

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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MY ENGLAND

By William Winter

From The New York Times Magazine, February 27, 1916.

When examining a pile of old letters recently we came upon one from a friend in New York dated 1916, with the poem we print below enclosed. We had long hoped that all this was ancient history which, for the sake of peace and goodwill, we might now allow to lie quiet in the archives of the past. But it is as much to the point now as then; and therefore we reproduce it.—Ed. G.W.

My England! Not my native land,
But dear to me as if she were,—
How often have I longed to stand
With those brave hearts who fight for her!

Bereft by Fortune, worn with Age,
My life is all I have to give,
But freely would that life engage
For those who die that she may live.

Mother of Freedom! Pledged to Right!
From Honour's path she would not stray,
But, sternly faithful, used her might
To lead mankind the nobler way.

Her task was hard, her burden great,
But 'round the world her edict ran
That reared and ruled a Sovereign State,
Securely, on the Rights of Man.

No vandal foot should tread her land,
No despot hold her realm in awe;
The humblest peasant should command
The shelter of her righteous law.

In vain her lion port was braved!
Her pennant streamed o'er ev'ry sea,
And wheresoe'er her ensign waved
All fetters fell and Man was free.

To-day be all her faults forgot,—
The errors of her nascent prime,
Or wily politician's plot,
Or blunder that was almost crime.

To-day, when desperate tyrants strain,—
By Greed, and Fear, and Hate combined,—
To blast her power and rend her reign,
She fights the fight of all mankind:

She fights for us,—for this fair clime,
Our home belov'd, where freemen dwell,
Columbia, grandest born of Time,
That Teuton malice burns to quell.

My England! should the hope be crost
In which she taught the world to strive,
Then all of Virtue would be lost
And naught of Manhood left alive.

But 'tis not in the Book of Doom
That Justice, Honour, Truth, should fail,
That earth be made a living tomb,
And only brutal Wrong prevail.

It cannot be the human race,
Long struggling up to Freedom's sun,
Is destined to the abject place
Of vassal to the murd'rous Hun!

In ev'ry land that knows the ills
Of Bondage, and has borne its aches,
The deathless pulse of Freedom thrills
And Reason's noble rage awakes.

My England!—patient, valiant, true!—
Nor foes without, nor frauds within
Will shake her purpose to subdue
The cohorts of embattled sin;

The swinish horde, the gilded beasts,
In whom no touch of ruth survives,
Who ravish women, murder priests,
And strew the sea with infant lives;

The Lords of War, who kill and maim,
Exultant, while their people groan,
Steeping themselves in crime and shame,
To keep a despot on his throne;—

That pigmy, to whose wildered brain
Himself an Attila appears,
Who takes the name of God in vain,
And drowns the earth in blood and tears!

My England, *strike!* Droop not, nor pause,
Till triumph on your banners shine!
Then take a grateful world's applause,—
Millions of hearts that beat like mine.

SUBTLE HUMOUR

We reproduce below an article from *The British Weekly* of August 3rd. Whether it was deliberately designed to be humorous or not, we are not quite sure. We, at least, enjoyed the funny side of it, and revelled in its subtilty. We share it with our readers because it is so exactly to our mind.

We are familiar with the writings of Dr. Shailer Mathews, and much that he writes is about as clear as the proverbial mud. Following is the article:

A GRAMMARIAN'S HEADACHE

By Ilico

In my youth I used to play with relish a game that we called "Logarithms." We took a long word like "Constantinople" and were given five minutes or so in which to see how many shorter words could be constructed from the letters of "Constantinople."

In adult life I sometimes play a similar, but rather more difficult game with sentences. I lift a period out of the utterance of a theologian, and attempt to discover how many different propositions may be derived from this mighty sentence, and, more painful still, to consider what relation, if any, these subsidiary propositions bear to one another.

Let me offer an example: I have just received a remarkable and enthusiastic book entitled "The Necessity of Christian Modernism," by T. Wigley (Jas. Clarke); Mr. Wigley quotes with much approval the celebrated Professor Shailer Mathews from across the Atlantic. It appears that Professor Shailer Mathews has somewhere written (to Mr. Wigley's great satisfaction) as follows: "Modernism has no Confession. Its theological affirmations are the formulations of results of investigation both of human needs and the Christian religion. The dogmatist starts with doctrines, the modernist with the religion that gave rise to doctrines. The dogmatist relies upon conformity through group authority; the modernist upon inductive method and action in accordance with group loyalty."

Gripping my pencil and bathing my forehead (with the other hand) I attempt in five minutes to set out the various propositions here implied and to test their coherence and mutual sense. I scribble: (1) The Modernist has no Confession. (2) The Modernist makes theological affirmations. (3) Theological affirmations must, it appears, be distinguished from a Confession—"one ventures to suppose" instead of "I believe."

