

The Gospel Witness

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

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

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Registered Cable Address: Jarwitsem, Canada.

Vol. 18, No. 19

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1939

Whole Number 904

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

HITLER'S SUICIDE

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, September 10th, 1939

(Stenographically Reported)

"And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, that he shall follow after them; and I will be honoured upon Pharaoh, and upon all his host; that the Egyptians may know that I am the Lord. And he did so."—Exodus 14:4.

Prayer before the Sermon

We have come, O Lord, that we may worship Thee; in the singing of these hymns of praise, we present to Thee the adoration of our hearts. We worship Thee for what Thou art: Thou art God, and beside Thee there is none else. We who know Thy name render to Thee the homage of our hearts, also in the hearing of Thy Word. We thank Thee for this inspired Book, for this Pole Star, this moral Compass by which we are guided over the uncharted seas of life. We thank Thee that in every emergency of life Thou dost meet us in this Thy Book; Thou dost speak to us, if only we have ears to hear. Oh, give us such hearing ears this evening! Help us to hear what God the Lord will say unto us. Give us the assurance that He will speak peace to His people; that He will bless His people with peace.

We bow before Thee, O Lord, in a dark hour, in an hour when men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth. We invoke Thy help, first that we may be men and women who have understanding of the times, to know what we ought to do in the exigencies of this hour. Give us spiritual enlightenment that we may be able so to view the events of our day, as to see the mighty Hand of God therein.

We pray for Thy blessing upon fathers and mothers, upon wives and sisters, upon all the womanhood of our land. Give them the spirit of Deborah, whose inspired words we have heard this evening. Make us all worthy, men and women, of the inheritance of freedom which Thou, in Thy goodness, hast vouchsafed to us.

Direct all who must consider in this crisis hour what their duty is. Enable them to act as before God, to do their duty as Thou shalt give them to see it, that with hearts right before Thee, we may go forward in this time of emergency.

Above all, O Lord, we pray that we may all know Thee personally; that we may not be merely religious men, and women, but that we may be really Christians, born from above, made new creatures in Christ, enjoying freedom of access to the throne of heaven. May we thus be numbered among the Lord's remembrancers, who will take no rest, and give Thee no rest until Thy will is done in the earth.

We seek Thy counsel for all rulers, for the King and his ministers throughout the Empire, that each in his place may act in the fear of God. We pray that Thou wilt be General-

issimo of our Armies, Commander of our Fleet, Marshall of all our Air Forces; for still, there is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth on the heaven in our help, and in Thine excellency on the sky. Verily, Thou makest the clouds Thy chariot, Thou walkest upon the wings of the wind. Thou hast Thy way in the whirlwind and the storm, and the clouds are the dust of Thy feet. We beseech Thee to make the place of Thy feet glorious!

Remember graciously our Allies, France and Poland. Even though many of them may not have a personal knowledge of Thee, yet Thou canst use them sovereignly for Thy purposes as Thou didst use Ahasuerus and Cyrus in days gone by. Make them Thy servants, to do Thy will.

Bless our brethren of the French Bible Mission whom we love in the Lord, and whose work lies so near to our hearts. Sustain them in their fiery trial: walk with them amidst the flames as Thou didst with Shadrack, Meshech and Abednego.

So would we bring this troubled world to Thee, and pray that Thy holy will may be done. We pray for all neutral nations, that Thou wilt give them enlightenment, and show them where their place is. For the American Republic, and for the President and his advisers, we pray that they may be definitely directed to make decisions which will be glorifying to Thee.

And now, Lord, we all need to be fortified by the truth of Thy Word. Help us that as we read our papers in the morning, we may be the better able to receive the news, whether it seem to be good or bad. Make us unafraid of evil tidings because our hearts are fixed, trusting in the Lord.

All these things we ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

Those of you who have gone down to the sea in ships know that a great ship does not leave its moorings with a dash. It moves so slowly that its movement at first is almost imperceptible. But little by little it is worked out from its dock, and very gradually the shore recedes, and at length its passengers become aware that the great ship has left the land, and is on its way to the sea.

So is it with movements of new thought. In their initial stages they move very slowly. The point of view is changed so gradually that people are scarcely aware

that they are leaving the old moorings, and are embarking upon a voyage over an uncharted sea. In our day we have seen this illustrated. The pulpit has changed. Publicists of every order have gradually learned a new language. The literature of our day very largely has been speaking a tongue with which our fathers were not familiar. Gradually the majority of people have assumed an entirely changed attitude toward great public questions. I think that may, in part, be the explanation of Britain's long delay. Her leaders were under the necessity of re-educating the public mind.

Particularly does that apply to one matter, that which the Bible calls "sin", a something for which the sentimentalism of our day has invented a great many soft, euphemistic designations. The evolutionists and the behavioristic psychologists are rather sorry for people who do wrong. There is a sense in which, of course, we must all have compassion upon those who are out of the way. But I speak of the attitude toward wrong itself, rather than of the persons who are the victims of it. And I say this moral evil which the Bible calls "sin" is now looked upon quite generally as not a moral offence, not so much a transgression of moral law, as a disease, a disease which in some cases is to be referred to physical rather than moral causes. The criminal is subject to some glandular trouble, and he needs, not a preacher or an evangelist, but a surgeon, or a physician. Or the wrong-doer is the product of economic injustices, or of improvable hereditary conditions, or of unfair social influence and environment. Criminologists have elaborated allegedly scientific explanations of what was once thought to be plain wickedness, and have developed a philosophy of causation which tends to make society in general rather than the individual responsible for wrong-doing. The expert penologists, those who are concerned with providing a preventive of this phenomenon which the Bible calls "sin", work out deterrent and reformative systems which in some cases are utterly devoid of any expiatory, or punitive principle. By these theories, penitentiaries would be well-nigh converted into hospitals or even nurseries, which, in time would graduate and release the Red Ryans upon the world.

It is that attitude of mind which has been so pronounced in its criticism of the alleged severities of the Treaty of Versailles. After Germany had filled our rivers with blood, and had slain millions, and maimed millions more, and made other millions widows or orphans, we ought to have taken no account of her wickedness, but have paid all the damage ourselves, and pampered Germany with every conceivable sort of economic assistance! Such philosophic madness, in my view, is largely responsible for the present world-chaos.

I do not speak thus for the first time. I said it during the last war, and have been saying it ever since, as everybody must say it, who really believes the Bible to be true.

And so large sections of the Bible have been closed to the ordinary—I was going to say—church attendant. The Old Testament has been held up to contempt, as a book that is entirely outworn. But God has a way of interposing in human affairs from time to time, and bringing to the surface long-forgotten truths. I said to you in another way a week or so ago, that the gospel of the grace of God is not alone a revelation of the goodness of God, but of the severity of God; that, properly understood, every blessing that has come to us as individual Christians, every blessing that has come to us as the byproduct of Christianity in what is sometimes called

a Christian civilization—that all these things have come to us as the direct result of blood that was shed. That is particularly, specifically, and, of course, uniquely true, I repeat, of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is imperative that we should study again these severer aspects of divine revelation, that we may learn something, not alone of the principles of democracy—and I believe in democracy as the best of all forms of human government yet devised; but it is not enough that we should boast of our Magna Charta, and of all subsequent deliverances which have brought the free peoples of the earth to the enjoyment of their present liberties; it is not enough that we should be versed, and intelligently conversant with all these historic principles: that is important; but it is imperative that we should know something of the essentials of divine government, and that we should be able, like Garfield, one of America's martyred presidents, with intelligent conviction to say: "Clouds and darkness are roundabout him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

You are all familiar at least with the outline of the history of this Pharaoh of ancient times; and with this most conspicuous of all the miracles of the Old Testament, when God made bare His arm, and made Pharaoh, and Egypt, and His people Israel, and all the nations roundabout, to know that He was God.

