and confident expectation that there was some compensation yonder. But there are those who tell us that Jesus is not risen, who teach us that that was not true, that Stephen did not see Jesus, for He was not there! What follows? Well, we must miss both worlds, must we not? "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept." My dear friends, the Easter story is true. We have a Saviour in heaven, He "entered into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." Is not that worth something? Should not that make us sing, as we have been singing, "Hallelujah!" - And that being so, He has power to forgive all our sins. And so the old life was buried in His grave, and there we have left it, and we have nothing to fear in the future.

And as for those who have left us, the Lord Jesus has "become the firstfruits of them that slept". We shall see them again: "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." That will be a happy Easter day, when all the redeemed shall rise, and we shall be found in His likeness, and then, with redeemed bodies, in a redeemed material universe, where all sin has been purged away, we shall find our compensation for all the ills of life. I would rather have a mansion up there than any kind of palace down here. And that is the hope of all who believe.

May God help us, once again, by faith to lay hold afresh of the great truth that Christ is risen! If Christ is risen, then He is the Son of God. If He is the Son of God, the Bible is true, and we are saved with an everlasting salvation.

### **Thank You, Everyone!**

For some weeks, through the columns of this paper, and by personal letter, we have appealed to GOSPEL WITNESS friends to help us close our fiscal year. As we go to press Wednesday evening, it is too early to share the result with our readers, but we can—and do—say there is a great Hallelujah in our hearts. The Lord has again made His people bountiful, and we are more grateful than we can express in words for the generous response WITNESS and other friends have made. We shall have more to say later. This note—on the last day of our year—is simply to say, Thank you; and to say it with genuine heartiness, and with the greatest possible warmth.

# 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 XXI.

Last week's narrative led us to the conclusion of the first real trial of strength, registered at the Annual Meeting of the church April 29th, 1921. I have already remarked that the membership of the church had been completely canvassed for votes for that meeting. The result was a fair indication of the temper of the church. The canvassers had appealed to the members to come out and vote against the Pastor, to save "dear old Jarvis Street".

The fact was, that in the eleven years of my ministry the membership of the church had greatly changed. Hundreds of new members had been received. Many of them had been converted during my ministry, and others had come by letter or experience, desiring the fellowship of Jarvis Street because they had found profit in a biblical ministry. That element in the church had not come to Jarvis Street for the sake of enjoying the music of its superb choir; much less had they come because of the supposed wealth and social standing of a few of its members. They had come to hear the Word of the Lord; and when my opponents appealed to the membership to support them in maintaining "dear old Jarvis Street", with its more or less worthy traditions, they appealed to the minority.

There were a few families in Jarvis Street who were really under the delusion that they were Jarvis Street. Hundreds of others might come to the church, find a place in its membership, attend its services, and even contribute to its support; but so far as these few families were concerned, they scarcely reckoned these people had become part of Jarvis Street. I do not mean to say that they had clearly defined their attitude even to themselves, but merely that they quietly assumed that a few of the older families were *the church*, to which others were permitted to belong by their sufferance.

Jarvis Street Church was not unique in this. Many Pastors who read this story have faced, or are facing now, the same problem: that of a few old families that have remained in one place, and who quietly take it for granted that they are the governing body of the church. At the Deacons' meeting at which it was decided to send out the letter printed in the last instalment of this story, I distinctly recall remarking to the Deacons that on two occasions when the Pastor had very clearly been the issue, the church had decided in his favour; whereupon Mr. James Ryrie expressed the view that he feared the Pastor attached altogether too much importance to the vote of the church. Which of course meant, that it was not the vote of the church, nor even of the majority of its members, but of a few individuals who were determined to control it, that really mattered.

I have a very vivid recollection of the hours immediately following the decision of April 29th. The lease of the house in which I lived expired at midnight of April 30th. In the throes of this conflict, I had been uncertain as to what I ought to do; and the house I had occupied for six years had been bought the year before,

subject to my lease. I had vainly tried to secure a few days' grace, but the new owner insisted that it must be vacated by midnight, April 30th. Houses were scarce, and at that time I could find no other house into which to move. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to pack my goods and store them.