(4) Modernism investigates both human needs and the Christian religion, the Christian religion as subject of investigation being presumably something definite that can be stated in propositions and objectively examined; but (5) the Christian religion is to be distinguished from the doctrines that arise from it, and (if I do not misunderstand) would not arise from it were it properly understood, as it is by Modernists who (6) start from the Christian religion (which is apparently the same thing as investigating human needs and the Christian religion) in distinction from the dogmatists (i.e., it seems, the Christians who do not regard all questions as open) who (7) start from doctrines and who do (or do not) ever arrive at the Christian religion through the doctrines.

(8) The Christian religion is to be distinguished from its doctrines, it is something misunderstood and misrepresented by the dogmatists, it is something that the Modernist starts from, it involves no Confession, it . . . well, (9) "the snark was a boojum, you see." Time's up! And I am sure I have got it wrong: I suspect that I have misinterpreted Mr. Mathews through Mr. Wigley.

Or try this instead, a sentence of Mr. Wigley's own composing: "The particular is the limited, which sinks back into 'solitary nothingness,' and it is not impossible to think that all energy is an expression of the Universal Mind in which consciousness and the highest values are implicit from the beginning, and which we may best describe as Creative Spirit, the ground of universals which, even though dimly, we are aware are at work in ourselves."

I do not feel confident to review Mr. Wigley's book, but I am attracted by his title: "The Necessity of Christian Modernism." Modernism is sometimes defined as the duty or task of expressing the Christian faith in modern and intelligible terms. We should all greatly desire to be Modernists after this fashion. "For Liberal Modernism," says Dr. C. J. Cadoux

(whose views I do not identify with those of Mr. Wigley or Dr. Shailer Mathews), "essential Christianity is the truth relevant to Christian salvation." It would often seem that Modernism is not an issue that divides us, since we all are Modernists.

Then, again, I hesitate, for Mr. Wigley ends his book with another headache for the grammarians and theologians thus: "In Christian Modernism there is a place for the note of interrogation, there is also a place for the joyous affirmations, that he who shares the life of love shares the life of God, that the love-dominated life is the creative life, that the partial becomes ever more complete as we know and as we do." As we know what, and as we do what? And are these joyous affirmations an expression of the religion from which Christian doctrines, rightly or wrongly, are derived? However, I hesitate to criticise what I cannot pretend to understand.

But beneath the surface of perplexing sentences I detect a plea for the use of the Reason in the sphere of Christian dogmatics. For my part I would respond to it. The dogmatists whom Mr. Wigley has chiefly in mind, I think, are the school that is conveniently called "Barthian." Whether Professor Karl Barth is himself a Barthian is an issue I cannot well decide, but we have certainly seen in recent years some revival of a passionate religion which, with Luther, is apt to look askance at the "Harlot Reason." "Barthianism" is not merely a flight from arid Rationalism or sentimentalism; it is also in some of its manifestations a flight from Reason. The peril and seriousness of this can hardly be exaggerated.

Do our leaders who are not Barthian apply reason to dogmatics, or do they also deserve Mr. Wigley's castigations?

We mourn this year the death of the most independent, robust and vigorous thinker of our time in John Oman, of Cambridge. He never could be accused of obscurantism. He was a great Christian. His philosophical thought has enriched and fortified the Church. But what did he teach about the central Christian doctrines, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement?? A man may know his writings very well, and yet be unable to find the answer to this question. This is no criticism. John Oman was a philosopher and apologist of the faith. He nobly and memorably did his work.

But what of those who come after him? I think, for instance, of such men as Professor Farmer, whose big book has received a welcome not unbecoming its deserts, or Professor Dickie, whose Kerr Lectures I was reading with admiration not many months ago? Such men are free from any taint of obscurantism. Their writings serve the Christian faith and presuppose an Evangelical experience. But will Mr. Wigley's impassioned, if only implicit, attack on traditional doctrine or his charge of obscurantism against the Church be met, while our ablest men follow the philosophy of religion or apologetics rather than theology itself, systematic and dogmatic? This I write not to criticise what they have done (for I can only praise it), but to provoke them to good works.

How shall I more exactly define that which by implication I am asking of our theological philosophers? I cannot easily answer my own question. It is a great thing for the church that our scholars should be showing us that nothing in "modern science" or the process of philosophical reflection requires us to deny the Christian faith; it is even better if they can show that human thought to-day points, however unconsciously, to the Christian revelation. But the Christian faith, as in general traditionally taught, is here presupposed, not criticized. The starting point is modern thought or modern difficulty. The incarnation is assumed as true; arguments accommodated to the modern mind, are adduced; they point towards, or do not contradict, the Incarnation; but the central mystery, miracle, offence of the assertion itself that God became man is avoided, rather than victoriously affirmed. I do not suggest that this is through hesitation or timidity; it is, rather, the inevitable result of the method of approach.

John Oman made clear to us how disastrous in some ways has been the philosophical legacy of Descartes. It is interesting that the one school of modern theology that in some degree meets the demand I offer starts from St. Thomas, not Descartes. This school has, I think, a surer grasp upon the problems of theology because it starts from the fundamental questions: What is knowledge and what is faith? In other words, these teachers offer, or try to offer, a consistent Christian philosophy rather than attempt to patch the composite and far from homogeneous garment of "modern thought." In technical terms, the epistemological question must come first.