For those who have eyes to see, these divine interpositions are repeated again and again. We have in this Book the inspired record of such divine acts. But I am persuaded that the acts of God recorded in the Old Testament, and in the New, did not cease with the completion of the canon of Scripture, though the inspired record of such acts was then completed; and we may take up the tale of human history where this Book leaves off, so far as its historical portions are concerned, and we may see in every chapter of history, and in the life of all nations, repeated interventions, where God made bare His arm. The purpose of this Book is that it should serve us as a text book, as a norm, a standard by which to measure these events, a Light in which to interpret them. And I am sure that while we are shocked, staggered, by the events of our time, because we are so close to them, had we eyes to see, and faith that would give us a perspective view of the acts of God, we should not be so perturbed. We should still see the One Who describes Himself as a Man of War, going forth to do battle against the forces of unrighteousness.

Christian faith must believe that God is to be found somewhere in present-day events. We are concerned about what action certain nations will take, what will be the ultimate course of the United States of America. All these questions are of vital importance, but I submit that the matter of supreme concern to us all is that we should discover God in the midst of the conflict, and so relate ourselves, or be, by His grace, related to Him, that we shall be sure from the beginning, of the issue of the battle.

"Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible."

My text is a hard one. I consulted several commentaries, with the invariable result: I discovered that the commentators had nothing to say about it. They explained the easy texts, and they left the text which says that God would harden the heart of Pharaoh, and bring him to judgment, without comment.

I.

Greatly daring, I take it as an illustration of a great principle. It is illustrative of A LAW BY THE TRANSGRESSION OF WHICH MORAL SENSIBILITIES MAY BE DULLED TO THE EXTENT OF COMPLETE ATROPHY. It is possible for men and women, and nations, so to relate themselves to the principles of God's laws, that their moral natures become calloused and benumbed, and virtually cease to be moral beings at all. Let us examine this searing process.

The Bible always identifies God with His law. The man of science will tell you by what operation of law this wondrous earth is with verdure clad. But the Bible says simply that it is God Who clothes the pastures with flocks, and covers the hills with golden grain. It is He Who makes His rain to fall on the just and on the unjust. The Bible does not ignore, much less does it deny, those natural laws by which these things are effected; but it enthrones God above them all. Our Lord Jesus said that it is God Who clothes the grass of the field, and gives to the lily a splendour surpassing that of Solomon. It says not a word against the cultivation of the lily, nor the fertilizing of the soil, but the reverse. But it identifies God with His laws, and it is just at that point that people generally have been turned aside; because modern human thought has elbowed God out of the scene altogether. What is it they say now, borrowing their phrase, I suppose from Hollywood,—they speak of everything as being in or out of "the picture". Well, a science falsely so-called has all but put God "out of the picture". But He is there! And the Bible recognizes that; and furthermore always recognizes God, while identifying Him with His law, as *acting in harmony therewith*. God does not set the laws of nature at variance; He does no violence to them. When the tempter said to Jesus: "Cast thyself down from hence: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee", He answered, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." You must not break the law of your physical nature, and expect God to interpose to work a miracle. God always honours His laws, and works in harmony therewith. But the Bible represents Him as being transcendent, that is to say, He is not, in the pantheistic sense, locked up within the cosmos: He operates through it, yet He is above it as a personal, transcendent God, Who rules the affairs of men. That is the revelation of the Bible, the revelation of God in Christ.

Well then, *that is as true of moral as of physical law.* The Bible institutes an analogy, and says, the moral law is just as inexorable as laws which operate in the field of nature, and that therefore, "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," that whoever sows to the flesh, be he a man or an aggregation of people called a nation, he shall "of the flesh reap corruption"! And in that very connection, the inspired Book says that a personal God lives to see that law made effective: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." That is the teaching of the Word of God.

Now there are principles which operate in the moral realm, which in certain conditions have a *petrifying effect upon one's moral nature*. It is possible to harden the heart. We are admonished to be careful lest we be "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin". It is possible to "sear" the conscience: It is possible to train the whole man to become a human devil. It is possible to instil into his mind principles that are demoniacal,

that are not of God, but of the devil, and so to pervert his nature as to make him something worse than the beasts that perish. It is possible for a man's moral nature to become so benumbed that he becomes not even immoral, but unmoral. His moral faculty is petrified, dead, and the man becomes a demon.

Look at *the case of Pharaoh*, the sovereign of the greatest of all world-powers of his time; but one who knew nothing of God, who mocked at the idea of God. He thought of the God of the Hebrews, insofar as he thought of Him at all, as a tribal Myth, an Hebrew idea of some abstract Deity, Who had no existence in fact, for he asked, mockingly: "Who is the Lord that I should fear Him?" And so in his own interests he ruled his people, and subjugated a race to whom God had a special favour. Hitler is not the first anti-Semitic ruler. Pharaoh was one, and he brought an entire race of people into bondage to serve his own purpose. By a somewhat different system, Hitler has done the same. In spite of repeated warnings Pharaoh rejected all divine overtures; and even though there were occasional gleams of the divine glory in the miraculous manifestations of power in the plagues with which Egypt was visited, Pharaoh assumed an attitude of opposition to Him; and thus he hardened his heart.

My text says that God hardened Pharaoh's heart. Of course, He did. And God will harden your heart. He will not suspend His whole moral system for the convenience of a man or a nation. And if men do set themselves against the entire natural order of things, they will pay the inevitable price. It was thus Pharaoh was blinded to all moral considerations, unresponsive to every divine appeal, because by his attitude he brought into operation laws which blinded him and atrophied his moral nature. I was thinking the other day that Moses' frequent meetings with Pharaoh, were not unlike the frequent meetings of our ambassador with Hitler and others. Moses almost besought Pharaoh not to commit suicide, while warning him what must inevitably come to pass if he persisted. But Pharaoh had gone so far that his heart was so hardened as to have lost all moral resilience. He, by his attitude, hardened his own heart; and by his inevitable subjection to the operation of moral law, his heart was hardened by the Law-giver from Whom those laws proceed. He went therefore, by his own volition to his own destruction.

I read to you a reference to *the case of Sisera*, another historic incident. And the writer of that marvellous song, at least the human medium through which the Spirit of God spoke, was a woman. There were no real men in Israel! The people of Israel had proceeded on the maxim that "he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day." And so Deborah asked, "Until that I, Deborah arose", was there a shield or a spear seen among forty thousand in Israel?" She was a woman, in whom God put His Spirit, who rallied the nation to stand for righteousness. And when they did, what followed? Oh, there was one, the captain of the opposing host, named Sisera, and Deborah says: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"

The British Admiralty recently announced that they found it wise policy not to announce the destruction of German submarines, that for a ship to go away proudly bent upon destruction, and never to return, for no one ever to know what had happened to it, had a more salu-

tary effect upon the enemy than a detailed account of its destruction. Something like that happened to Sisera, and the mother of Sisera at home looked out of the window, and cried through the lattice, "Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" And Deborah answered: "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river of Kishon."