In this interesting occupation I had been engaged for a day or so, stopping at about six o'clock on the 29th to get ready for the meeting. I came home from the meeting, and, with the help of some others, my wife and I worked on through the night; and on through the next day (Saturday), getting our goods off to the storehouse late in the evening, and leaving with a few bags for a hotel when the clocks were chiming the midnight hour. I had managed to find a supply for Sunday morning service, enabling me to rest a little Sunday morning; but preached as usual Sunday evening, May 1st.

That week was a more or less troubled one, with all the tides flowing about us. As a temporary measure, I rented a furnished house for the summer, into which we moved on Thursday, May 5th. The house we occupied was owned by a professor of German in Toronto University. He had an extensive library—not a theological one of course—which became my study; and the books in which I was free to use. I had taken one from its shelf, and had read the book in part, but had not completed it, leaving it open upon the desk.

When Saturday came, I felt very ill, but had to make a journey to the far west of the city, to see someone else who was ill. I managed to drive my car, but accomplished the task with great difficulty. Saturday night my condition became worse, but I attributed it all to the nervous strain through which I had passed.

Through all my ministerial life I had made it a rule, if I were able to stagger to my pulpit, to do so, and not to allow physical indisposition to interfere with duty. I carried on in the morning, but throughout the afternoon I felt that whatever was the matter with me, was steadily on the increase. By six o'clock I was literally unable to sit up, and I telephoned my then Secretary, Mr. William Fraser, telling him that I was unable to drive to church, and asking him to come over and drive my car.

Perhaps rather singularly, a day or so before, when I had sent my announcement to the papers, which was to the effect that I would preach Sunday evening on the personality of the devil, and his work, I had remarked to Mr. Fraser, "We had better pray much for Sunday, for so intimately am I acquainted with his devices, that I am sure this same devil will prove the reality of his existence by tripping me up before then if he can."

However, I got to church. My wife had telephoned my doctor, who was a member of the church; and he said he would be on hand to see me before I left the church after the service. I propped myself up in my pulpit and preached blindly—for I could scarcely see the congregation—and managed to complete the service. When it was over, my physician came to the study, and

insisted that I should ride in his car. He drove me home, waited until I had got to bed, and then came and said, "I am not quite positive, but I feel reasonably sure that you have scarlet fever." He gave directions for the night, and promised to see me the next day.

I remember little of what followed for a couple of weeks, except an incident of the Monday. My doctor came, and after a careful examination, gave his verdict, confirming his view of the evening before, that I had scarlet fever. Of necessity, he reported the matter to the health authorities, and immediately we were put in quarantine, with a red card on the door, "Scarlet Fever Here".

I had often visited fever patients at home and in isolation hospitals, and had visited people with smallpox, but this was the first period of isolation I had ever known. Of course, my dear friends in Jarvis Street could not come to see me; that was legally prohibited. But ministers could have come. I was visited in those rather gloomy hours only once, and that was right at the beginning, either the Monday or Tuesday, but certainly just after quarantine had been established, by two Presbyterian ministers. One of them, as I now think of it, I had not met before, and therefore I am unable to recall his name. The other I knew fairly well, though I could not say that we had known each other with any degree of intimacy. But he and his brother-minister, whom he brought with him, were not afraid of the red card; but came into my room, and, taking the fever patient by the hand, earnestly prayed for his physical recovery, and in the meantime for upholding grace to await the Lord's will.

The Presbyterian minister who made that call, and so cheered me on that occasion, was Dr. John G. Inkster, Pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, Toronto. I have never forgotten his kindness, and shall be forever grateful for his brotherly sympathy.

My own people telephoned, and I knew that I was the subject of their prayers. But I was very much as a soldier wounded in battle, lying in a field-hospital within sound of the guns, and knowing that the conflict was still being furiously fought.

The disease ran its usual course, but at a certain stage, blood poisoning set in in one of my feet, and at one time the doctor feared the possibility of the necessity of amputation. But the disease cleared up in due time, and so far as I know, left no after-effects. I was ministered to by a skilful physician, who added to his skill a personal, and I believe, affectionate interest in his Pastor. Dr. James S. Simpson was my doctor. He is now Surgeon-in-Chief of St. Joseph's Hospital of this city. I had two splendid nurses also, one on day duty, and another on night duty, as well as the constant ministrations of my devoted wife. Notwithstanding, I was *hors de combat*, and a prisoner.

