

The Gospel Witness

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AND IN DEFENCE OF THE FAITH ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS.
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"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."—Romans 1:16.

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PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE

A year or so ago the daily papers all featured a beautiful love story. They told of a member of the wealthy Dodge family, the motor people, "Danny" Dodge by name, who had spent several summers on Manitoulin Island, in Georgian Bay, at his mother's summer home. While there, he had met a young girl who was a telephone operator. His family was very rich. He himself, a young man of about twenty, was said to be heir, by his father's will, to nearly ten million dollars; but the young girl's family were in humble circumstances. These young people met, and fell in love with each other; and the story said they would some day be married. This summer the story was told over again, with an account of the wedding at the great house of Danny's mother in Detroit; and Danny and his lovely bride went back to Manitoulin Island, to their summer home, to spend their honeymoon.

It was a beautiful story, such a story as is usually made the theme of a novel, but seldom belongs to real life. But this was true, and the romance was all the lovelier because it was true. The newspapers left "Danny" and his bride alone on their honeymoon for nearly two weeks, when one morning millions were saddened to learn that the honeymoon had ended in tragedy. "Danny" was no idler. The honeymoon was not to be a very long one, for Danny had to get back to his laboratory, and get on with his work.

But some time before, Danny and his men had found some old sticks of dynamite in the woods, and they had unwisely brought them to the garage; and on one of the honeymoon days, Danny became curious to know whether the old dynamite would explode or not. He had been warned by one of his employees on the estate, not to handle it. The employee had been dismissed, whether or not because he was bold enough to advise his master, we are not told. But on this particular day, Danny broke a stick of dynamite in two, and set a cap in the midst of it, and attached a fuse.

We need not go into the particulars. There was an explosion. The bride of ten days ran to see what had happened. There was another explosion. Danny was terribly injured. So were some of the men; and, by the second explosion, so was the bride. They were far from a doctor. Two of the men, with the wife of one of them, and Danny's bride, undertook to rush him to a hospital. The water of the lake was rough, but they got out their

speedboat. The injured bride helped one of the men lift her husband into the boat, and then, herself painfully injured, took the wheel. They got out into the rough lake when somehow suddenly Danny got to his feet, whether in an attempt to relieve his injured wife at the wheel or not, will never be known. But he fell overboard. The boat was stopped; they tried to rescue him; but it was useless. He disappeared from view. There was nothing to do but speed on to the hospital, where the bride and the other injured were later ministered to.

Danny's body was found only to-day. They had taken a miniature submarine by rail to the scene, with which to explore the bottom of the lake, as others have explored the surface.

We would not add to anyone's pain, but oh how foolish to play with dynamite! How much wiser it would have been to assume that the dynamite had death within it; and to have carefully taken it out to the deepest part of the lake, and gently to have dropped it over! It would have been far better to have let the dynamite lie unexploded on the bottom of the lake than for Danny's poor mangled body to be there.

The widowed bride will be rich in money, but oh so lonely, with all her hopes shattered in a moment—because someone played with dynamite!

Is not the tragic story a parable? Is not the world in general, and Toronto in particular, full of people who are playing with dynamite, with something that has in it greater destructive potentialities than dynamite?

Somewhere not far from Massey Hall there are homes in which, if one could look, he would find in a cupboard, bottles of whiskey, bottles of beer, bottles containing intoxicating liquor of some sort. And there are little children in those homes. If father were not morally blind, he would know that he has dynamite within reach of his children, something that has power in it to destroy more than the bodies of the family he loves. What a fool, man, you are, to keep dynamite in your home! And there on the table is a pack of cards; or perhaps a copy of a paper that undertakes to give instruction to people who want to gamble on the horses.

Mother and father and the children play cards, and father bets a little on the horses, and no one is seriously hurt. But they are playing with dynamite. Father loses a little money by his bet, poor simpleton, for perhaps he

has not much to lose; but as he has no access to other people's money, all he does is to impoverish himself and his family a little by his folly.

But what if he could look down the years? One of his boys is rather clever. He becomes an adept at cards. He becomes very shrewd — or thinks he is shrewd — and gambles more riotously than his father. By and by he leaves school and gets into a position of responsibility. He becomes a teller in a bank. He handles a great deal of money. He has generally lost by his gambling, but on a few occasions he has won a little money—and the fever is in his blood. He thinks he sees a chance to make "a killing." He is not dishonest—or he thinks he is not—but he bets with money not his own. He loses, and he takes more money in the hope of covering up his initial loss. He loses again. But he is very clever, and by some means or another even the inspector does not immediately detect the loss; but sooner or later it is found out.

The newspapers tell the story of his arrest: "Another bank clerk gone wrong." He is tried. A large sum of money has been taken. He is found guilty, and is sent to the penitentiary for seven years. It might as well be for life! He will never recover his good name.

If he had played with dynamite in his father's home, it might have destroyed his body. They might have laid his mangled form in the grave, a grave which folly had dug; but upon which there was no stain of dishonour. And now in the perspective of the years, his father and mother know that a pack of cards and the racing paper, bought for a few cents downtown, were really more deadly than dynamite.

Or perhaps it was dynamite in the form of an evil book. Perhaps it was only a comic strip in one of the papers that glorified deeds of violence. A little boy played hold-up, and grew into a man who became a robber and a murderer. When the official notice was fastened on the outside of the jail door one dark morning, saying that the sentence of the law had been executed, and a certain man had been hanged, discerning minds reading it, knowing the whole story, might say, "That is the final chapter in the life of one who played with dynamite in the form of an evil book."

Once again we exhort fathers and mothers to keep dynamite of every sort away from the children. It is old-fashioned, we know, to suggest it, but the Bible is a safer companion for little children. Its precepts and principles are a safer guide for those who would avoid the perils of life. The only safety, indeed, is to get the truth of God's Word into the hearts of the children; and that is possible only as they are taught early in life personally to receive Christ as their Saviour. "It will save them from a thousand snares to mind religion young."

"I JUST WALKED IN YOUR FOOTSTEPS, DADDY"

There had been a heavy snow storm overnight. The snow was a foot or more deep everywhere when a farmer, in high boots, broke his way through the snow from his house to his barn. He had been engaged feeding his cattle and horses but a little while when, turning, he saw his little boy, scarcely more than a baby, standing at his side, and exclaimed, "Why, Bobby, how did you get here through that deep snow?" The little fellow laughed gaily as he replied, "I just walked in your footsteps, Daddy, and got where you are." His father took him in his arms, and hugged him tight—and then he wondered!

Soliloquizing, he said, "What footsteps am I making through life for this child to walk in?" For many a year after that, whenever he was tempted to be careless he heard a little boy saying, "I just walked in your footsteps, Daddy, and got where you are."

How natural that was! And how natural it is in any case for children to walk in their fathers' footsteps! To a little child, its father is the greatest man in the world, and whatever he does is right. O fathers and mothers, be careful how and where you walk! Little children are following you!

Some years ago, when riding on the top of a 'bus in London, we noticed outside a number of public houses strings of baby carriages parked in rows like motor-cars. Most of them were occupied, and we actually saw mothers come out of "the pub" with ale or beer, and give the children drink. How horrible! How tragic! How indescribably wicked! Be careful, parents, be careful!—"I just walked in your footsteps, Daddy, and got where you are."