Ah, there is a profound principle there! "The stars in their courses"—not out of their courses; and the river in its ancient channel. The stars in obedience to the almighty fiat, which flung them into space, in their courses fought against Sisera, as the stars in their courses have fought against every man who fights against God. Pharaoh, too, pitted himself against the whole moral order only to discover that moral and physical law are one, and that he was an inhabitant of an ordered *universe* not a *multiverse*, one organized whole where there were moral laws as inexorable as gravitation, and a God above them all upholding all things by the word of His power. And when Pharaoh thus set himself against the moral order, the very waves of the sea overwhelmed him, and all the forces of nature co-operated to destroy him, that God might make Himself known.

So in the case of Sisera. Deborah, by divine discernment saw it: "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera". They always do.

Look at the case of Hitler. Some of us remember the Great War. The other day I was looking over some manuscripts of twenty-one years ago. I published a book at that time, entitled, "Revelations of The War". I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but all that was then said has come to pass. Germany for generations—I say it advisedly—has trained its people to become demons. I grant you that there is sound psychology in our saying that our quarrel is not primarily with the German people. But do not forget that we had to fight the German people before. And do not forget that Hitlerism is the natural fruit of what Germany sowed for many years. It is not without significance that the nation which poisoned the springs of religious thought throughout the world, which influenced so-called "scholars" to drive the Bible so largely from our pulpits, or otherwise to treat it just as it suited their convenience, taking a few soft passages from it here and there, but neglecting its general purport—I say the nation which poisoned our college halls, which infected our whole educational system, with the virus of its unbelief, I say it is significant that this is the nation that has let loose a flood of destruction for the second time within a generation upon the world.

They did it before; they are doing it now; and we have a great battle to fight.

The Kaiser, you remember, demanded a place in the sun. He was under the shadow of other nations, and he was like Lucifer who said: "I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God"—he wanted a place in the sun where nobody could overshadow him.

Properly understood, that is a worthy ambition. I have a garden, and in it I have a number of oak trees,—oh, they rise sixty or seventy-five feet. And I love every one of them. But my garden is largely in shadow, and I had to find out what things would grow in the shade, what things could flourish without a place in the sun. When I had studied the matter I said, "I will give special

attention to certain things," and make them grow. Then I planted something which I did not know required a place in the sun. I cared for it. I nursed it, and it grew. It began to put out its buds, and I said, "Aha! I am doing without the sun. I am going to make it grow even in the shade." Then one day I went out, and I found all the leaves drooping. I said, "I have neglected it; I must give it a little more attention." But it made no difference. Presently I had a leafless stalk, proclaiming to me the great truth that it could not do without the sun.

The Kaiser said, "I will have a place in the sun." And he tried to produce a substitute for the sun, so he built a fire that set the world ablaze. With what result? He did not get a place in the sun. Germany withered and sunk to nothingness among the nations. Hitler is doing the same thing. He is determined to have a place in the sun. He is going, by sheer might, to win in defiance of the moral order of things. Goering says: "If we have not clothes, we can fight in bathing suits, and if we have not soap, we can fight with dirty hands"—they ought to know, for they have been doing that for a long time. I think it must be a long time since they had any soap in Germany! But Hitler has thrown his challenge to the world, and he is going to make synthetic this, and that and something else. In effect, the science of Germany says, "We throw down the gauntlet to God. We will do without Him." Goering says, "We can do without the United States. We have a new friend in Russia." They are welcome to Russia. Again I say I thank God every day for the miracle that put Russia where she belongs. We do not want Russia, Tim Buck to the contrary, notwithstanding. Incidentally, if I had my way I would save the Tim Buck's the trouble of attempting to build a Communistic Utopia in Canada by shipping them to the Russian Utopia they so much admire. I would go the second mile by giving them life-belts as an insurance against German lawlessness.

Yes, we need a place in the Sun—S-U-N; for God calls Himself the "Sun of righteousness"—"The Sun of righteousness" shall "arise with healing in his wings". And no nation, and no individual can be fat and flourishing, and grow like a cedar in Lebanon that has not a place in that Sun. There is no substitute for the divine favour. It is not the "reeking tube and iron shard", "but righteousness which exalteth a nation." But when Germany had destroyed herself they set about producing a synthetically great nation. Have you thought of that? On the ruins effected by the lawlessness of Kaiserism, a man arises to outdo the Kaiser, and of the ashes to produce a synthetic nation, a nation determined to defy every law of God and man, and challenge both to the battle. The very angels must laugh at the audacity of it. I know that he mentions the name of God but it is a case of mistaken identity. Whom Hitler calls God is the devil and Hitler has eliminated God. Ludendorff, chief of staff of the Kaiser's army, before his death proclaimed himself not only a pagan, but as being definitely antichristian; and said there was nothing of which he was more proud. That, I think, represents the general German position.

II.

NOW WHEN ALL MORAL SENSIBILITIES ARE THUS ATROPHIED, MEN AND NATIONS ARE DEFENCELESS. They are at sea without a pole star or compass. They have no sense of moral direction. They do not know where they are going. That was true of Pharaoh. I could call the

roll of those recorded here in sacred, as well as in what is called profane history, of men and nations who have thought to do without God. Do you remember how Sennacherib sent a letter to Hezekiah saying: "Let not thy God in whom thou trustest deceive thee, saying, Jerusalem shall not be delivered into the hand of the king of Assyria." I remind you that the destinies of nations are after all determined by the God of nations. Oh, I wish you would study the Old Testament again, and hear God saying to Abraham: "I am going to send you into a new land. I am going to give it to you for an inheritance, but you cannot occupy it yet. After years have passed Israel shall go down into Egypt, and it shall be a subject people for four hundred years, for the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full." Their lease has not yet run out. Nor had it then run out for Pharaoh. But when it did run out, he became like the wicked man of whom Eliphaz speaks who is "waited for by the sword," and of whom he says, "Trouble and anguish shall make him afraid; they shall prevail against him, as a king ready to the battle. For he stretcheth out his hand against God, and strengtheneth himself against the Almighty: He runneth upon him, even on his neck, upon the thick bosses of his bucklers." Pharaoh dashed himself to pieces against Omnipotence.

There is a significant passage in the book of Joshua, in the eleventh chapter: "There was not a city that made peace with the children of Israel save the Hivites the inhabitants of Gibeon: all others they took in battle. For it was of the Lord to harden their hearts that they should come against Israel in battle, that he might destroy them utterly, and that they might have no favour, but that he might destroy them." Their cup of iniquity was full to the brim. They had had their last chance. The day of national judgment had come, and so they were destroyed as an act of moral sanitation.

Germany has been the scourge of Europe for a century and more. She has fouled the springs of life for the whole world. And now at last there has arisen a man who has concentrated the authority of the government in himself, and he is committing suicide—as others have done before. His destruction is as certain as would be that of a man who should jump from the top of the Bank of Commerce building without a parachute! And Hitler has no parachute! He will fall, and great will be the fall thereof.

It is natural and legitimate to enquire. Were they made to know that He was the Lord? What can be done with a great nation like Germany. Turn back the pages of history. Read what is written there: "I will be honoured upon Pharaoh, and upon all his host; that the Egyptians may know that I am the Lord." If you have any doubt, go to the British Museum, and there you will see the remnants of Egypt's greatness.