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

"OH, WHERE IS HEAVEN?—I WANT TO KNOW"

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, August 13th, 1939

(Stenographically Reported)

"To be with Christ; which is far better."—Philippians 1:23.

I do not know what brought it to my mind, but during the week, out of the subconscious, there came to the surface of my mind, as an echo of earlier years, a children's hymn. I searched in all the hymn books I have to discover it, that I might refresh my memory; but I could not find it. As I recall, it was the question of a little child:

"Oh, where is heaven? I want to know;
Are children playing there?
And do they feel no pain, nor woe,
Nor need a mother's care?"

That first line particularly has been singing its way through my mind; and it has occurred to me that perhaps it is a question which other than little children are asking—"Oh, where is heaven? I want to know."

We do not hear very much about heaven nowadays. Preachers used to speak about it. In our hymn books, even the most modern, there are still some hymns retained which speak of a home of everlasting felicity, such as we sang this evening, "Jerusalem, the golden, with milk and honey blest"; but generally speaking nowadays we have to go to our hymn books or to our Bibles to be even reminded about heaven: the modern pulpit has been too busy telling people how to make a heaven upon earth, to find time to speak of

"A home for little children
Above the clear blue sky."

Preachers have exercised themselves in preaching what they are pleased to call "a social gospel". Personally, I never heard of any other kind of gospel; for that which saves the individual must exercise a social influence. The annual denominational conferences, or conventions, or assemblies, discuss the possibility of the establishment of some kind of economic paradise where everyone will have enough, and everyone will be happy. I have never yet heard, however, of the reverend "fathers and brethren" having discovered a means for doing away with the cemeteries, or of obviating the necessity for them. In spite of all the new emphasis upon the temporal value and advantages of Christianity—and it has a great temporal value—the fact remains that "here we have no continuing city".

There are others who are not so much concerned with present-day social questions, but who prefer to look into the future, and who spend much of their time thinking of a millennium that is to be by and by. I have nothing to say against it. They have a saying in the country to the south of us to the effect that they are "for" certain things: Sometimes I am asked what I believe about the millennium, and I always tell people I am "for" it. You may bring it along as speedily as you like! But when all is said and done, notwithstanding the proposals—they are proposals rather than attempts—to make this old sinful world a little more comfortable, or the speculations as to conditions that are to obtain in a future mil-

lennium—I say, notwithstanding all this, in the meantime people die; and it is rather important that we should have some clear conception about what follows when the soul of a believer departs this life. Is it scriptural to speak about heaven? I think it is.

I.

WHERE THEN IS HEAVEN? It is a *very pertinent question*, for death comes to all, even to the little children. When I have time, occasionally I find it instructive—and humbling—to walk through the cemetery and read some of the inscriptions on the stones, to observe how many lives were cut short, ended so far as this earth is concerned, when they had but begun. The children die—and the young people too, young men and women full of promise, concerning whom many had prophesied great things. But they did not live to realize the fulfilment of the promise of their youth. Their sun went down while it was yet day; their earthly life was terminated before their sun had reached its zenith. Men in the full vigour of their manhood, in the prime of life, men of middle age whose day was but half done—these too, have been summoned to another world. And of course we are not surprised that the aged should pass from among us. That we recognize to be inevitable. Thus all classes and conditions of men are subject to the same mortality. The poor are taken from their squalid surroundings; nor has death any more respect for the mansion or the palace.

These are commonplaces, I know. We read of the passing of some great scholar, a modern Solomon, and we have wished that, ere he left us, he could have bequeathed his accumulated wisdom to someone who could profit thereby. Even the physician is taken away. There is a place in Minnesota to which thousands of people have gone for treatment, the Mayo Clinic. How often have they come home, to my certain knowledge, after some surgical miracle had been performed, when the impossible has been accomplished, wonders in surgery and medicine. But Dr. Charles and Dr. William Mayo, themselves sons of a doctor, the men who founded that great institution, died this summer but a few weeks or months apart. There is a sense in which, physically, they saved others, but themselves they could not save.

What folly to ignore these things! We too must leave our earthly home one of these days. But whither shall we go?

Where is heaven? *Can it be localized? Is it a locality, a particular place?* Can we define its exact position?

We read this evening that the Apostle Paul was "caught up" into the third heaven. He was "caught up" to paradise. But that does not mean very much. Space and direction, in such matters, are very difficult to determine. In the immediate context Paul speaks of "departing", leaving this earth and going somewhere else.

That death effects a radical change in one's situation everyone knows; and sooner or later we all must "depart", whether we are "caught up" or whithersoever we go.

Does heaven consist in *ideal circumstantial conditions*? If a man's life does not "consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth", neither does it consist in the absence of them. If one does not really live by being rich, neither can one learn the true significance of life, necessarily, by being very poor. Life is more than mere circumstances, though circumstantial comfort is not to be despised. One is fortunate and ought to be grateful who has a comfortable house to live in, and who is conveniently provided for in respect to material things.