JARVIS STREET'S OLDEST SUNDAY SCHOOL PRODUCT

Jarvis Street Church, as an organization, is one hundred and eleven years old. We have still in membership one person who has been a member for more than seventy-five years, Mrs. Thomas Doughty, who is now in her ninety-third year. Mrs. Doughty was born in eighteen hundred and forty-six, and was baptized in Bond Street Church, by the late Dr. Caldicott, in the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

We called upon Mrs. Doughty a couple of months ago, and called again to-day, September 7th, to get her story. Mrs. Doughty is still hale and hearty; her hearing is good; and she reads every word of THE GOSPEL WITNESS every week, reading some of the sermons more than once. She told us to-day that she recalled seeing the late Senator McMaster with his coat over his arm, walk up Yonge Street, to be baptized. She has a vivid recollection of her Pastors: Dr. Caldicott, Rev. Wm. Stewart, Dr. Castle, Dr. Thomas, and Dr. Perry; and in her view, they were all good and great men.

But we were especially interested in Mrs. Doughty's relation to the Sunday School. She told us that she had a very clear recollection of her Sunday School teacher, a Mr. Stewart, whose brother was the Editor of the Baptist paper of that time. She said she had lived what was considered a good life, and felt no need of salvation, until her Sunday School teacher explained, first in the class, and later to her when she went to see him, how "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures", and that the Lord had laid upon Him the iniquities of us all. It was thus in view of the Cross she learned that she was a sinner and needed salvation, and so came to Christ in simple faith; and seventy-six years ago she was found of Him. Mrs. Doughty was later baptized, and came into the fellowship of Bond Street Baptist Church, later Jarvis Street Church.

To-day Mrs. Doughty told her Pastor the story, as Miss Stoakley stenographically recorded it. In her ninety-third year, she recited some verses which she learned nearly eighty years ago, as a Sunday School scholar. She recited them readily, without error or hesitation. This was the little story in verse which she learned so long ago:

Into her chamber went a little child one day,
 And by her chair she knelt, and thus began to pray:
 "Jesus, my eyes are closed; Thy form I cannot see,
 If Thou art near me, Lord, wilt Thou not speak to me?"
 A still small Voice she heard within her soul,
 "What is it, child? I hear thee: tell me all."

"They tell me, Lord," she said, "that all the living pass
 The aged soon must die and even children may; [away,
 Oh, let my parents live till I a woman grow,
 For if they die, what should a little orphan do?"

Her prayer was said, and from her chamber now
 She went forth, with the light of heaven upon her brow;
 "Mother, I saw the Lord; His hand in mine I felt,
 I heard Him say, as by my chair I knelt:
 'Fear not, my child, whatever else may come,
 I will not leave thee till I bring thee home.'"

As Mrs. Doughty told us of other experiences of the long ago, she recalled a hymn which she had sung as a little girl in Sunday School at Easter time, and with perfect ease she recited this to us:

Our dear Lord Who died to save,
 Rose to-day from Joseph's grave;
 And with rest and holy mirth
 We will keep His feast on earth.
 Hark! I hear the sweet church bells,
 And their quiet music tells,
 How to keep God's holy day
 In the happiest, fittest way;
 How His children here may meet
 All in saintly service sweet;
 And in presence of our Lord,
 Sing His praise, and hear His Word.
 To the holy church we go,
 That dear church of high and low,
 Where the poor man meanly dressed
 Is as welcome as the best.

Mrs. Doughty has a considerable family of sons and daughters, and it is evident that their children have learned to respect and love their grandmother even as her own children do. We met two of her daughters and the daughter of one of them to-day, Mrs. McCormack, and Mrs. Caldwell and her daughter, Miss Marjorie. Mrs. Doughty spoke gratefully of the loving ministry of her children and her grandchildren, and she told us of a grandson occupying a prominent mercantile position who, on an anniversary occasion not long since, telegraphed his grandmother, thanking her for the splendid example she had set for them all.

Why have we told this story? First, because it is an interesting and lovely story for any time; but we write it now to illustrate the long reach of the ministry of the Sunday School. For seventy-six years this now aged saint has walked with God because a faithful Sunday School teacher was not content to go through a form of teaching a lesson, but faithfully made clear to his scholars their personal need of salvation in Christ. It is not often one is able to find a person who has spent three-quarters of a century in one place, and in the membership of one church, and for that reason it is not always easy to trace the influence of Sunday School work. Doubtless there are thousands of other cases where people have moved about, and where they have carried with them the fruits of the faithful endeavour of earnest Christian men and women who laboured to bring them to the feet of Christ; but whether we see the fruits of our labour or not, we must sow in faith, and if we are not permitted to see the fruit here as we see it in Mrs. Doughty's case, when all the redeemed shall gather in the eternal City, undoubtedly

it will appear that Sunday School teachers and workers have not laboured in vain.

We told Mrs. Doughty to-day that we shall pray that the Lord will preserve her, and give us the pleasure and privilege of having her with us when the new church is opened.

THE NEW JARVIS STREET CHURCH BUILDING

From many directions we have received enquiries as to the rebuilding of Jarvis Street Church. It has been reported that some have imagined that some hindrances had been put in the way of the beginning of the work. We have heard, too, of some enquiring whether indeed the church was ever to be rebuilt.

The reason for delay consists in the preparation of plans. No one, so far as we know, has made any attempt to hinder us. On the contrary, since the fire Jarvis Street has found a great multitude of new friends.

The architects, Horwood & White, with the Building Committee, have been busy with the plans of the new church ever since the insurance matter was settled in April. It will be a big building. The work is very much involved, and the execution of the plans necessitated a very great deal of careful labour. We have seen, in the architects' offices, as many as fifteen expert draftsmen, each at his board at one time, engaged exclusively on Jarvis Street plans. The architects themselves have wrought in their creative work at night as well as in the daytime.

At length the plans are completed, and contractors have been invited to tender; and a number of the largest contractors in Canada are now engaged in making up their estimates. One of these general contractors must be God's man. We do not know who he is, but we ask our readers to join with us in prayer that God may direct him and the sub-contractors in their estimates, and enable them to find a way of producing the building we need at a cost commensurate with our financial ability.

The twentieth of September is the limit set for the submission of tenders, and after that a little time will be occupied in selecting the various contractors; but it is our hope that the contracts may be signed before the end of this month; and we are sure that within twenty-four hours of the signing of the contracts the great work of rebuilding will be started.

It is confidently expected that the work will be sufficiently advanced, both on the restored auditorium and the new Sunday School building, to have the roof on and everything covered in before winter weather sets in; then the contractors will have the whole winter in which to work under cover. At least six months will be required to complete the work: it may even be seven months. But it is our hope that the new building will be opened at least by Easter of next year. That may seem a long time, but we are sure that when all our friends see the building they will agree that it was well worth waiting for.