A preacher, just an ordinary preacher, pronounced a prophecy against Assyria, and this is what he said: "The Lord hath given a commandment concerning thee, that no more of thy name be sown: out of the house of thy gods will I cut off the graven image and the molten image: I will make thy grave; for thou art vile." You have heard about digging trenches, and about the Maginot Line, and about the Siegfried Line, and all the rest of it, but who can dig a grave big enough, and deep enough to bury an empire out of sight? But God did it. He buried the Assyrian Empire so deeply that it was not for many many centuries that the spade of the archaeologist

could even find where Nineveh was buried. The history of Greece and of Rome illustrates the same principle of progressive judgment by the operation of moral law.

Napoleon boasted that the lives of a million men were nothing to him. Wellington won many a victory over Napoleon's armies commanded by some of his ablest marshalls in the Peninsular War, but Napoleon and Wellington had never met in battle. As Napoleon got into his carriage to ride to Waterloo, he is reported to have said to his aides, "I am going to measure myself with this Wellington." It was to be their first meeting. And when the battle had been fought, the Duke of Wellington, seeing that the day was his, lowered his glasses through which he had been viewing the field, and with deep emotion said, "Thank God! I have met him at last!" He met him only once. But that was enough. Why? A Greater than Wellington was there. And Napoleon in his last battle said, "I am going to measure myself with this Wellington." So he thought; but he measured himself with a greater Captain: he measured himself with God, and perished as a moth shrivelled in the flame.

We do well to be thankful for our splendidly invincible Navy, which guards the sea. Humanly speaking, the British and French Navies will win the war. We do well to be thankful for those who fight on land, and for our heroic men who will do battle in the air. We shall soon be seeing khaki everywhere. God give us wisdom always, and courage to take our places, and do our duty as He gives us to see it. But I beg of you to remember that behind all our defensive forces stands the Gibraltar of the whole moral constitution of the universe. There is absolutely no possibility of Hitler's winning. He is doomed and damned already. As the soldiers used to say, "His number is up". He is committing suicide. He has done so already—he is on his way to the place where an outraged moral order will crush him. By these regnant principles to which I have directed your attention, inevitably he will be brought to judgment.

Do not content yourself with sitting at the radio, and hearing the latest news. Nor with reading the latest newspaper. You will find the most up-to-date news of the war in this Book: "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished: but the seed of the righteous shall be delivered."

But *this applies to individuals*. Are we right with God? Have we given ourselves in whole-hearted surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ? Have you been born again? Has whatever there was of Hitlerism in you been crucified with Christ? Have you seen the prince of this world judged and cast out? Is there now a clear path to the skies? Do we know the way to the Mercy Seat? Have we, like Esther, entrance into the King's presence? Does He hold out to you the golden sceptre? An obligation rests upon us, for ourselves, and for others that we should have access to, and have the covenant right to invoke the aid of the powers of the world to come. It is they who take sides with Christ, who are washed in the precious blood, who will win the victory.

I send you away with this word: You will have your "bit" to do. I do not know what it will be. I beg of you again never to be discouraged. As you meet people on the street, or wherever you meet them, let the word of the Lord Jesus echo in your hearts, "Be of good cheer". The Lord is on our side, and therefore Hitler is doomed! Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,

AN INTERESTING LETTER

We print the following letter with our reply, because we think it probable that our correspondent may be representative of many others. We hope that our reply will be read by all concerned therewith in the spirit in which we have endeavoured to write it.—Ed. G. W.

September 9th, 1939

My Dear Dr. Shields:

I was greatly grieved and pained at heart to find another article in the recent issue of THE GOSPEL WITNESS resenting the rights and privileges of men to preach what they believe the Bible teaches concerning the great events of prophecy.

I do not care to enter into any controversy regarding the subject, for I write to you not only as a friend but as one who has held you in high regard these many years.

With the opening of your new church building you have entered upon what I believe as the opportune moment of your life. Not only Jarvis Street Baptist Church but Canada is at your feet because your articles on the present European disaster are statesmanlike and also are the expressions of a seer who knows the end from the beginning.

Why then should you bring the disdain of Evangelical Christians, your friends, also good and godly men upon you by constantly bringing up that "old bone" of your resentment to their particular interpretation of prophecy? In my opinion there never was a finer group of men in any era of the church than the men whom you attempt to malign. I refer to James M. Gray, William J. Erdman, William L. Pettingill, C. I. Scofield, W. G. Moorehead, Oliver W. VanOsdel, Arthur T. Pierson, Isaac M. Haldeman, all of whom I have been personally acquainted with and have known each of them to be men of deep piety, great learning and great defenders of the faith. It is better for you as well as myself to have a friend than an enemy.

As I view it, your oral ministry through your enlarged congregations and your written ministry through THE GOSPEL WITNESS never had a better opportunity than it has to-day, and I wonder if you have a friend anywhere who would be more delighted in this expansion than myself. My own motto for the past few years has been, Condescend, but never Compromise.

If this note does not meet with your approval, please forgive me. I write as a friend to friend who is exceeding jealous of your usefulness for the glory of God and the welfare of the church. My idea of a friend is one who will tell me my faults to my face rather than one who fearing to offend is silent concerning them.

Loyally,

(Signed) _____

My dear Brother:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 9th inst, and, removing all marks of possible identification, I am publishing it in this week's issue of THE GOSPEL WITNESS, with this reply. I do this because it occurs to me it may be possible that others of my readers may be "greatly grieved and pained at heart" by my article of last week on, "Speculative Millennialism".

In the first place, I cannot understand on what ground you assume that "THE GOSPEL WITNESS resents the rights and privileges of men to preach what they believe the Bible teaches concerning the great events of prophecy". No one questions anyone's right or privilege to preach what he believes the Bible teaches about anything; but surely it is equally the "right and privilege" of other men to dissent from such teachings, and do their best to correct views which they believe to be wrong. And why you, or anyone else, should be "greatly grieved and pained at heart" because I exercise my "right and privilege" to preach what I believe the Bible teaches in respect to these matters, I am unable to understand.

I recognize that you, and every other preacher of the gospel—and every Christian of every rank—has the

right to preach and teach whatever you believe. But I must insist that I have an equal right to say that I do not believe the Bible teaches what you say it does.

I accept the assurance of your second paragraph. From our first acquaintance, I have believed in you as a faithful preacher of the gospel of Christ, and have always regarded you as a loyal personal friend; and I beg to assure you that your friendship has been loyally reciprocated, and that I hold you in the same high regard which has characterized my estimate of you from our first acquaintance.

I come now to the fourth paragraph, in which you ask:

"Why then should you bring the disdain of Evangelical Christians, your friends, also good and godly men upon you by constantly bringing up that 'old bone' of your resentment to their particular interpretation of prophecy?"

Am I to understand, therefore, that if I disagree with, or even "resent" your particular interpretation of prophecy, that I bring upon myself "the disdain of Evangelical Christians" who are said to be my friends? Do you not see that this question itself justifies to the full my article on, "Speculative Millennialism"? Notwithstanding our long friendship and the high regard in which you say you have held me; notwithstanding your very generously appreciative estimate of my articles on European affairs (your words on this matter are extravagantly kind), though in your judgment my opinions on some things may be of value, if I dare to disagree with your particular interpretation of prophecy, I merit your "disdain." Let me assure you that though I have little agreement with your prophetic interpretations, I respect you highly; and though we are so far apart in matters of eschatology, that fact, from my side, would not have the effect of disturbing our Christian fellowship in the least. By all means, believe what you believe; and preach it with all your might. So far as I am concerned, we may still be friends. But again I say, you must concede me an equal right to preach what I believe.