Looking at that experience in the perspective of the years, I am convinced that it was providentially ordered. Serious and painful as it was, it at least removed me from the battle-field for a season and when the crisis was past, the weeks of convalescence which followed were weeks of real rest.

While it has no place of importance in this story itself, it may be useful to my readers to relate one little matter. I have said that when I contracted scarlet fever I was living in a house which we had rented furnished from a professor of Toronto University. On hearing that I was

ill with scarlet fever, the professor's wife telephoned the house, and seemed rather displeased about it. She remarked to my wife that she was quite sure that I had not contracted it in her house, for she said she had never had anything of the sort in the house. Her son, while a student at the University had had scarlet fever, but they had been very careful in the matter, and he had been quarantined in his room in the University. On hearing this, Mrs. Shields was somewhat curious, and went into the professor's study—and there found the book as I had left it, open. Turning to the fly-leaf, she found the name of the son, not of the father, written there. It was one of the books he had had, and handled probably during his quarantine. Moral: be very careful how you handle second-hand books. There is no telling what company they may have kept.

But now to resume my story. At this time, periodically—I forget at what intervals—there appeared in *The Toronto Daily Star*, a character sketch of someone who happened at the time to be more or less in the public eye under the general title, "The Spotlight". These articles were usually rather a caricature, and that which appeared on May 2nd, 1921, was no exception. We print it for what it may be worth.

#### DR. SHIELDS

"Commissioner Amos, who sits on the bench with Judge Sutherland on Friday, breaks the stubborn glebe out Palmerston way on Saturday, and discourses from a Presbyterian pulpit on Sunday, says that churches are founded, not so much on what the Bible says, but on what good men have said about the Bible. Dr. Shields, the pastor of Jarvis Street Baptist Church; whose membership by about three-fifths majority voted on Friday night to keep him, would probably call Mr. Amos a very minor prophet indeed. For Dr. Shields has no manner of doubt that what the Bible says is what our fine old fathers believed.

"Modern ideas, such as lead certain theological professors to call Genesis a legend, move him to scorn. He is for the orthodoxy which Spurgeon preached, the whole orthodoxy and nothing but the orthodoxy. He has the glorious certainty that made Oliver Cromwell what he was, that begot martyrs whose blood has fertilized the church. Last night he told his congregation that he will preach on the old lines more certainly than ever; and he had a few cracks at the higher critics and at all who think that to be a Christian does not mean that you are to be a peculiar person. To come out from among them—such as card players—and to be separate, is of the essence of modern, as of mid-Victorian, Christianity. You admire a man like that, and would like to understand him, having observed him in action, and seen two men and a lady stand up, in token of accepting his truth.

"The valiant champion of the time-honored orthodoxy is a real figure of a man. His full-front photographs do not do him justice. His profile suggests a partial explanation to the rent that has appeared in Jarvis Street's garment of praise. He has got the Duke of Wellington's nose. He is a specimen of spiritual militarism, tempered by the constant admission that all we like sheep have gone astray. He has a tremendous voice which easily fills the vast space of Spurgeon's Tabernacle where he has preached these several summers. It isn't like Spurgeon's chiming bell, into which used to come the most winsome note you ever heard. Spurgeon was rotund and thick-lipped. He smoked at home and joked abroad. On the Sunday morning after his twin sons arrived the first hymn was the one which contains the lines:

Not more than others I deserve,  
But Thou hast given me more.

Spurgeon prayed to his Heavenly Father far more than to his Judge. Who could ever forget hearing him say, in the delightfulest abandon of supplication, 'Bow down thine ear—a little lower, Lord?' Shields' voice would be magnificent in the Armories. He uses it like a bombardon; though it is attractive enough when he just talks to other poor sinners,

as he did at the end of last night's sermon. But to him, as he said, the gospel is God's dynamite. He would have all men and women save themselves from doom. There is only one way of salvation, and he preaches it. His theology is what most middle-aged men were nourished on in childhood—rugged, uncompromising, dividing the sheep from the goats, calling thunderously for surrender to Almighty Love which is subsidiary to Almighty Justice. It has made strong-backed citizens, and has served noble causes.