THE NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL BUILDING

Our new plans provide for the restoration of the auditorium in the main, as it was, with additional magnificent new entrances on Jarvis Street and many other improvements. The B. D. Thomas Hall and the hallway by which it is joined to the main Sunday School Building, will be torn down. The old building, including the parlor, Beginners' Department, offices, and vestry down-

stairs, and the Lecture hall upstairs, will remain and be incorporated in the new Sunday School premises. The new Gerrard Street wall will continue in direct line with the church to Horticultural Avenue. There will be a large new entrance on Gerrard Street, large entrances on Horticultural Avenue, where the wall will run right up to a point in line with the north wall of the church, and the north wall will thence run west to join the main building at its widest point, thus covering the entire lot at the rear of what is now the B. D. Thomas Hall, and leaving a thoroughfare from Horticultural Avenue through to Jarvis Street between the church building and that of the Seminary.

In the new building, the church offices will be on the south side along Gerrard Street. There will be a large Banquet Hall downstairs, which will serve for that purpose and for the Intermediate Hall. This will have a capacity of three hundred and fifty seated at tables, or seven hundred if it were used as a hall of assembly. Running from the offices on Gerrard Street to the northern limit of the premises will be Greenway Hall, named after our beloved Deacon George Greenway, who we are happy to report, is still with us, and his health is improving every day. Greenway Hall will seat about five hundred. In the centre of the building will be the Young People's Hall, for the Young People's Department of the School. In addition, on the main floor, there will be a large Ladies' Parlour, and on the Gerrard Street side, the minister's office and library next to the general offices, and nearby a large Deacons' room.

On the second floor will be the Junior Hall, a magnificent hall capable of seating from five to six hundred. It will have a gallery all around, and in the west end, the gallery will rise in three plats, each ten feet wide, rising one above the other about eighteen inches, so that classes can be arranged on these wide stairs, and from every part will be able to see the platform, and will be able to take their places for opening and closing exercises and will not need to move for their class period.

On the southeast corner of the building will be a large Beginners' Hall, with accommodation for about three hundred and fifty, and, separated by a corridor about six feet wide, in the northeast corner of the building on the second floor, will be a Primary Hall of equal capacity. In addition to this on the second floor there will be a large Dorcas work-room, baptismal robing rooms; and adjacent to each Hall will be Superintendent's and Secretary's offices; robing and assembly rooms for the choir.

On the basement floor, adjacent to the banquet hall, will be a large kitchen, a new boiler-room, janitors' work-room, office storerooms under offices, and in the office proper, a large fireproof vault for all records. Then at the very heart of the building in the basement there will be an air-conditioning equipment, including a ventilation apparatus. The building will be air-cooled, and the greater part of the building—at least every vulnerable spot (the new building will be entirely fire-resisting) will be protected by an automatic sprinkler system.

We have already purchased an organ very much larger than the one that was destroyed, which will be ready for installation as soon as the building is erected. The main auditorium and the Sunday School Building together will have a comfortable capacity of not less than thirty-five hundred.

We are sorry we cannot publish any sort of picture of the building as yet. We are hoping to have an architect's

perspective drawing of the building as it will appear, and of course when once the building is complete we shall have photographs made of it from without, from every angle, and of all the rooms of the interior; and shall publish them in THE WITNESS for the information of Jarvis Street friends throughout the world. Over and above the executive offices and numerous rooms of a smaller sort, the new building will contain, first on the main floor, the great Auditorium; behind that, the Young People's Hall; still farther east, Greenway Hall, which will be used by the Adult Department. In the basement, the enormous Banquet-Hall; and on the second floor, Beginners' Hall, Primary Hall, and Junior Hall.

Perhaps this brief description of the building which we have dictated from memory, having lived with the plans for several months, will be enough to indicate to our friends the reason for the long time occupied in preparation for rebuilding.

TO ALL PARENTS AND FRIENDS OF JARVIS STREET SCHOLARS

By this copy of THE GOSPEL WITNESS, Jarvis Street Church desires to assure the hundreds of families represented in the great Bible School of Jarvis Street Church, that Jarvis Street desires to co-operate with the home in ministering to the highest welfare of the children; and we earnestly solicit the co-operation of all parents and older brothers and sisters, in getting the younger children ready, and if possible, bringing them to the School. We are aware of the difficulty and danger of allowing children of tender years on the streets by themselves. Many of our teachers endeavour to call for their scholars, giving them guardianship and protection to and from Massey Hall. But it is difficult to do this for all scholars, and we should greatly appreciate the help of parents in bringing their children to School, even though they may not be able to remain themselves. There are few morning Schools in Toronto, and if the children are attending some other School in the afternoon, we shall gladly welcome them to Jarvis Street for the morning. We invite everyone to the School and also to the public services at 11.00 and 7.00.

We make no attempt to conceal our hand. We still believe the Bible to be the Word of God, and that the gospel of the grace of God is the only means of salvation. We therefore preach Christ and Him crucified as the sinner's only hope in all classes in the Sunday School and at all our services. In the Sunday School we have classes for everyone from grandfather to the baby. There is a mothers' class to which mothers with babies in arms may come and sit with their babies on their laps all through the class. We want mothers of small children to know that in Jarvis Street there is a place for them all.

TO EVERYONE WITHIN REACH OF MASSEY HALL

If this copy of THE GOSPEL WITNESS should be read by someone who has found it inside his or her door, it will mean that a Jarvis Street worker has called, and, finding no one at home, has left this copy of the paper. Or if it has been presented to you by a Jarvis Street worker at the door, we ask you to regard it as the warmest possible invitation from the Pastor and mem-

bers of Jarvis Street Church, to attend all our Sunday services in Massey Hall: 9.45 and 11.00 a.m., and 7.00 p.m.; and all our week-evening services in Cooke's Presbyterian Church, corner of Queen and Mutual Streets, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, each evening at 8.00 o'clock.

"COME AND SEE"

Once upon a time a man called Andrew went visiting, and he found a man called Nathanael, and told him that he had found Jesus of Nazareth, to which Nathanael answered, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Andrew was too wise to argue. He simply said, "Come and see."

Through the newspapers and in other ways, campaigns of prejudice have been conducted against Jarvis Street Church. We have unsparingly condemned the liquor traffic and other evils which we felt we could not, with clear conscience, permit to go unchallenged. In our regular ministry we have opposed the religious unbelief known as Modernism, masquerading in the guise of modern thought. Because we have refused to be neutral or silent respecting these things, we have made many enemies. We do not complain. We do not expect to be able to please the world, the flesh, or the devil; and when we fight them, we expect them to fight back.

But many good people have been prejudiced against us. We offer you nothing in Jarvis Street but the gospel of Christ and Him crucified. We have the same message as Andrew, namely, that we have found Jesus of Nazareth—or rather, have been found of Him—and have learned that He is the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. The only attraction we offer anyone in the invitation we give to come to Jarvis Street, whether privately or publicly, is to come and meet with the Lord Jesus Christ, through the hearing of His Word in School and church. You may be an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile, like Nathanael, and yet be prejudiced and say, "Can there any good be found in Jarvis Street?" Our answer is, Thousands have found salvation there; we bid you therefore most earnestly to "come and see".