One says, "Do we not know something about heaven? Is there not a description in the end of the Book of the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven?" Yes, it is a lovely picture, and the reality will transcend that description as a land that is nightless, and painless, and sorrowless, and deathless, where everyone will have all that heart could wish. Someone may object, "But that is descriptive of the ultimate state of the blessed." True, but I apprehend that intermediately the position of the believer will approximate it in delight, in spiritual felicity. The circumstances, that which is objective to the soul itself, will be ideal in heaven. I must acknowledge that I can still sing the hymn that may be too old fashioned for many:

"There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all that spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught,—

"A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again."

"Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

"There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God."

But does heaven consist in a mental state or condition? That is important. Much depends upon one's state of mind. Many of the miseries, as well as the felicities of life, are subjective. I used to know a man who was accustomed to walk in Allan Gardens. People said he was demented—and so he was. But he enjoyed the Gardens because he thought he owned it. It was as really his to his disordered brain as though he had had the title deed written in his own name. It is possible, temporarily at least, to think oneself into a kind of heaven—or it is possible to think oneself into a kind of hell. These minds of ours defy our own understanding, so marvellously complex are they.

I think there would be truth in saying that heaven will consist, in part, in a mental state. It is that principle of the subjective that floats a great many false religions, such as Christian Science, and many forms of so-called New Thought, which seek to create a heaven by psychological processes. But it is a really great blessing to have peace of mind: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." Christianity in this present life min-

isters to one's mental poise and repose. The mind of the believer is exercised toward God, dominated by the Spirit of God, and is restfully established in the truth of God: "The peace of God, shall keep—or guard, or garrison—your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Even though one's place and circumstances be difficult, grace often enables one to experience much peace and joy even in this life. I have read of a dear soul who was overheard by someone passing by, as he looked down through a cellar window into a poor widow's underground apartment and saw her about to partake of a meal of only a crust of bread, to exclaim, "O Lord, I thank Thee for all this—and Christ beside." Paul said, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." "Godliness with contentment is great gain." If our minds are dominated by the Spirit of God, directed and enlightened by the principles and precepts of God's word, we may have a taste of the heavenly state here. Certainly that being so—and it is true as we know experimentally—heaven in the future will consist, in part, in a mind at rest at last; a happy mental state must obtain there.

"There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven."

But that does not answer my question, Where is heaven? My text answers it. *Heaven is "with Christ", wherever He may be.* Paul did not long for golden streets and jasper walls and gates of pearl: he desired a closer fellowship with One Whom he loved better than life; and in his view, all the felicities of that state into which the soul is immediately ushered when released from the body, are summed up in that pregnant phrase, "With Christ."

That, really, is where heaven is. In a sense, of course, we are in heavenly places with Christ even now; it is not written in the future tense: He *"hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come he might shew the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus."* He *"hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love."* We have a hymn which says, "Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven to me." It is true that we have a foretaste of the heavenly life here as we are with Christ, but that is not what Paul means here, because he had already had experience of that, and yet he says, "I would fain depart and be with Christ."

Where is it? Let us rather ask, Where is He? I read that the Lord Jesus is seated at the right hand of God; that He has entered heaven itself, "there to appear in the presence of God for us." I apprehend that such as depart this life find themselves in a more intimate fellowship with the Lord Jesus, and have really entered into heaven itself.

Then it is said of Him: "He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things." I think it is right to think of heaven as being "up". I told the men when they were working on that central light, and putting in the glass, of what a certain professor told me once. He said his wife was putting their little boys to bed, telling them Bible stories and hearing their prayers one night when

one of the little fellows said, "Mamma, is heaven hard or soft?" She said she had not an idea of what he meant, but thought she would risk an answer. She said, "I think, my dear, it is soft." "Well then", said the little chap, "why don't their legs stick 'fru?" You laugh at that! But after all, it is the teaching of Scripture that heaven is "up": "Caught up" into paradise. In relation to all that is in this life, heaven is something higher: "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." We are to be "with Christ", not in His humiliation—we share that here; not as partakers of His suffering—that is our privilege here; but with all that behind us, our spirits shall be caught up to be with Him—and that will be heaven.

"Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet!
What must it be to wear a crown,
And sit with Jesus on His Throne!"

II.

WHAT IS HEAVEN LIKE? Paul says it is "far better". I suppose it would not be possible for us to understand a positive description of heaven. It would so far transcend our experience, and the experience of men historically through all the long years of human history, that it would be difficult for us to conceive of heaven. Have you sometimes half feared to attempt a description of something you have seen? You have seen, perhaps, a glorious landscape, and have said, "I wish So-and-So were here"; but he was not. When you got home, you tried to tell him. There was rather a doubtful expression on his face, as though he did not quite believe. There are some things that cannot be described: they must be felt.