You speak of my disagreement with or resentment of your particular interpretation as an "old bone". I assure you it is not an "old bone", but a strong arm with sinew and muscle, ready to do battle for the truth as I see it. And; speaking of bones, I venture to repeat my quotation from Spurgeon of last week:

"Your guess at the number of the beast, your Napoleonic speculations, your conjectures about a personal antichrist—forgive me, I count them but mere bones for dogs; while men are dying and hell is filling, it seems to me the veriest drivel to be muttering about an Armageddon at Sebastopol or Sadowa or Sedan, and peeping between the folded leaves of destiny to discover the fate of Germany."

I agree most heartily with your further observation, except that I must insist that my article did not "malign" anyone:

"In my opinion there never was a finer group of men in any era of the church than the men whom you attempt to malign. I refer to James M. Gray, William J. Erdman, William L. Pettingill, C. I. Scofield, W. G. Moorehead, Oliver W. VanOsdel, Arthur T. Pierson, Isaac M. Haldeman, all of whom I have been personally acquainted with, and have known each of them to be men of deep piety, great learning, and great defenders of the faith."

I knew Dr. Gray quite well, and Dr. VanOsdel quite intimately. I once met Dr. Pierson, but had no real acquaintance with him. Dr. Pettingill, passing through Toronto, was in our service a week ago Sunday evening, and shared the service with me by offering prayer. I preached quite frequently for Dr. Haldeman, but did not know him personally; nor did I ever meet Drs. Erdman,

Scofield, or Moorehead. But am I to assume that men of "deep piety, great learning, and great defenders of the faith" are necessarily infallible? While they may have been right in many things—and perhaps in most things—it surely must be admitted that in some matters they may have been mistaken.

Dr. Gray himself wrote an article, in response to an enquiry made by one of his readers who sent him a copy of one of my sermons. Dr. Gray did not agree with me, nor I with him; but that effected no breach in our friendship. In respect to another matter, Dr. Gray wrote me asking permission to republish a sermon of mine, expressing his view that it was a sound exposition of Scripture. That did not mean that he would agree with all my interpretations of Scripture.

Dr. Pettingill is one of the most glorious preachers of the gospel I know. No man in the world is more welcome in Jarvis Street pulpit than Dr. Pettingill. I do not agree with Dr. Pettingill's view of last things, but surely we can agree to disagree on matters in respect to which we are at variance. I do not think that our disagreement on these matters has interfered in the least with our fellowship. Dr. Pettingill was driving through from Maine to Wisconsin, and made a special effort to get to Toronto to be at our evening service, and had it not been that I had announced a particular subject I should have insisted on Dr. Pettingill's preaching; and if he cared to preach on any phase of the subject under discussion, he would be heartily welcome to do it in my pulpit—as would you yourself. I would not think of inviting a man to my pulpit and then hedge him about with restrictions that he must not preach on this or that. On the other hand, I should not expect that anyone would be "greatly grieved and pained at heart" if, in my own pulpit or in my own paper, I venture to set forth a contrary view.

I had great respect for Dr. Haldeman as a preacher of the gospel, but in some of his prophetic interpretations he was just about as clear as mud, in my view. I recall that, some years ago, Dr. Haldeman was writing a series of articles for *The Sunday School Times*. Someone, perplexed by something Dr. Haldeman had written, had written to *The Times* asking for further light. This had been passed on to Dr. Haldeman, and he attempted a reply. The man who was then associated with me in the pastorate of Jarvis Street Church, as an assistant, a man of naturally keen intellect and a thoroughly trained mind, brought me this article by Dr. Haldeman, and asked me what I thought of it. I read it over two or three times—it was not a long article—and, returning it to him, I said: "Well, So-and-So, Dr. Haldeman is a great man, and what he here writes may be all true; but if it is, I feel confident that a merciful God will forgive any ordinary man for not being able to understand what the dear brother is talking about."

Dr. Gray himself saw the tendencies of dispensationalism before he died, and I republished in THE GOSPEL WITNESS one of his articles entitled, "Dispensationalism running Wild", or words to that effect.

Dr. VanOsdel, I regarded as one of the finest men I ever met, certainly one of the wisest counsellors. But I could not agree with his view of last things—though I agreed with him in almost everything else. However, our mutual friendship was never for a moment marred by our differing views of the millennial question.

I have never questioned the deep piety, learning, or loyalty, of the men whose names you mention. I am

thankful for Dr. Scofield's clear view of evangelical principles in general; but did my space permit, I could quote many of Dr. Scofield's notes which—I say without apology to anyone—in my view are not only utterly unscriptural, but in some instances grotesque.

The last sentence of the paragraph of your letter under review reads:

"It is better for you as well as myself to have a friend than an enemy."

Does this imply that in order to retain the friendship of certain Premillennialists, if I cannot pronounce their Shibboleth, I am to refrain from teaching what I believe on these matters? And does it mean that if I dare to call in question the scripturalness of what I called in my article, "Speculative Millennialism," those from whom I differ on that matter, immediately become my enemies? If that be so, then I accept the gauge of battle. I have never yet been guilty, so far as I am aware of withholding my testimony for the sake of pleasing a friend or of placating an enemy. If that be the ground upon which these matters are to be discussed, while I should regret it, I should not therefore withdraw from my contention.

I beg to assure you that I am your friend notwithstanding your penchant for speculative millennialism. If I am to understand from your letter that you become my enemy because I do not agree with you, I should be "greatly grieved and pained at heart" to lose your friendship; but I could never compromise with what I believe to be an error in order to retain it.

I thank you for what you say in the second paragraph from the end. I am in the thirtieth year of my ministry in Jarvis Street, and Jarvis Street pulpit has never had a larger hearing than it is just now enjoying; and I am glad to be able to say, too, that THE GOSPEL WITNESS is finding a very wide field of service. While I have received a few such critical letters as yours, it may interest you to know that I have received a far greater number of letters from ministers and others, thanking me for having helped to break the shackles of what I have called "speculative millennialism"; and for having helped to free them from the Scofield preconception, so that they can come once more to the Bible direct for themselves, and let the Word of God speak without Scofield's notes as an intermediary.

I do not quite understand the purport of what you say has been your motto for the last two years, "Condescend but never Compromise." There is a place for compromise where vital principles are not at issue. Where men differ on mere opinion, and where one perhaps may be as right as the other, it is well to find a middle course. There are many things in life about which differences may arise, where compromise is legitimate. We can never compromise in respect to the multiplication table, or any demonstrated or demonstrable truth—which means, of course, that we cannot compromise in respect to our convictions of truth. Convinced that a certain thing is true, to me that thing is true. I may be mistaken, but because I am convinced to the contrary, I cannot compromise my conviction; and it is just because I believe Dr. Scofield's eschatology, particularly in respect to the Second Advent, is so generally unscriptural that I am opposed to it. I am convinced it is untrue, and therefore I cannot compromise.

I cannot quite understand what you mean by "condescend". I condescend to no one, for I do not conceive myself to be above anyone. I fear I shall have to leave

that, for I am at a loss to understand what your condescension implies.

Respecting the last paragraph of your letter, I am glad you wrote me. It is at once your right and privilege. And as you have committed no offence, you need no forgiveness. I am not in the least offended, although I entirely disapprove of your position respecting the matter in question.