"Dr. Shields is right when he intimates that the real issue behind the effort to extinguish his ministry at Jarvis Street is the issue between the higher critics and the orthodoxy in which he believes with all his soul and mind and strength. Human existence is a world-wide spiritual court-martial. The higher critic, who abounds at Queen's University, for instance, says that Christ does not wholly depend on Genesis; that it isn't important whether Methuselah had 969 birthdays. He does not worry about the authenticity of Scriptural miracles. He says the hourly miracle of your own interior is enough to make you regard Almighty Wisdom with wonder, love and praise. Science, he declares, is as surely a revelation of the processes and purposes of Almighty God as anything in the Apocalypse. He believes that the more human we are the more divine we become—of which his prime illustration is mother love in our own species.

"After a fashion the two tendencies which deployed their forces last week at Jarvis Street are reflected by two notices in the Gerrard Street entrance to Dr. Shield's church. One tells new scholars coming to the Bible school (it isn't called a Sunday school) that they MUST give their names to the proper official. The other, inviting boys to join the Maple Club, begins: 'Are you a wise guy?'

"The breach confessed at Jarvis Street is symptomatic of more than the attractions and repulsions of Dr. Shields' personality. He is absolutely sure of his ground, his mission, and his long future; and is faithful accordingly. He couldn't be anything else, with his early upbringing and the Duke of Wellington's nose."

It is surprising to what lengths even professing Christians will go to gain their point, when they become disaffected toward a church or a minister. Perhaps we ought not to be surprised at that, for who of us does not know that the worst of all devils is a religious devil—unless indeed the worst devil is no devil at all. Certainly the devil accomplished his most fiendish work through one of the twelve.

I am not a cynic. I rejoice in the fellowship of those who have been washed with blood, and made new creatures in Christ Jesus. This side of heaven, I believe there is nothing in the world to equal the fellowship of the saints. It has been my happy privilege for not a few years to enjoy much of it. And as I write, I am sure, were I to give myself time, I could recall the names of hundreds of people of whom, with all sincerity, I could say, I thank my God upon every remembrance of them. With the greatest possible heartiness, I am ever able to sing,

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above."

Notwithstanding, there is the other side. Often have I marvelled at the saying of our Lord, "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" It was even by the invitation of the Lord Himself, that Judas was numbered with the twelve. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord"; and many a minister has been betrayed by Iscariot's successors—some of whom have been brought into their place of privilege by the minister himself. Alas! it is not possible for us, with our little knowledge, always to discern between one who is a disciple indeed, and one who is a devil.

As I recall some of the things that were said in that controversy of years ago, I scarcely know whether to be annoyed, or grieved, or amused. But I wonder did anyone ever set out to persecute one of God's ministers who did not charge him with inability to interest young people? And the charge is usually made by some shrivelled old bachelor, or spinster of uncertain age, from whom all young people would escape if possible by aeroplane.

Of course it is always true that there are some "young people" who will not be interested by any biblical preacher. If the preaching of the Lord Himself reduced a multitude of thronging thousands to a mere dozen, so that He was led to enquire, "Will ye also go away", it is not surprising that young people—and older people too for that matter—who are determined to labour exclusively for "the bread that perisheth", and all the materialistic, sensuous, world it symbolizes, should turn away from a ministry that offers them the Bread that endureth unto everlasting life.

Personally, I am rather afraid of people who do not love children, and whom children do not love. I had never supposed that I might justly be included in that class.

Preachers are only human, and just as a wounded soldier may often be helped by a touch of sympathy more than by the most skilful bandaging, I found compensation in the battle of which I write in many quarters. I have somewhere told it before, but it belongs properly to this story, and I shall tell it again. It is the story of a little boy who came with his father and mother from Scotland, to Montreal. They had been stricken in the Home Land by the death of two of their children within one year. Their older sons had come to Canada, and after the war, returned to their respective positions. The father and mother came intending to go west and settle there, but tarried for a few days in Montreal to visit their older sons.