TO OUR TORONTO READERS

This issue of THE GOSPEL WITNESS is especially designed to bring our Sunday School work to the attention of a great multitude of people. At the Communion Service after the regular service in Massey Hall Sunday evening, one hundred and fifty, over their own signatures, pledged themselves to do personal work in the form of house-to-house visitation, with a view to bringing the gospel to many who do not attend church. This number has since been increased to about two hundred, and at our great Tuesday evening workers' meeting a resolution was passed requesting a special supply of this week's GOSPEL WITNESS containing last Sunday evening's message, to be used in house-to-house distribution. For this work, ten thousand extra copies of this issue will be printed, and will be used by our visitors in calling upon ten thousand homes. It is intended to invite all the people to the Sunday services in Massey Hall, including the Pastor's Class in the auditorium at 9.45 a.m., and in addition, so far as is

possible, to secure the names of all children not in attendance at any Sunday morning School, to endeavour to get them to come to Jarvis Street, the School now being held in Massey Hall.

TO READERS OUTSIDE OF TORONTO

THE GOSPEL WITNESS has a wide constituency, touching more than fifty different countries, of many nationalities and different languages. We endeavour to keep this before us always in the preparation of the paper; and for this reason have refrained from overloading it with local matters. But the work of the Sunday School is important to all Christian people the world around.

We were told in Jarvis Street more than twenty-eight years ago, that a Sunday School was impossible because it had become a downtown church. We laboured by the use of the regulation, mechanical Sunday School methods from nineteen hundred and ten to nineteen hundred and twenty-three, securing an average attendance of about three hundred. In the Autumn of nineteen hundred and twenty-three we changed from afternoon to morning School, making the morning service the real climax of the School, endeavouring to secure the presence of all the scholars at the service. By hard work and systematic house-to-house visitation, prospecting on the street for new scholars, regular weekly visitation of absentees and prospects (our total weekly visitation is seldom less than about one thousand) we have been enabled to build up a large school, the maximum attendance of which was in excess of eighteen hundred.

Many hundreds of children—we believe we should be right in saying, some thousands—have professed conversion, and many of our best teachers and officers in the school to-day began in the Beginners' or Primary Department. It is earnestly hoped that it may please the Lord to use this issue of THE GOSPEL WITNESS to stimulate interest in Sunday School work in general, and to encourage hard-pressed teachers and officers to lay hold of their task with a new zeal.

TO ALL CHRISTIAN READERS

We earnestly solicit your prayerful interest in this endeavour to reach thousands of people who do not go to any place of worship. Visit us, and help us if you can. In any case, pray for us, that God's blessing may be upon us.

TO EVERYONE WHO READS THIS PAPER

THE GOSPEL WITNESS is in its seventeenth year of publication. It issues every Thursday, carrying a verbatim report of one of the sermons preached the preceding Sunday. The paper circulates in more than fifty different countries. We have many hundreds—we do not know how many just now, but before the depression we had three thousand ministers alone of all denominations—reading the paper. We shall be glad to have any of our friends who read this, subscribe to the paper so that it will visit them in their homes by mail every week. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year. There will be found on the back of this paper a subscription form. If you fill it out or copy it if you desire to preserve this paper and bring it with \$2.00 to the church office, or send it by mail, its receipt will be acknowledged, and the paper will be sent weekly.

Bible School Lesson Outline

OLIVE L. CLARK, Ph.D. (Tor.)

Vol. 2 Third Quarter Lesson 38 September 18th, 1938

THE CONVERSION OF THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER

Lesson Text: Acts 16.

Golden Text: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"— Acts 16.30.

I. The New Call—verses 1-10.

Since the Apostle Paul's ministry to the Gentiles had been vindicated by the Council at Jerusalem, he was free to commence his second missionary tour. Accompanied by Silas, he journeyed northward by land through Syria, Cilicia and Lycaonia, revisiting the churches he had previously established (Acts 15:40, 41).

When he arrived once more at Lystra, the city around which memories of triumph and tragedy gathered, he was much impressed with the young disciple Timothy, who had evidently been converted through his ministry (1 Tim. 1:2; 2 Tim. 1:2), on the occasion of his first visit in that vicinity (Acts 14:6-19), and who had intimate knowledge of the apostle's sufferings for Christ (2 Tim. 3:10, 11). Paul regarded him with affection (Phil. 2:22). Carefully trained in the Scriptures by his godly mother and grandmother (2 Tim. 1:5; 3:15), he was of sterling Christian character and blameless reputation (1 Tim. 3:7). His parentage would make him an appropriate messenger in both Jewish and Gentile circles.

Although Timothy had been brought up according to Jewish customs, he would have been regarded as a despised pagan by the Jews had he not first been circumcised. The circumcision of Timothy was not an act of necessity for salvation, but of propriety for service. The decree of the Council at Jerusalem made it clear that Gentile converts were not to be forced to enter the church through the door of Judaism (Gal. 2:3-6), and, moreover, Timothy was already saved. But it was Paul's custom to preach first in the synagogues, and through them to the various communities, and the Jews would not have listened readily to him if he were accompanied by one, partly Jewish and partly heathen.

Implicit obedience on the part of the child of God assures him of explicit guidance on the part of the Father (John 7:17). When an opportunity of service was offered to George Müller, he sought to find answer to three questions: "Is it God's work? Is it my work? Is it God's time?"

Paul preached in the North of Asia Minor, but was forbidden by the Holy Spirit to go East or South. Proclaiming the message of salvation in East and South was God's work, but it was not Paul's work at that time. The only open door was across the sea: the only safe direction to go was forward (Ex. 14:15).

While Paul pondered these matters, the Master revealed His will in a vision, calling His servant to preach the Gospel in Europe.

II. The First Convert—verses 11-15.

Being thus fully and joyfully assured of the Lord's guidance, the missionaries sailed "with a straight course" to their destination (John 6:21). The pronoun "we" in the narrative commencing at verse 10, indicates that Luke, the writer of the Book of the Acts, joined Paul, Silas and Timothy at Troas.

Lydia was probably a woman of wealth and influence, connected as she was with the dyeing trade. She already worshipped the true God, and attended the gatherings for prayer by the river side. In cities where there was no synagogue the Jews usually worshipped in temporary buildings, open to the sky. Lydia resorted to the house of God, the place of blessing (Psa. 122:1). God the Holy Spirit had opened her heart (2 Cor. 4:6), and she was responsive to the Divine message (Rom. 10:17).

Lydia gave three-fold evidence of her conversion. She was baptized (1 Pet. 3:21); she passed along the word of life to her household, members of her family, or perhaps business associates and helpers (Mark 5:19; John 1:41, 42, 45); she exercised the grace of Christian hospitality (1 Tim. 5:10; Heb. 13:2).

III.—The Dark Prison—verses 16-24.

The apostles next dealt with a woman in far different circumstances. Nameless in contrast with the influential Lydia, a slave where the other was mistress of a household, poor where the other was wealthy, she was dominated by evil spirits, while Lydia worshipped the holy God. The demon spirits made their presence known by muttering prophetic statements, and the superstitious Philippians were willing to pay for satisfying their curiosity in these weird manifestations.

The evil spirits recognize and fear God (Matt. 8:29; Luke 4:41; James 2:19). Their mocking cries would discredit the cause of God, and the apostles had compassion upon the girl. In the name of the Lord Jesus, Paul commanded the demons to leave (Mark 16:17).