The Bible speaks to us as we are "able to bear it". We wonder why the Lord has not told us more about some things—but it would be of no use. In our present sphere of life, subject to our present limitations, we should have no capacity for an understanding of these things. I crossed the continent some time ago. In the evening, seated in the dining-car just as the sun was setting, dropping down over the prairies, I saw a marvellous sight. You have never seen a sunset unless you have seen it at sea or on the prairies! There was a man seated opposite me, with his back toward the sunset. He was engaged in a very interesting enterprise, disposing of a good dinner, with remarkable rapidity. I wanted someone to share the glory of that sunset with me: I was looking toward it, he was not. At last when I could refrain no longer I said, "Excuse my interrupting that interesting undertaking of yours, but you are missing something. Turn your head and look at that sunset." He paused, with knife and fork in midair and said, as he turned his head slightly, "We are going to have a fine day to-morrow"! Then he resumed his activity. It would have been useless to try to describe the sunset to him.

Some people see what others cannot. Others are limited in their vision. That explains most of the marriages that I perform! They see things for themselves—and it is well that they can! We need a heavenly capacity to understand heaven. There is no positive description in our text—or in the Bible. The Apostle Paul tells us, in effect, "I will assist your understanding by a comparative statement. Think of all the things you know,

and have experienced; and the place to which I should go were I permitted to depart, would be far better."

But one day, reading this chapter, an idea came to me. Paul said he "heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. I had such a vision of the glory I dare not write it down." When he was in prison in Rome, and was dictating this epistle, and contemplating the possibility of his departing to be "with Christ", I can almost imagine his saying, "I will tell them why I should like to go, by describing what once I saw." And perhaps the Spirit of God said to him, "Careful, Paul, careful. They would not understand." "What shall I tell them?" "Just this, it is 'far better.' That is enough." "Better!" Let me nurse that comparative adjective for a few minutes, and you who are Christians, help me.

What do you know of *the joy of the Christian life*? The Apostle Paul said, "For me to live"—and oh, how abundantly he lived! How he pushed back the boundaries of life, and fathomed its depths and scaled its heights! What a glorious life that great man lived; and he said, "For me to live is Christ. I live with Him. I am getting to know Him better."

Some years ago a missionary friend, who had just returned from India after years of service there, arrived in this country in the early summer, told me that as he first got a glimpse of the green trees and the rolling meadows of his home land, with all its beauty, he said, "I suppose heaven will be better than this; but if it were not, after years of experience in India, this would be good enough for me."

Yes, you have had a good time as a Christian. We have had such times in this church, in the place of prayer and fellowship, that we scarcely wanted to go to heaven: it seemed as though heaven had come to us. I heard of a woman who was accustomed to express the gladness of her soul by shouting, "Hallelujah!" occasionally. When asked why she did so, she said it was because she was really so happy in the Lord. Someone, following the pictorial idea of heaven—Peter and the gate—said to her, "But suppose when you get to heaven's gate, the attendant should say he had not your name there, and should refuse to admit you? What would you say then?" She replied, "I do not believe that is possible, but if it were, I should say, 'Hallelujah; I have had a good time getting so far'."

We have had "a good time getting so far". "For me to live is Christ." I get a little out of sympathy with Christian people who talk about their afflictions and persecutions and disabilities, and pull a long face. I do not believe we ought to do so. I met a man on a train some years ago, down in Texas. I did not know him, but he knew me. He was a preacher, a very solemn sort of brother. He said, "It costs a good deal to be true to the gospel." I replied, "Does it? I did not know that." "It costs a good deal." "What do you mean? What does it cost you?" "I get a good many kicks." To which I replied once more, "Oh, is that all? A preacher is not worth his salt to God or man until he has received so many kicks he cannot feel them any longer." And that is true.

"For me to live is Christ." That was Paul's attitude; and even while on earth he had been caught up to heaven. He had known many a rapture of soul. He had had many an hour's sweet converse with the King. He asked for no one's sympathy, but still he said, "I should like to go because, could I go, it would be far

better." There is a more intimate way of knowing Christ than you have ever experienced as yet. I heard of someone's paying another a compliment by saying, "He is really a fine man in many ways, but you never know him, really know him, until you have been a guest in his home. You see him for what he is in his own home." The Lord Jesus is wonderful at the cross, in the glory of His resurrection, in His intercessory ministry in our behalf before the throne, coming to us in many a secret passage as we hold commerce with the Skies; but I am sure that we shall never know Jesus as He may be known until we see Him in His own home. It will be "far better".

I think Paul had a great capacity for loving people. He was a loveable man, a stern man but his heart went out in great affection toward those who were his spiritual children, toward those to whom he ministered. He bore record of some, "who have for my life laid down their own necks." He said, "I know how you love me, and it is mutual." There are a great many people for whom I thank God upon every remembrance of them. There is a delight in Christian fellowship. It is good to feel one is needed, that someone wants you. I like to be sure, if I am invited anywhere, that I am wanted. I never go until I am perfectly sure.