As to my usefulness and the welfare of the church, I appreciate your being jealous for these things; but I have often had to take positions which some of my friends thought would jeopardize my usefulness—and perhaps such courses did militate against what some people call "usefulness". But whatever be the cost, I must declare what I believe to be "the whole counsel of God". I am thankful to say that God has thus far set His seal to our uncompromising testimony.

I share your idea of the privilege and duty of a true friend frankly to tell his friend his faults. I hope you will believe that I reciprocate that duty of friendship, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." In this case, however, you have not succeeded in wounding me in the least: I only hope that my frankness has not wounded you.

I conclude this letter by saying that if anything were wanting to justify such an article as that in THE GOSPEL WITNESS of last week on, "Speculative Millennialism", your letter supplies it. (By the way, I have already received a request from a certain periodical for permission to reprint it, to which request I have sent an affirmative reply). I am still of the opinion that there are few things which have such a deadly devisive effect upon churches, and upon Christian fellowship in general, as what I have called "Speculative Millennialism". I am wholly unrepentant, but I want to assure you that I am not in the least perturbed. For myself, I long ago learned that if I discovered any personal resentment rising in my own heart against one who held views contrary to mine, it was nearly always because I was not quite sure of my own ground, and rather feared to re-examine my position. To all my Premillennial friends who read this letter, I venture to suggest the whole question of modern Millennialism needs to be reconsidered. I am myself profoundly convinced that what by many is considered orthodox Premillennialism is not supported by the Word of God.

I have deleted the name of your church and your signature, and there is nothing in your letter to indicate its authorship. I have published it with my reply because it has offered me an opportunity to discuss, not so much the question of Premillennialism as the attitude which Premillennialists too often assume toward those who disagree with them.

I beg to assure you that my affection for you as a loyal minister of Christ, is undiminished, and subscribe myself,

Loyally and affectionately yours,

(Signed) THOMAS T. SHIELDS.

THE WEEK-END IN JARVIS STREET

Sunday was a good day in Jarvis Street. There was an increase in the School attendance in the morning after the summer; and in the evening every available inch of space was occupied. Chairs were placed in every spot where they could be placed; part of the congregation was crowded into the choir; the gallery steps were occupied; all chairs on the pulpit platform and on the

Communion platform below were occupied; while many more, seeing the packed house, turned away—how many, we have no means of knowing.

We believe it was a solemn service of great spiritual power. While nothing must be allowed to displace the preaching of the gospel, we believe it to be part of our duty in these days of crisis to bring the whole question into the light of Scripture.

SERMONS ON THE WAR

There has been a large demand for copies of the sermons preached during the last three or four weeks dealing with the war. The sermon on, "The Sword bathed in Heaven", published in pamphlet form, is being widely circulated. Advice as to its price will be found in the list of books on the last page of this paper. The other sermons on, "Watchman, what of the night", and that contained in this issue of the paper, may be obtained at THE GOSPEL WITNESS office. They have not been put in booklet form, but extra copies of THE GOSPEL WITNESS are available at usual prices.

SOME VERSES

From *Watchman's* column in *The British Weekly*, August 17. We found the verses particularly interesting as they recalled many an enjoyable perusal of J. E. M.'s column in *The Toronto News*, a column which had a flavour about it which no other paper has supplied since the demise of *The News*.—Ed. G.W.

Handling a sheaf of folios, each containing a typed set of verses by a Canadian friend of mine, Mr. J. E. Middleton, of Toronto, I resolved to conclude what I was sure would be the sombreness of my reflections, with the four verses which follow. The verses deal with an incident which is probably not to be found in the historical records, perhaps not even in the ballads of either Hungary or Czechoslovakia. *General Tolpatches* and *Marshal Scottiskoff* are, almost certainly, completely legendary characters. The whole thing may be a simple fabrication, intended once again to asperse our Scottish pride. Here it is:—

A BALLAD FOR SCOTSMEN

*Hungarian arms had prospered well against the raging Turk,
The batteries upon the hills had done their deadly work.
TOLPATCHES on the crescent flank had swept a forest clean,
Had cut communications and had burned a magazine.
The Moslem had to sue for terms or risk a hopeless fight,
Outnumbered, cooped within the hills, he saw no ray of light,
For Czechish troops were handled well, the gunnery was neat,
And all the Turk expected was surrender or defeat.
The proud Hungarian marshal, stern as ancient Alexander,
Consented to receive at once the infidel commander.
They brought him to the Czechish lines, and, sorrowful,
he went
To meet the mighty Scottiskoff reclining in his tent.
When MARSHALL SCOTTISKOFF arose to meet the humble foe,
That visitor removed his fez and bowed exceeding low,
But when he rose, he stroked his beard, gazed at the Czech in blue,
And muttered in a sorry tone, "Losh, Sandy! So it's YOU!"*

NEWS OF UNION CHURCHES

The following article was written by Mr. W. H. Frey, last year's student-professor in French at Toronto Baptist Seminary. It describes his impressions of a summer spent among our home mission fields in the North, and of a brief visit to the United States. There are fewer than half a dozen changes made in the article as Mr. Frey wrote it, and these are all of a minor sort. We think that the Toronto Baptist Seminary has reason to feel some pride in this mark of progress in the English language on the part of one of its students who came to us a little more than a year ago with only one or two English expressions in his vocabulary. W.S.W.

Mr. Frey Among the Churches

A few weeks ago, it was my good fortune to meet a former graduate of the Seminary, whose loyalty not only extends to this institution, but even to the foreign missionary enterprise, of the Union of the Regular Baptist Churches. On this account, Rev. A. Galt asked me to present the cause of the association of French-Speaking Baptist Churches to the church of which he is the pastor, in Rosehill, N.Y., as well as to some other connected Baptist communities. Answering his repeated call, I was enabled, through his courtesy, to speak several times about some of the distinctive features and accomplishments of our workers in Europe.

There, as elsewhere, people seemed greatly to appreciate the peculiar endeavour and the true biblical standard showed in the dealings and results of the Association's churches.

At the same time, it was a joy to me to come into contact with the work which Mr. Galt is carrying on so splendidly, as the results show. Even during flat summer months Mr. Galt and his wife conducted Daily Bible school with success. The Seminary is honoured by having such splendid representatives.

The next invitation brought me to the North, where innumerable beautiful lakes and endless woods make a great contrast with the more inhabited parts of the South.

Now try to picture yourself being on the main square of the growing mining centre of Sudbury, on a Saturday night. You will see people of all nationalities, but particularly from the northern European countries. You will also see a group of fine Christians with their pastor, Rev. J. Boyd, gathered for an open air meeting. People stay there, listening attentively to the hymns, and the true Gospel of God.

The day after my arrival was a Sunday. We met in a large hall, in which preparations were made for the different services. "Many of our children are away on holidays", said Mr. Boyd to me, but there were still enough to call it a large Sunday School. City buses rented by the church, brought many of the children to and from the hall.

We enjoyed the morning worship as well as the two evening services, in Sudbury, and Black Lake. I felt there, as in the following meetings during the week, that the Association of the French-speaking Baptist Churches has many friends in that vicinity.

Almost every evening of the week was busy, several towns being regularly visited. During the day, some members of the church offered their benevolent help for the building of the new church in Black Lake, which from every standpoint, is going to be a very fine and appropriate house of worship.

I shall not forget the open air meetings we had in a French district of the city. Many children were listening and we had to answer the strangest questions. "So you believe in God", . . . "Do you believe in the Virgin Mary" . . . "Do you believe in the Pope?" Some of the young people were roughly taken home by their parents.