But her selfish masters cared more for their gold than for the victim of their greed (Luke 8:37). They said nothing to the Roman magistrates regarding the miracle performed, but charged that the apostles, being Jews to begin with and hence liable at any time to rebel against the Roman yoke, were acting and teaching in an unlawful manner, attempting to introduce new religious observances. The apostles were beaten with many stripes, and the jailer treated them with unwarranted cruelty.

IV. The Jailer Saved—verses 25-34.

God gave to Paul and Silas songs in the night (Job 35:10; Psa. 42:8; 77:6). Confident of the Lord's presence they were enabled to pray and praise, though in extreme physical discomfort (Acts 5:41; Eph. 5:19, 20; Phil. 4:11).

How quickly the cruel tormentor became the humble suppliant! An awakened conscience, the testimony of the apostles, fear, gratitude to those who had preserved his life, (had the prisoners escaped he would have received the same punishment as that due to the prisoners); God used all these influences to bring the jailer to repentance. His urgent question, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved" was answered simply and directly: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

The Philippian jailer displayed gratitude and love to those who had first saved him from physical death and afterward from spiritual death. He was glad to contribute to the bodily comfort of Paul and Silas, who had ministered to him in the things of God (1 Cor. 9:11; Gal. 6:6).

He and his believing household were baptized immediately.

V. The Prisoners Discharged—verses 35-40.

Fear gripped the hearts of the magistrates when they learned that Paul and Silas were Roman citizens, for the Roman law guaranteed a Roman citizen exemption from scourging and even from imprisonment except for a major crime. The magistrates had violated these laws (verses 22, 23), and, being at the mercy of the apostles, were glad enough to accede to Paul's request for open acquittal.

Nevertheless, they desired the two apostles to depart from Philippi, ignorant of the fact that the presence of these men would be a great blessing to their city. They knew not the day of visitation (Luke 13:34, 35; 19:41-44). Timothy and Luke remained in the city for a time.

TORONTO BAPTIST SEMINARY OPENING

The Seminary will open for registration of students Monday, September 26th; lectures will begin September 27th; and the Autumn Convocation will be held in Cooke's Presbyterian Church Tuesday evening, September 29th. A Seminary Prospectus will be sent free of charge to anyone who will write for it. Students who intend entering this Autumn, who have not yet applied, are requested to send their application as soon as possible. We are happy to announce that it seems likely, from applications already received, that we shall have a larger number of new students this fall than we have had at any time within the last seven or eight years. Write: Secretary, 130 Gerrard St. East, Toronto, Canada.

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

HOW SAVING A CHILD BLESSED THE WORLD

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

Preached in Massey Hall, Toronto, Sunday Evening, September 4th, 1938.

(Stenographically reported)

"And the woman conceived, and bare a son: and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months.

"And when she could no longer hide him she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink.

"And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him.

"And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it.

"And when she had opened it, she saw the child; and behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children.

"Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?

"And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother.

"And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it.

"And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses: and she said, Because I drew him out of the water."—Exodus 2:2-10.

What a lovely story! and all the more beautiful because we know it to be historically true. Only the divine Artist could have written it.

I am minded to speak to you this evening of the importance of ministering the gospel to children and young people, and I take this story as illustrative of the truth I would bring before you.

Here is a picture of a little child in danger; some account is given of the means that were taken for its protection, and by implication, at least, there is suggested something of the inestimable reward which came to those who saved a little child.

I.

How strange that a story could ever truthfully be written of A LITTLE CHILD IN DANGER! But it is historically true, that this mother had to "hide" her child from one who would destroy him. And such a situation of peril is by no means uncommon. You may see it multiplied a thousand times, indeed, many thousands of times in the city of Toronto to-day.

I remark at the outset that the mere fact that this is so, is an indication that there is something radically wrong with the world, otherwise little children would be safe in it.

Some years ago I was asked to visit a certain man's house. He said, "You will easily identify it by the flowers I have in my window. My front door opens upon the sidewalk. I have no garden in front; but I love flowers, and so I put a window box in my window, and there I planted a collection of the rarest and most beautiful flowers I could find. My friends told me that I was labouring in vain, that as soon as the flowers bloomed the passers-by would pluck them. But," he said, "I gave my flowers such care, and made my window-box such a thing of beauty with all the mass of blended colour, that every passer-by stopped to admire it. Its very beauty was its protection. The passers-by admired my garden, but not one of them ever touched my flowers."

But what are the fairest of earth's flowers in compari-

son with those flowers born to bloom in paradise, of whom our Lord said, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven"? The apocalyptic picture of the final state as a city with jasper walls, and gates of pearl, and streets of gold, where there is no hunger, no pain, no graves, no tears, and no sunset, is alluringly fascinating to all who have felt the sorrowful, fragmentary, transitory character of this mortal life. But the supreme representation of heaven was given by our Lord Himself when He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." In Zechariah's prophetic vision of Jerusalem, he says, "The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." There is perhaps no stronger evidence of the prevalence of evil in the world, and of the unheavenly character of such cities as we know, than consists in the fact that little children are nowhere safe. If our theological opinions cannot bear the test of experience, whatever be the weight and wealth of scholarship supporting them, they are not true. Whatever theories you may spin in the study, you will find it difficult, experimentally and logically, to escape the acceptance of the doctrines of the existence of Satan, and of human moral depravity in the light of that universal vandalism which makes the world unsafe for the most beautiful child. From somewhere out of the darkness, a destroying hand feels after its prey, to mar the holiest thing in the world, and, were it possible, would throttle Deity when smiling upon men through Baby eyes, and wrapped in swaddling clothes! Surely, there is something wrong with the world!

The case before us is one of *child-life threatened with physical danger; but there are greater dangers*. There are moral perils infinitely more to be dreaded. I went some years ago to a jail to visit a young man who had been convicted of a crime, and who was awaiting sentence. I went from his prison cell to visit his mother in the hospital, who was prostrated with grief on his account. And from the hospital-ward I went immediately to the house of a poor man, to conduct the funeral

service of his infant child, which was the second funeral service in his home within a year. And as we laid that lovely tabernacle which had housed the beautiful soul of an innocent child, in the grave, I felt that that grave was nothing like so deep nor so dark as that prison cell in which a mother's hopes were buried, because her son had given himself up to a career of crime. The mother in the hospital would gladly have exchanged places with the mother who stood beside the grave of her unstained child. O ye mothers! Sin is a deadlier menace to your children than fever, or diphtheria, or smallpox or meningitis, for the world is full of such tragedies as I have mentioned.

I was driving along a busy thoroughfare the other day, one of the busiest in the city, and a little toddler of three or four years of age, suddenly rushed out into the stream of traffic. My heart was gripped with terror for a moment, as every motorist came to a standstill. I feared what might happen. And I wondered what sort of mother that child had to permit it to be playing in such a street. My wife told me of something she witnessed at the junction of Bathurst St. and Vaughan Road a few years ago. There was a little boy of about five years of age, who waited for a good while to get across the street. And when he thought he saw an opportunity, he ran into the middle of the street; but the traffic became so thick he could not go on. He had an alert mind, though he was but a little fellow. He came to a stop, and put out his hand like a policeman. Brakes screeched everywhere, and north and south traffic came to a standstill while his majesty, the baby, walked across to safety.