I conducted special services some years ago for a pastor who was a ministerial icicle, as cold and unresponsive as a piece of ice. I had asked another Pastor to assist me, who was a fine singer. After we got through the services each night the three of us walked toward the hotel, and as we did so, passed the street on which the resident minister lived. Each night when we came to the street he would pause a moment and say to us, "You will not come down, will you?" What would you have said? I said he *paused*; he did not stop. "You will not come down?" I said, "No." What else could one say? Most of us desire to be sure we are wanted and will be welcome before we go anywhere. It is a great joy to be somewhere where one is wanted.

Paul said, "I know, great as you are, there is a sense in which you need me. To abide in the flesh is more needful for you." I do not very often speak of personal matters, but as it is wrapped up in the principle I am discussing I will do so this evening. There is not a place in the world where I would rather be than in this church. Many of us have been together for a long time, and you are kind enough to tell me sometimes that you need me. I never come to this pulpit without a feeling that there is a great family of people here who love the Lord and His house, who will be waiting for such poor ministry as I can give. I know they will be hungry. They will say, "I am glad the Pastor is going to be there. We need something to-day." For that reason I love to be with you.

I know what it is to be told I am not needed. I remember belonging to a certain Convention, the Convention of which every activity, including its university, was born in this church. We gave more money to the denominational treasury than any other church in the Denomination—as much, for many years, as the next two largest, Walmer Road and Bloor Street. But they told us in 1927 that they did not want us any more. They passed a resolution saying so, because we stood for the Book, and for the things of God. We were sorry! It hurt a little at the time—just a little. But we said, Good-bye. I never went back. I never go where I am not wanted. But I love to be where I am needed. I

love to think of the boys and girls, young men and women, and older people, who need me, or who think they need me, just a little, here.

I said to some of our young men the other day, "I am not getting very near the end so far as I know. I feel as though I am going to be here a long time—I hope you will not get tired. But sooner or later, in the nature of the case, some of us will be passing on; and in that day God will depend upon you young men who have been instructed in the things of God, established in Christ, to stand like a rock and say, 'This church, while we live, shall stand for the word of God, and the gospel of the grace of God.'" I say it to you young men now, but perhaps I must teach you longer before my work is done.

But it is a delightful experience for a Pastor and the people of a church to feel that we are a happy family, and need each other.

Ah, yes! but there is something better than that. Paul said, "Although it is needful that I stay, for myself it would be far better to go." There will be a happy fellowship with the saints who have gone. One sees many people pass away in a quarter of a century, and sometimes I shut my eyes and think of many who were conspicuous in the congregations I have had. I can see them in the pews. Since we have come into this new building, I have recalled a great many of them. I say to myself, I wish they were here; I should like to take them through the building. I wish Mrs. Lillie were here, and a great many others. But if they know anything about us, they must pity us and say, "You poor souls! You think you have something worth while down there, but if you had entered into that which we enjoy, which is 'far better', you would not wish us back." There is a happier fellowship yonder.

Paul had had special *delight in some of his experiences as he had suffered for Christ's sake*. We read of some who rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name. Even now Paul was in bonds, in prison; but he was rejoicing in the Lord. There are some experiences you cannot have unless and until you go through the fire. I say to the people who are troubled about this Book, "There are some things in this Book that were not written for the study only." Did you ever take a road-map, or a road-book, you motorists, and sit down and read it for pleasure, saying, "This is a delightful book; I wish all would read it?" Would you think of offering a road-book and a map to someone that he might delight himself with its perusal? It was made for the road. And a large part of the Bible was made for the road. It is only when you are on the road, and are passing through the experiences for which it was designed, that you really learn its value.

Daniel was greatly beloved, and I have often imagined someone's asking him, "Daniel, were you greatly troubled when you were cast into the den of lions?" "No." "Why not?" I think he would have said, "I had had some experience with the angels, but there was One I had never met. When I was cast into the den of lions, my God send His Angel to shut the lions' mouths." I believe it was the Angel of the covenant; I believe it was none other than Jesus Himself. There is a way of knowing Jesus in the lions' den as He cannot be known anywhere else. But whether that is so of Daniel's Companion or not, I am sure of the identity of Another Who was with the Hebrew children in the flames. Nebuchadnezzar said, as he looked into the furnace,

"Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? . . . Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." You cannot know the Lord Jesus without going through the fire. There are possibilities of the Christian life that can never be experienced in this life if the hard and difficult places are shunned.

The Acts of the Apostles—indeed, the whole Bible—has become real to some of us. I have spoken to many companies of ministers over the Continent and have said, "I am not troubled about the reality of the supernatural in the Bible. I put no question-mark after the record which speaks of the dividing of the sea: I have been through it myself. I have no question of the angelic hosts and the chariots of fire roundabout Elisha: I have ridden in them myself." I give this testimony: the very existence of this church is a witness to the faithfulness of our covenant-keeping God! Go into the fire if you want to know Christ!

But there are no lions in heaven, there is no fire up there; and even the angels take second place to the saints. Heavenly as it may have been here with Christ, yonder it will be "far better".