I enjoyed a trip along Lake Superior, one of the most beautiful lakes I have ever seen. We enjoyed a friendly reception in Fort William, the city of grain-elevators and paper-mills. Mr. Johnson, who had some training in the Seminary, is giving all his spare time for the church. We had a wonderful turnout and a real interest was manifested in favour of the Association of French-Speaking Baptist Churches. The people of the church were very pleased to recall last year's short visit of Mr. Buhler among them.

You may find the town of Geraldton only on the most re-

cent maps, but nevertheless there is a fairly large Baptist Mission.

Rev. G. B. Hicks, a wise, tactful, and friendly pastor, has charge of the work which is being very faithfully carried on. There are already good pillars in the mission, and a very definite desire for spreading the Gospel. Testimonies were given in Russian and English at one of the open-air meetings.

Mr. Hicks took advantage of my visit in Geraldton in visiting himself the church in Fort William, thus strengthening the bonds between these two churches.

Supplying here, while Mr. Cunningham, who responded to the call of the mission three years ago is in Timmins. I have found much good-will and readiness for the service of the Lord among the people. There are also great opportunities in this town of 24,000 inhabitants. The young people seemed greatly interested, last Friday, when some of them brought the message. We had a real good attendance in our services last Sunday. God's presence was manifested.

Here, as elsewhere, the genuineness of the work in France has found great interest among the Christians.

There would be many interesting things to say about the work here, but it is time to close this already too long report. However, I shall always recall with great pleasure this first English "Pastorate".—W. H. F.

A Letter from Paris on the Eve of War

From time to time it is the privilege of the Office of the Union of Regular Baptist Churches to send a cheque to the treasurer of the French Evangelical Association in Paris, a cheque representing the contributions from Canada for this great missionary enterprise in Europe. Pastor Georges Guyot of the rue de Naples Church, who is also editor of the official organ "The Lien Fraternel" and treasurer of the Association, never fails to send an interesting and sprightly letter in acknowledgment. His reply to our last letter was written on the day before Hitler's mechanized armies marched on Poland. We give Mr. Guyot's letter here assured that it will be of great interest to friends of the French Baptist Association on this side of the Atlantic as revealing the attitude of a genuine Christian and a patriotic Frenchman toward the growing threat of war, that, alas has now become a reality.

This is the latest word we have received from France, but we have no doubt that many of the pastors and members of the churches in France are already in uniform, including our dear friend and former student, Mr. F. M. Buhler. More than ever before these churches and friends called upon to pass through the waters will need our prayers and our support to enable them to hold high the Gospel Banner at a time and in a situation in which it is so sorely needed.

Paris, August 31, 1939

Cher Monsieur Whitcombe:

I received your letter of the 10th of this month in due time, and cashed with much gratitude the enclosed cheque for \$302.50. A thousand thanks to you and to the dear friends who have made this remittance possible, and above all to our Father, Who in the last analysis is the first and the only Author, "the Giver of every good and perfect gift".

In what days do we live! A good many of our church members have already been called to the colours. A great many others will also follow if a general mobilization should be decreed. We live in an anguish which we share with the entire nation, and we might say with all nations, even those whose governments of violence we fear. We face the present situation in prayer, counting on the sovereign grace and justice of our Father. We seek comfort and consolation in His Word and find there the promises and assurances on which we firmly base our prayers.

Those of us in Paris have in addition to the anxieties of all Frenchmen, the additional threat of learning of the declaration of war, if it should be loosed upon us, by the sudden and almost fatal visit of the bombing planes of Herr Hitler, faithful servant of his master the Devil, holds in reserve first of all for Paris and its suburbs. What incomparable blessedness to be able to

oppose to so many occasions for anxiety the "nevertheless" of Christian faith, and the reassuring word of the 27th Psalm, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

I bring to a close this letter, already too long, requesting you to greet Mr. Frey very cordially in my behalf, and believe me to be,

Ever yours most cordially in the Lord,

GEORGES GUYOT.

P.S.—We are still hoping that by the goodness of God war may be avoided.—G.G.

CONFERENCE AT COURTRIGHT

Our Western Ontario Pastor's and People's Conference was held with the Courtright Church as host, and we enjoyed a time of fellowship and spiritual blessing. Though this is a busy season in the country, our churches were fairly well represented, and all who attended were well fed with the milk and meat of the Word, through the ministry of Rev. R. D. Guthrie, of London.

In the afternoon Brother Guthrie spoke from 2 Tim. 2:14, "Of these things put them in remembrance," and our minds and hearts were stirred as we were reminded of "What the believer is in God's sight; what he should be; and what he should do." At night the speaker's text was from Gen. 12:9, 10, and Gen. 18: and we were told of the faith of Abraham; his failure under trial; and his restoration. It was a heart-searching message, that should accomplish much in every heart, as the Holy Spirit wields the sword.

The next conference is to be at Wilkesport on September 28 (D.V.), when we pray that the Lord will manifest Himself again in our midst.—E.C.W.

Bible School Lesson Outline

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

Vol. 3 Third Quarter Lesson 39 September 24th, 1939

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT

Lesson Text: Leviticus 16.

Golden Text: "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul."—Leviticus 17:11.

For Reading: Leviticus 17, 19, 21, 22.

I. The High Priest and His Presentations—verses 1-10.

There is a sense in which the whole Tabernacle and every article of furniture, every sacrifice, every offering and every ceremony recorded in the Old Testament point forward to Christ. The ceremonies of the Day of Atonement present one of the most complete pictures we have of the expiatory work of Christ on behalf of sinners.

It was not until after the death of Nadab and Abihu that the Lord gave instructions concerning the conditions under which access to the holy of holies was possible. This would seem to indicate that the two sons of Aaron had been guilty of intrusion into the sacred precincts of the tabernacle when they offered strange fire before the Lord (Lev. 10:1). The Lord promised to appear in the cloud upon the mercy seat, so that the holy of holies symbolized the presence of the holy Jehovah (Exod. 25: 22). No mortal man could appear before Him and live, unless the Lord Himself should provide the way (Exod. 33:20; Deut. 4:33, 5:24; Isa. 6:5; Heb. 9:8; Rev. 1:16, 17).

Members of the priestly house of Aaron had specified duties to perform, but the High Priest alone might go within the veil. Disobedience would mean death. God has made all Christians priests, and they have offerings to present (Heb. 13:15; 1 Pet. 2:5), but upon Christ the High Priest devolved the responsibility of entering into heaven on behalf of sinners. When Christ died, the veil of the temple separ-

ating the most holy place from the holy place was rent in twain, signifying that Christ had opened the way for believers to go into the presence of God (Matt. 27:51; Heb. 10:19-22).

Daily and occasional sacrifices took care of the sins of which the people were aware. The ministrations on the Day of Atonement covered all their sins, and represented the removal of every obstacle in the way of their fellowship with Jehovah. Just once a year did the High Priest enter into the holy of holies on their behalf, securing yearly atonement for them (Heb. 10:3). Our High Priest entered within the veil once for all, and purchased eternal atonement for all who would believe (Heb. 5:9; 9:7, 12, 24-28).