And the hand of a little child in danger ought to be able to stop the evil traffic of the world, and it would do so, if the whole world were not lying in the wicked one. Oh, the perils that beset young life to-day! This was a physical danger to which the child of the text was exposed. But, I repeat, there are moral evils that are greater, and that are worse, far worse, in their consequences than any mere physical danger. The child of our story was born *into a world unfriendly to little children*. He was condemned to death before he was born. And "when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king," Herod "sought the young child's life." And these records are historic prophecies, or prophetic histories: there has always been, and there is now, a Pharaoh or a Herod to seek every young child's life. What a damning indictment of human nature was the prayer-confession of the apostolic church, "Of a truth against thy holy child Jesus, both Herod, and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together."

The world is just as unfriendly to little children to-day. Beasts of prey in human form, are waiting to devour them—the brewers, the distillers, the whole damnable liquor traffic, which I hate as I hate the devil, and which sooner or later must be consigned to the place whence it comes—the pit. It is planning the destruction of children, tainting the very sweets they buy, openly declaring, "We must teach the children to drink."

I read of a man some months ago in Québec, who taught his little child of four years of age to drink. One night in the winter time, the little fellow got hold of a bottle of whiskey, drank it, and fell to the floor—drunk at four years of age! There was no fire in the house, and when the father and mother went to look for the child in the morning they found his frozen body

in the kitchen. That is what the liquor traffic is doing to-day. That is the thing that these cursed politicians, these evil rulers with Hepburn at the head of them—these agents of the pit, are accomplishing to-day. And they are reinforced by the movies, and by the printed page in a thousand ways, corrupting the minds and hearts of little children, making them heirs of perdition almost before they come to years of accountability. And yet I read that Sunday School attendances are falling off, that Sunday School effort is declining, because the professing church is standing with folded arms, while the devil himself gathers the children for destruction.

The devil has always had agents ready to soil the purity of childhood. The heart of a little child is virgin soil in which an enemy will sow tares, whereafter vipers will breed in the rank grasses, and wasps will hide amid the poison blossoms. The heart of a child is like the spring of the waters of Jericho whence unless some Elisha, with salt of grace, shall heal the waters, must issue streams of influence to convert the most pleasantly situated city into a place of death and barren land. A child's heart is a workshop wherein a malign spirit may take material intended to be moulded into an ornament for the kingdom of heaven, and make it into a likeness of those things which are at home only in the pit of corruption. I do not exaggerate. In that child is one of heaven's harps in the making: designed to make music in the skies in the day when the new song shall be sung to the accompaniment of harpers harping with their harps. The prayer of a little child is the first rehearsal of a chorister who shall sing in a celestial choir of ten thousand times ten thousand voices, and thousands of thousands, in praise of the Lamb, the echo of whose praises shall ring through the halls of the heavenly city while eternity endures. But the hand of a fiend is ready to snap every one of those thousand harp-strings which otherwise would vibrate to the touch of divine fingers. And from the home of all dissonance, a teacher, and exemplar of moral discords waits to train that voice for the place whose only music is weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Do not charge me with hyperbole, with any form of exaggeration. It is impossible to exaggerate the perils to which children and young people, and older people, too, but especially the young, are in this day exposed.

How horrible it is, that it should be so! Nobody is safe. But there are those who seek especially to destroy the young child's life. That is in itself proof, I say, that there is something sadly wrong with the world. But I should impugn your intelligence and discount your observation, if I were to labour that point further. There may be fathers and mothers here who are not teetotalers. There may be some present here who hitherto have failed to recognize their obligation to make straight paths for their feet less their children should be turned out of the way. Shame on you, man, who are a father, if that be true! And on you, woman, who are a mother, if that be true of you! Better were it that you had never been born than that you should add to the danger of that little life which owes its very existence to you.

To Amram and Jochebed the three months in which they hid the child must have been three months of deep concern; a period, I am sure, in which every other obligation was subordinated to the supreme duty of protecting their child from the sword which was unsheathed for its destruction. And the days in which we live, to

parents and to all lovers of children, would be days of equal solicitude and of wisest action if only the malice and machination of the enemy of the souls of the children could be seen by us to be as real as the decree of Pharaoh was to this Levite and his wife. And my object in directing your attention to what I will venture to call this historic, prophetic, parabolic picture of a child in danger, is to conjure you by all the holiest memories and hopes in life, to take sides with God and the angels for the safety of the children, for—Oh, hear it ye men and women, fathers and mothers, and Sunday School teachers!—"It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish"!

II.

WHAT MEANS SHALL WE TAKE TO SAVE THE CHILDREN? I grant you *there are some homes that seem to have no care for the children entrusted to them.* There are a few unnatural parents, fathers and mothers. Many a man have I heard of, in these degenerate days, who has left his wife and his children to care for themselves. Many a woman has come to me, and whom, when I have said, "What about your husband?" has answered; "I do not know where he is. He has gone away." An inhuman wretch, caring nothing for his wife and his children! Occasionally, not so often, a mother also may be indifferent to her children. I have known of a few instances of homes, of each of which it might be said that it was an unspeakable tragedy for any child to be born into it.

Not so in this case. This mother loved her child, and she appreciated its danger, and so *she hid him for three months.* She watched him night and day; and made the care of that child her supreme concern, as it was her duty to do. The home is a divine institution. The family is of divine ordination. Into such homes children ought to be born, and in such homes they should be nurtured. I do not believe there is anything in the world that can take the place of a Christian home. If there is a woman here who is a mother this evening, but who is not a Christian, you ought to be afraid to close your eyes until you have taken God into partnership with you, in the task of bringing up your children. It is a tremendous responsibility. I say the home, when it is what it ought to be, is the first of divine agencies for the care, the moral and spiritual upbringing of the children. And the home can do much in the beginning to hide the child from the evils that are without. What anxiety parents have over their children! I have the profoundest sympathy for fathers and mothers who say, "We do not know what to do. We are at our wits' end to know how to guard our children from the evils of the day."

But the story tells us that *there came a time when this mother could no longer hide her child, when the ministry of the home had to be supplemented by some outside endeavour.* In this case the mother hid her child for only three months. Perhaps in most cases it is a little longer than that. But I have known parents who were early filled with anxiety for their children. One might suppose there had been a death in the house. "What is the matter?" "Oh, we have watched this child. We have guarded its ears, and its eyes, and we have tried to hide evil from it. But to-morrow it must go to school. It must step out into that life that is outside of the home, that sphere of life in which the individual becomes a separate and responsible entity, and must be developed. We cannot help it, but we tremble at the

necessity." Whether the child goes away from home, or only to day-school, that going away is the beginning of a new life. The time comes when mother can no longer hide it. You cannot make a convent or a prison house of the home. The child must go out. Children must come in contact with the outside world. And there will come a time, in spite of all our care, when the home can no longer hide that child. And he or she comes back after the first week at school, and father comes home from business and finds his wife in tears. "What is the matter?" "Oh," she says, "our boy came home from school, and I heard him say something he never learned in this house. There was a word that left his lips that he never heard from you or from me. We have guarded him against it. But the work of pollution has begun."