On the day in which they were to leave for the west, the father went into the city to arrange the tickets and other matters. Some time later his wife was called to the hospital, only to discover that her husband had had a heart attack, and had fallen dead in the street, or in an office. At all events, he was gone; and the poor woman was thus thrice stricken within a year.

She came to Toronto. I did not know her, and what I now relate I learned later. For her, not only had the sun set, but every star had been blotted out of her sky. She was benumbed with grief. Her two little boys went out in search of a church and Sunday School, but she had no heart to go to the place of prayer. The children found their way to Jarvis Street. I did not know them, but I noticed them on several occasions in the gallery, quite conspicuous and very attractive in kilts and plaid.

The younger of the two boys was named Donny, and he suffered some kind of accident, I rather think he was injured with a motor-car. At all events he was taken to the Sick Children's Hospital. The mother felt, of course, that misfortune was pursuing her; but she spoke encouragingly to Donny, and told him that if he would make haste and get well, on the day that he came out of the hospital, mother would do anything for him that was within her power. Donny recovered, and was brought home; and when his mother asked him what she should do for him, he said, "I want you to come to church and

hear my minister." So Donny brought his mother to church. When she came, she found that He who was anointed to bind up the brokenhearted was there before her, and was waiting for her. The Good Shepherd laid the torn and bleeding sheep upon His shoulders and brought her home.

Later, I made the acquaintance of Donny, and through him of his mother, who, not very long afterward, was baptized on profession of faith, and became a member of Jarvis Street Church. So some years passed, and Donny and I became still faster friends. He often came to see me, bringing some little token of gratitude from his mother, Scotch shortbread or something of the kind. And always Donny was a welcome visitor.

But again he was overtaken; this time, as he was returning from a certain church one week-evening, whither he had gone with his mother and someone else. In Scotch fashion, even little Donny was expressing his opinion about the preaching; and, crossing one of our main thoroughfares, if I recall correctly, his mother a little in advance of him, he was again run down by a car, and taken to the Sick Children's Hospital. News reached me, and I went to see him. It must have been about one or two o'clock in the morning when I got there, and I found him almost unconscious. Poor, frail little chap, one would not have given very much for his life. But as he reached the convalescent stage, again his mother made a promise to him of some special favour when he should recover and come home. When he got home, and she asked him what she should do, he said, "I want you to let me go over and see my minister." He came. I opened the door to him, and there he stood, smiling; and, removing his little Scotch cap, I saw that his head was still bound in several places with adhesive plaster. He came in, and we had a happy little visit—and off he went again.

Then came the week of the great meeting of April 29th, which was a Friday. Two or three days before that, little Donny came to see me, and just before leaving, he stood in the hall and said, "I am going to be at the meeting Friday night." I said, "You are?" "Yes, sir; and I am going to make a speech too." Donny was not a member of the church, and I wondered what was working in his little mind. So I enquired, "And what are you going to speak about, Donny?" He said, "I am going to ask"—and he clenched his fist, and stamped his foot—"Where is that man who says Mr. Shields does not like children?" He paused, as though for effect, and again with great earnestness he declaimed, "I should like to know why he would come to visit me in the hospital again, and again, and at one o'clock in the morning, if he does not like children?" Again he paused, and lifting his eyes and looking around as though he were scanning the great gallery, he almost shouted as he said, "Where is that man? I want to tell him he lies."

I was both touched and amused, but said, "O Donny, you will have to be very careful what you say on Friday night." "Maybe. But there are some days until Friday. I will think of something to say. Don't you fret"—and I bade him good-bye.

Friday night Donny sat with his mother. I was not in the Chair, but sat in one of the pews. After the ballots had been marked, and while the scrutineers retired to count them, business was suspended. Several prayers were offered, and part of the time was spent in singing. I was somewhat preoccupied with thought of

what might issue from the meeting, when I felt a little arm put through mine, and I looked down—and there was my little friend Donny. He looked up with bright and shining face as he said, "Don't you worry. You are going to win all right. I am sure of that." When later the result of the ballot was announced, and the announcement was greeted with applause, Donny was still sitting beside me, and said, "I told you so. I knew you were going to win."