That is a superlative word, "very far better". There is a phrase which speaks of God's doing "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." And He does that. Heaven will be "very far better" than our earthly best. We have a happy time now: we are going to have a happier time yonder.

III.

HOW SHALL WE GET TO HEAVEN? If it be heaven to be "with Christ", I am sure *no one can ever get to heaven who is against Christ*. Have you no interest in Christ? Then you are not on the road to heaven. Have you closed your heart to Christ? You cannot be on the road to heaven. People who make light of the great things of God are not heavenward-bound.

I heard of a professor not long since in a Baptist university, not many miles from here, who came before his students and said, "I fear I shall say something to-day that may hurt some of you. But I must say it. At last I have definitely reached the conclusion that the story of the Virgin Birth in the New Testament is nothing but a myth. Jesus came into this world by natural generation." You ask me to have such charity as to believe that that man is on the road to heaven? I cannot believe it. Is a man going to be shut out for his belief? No; but he will be shut out for his unbelief. Such a view is expressive of his whole attitude toward God. If he had had a real experience of the regenerative, resurrection power of the Lord Jesus, he would have known that he himself is a miracle, and that the miracle of the Virgin Birth has been repeated in him, and that Christ had been formed in him, the hope of glory. There is no other way.

I should be untrue to my trust, and unfair to you, were I to say that one may be on the way to heaven who does not love Christ. If that be your state you would be out of harmony with all your surroundings. If you have no love for Christ here, how could you enjoy being shut in with Him forever? "Whosoever loveth is born of God." There is only one way home—the way of the cross. The way of the cross leads home. So that

we might be with Him, He took our sins upon Him, and paid the penalty the law demanded, stripe for stripe. He died in our behalf. Do not deny or even ignore this truth: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Moody used to say there are two doors to that text; there is a way into it: "All we like sheep have gone astray"; and there is a way out of it, "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Then and only then shall we be saved with His great salvation.

Will you yield to Him this evening? Will you let the Good Shepherd lead your feet into paths of righteousness, if you have not done so? Get a taste of the heavenly life here, and enjoy it forever hereafter.

"Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name!
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same."

Bible School Lesson Outline

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THE TABERNACLE COMPLETED

Lesson Text: Exodus 40.

Golden Text: "Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle."—Exodus 40:34.

For Reading: Exodus 37-39.

I. The Tabernacle Assembled—verses 1-8.

Chapters 25 to 31 of Exodus contain the record of the Lord's commands concerning the specifications of the tabernacle with its divisions, furnishings and equipment—the materials, measurements and designs. Chapters 35 to 39 recount the construction of the many units of the tabernacle according to the plans which the Lord had revealed to Moses. The chapter before us describes the Lord's commands concerning the assembling of the parts, and the setting up of the completed tabernacle.

Each article of furniture and equipment was to be set in its own place. Let us remember that each member of the body of Christ, however humble, has a place to fill and a duty to perform (1 Cor. 12:12-30).

The ark of the covenant with its cover, the mercy-seat, occupied the position of honour in the Holy of Holies. It is also the first article mentioned. Our relationship with Christ is the most important thing in our lives. We must build within our hearts a sanctuary for Him, and obey the injunction "Sanctify in your hearts Christ as Lord" (1 Pet. 3:15, Revised Version).

The table of shewbread, the lampstand, the altar of incense and other furnishings were placed in their several locations with reference to the ark and the mercy-seat. When the heart is in right relationship with Christ, all other relationships of life will adjust themselves accordingly (Prov. 4:23).

The altar of the burnt-offering was placed before the door of the tabernacle (Exod. 29:42). Sacrifice was a necessary prelude to the worship of Jehovah, for the blood was the medium of atonement and the ground of acceptance. The individual Christian, and also the church, can be the dwelling-place of God, and can have dealings with Him only when

they recognize and appropriate the redemptive work of Christ on the cross (Acts 20:28; Eph. 5:2; Rev. 1:5, 6).

II. The Tabernacle Anointed—verses 9-15.

The tabernacle and its fittings must be set apart for holy uses. The first step in the process was the sprinkling with blood of each article of furniture, as a token that it was purged from all other associations. (Exod. 29:12, 36; Heb. 9:21-28). The second step was the anointing with the holy oil. The officiating priests were likewise set apart for their service by similar ceremonies (Exod. 29:20, 21).

The Christian has been sanctified by the blood of Christ (Heb. 2:11; 10:14), and is being sanctified by the ministry of the Holy Spirit, of Whom the oil was a symbol (1 Pet. 1:2). The church has been sanctified as the dwelling-place of God through the Holy Spirit (Acts 2:1-4; 4:31; 10:44-46; Eph. 5:25-27).

III. The Tabernacle Finished—verses 16-33.

The tabernacle was completed on the anniversary of the First Passover. The first day of the first month (April) of the first year was the day of the Passover, when the children of Israel had been saved from the bondage of Egypt. That was to be the beginning of months for them, the pivotal date from which all their future history was to be reckoned (Exod. 12:2). In commanding the tabernacle to be set up on that particular day of the year, the Lord desired that they should associate the fact of His presence among them with the fact of His redeeming grace. Anniversaries may contribute to our spiritual blessing if they assist us to remember the grace of God (Deut. 8:2).