Here again our story comes to our help. *This mother, in an ingenious way, appealed to other mother-hearts for help.* I am aware that many would tell me that it would be a most fanciful and unjustifiable use of Scripture to institute any comparison between this ark of bulrushes, placed where Pharaoh's daughter would be sure to see it, and the modern Sunday School. But look at the story. That ark was not intended to shelter him for any length of time. It was intended partly to hide the child from Pharaoh's officers, but partly, too, as an appeal to somebody's compassion. She apparently felt that somewhere in the divine economy there must be some one to help her save that precious life. I think this mother had observed that the daughter of Pharaoh went down to the river to bathe, and no doubt she said, "I will put my child where she will see him. She has greater powers than I, and perhaps when she sees him she will care for him, and so together we may do what I cannot possibly do alone." I think she felt: "It cannot be that God will leave me alone. He will send me help from somewhere."

I read in the New Testament of the same parental and fraternal instinctive consciousness of some divinely ordered reinforcement of the home. There was a father who had a child possessed of a deaf and dumb spirit. He brought him to Jesus and said, "I brought him to thy disciples that they might cast out this spirit, but they could not. I am at the end of my own efforts. I can do no more." There was a lame man whom friends carried daily to the gate of the temple called Beautiful, and they laid him there, feeling, I doubt not, "The people who come to the temple to pray will see him, and if anyone will help him it will be the people who pray." Therefore they put him at the temple gate to ask alms. And that was a true instinct. My brothers and sisters, we ought to be helpers every one. We ought to have power to help fathers and mothers who are at the end of themselves in the care of their children.

I have known mothers who have sent their children to Sunday School from much the same necessity, and with the same hope which led Jochebed to place her child in the ark of bulrushes, saying in their hearts, "Perhaps somebody will see and help, and do for the child what I have no further power to do."

And so Pharaoh's daughter came. I think *this mother appealed for the wise investment of latent powers.* I think it is a fair inference that Pharaoh's daughter was in the habit of bathing in the river at the point where the ark was placed, and that the wife of Amram and her daughter Miriam, knew it. And the mother may have

argued, "Here is the king's daughter. She could save my child if she would. She has powers which I do not possess. Why should they not be exercised in such a holy ministry?"

Be that as it may, the principle obtains in the economy of the Christian Church. We are many members in one body, no two of us having the same office. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." We are each called to a mutual ministry, a reciprocal service. In your spiritual relationships you are the complement of others in whom you will find your complement. Pharaoh's daughter is ordained to supplement the ministry of Jochebed for the accomplishment of the purpose of God in the world. You are entrusted with certain gifts: the word of wisdom, or the word of knowledge, for the teaching of somebody's children. Or perhaps you have an amiable disposition. You are gifted with persuasive speech which gives you "a taking way" with children. You cannot excuse yourself from this service by saying: "Let Jochebed take care of her own children. Let her bring up her own son." It is the will of God that you should help her. How do I know? By the voice of God in circumstances, a voice which speaks to the enlightened soul as infallibly as the Bible. If I see a little child in the road before a rapidly approaching car, I do not need to ask whether it is the will of God that I should rescue it. And in view of the dangers which threaten the moral and spiritual welfare of little children, of young men and young women, if you have any knowledge of Jesus, and any power to tell what you know, I appeal to you in the name of the children's Saviour, exert yourselves to tell them of Him. Here in this church we have all the gifts necessary to the conversion and sanctification of all whom we can reach. This is the law of life and development in the body of Christ—a law of mutual ministry, that "speaking the truth in love, (we) may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ: from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." Every member of the body has something to do, every member supplements the function of every other member, and all the members work together for the upbuilding of the body! That is the divine ideal of the New Testament Church. That is what we ought to be doing.

Let me speak frankly to you Jarvis Street members. Some of you do not come to church until eleven o'clock on Sunday morning—we are glad to have you. But why cannot you come at a quarter to ten? "Oh, I am so tired." Why do you not confess rather that you are indifferent! Our most faithful teachers live strenuously all the week. I know some of them who are never in bed before two o'clock Sunday morning, and are always at School before nine forty-five. You have no more cause to be tired than they. The other day I heard two men talking about an inter-office telephone system in a certain building. One man said "I have one in my house, and I use it chiefly to wake my daughter up in the morning." The other man said, "Put one in my house, will you?"

Perhaps you say: "I have never taught children." You will never be younger to begin. You say, "I have no

powers." How do you know? You have never tried. You must have some gift that ought to be exercised in this holy ministry if you are a Christian. Somebody may say, "I do not know whether or not I am called to that work." Does not the need of thousands of children constitute a call? If the moral dangers by which boys and girls, and young men and young women are threatened, were as real to you as was the threat of Pharaoh to the mother of this child, you would work day and night to save the children.

Several times during the last summer we have read of children being lost in the north country in the bush. Several cases have been reported. What followed? Farmers left their fields. Everyone ceased their usual work. The whole countryside came together, in one case to the number of about four hundred, to search for one lost child. Within a mile's radius of the place where I now speak there are thousands of little children doomed to destruction unless some Christian men and women are moved by the Spirit of God to do for them what the home cannot do! Will you respond to my appeal? We are building a Sunday School. The plans are in the hands of several contractors, and they are making their estimates for the purpose of presenting us with tenders. I want you to pray that the contractors may give us a price that is within our means. But we shall have room, if we are able to carry out our plans, to accommodate from two to three thousand children. We have had as many as eighteen hundred present at once in the old building. I look to the day when we shall have three thousand or more. But the problem is to find men and women filled with the Spirit of God, touched with divine compassion, who will go into the homes of the children and bring them to the hearing of God's word, and thus do for them what many homes cannot do.

And then remember the sister of the babe "stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him." *The home did not withdraw itself from this supplementary ministry.* The home said, "We cannot complete the task. You help us." But the home stood by "to wit what would be done to it." We want all parents to know that we love their children. Occasionally I meet people, by whom I know I am known, for I know them. But some of them pass me by—they do not see me! But often as I come along the street, I see a little child who may have dirty hands and dirty face, but as I pass by I hear their cheery voices: "Hello, Dr. Shields!" That is a high compliment. I would rather merit such happy greetings than receive honour from princes.

If you would get to heaven before the time, and have a bit of heaven on earth, give yourself to bringing the children to Christ.

There are mothers here whose children come to our Sunday School, and do not come themselves. I shall not blame you. What can mother do when she gets three or four children ready for Sunday School and sends them off, if she cannot get her husband up to have breakfast in time for her to go with them? It would never do for her to go and leave him! And so she sends the children off in the morning. She feels it is her duty to remain with her husband. She is as dutiful as she knows how to be toward him, and the children; so she cannot get out until Sunday evening. Well, if you are here to-night I ask you to regard us as your friends. I want you to know that Jarvis St. Sunday School

desires to co-operate with you for the wellbeing and salvation of your children. We want you to know that you have no truer friends than these young men and women who are labouring constantly toward that end. But will you do at least what this child's sister did—stand not too far away, to see what will become of them? We want the co-operation of the home. We recognize that you cannot do everything. We want to reinforce you, but we want you to co-operate with us. And when we get the co-operation of a whole family, then we can really bring something to pass.