Only a little boy's testimony? Yes; but I was as sure that night that God had sent that little boy to my side as that He ever sent an angel to anyone. It was wonderfully sweet, while many were saying, "The Pastor does not love children, and the children do not like him."

As the meeting was dismissed, Donny came to me and said, "Well, I did not speak to-night, but I will speak next time." Ah, yes; next time! Next time, Donny? When will that be?

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel-faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

## NEWS OF UNION CHURCHES

### THE VALLEY OF GOLD

Concerning the town in Northwestern Quebec called in French, Val d'Or, or in English, the Valley of Gold, Rev. Jack Watt writes: "The need for the gospel is evident, for open sin was never so rampant in a place as it is here." Those who recall the racy description of the blatant sin of that gold camp in the columns of *The Evening Telegram* of Toronto, referred to in this paper several weeks ago, will understand something of what Mr. Watt means by his statement.

On the other hand, the Roman Catholic Church boasts that it has now completed a large church, with two priests in charge, has several hundreds of children attending the Catholic Schools, and this summer intends to build a hospital and bring in nuns to conduct it and to work in the schools. Fulminations in strongly Protestant communities about the evils of advancing Romanism have no effect whatever in Northern Quebec. The only method of meeting the challenge in this place is to send men and money to that very district to proclaim the gospel of free grace, and so to raise an enduring witness to the truth as it is in Christ. With this in view, Mr. Watt has undertaken to do the pioneer work in Val d'Or and we share a few excerpts from recent letters in order that our readers may rejoice and pray and give.

In his first letter our missionary reported, "I walked miles and miles and visited everyone I could trace who might be interested." The reward of this truly apostolic method of preaching "from house to house" was a small congregation at two different centres which the next week doubled in size. A number of families are interested in establishing a testimony in this needy place, and are rallying around Mr. Watt. He says, "I am greatly encouraged myself and especially so when I see the great enthusiasm with which those who do come speak of their plans for furthering the work as much as is in their power to do so." The last letter sounds a good note: "At our regular Thursday evening prayer-meeting last night we had sixteen present, with about four of our steady ones away at work. I was much pleased and the more so because a real manifestation of the Holy Spirit's presence was there too."

In the world of affairs the rumour of a "rich strike" is the sign for a great inrush of men and capital to share in the expected wealth. That is how the great gold mines in the North have been developed. Shall we who believe that there are riches exceeding those of the finest gold, do less? This latest established station in the North is an additional strain

on the Union exchequer, and while rejoicing in this further advance let us not forget to hold up Pastor Watt's hands in prayer.  
W. S. W.

**ORILLIA**—Rev. J. Byers—"For the past four weeks," writes Mr. Byers, "Bethel Baptist Church has enjoyed a rich season of revival blessing. Prayer meetings have been held in the homes of Christian friends throughout the town every afternoon, and evangelistic services have been conducted nightly with great results. Thirty-four have professed to be saved, not including twenty children who were dealt with in the Sunday School. Backsliders have been reclaimed, homes reconciled and Christians revived. A small group of Christians have prayed every Saturday night for five years for a mighty revival to visit Orillia, and we believe that this movement is in answer to definite believing prayer. The meetings are carrying on indefinitely, afternoon and evening."

**JAMAICA**—Word has been received of great blessing which is being experienced in the Nightingale Grove Baptist Church, Jamaica, of which Rev. John Knight is pastor. Some thirty-six professed faith in Christ in one week. Remember these brethren in prayer.

**OTTAWA ASSOCIATION MEETING**—On Monday, March 15th, the ministers of the Ottawa Valley Association met in the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Thomson of Thurso, Que. They gathered for prayer and discussion. The gathering was not confined to ministers, but many interested laymen were present also. The Lord graciously blessed, as they were humbled in His presence and their hearts were broken and contrite before Him.

In the evening a praise service was held in Mrs. Abraham's home. The house was filled, and many were seated on planks. Brother Walker, who has undertaken the pastorate of the Cumberland Baptist Church, gave an excellent message. Then Rev. Roy Hisey of Lachute brought a splendid gospel message, closing with an evangelistic appeal. In all it was a good day spent in the house of the Lord, being of rich blessing to all present.