There is virtue in orderliness. The Lord's actions always manifest order and harmonious arrangement. Each piece of furniture of the tabernacle was to be set "in order"; there was to be no confusion. God desires that the lives of His people exhibit the grace of order (Psa. 119:133; 1 Cor. 14:40).

Moses obeyed the Lord's directions completely, to the last detail. Whether or not he understood the meaning of God's will had nothing to do with it. He simply did what he was told to do. Our Saviour yielded perfect obedience to the Father (John 15:10), and He asks for obedience on the part of those who belong to Him (John 2:5; 14:15; 15:14).

The laver was to be placed between the tent of the congregation and the altar, in order that the priests might wash before and after presiding at the sacrifices. The laver signifies the washing of regeneration, the cleansing once for all from the guilt of sin, as well as the constant cleansing from the defilement of sin (Tit. 3:5; John 13:10).

"So Moses finished the work." Our Saviour finished the work on earth which He had been commissioned by His Father to perform (John 4:34; 17:4; 19:30). Moses was faithful as a servant in the house of the Lord, but Christ was faithful as a Son in His own house (Heb. 3:1-6).

IV. The Tabernacle Filled—verses 33-38.

When the shekinah glory filled the tabernacle, God indicated His willingness to establish it as the place where His presence would be manifest to the people, where He might meet and commune with them (Exod. 25:8; 29:44-46). In the fulness of time God came to earth and tabernacled among men in bodily form in the person of Christ (Isa. 7:14; John 1:14; 2:19-21; Col. 1:19; 2:9), and the glory of God rested upon Him (Matt. 3:16, 17; John 12:28; 17:5). In a similar manner, the Holy Spirit is the token of God's presence in the heart of the Christian (1 Cor. 6:19), and in the Church, His habitation (2 Cor. 6:16; Eph. 2:21, 22).

The glory of the Lord was so great that Moses could not endure the holy light. May His glory fill the temples of our bodies, and the churches where we worship and serve Him (1 Kings 5:3, 5)!

God revealed His presence to Israel not merely that He might fill them with a sense of His holiness and nearness, but also that He might guide them in all their journeyings (Exod. 13:21, 22). He would have us walk with Him, and follow His leading (Psa. 37:31; Isaiah 48:17, 18; 1 Pet. 2:21). He would direct our steps, and also our "stops" (Psa. 37:23, 24).

The cloud by day and the fire by night proved a source of protection to Israel. The Lord is a fortress for His people (Exod. 15:2; Psa. 46:1; 62:7; 91:2; Isa. 12:2; 26:4).

NEWS OF UNION CHURCHES

The Tent in the North

The gospel tent that was at New Toronto is now at Bourlaimague with Rev. W. J. Wellington and his brother, Rev. Stanley Wellington. A canvass of the town has been made and the attendance is increasing. The tent was pelted with broken stones, but since police protection has been sought, Mr. Wellington reports that all is now quiet. Let us remember this work in our prayers.

The Gospel Tent in Montreal

The meetings are bringing a large number of other evangelicals together and establishing an understanding. During the last week particularly we have noticed a larger number of local people within the tent. We have been having some Italian and Irish Catholics visiting us occasionally who have openly expressed to us their appreciation of the services. The Lord granted to us the other night a special evidence of His favour when a young lady accepted Christ as her Saviour. This lady is a summer visitor to our city from Kingsville, Ontario. She had attended several times before, twice when Brother Fullard was preaching, and once when Brother Scott was with us. Last Thursday we got in touch with her by telephone and invited her to come and hear Mr. Hisey. She promised to come Friday night, and true to her promise she was there and was gloriously saved. She had a dance scheduled for the next night, but knowing her duty as a Christian, she cancelled it. Another young lady was saved under Mr. Scott's ministry. She came from Verdun. Thus we have much for which to thank God. At the present time there are a number under conviction and persistent prayer is being made for their conversion.

THE WEEK-END IN JARVIS STREET

Jarvis Street had another happy summer week-end. Saturday there was a fine attendance at the evening prayer meeting. Sunday, there was a large Sunday School, and splendid morning congregation. We were happy to have the fellowship of Dr. J. W. and Mrs. Hoyt, of Warsaw, Indiana, over the week-end. Dr. Hoyt preached in the morning, making a soul-stirring appeal from the text, "No man cared for my soul." In the evening the Pastor preached. So far as we could see, the ground floor was entirely occupied; parts of it, according to reports, rather more than comfortably full. At the extreme ends a few more could have been seated in the gallery, but it was a great congregation for a hot summer evening. The sermon is reported in this issue. We have been happy to have many ministers, Baptist and others, present at our summer congregations.

THE SPECIAL HOME MISSION OFFERING FOR THE NORTH

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