This sister waited to see what would happen. And when Pharaoh's daughter saw the child she sent her maid to get it, and as she brought it she opened the ark, and the "babe wept." Here is a text for a year's preaching: "And, behold the babe wept". Those tears upon a baby's cheeks determined the subsequent history of the world, they moved with compassion a woman of power. Look upon the potentialities of childhood, for good or evil, for joy or sorrow, and fear to be idle in the vineyard of the Lord, as you reflect that the tears of the babe in the bulrush ark at the river's brink were mightier than armies in their influence upon the world through all subsequent ages.

When Pharaoh's daughter saw the babe she said, "This is one of the Hebrews' children." By that time the sister was at her side. And she said, very artfully, "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?" The princess said, "Go." And she went and called the child's mother. When she came Pharaoh's daughter gave her the baby and said, "Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

I was in the home once of a great man. He was about six feet five or six inches tall. I was a dwarf beside him. When we got home he got into a great easy chair, and his family climbed in after him. They were sitting on the back of the chair, on his shoulders, on his arms—they were all girls, and they were all around him. And he put his great arms around them. I recalled the picture when I was in a home in New York recently where there were four children, and they came and climbed upon my knees, and I put my arms about the four of them. One of them looked up and said: "Dr. Shields, you have your arms full of kids"! And I had, and I enjoyed it. But reverting to the story of the father with his children about him. I said to my friend: "You ought to be a happy man. You are a very rich one." He said, "Yes." And as he drew them closer he said: "They are a great luxury". And then solemnly he added: "But a tremendous responsibility."

This mother became the teacher of the child by royal warrant. That is as it should be. You mothers, if you are Christians and able to do it, come and teach either your own or others' children yourself. Teach the children of other mothers who cannot teach their own. You ought to be able to do it, and you ought to have your heart in it.

We are constantly in need of reinforcements. If I had the workers we could have a Sunday School of five thousand. There is no limit at all save the limit which the degree of our spiritual zeal puts upon our own efforts.

But how shall we insure the safety of the children? The sister of the child saved him from the effect of the unholy decree of the king by securing for the child the

favour of the king's daughter. I know that at this point the analogy to the gospel story is not complete, but it will serve to illustrate the great truth of salvation. The child was not saved by the ark of bulrushes—it was only a means to an end. *The child was saved by adoption into the royal family.* And children, young people, and indeed people of all ages are safe only when, by a new birth they become children of God, and receive "the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." And all that becomes possible only through the economy of redemption by blood.

You cannot insure the safety of children or young people by turning a Sunday School into a collection of athletic clubs, or dramatic societies, or so-called social service clinics. Invariably they defeat the end they are professedly designed to serve.

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good,"

and that applies to all, from the youngest to the oldest. Our experience in this place, now these many years, has demonstrated that there is nothing that will hold the attention of young and old—even the youngest children, like the Bible, with its infinite variety of pictures of the Child Jesus, Who became at length the Man upon the Cross, and then the King in glory.

Thus in this place young and old, in hundreds, nor shall I exaggerate if I say, in thousands of cases, have learned to say,

"Show me Thy face—one transient gleam
Of loveliness Divine,
And I shall never think or dream
Of other love save Thine:
All lesser light will darken quite,
All lower glories wane,
The beautiful of earth will scarce
Seem beautiful again.

"Show me Thy face—my faith and love
Shall henceforth fixed be,
And nothing here have power to move
My soul's serenity.
My life shall seem a trance, a dream,
And all I feel and see,
Illusive, visionary—Thou
The one Reality."

III.

IS THERE ANY CERTAIN REWARD FOR SUCH SERVICE?

In the story before us the mother, who became the nurse and guardian of the child *received wages from the princess for whom she reared the child.* There is a sense in which every true mother receives wages, and so does every one who gives himself to the work of saving the children. There is a reward in the work itself, in the joy of it, in what we learn from the children, in the love they give us. But we are very definitely promised a rich reward, not by a princess, but by Him Who is a Prince and a Saviour: "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

It was "by faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents." We can do nothing without faith: faith in God as revealed in the Lord Jesus Christ, faith in the gospel as the power of God unto salvation; faith in the potentialities for holiness which divine grace can create in the hearts of little children

as they hear, and receive, and believe the word of God. Believe that your boys and girls will some day adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour; that they will grow into faithful and useful servants of God—some to serve Him in humble walks of life—some to serve Him in more exalted spheres of public service.

Do you know who this sister was? Her name was Miriam. She belonged to a nation of slaves, and *in saving her brother she saved herself*, for her brother grew up to be, in his measure, not in the spiritual sense, of course—you know what I mean, the great emancipator, the saviour of Miriam. It must have been a proud day for this sister when Moses led a nation through the Red Sea. She must have said: "Under God, I had something to do with making him what he is."

Who knows what a little child will become? Who knows the potentialities of a single child? We have evil personalities in the world to-day. If only Hitler had been saved by divine grace when he was a child, or Mussolini, or Stalin. What an inestimable blessing it would have been to the world! What lives would have been saved! What misery would have been averted! What billions of money, what incalculable wealth would have been conserved for constructive, and peaceful ministries!—yes, or if Mitchell F. Hepburn had been or should yet be converted! If he had been converted it would have saved this province from untold misery, and poverty and humiliation. No one knows what is accomplished when a single child is converted.

"And she called his name Moses: and she said, Because I drew him out of the water;" Can you see the picture? the maid lifting that ark of bulrushes out of the water, and bringing it tenderly in her arms to Pharaoh's daughter. It did not require much physical strength to lift that ark. And yet when she lifted that little child, she lifted the whole world a little nearer to God. For this is the only man who ever lived whose name is linked with the Lamb's. Yonder they "sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and of the Lamb". Mrs. Alexander's lines may be almost hackneyed, for you all learned them when you were at school, and have repeated them often, but they are beautifully expressive of the truth I have tried to teach you. I have always loved the music of it, and the truth of it—

"This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

"And had he not high honour!
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave?"

A maid servant lifted the ark of bulrushes. God Himself—may I reverently say it—came down to be the Undertaker when Moses the great man was buried.

Oh, who can estimate what was accomplished when

that child was saved? Miriam later led the women of Israel as she sounded her timbrels and sang: "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." And in the end of the Book we have a picture of the conclusion of all things when the multitude that no man can number, a great host, shall stand on the sea of glass and "sing the song of Moses"—this little babe—"the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying; Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

There is no service in my judgment comparable to that of ministering in the name of the Lord to little children. I would hearten you Sunday School teachers as the summer is ending, and the season of greater endeavour is upon us, to lay hold of your task with a new enthusiasm. There may be Sunday School workers here from other places. Set this before you as the biggest job that God could give to any man. In this ministry we shall have fellowship with Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and with those ministering spirits who are sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.

And as for you who are not converted: if there is a man or woman, or a boy or girl here who is not a Christian, how are you to be saved? "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." You do not need to wait to grow up, but having grown up, you must become as a little child again, and like a little child simply take God at His Word: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

May the Lord bless us for His name's sake.

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