**SHENSTONE MEMORIAL, BRANTFORD**—Rev. A. C. Whitcombe—The Shenstone Memorial Baptist Church recently held its annual business meeting. Toward the end of the meeting an officer of the church remarked that this was the first time in ten years that a board had come to the church at the end of the year without a considerable deficit in the general fund. This year all current interest has been paid and quite a sum paid off principal indebtedness. Beside this there was a small surplus in the general fund after running expenses had been met. There was an increase of nearly one hundred dollars in the missionary giving as well.

An increase in membership was reported, while four of the members have left to join that part of the army of the living God which have crossed the flood.

The Bible School increased its average attendance from 118 to 151. This is remarkable in view of the fact that the attendance represents 75 per cent. of the school membership roll. The school has been able to lend a hand to the choir in advertising, and to the church, too. It has helped the W.M.S. refurnish the kitchen, and contributed over one hundred dollars to the general treasury. A number of the school have professed conversion and some have been baptized. The other departments of the church reported the same healthy condition, so that we feel we have good reason to look forward to the Lord's blessing during this coming year.

Tune in CKOC (1120 kil.) for  
Jarvis St. Church Service Every  
Sunday, 7 to 8.30 p.m.

REMEMBER

RADIO  
WITNESS  
SEMINARY

FUNDS

DO  
IT  
NOW

## Bible School Lesson Outline

Vol. 1 Second Quarter Lesson 15 April 11th, 1937

### THE RELATION OF THE BIBLE TO SALVATION

Lesson Text: Romans 10: 8-17; Psalms 1 and 119.

Golden Text: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."—II. Timothy 3: 16, 17.

Salvation by faith rests on "the word of Christ". Romans 10: 8-17. Our gospel is "the word of faith" (v. 8). We preach that the Christ Who was crucified for our sins, was raised for our justification (4: 25). To be saved a man must make "profession of faith". But the outward confession comes from inward conviction. On what, then, does belief rest? On what a man hears, even "the word of Christ" (10: 17 R.V.). Our Lord Himself said He gave His disciples the word which the Father gave Him (John 17: 20). In relation to Christ the Bible has been divided thus:

Preparation—Old Testament.

Manifestation—Gospels.

Appropriation—Acts and Epistles.

Consummation—Revelation.

So our salvation rests on the written word which enshrines the incarnate Word.

The blessing of the righteous comes through "the law of the Lord". Psalm 1. One who is saved ought to be happy. The happiness of the godly life is not in association with the wicked but in taking constant pleasure in the divine teaching. Here is unfailing fruitfulness in lands usually dry, for here is the secret source of supply—an open secret to the believer but a mystery to the sinner.

The breadth of experience lies in the revealed will of God. Psalm 119. The longest of the Psalms is a combination of twenty-two poems, each of eight lines, and each of a given eight lines beginning with the letter of the Hebrew alphabet named in our English Bibles. But whatever the initial letter, almost every line says something of what the divine word has meant or may mean to the anonymous writer. Here is testimony (e.g., v. 97) and prayer (e.g., v. 116). The Psalmist did not have the full Bible we have. If the Law meant so much to him, what should the Law and the Gospel mean to us? Experience is not our final authority, Scripture is. But the truth mixed with faith in the hearer becomes experience, and it in turn interprets Scripture, and so we grow in grace and knowledge (cf. v. 96).—B.

## BOOKS BY DR. SHIELDS

"Other Little Ships".....	\$1.50
"The Most Famous Trial of History".....	.50
"The Oxford Group Movement Analyzed" 25 copies	.05 1.00
"The Hepburn Government's Betrayal of Its Public Trust" (Separate School Address) .....	12 copies 1.00
"The Roman Catholic Horseleach" .....	.05
12 copies	.50
"The Papacy—In the Light of Scripture"	.10
The Gospel Witness, published weekly, per annum .....	2.00

Address: THE GOSPEL WITNESS  
130 Gerrard St. East  
Toronto, Canada