The High Priest made necessary preparations for his sacred task. He must be physically, morally and ceremonially clean before entering upon the duties of that holy day which would take him into the presence of a holy God (Exod. 30:20, 21; Lev. 8:6, 21:1-8, 17-24). Our Saviour was without sin, and constantly enjoyed full fellowship with His Father. He was prepared for His great task (John 9:4; Heb. 2:10, 5:8).

On this day of fasting and humiliation, the High Priest laid aside the garments "for glory and for beauty"—the ephod, the robe of the ephod, the breastplate with its jewels and the mitre with the golden crown. Instead, he wore the simple white linen garments. When our Great High Priest came to earth to atone for the sins of men, He laid aside, for the time being, the habiliments of His Deity, and appeared among men clothed in the garments of pure and perfect manhood (2 Cor. 8:9; Phil. 2:6-8; Heb. 5:8, 9).

II. The High Priest and His Ministrations—verses 11 to 34.

The High Priest must present the bullock for a sin-offering for himself and his house (Lev. 4:3-7; Heb. 5:1-3). The blood of the animal sacrificed in his stead constituted his ground of approach to God. Blood is life in liquid form, as it were, the life of the flesh being in the blood (Lev. 17:11, 14). The life of the bullock was offered as representing the life of the house of Aaron. Similarly, the sin of the world was laid upon Christ, and His life was given in atonement (John 1:29; 3:16; Gal. 1:4, 2:20; Tit. 2:14).

The smoke of the incense arose when the incense was thrown upon burning coals taken from the altar. The incense was thus dependent upon the sacrificial altar for its fragrance. Prayer, of which incense is the symbol (Rev. 8:3, 4); becomes an effective channel of communion with God because of our union with the Christ Who died.

The ark, symbolizing the presence of God, would have been a place of judgment and death, rather than the seat of mercy and life, had it not been sprinkled with the blood of the substitute. The wings of the cherubim covered the mercy-seat as though guarding the holiness of God from the touch of sinful men (Exod. 25:17-21; Heb. 9:5). But the blood indicated that expiation had been made for sin, and so life, rather than death, was bestowed upon priest and people.

The High Priest must enter the holy of holies a second time in a similar manner, carrying the blood of the goat which had been slain as a sin-offering for the people. Thus would he make atonement for himself, his house, the holy place, the tabernacle, the outer court and the whole congregation of Israel.

The ceremony of the two goats is significant. The goat for the sin-offering represented the means of atonement—death for sin; the scapegoat represented the effect of atonement—the removal of the sin for which expiation had been made. The Hebrew word translated "scapegoat" is probably derived from a root meaning "remove". Symbolically Aaron must lay upon the goat "all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins", and the goat was then sent away into the wilderness, never to be seen again. Christ bore the penalty of our sins and also removed them from us, separating us for ever from them, and separating them from us (Psa. 193:12; Isa. 38:17; Micah 7:19; Heb. 10:17).

The rams for the burnt-offerings were slain upon the altar afterwards. Since the blood of the sin-offerings had been taken into the most holy place, their flesh must not be eaten, but must be entirely consumed by fire outside the camp (Lev. 6:30).

A CHAPTER FROM SPURGEON'S "ECCENTRIC PREACHERS"

EDWARD TAYLOR 1793—1871

We would now introduce "Father Taylor," the Sailor Preacher of Boston. Not Father Taylor of California, who is a younger man, but Edward Taylor, of the Bethel—the man whom Charles Dickens thus described in his "American Notes":—

"The only preacher I heard in Boston was Mr. Taylor, who addresses himself peculiarly to seamen, and who was once a mariner himself. I found his chapel down among the shipping, in one of the narrow, old, waterside streets, with a gay blue flag waving freely from its roof. The preacher looked a weather-beaten, hard-featured man, of about six or eight and fifty; with deep lines graven as it were into his face, dark hair, and a stern, keen eye. Yet the general character of his countenance was pleasant and agreeable. His text was, 'Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?'

"He handled this text in all kinds of ways, and twisted it into all manner of shapes; but always ingeniously, and with a rude eloquence, well adapted to the comprehension of his hearers. Indeed, if I be not mistaken, he studied their sympathies and understandings much more than the display of his own powers. His imagery was all drawn from the sea, and from the incidents of a seaman's life; and was often remarkably good. He spoke to them of 'that glorious man, Lord Nelson,' and of 'Collingwood; and drew nothing in, as the saying is, by the head and shoulders, but brought it to bear upon his purpose, naturally, and with a sharp mind to its effect. Sometimes, when much excited with his subject, he had an odd way of taking his great quarto Bible under his arm and pacing up and down the pulpit with it; looking steadily down, meantime, into the midst of the congregation. Thus, when he applied his text to the first assemblage of his hearers, and pictured the wonder of the church at their presumption in forming a congregation among themselves, he stopped short with his Bible under his arm and pursued his discourse after this manner:—

"Who are these, who are they, who are these fellows? where do they come from? Where are they going to? Come from! What's the answer?" leaning out of the pulpit, and pointing downward with his right hand: "From below!" starting back again, and looking at the sailors before him: "From below, my brethren, from under the hatches of sin, battened down above you by the evil one. That's where you come from!" a walk up and down the pulpit: "and where are you going?" stopping abruptly; "where are you going? Aloft!" very softly, and pointing upward: "Aloft!" louder: "Aloft!" louder still: "That's where you are going, with a fair wind, all taut and trim, steering direct for heaven in its glory, where there are no storms or foul weather, and where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Another walk: "That's where you're going to, my friends. That's it. That's the place. That's the port. That's the haven. It's a blessed harbour—still water there, in all changes of the winds and tides; no driving ashore upon the rocks, or slipping your cables and running out to sea, there: Peace, peace, peace, all peace." Another walk, and putting the Bible under his left arm: "What! these fellows are coming from the wilderness, are they? Yes. From the dreary, blighted wilderness of iniquity, whose only crop is death. But do they lean upon anything—do they lean upon nothing, these poor seamen?" Three raps upon the Bible: "Ah, yes. Yes. They lean upon the arm of their beloved," three more raps: "upon the arm of their beloved,"—three more, and a walk: "Pilot, guiding star, and compass all in one, to all hands—here it is"—three more: "Here it is. They can do their seaman's duty manfully, and be easy in their minds in the utmost peril and danger, with this"—two more: "They can come, even these poor fellows can come, from the wilderness leaning on the arm of their beloved, and go up—up—up," raising his hand higher and higher, at every repetition of the word, so that he stood with it at last stretched above his head, regarding them in a strange rapt manner, and pressing the book triumphantly to his breast, until he gradually subsided into some other portion of his discourse."

We are not so enamoured of Charles Dickens as to consider his verdict upon a preacher to be of any material consequence with reference to the man's real usefulness: but as

a judge of vivacity of manner, and power of style, no better critic could be found.

Mr. Taylor's first regular recognized official holding-forth was before a quarterly Methodist Conference, assembled to test his qualifications. It has been reported that upon this occasion he had the coolness to select as his text the words, "By the life of Pharaoh, surely ye are spies;" but his biographer says that although those words might have been worked into the sermon, the real text was a more humble but equally singular one, "I pray thee, let me live." He adds, that the triers saw that his fervour and talents were more than an offset for his defects; and in answer to his prayer, they "let him live." We do not see how they could have done otherwise, for no Conference would have been strong enough to kill him.

After itinerating for some few years, the man and his mission met, and Father Taylor took up his abode in Boston, as minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, specially set apart to labour among sailors. His chapel, at first, held about five hundred hearers, and was immediately filled to its utmost capacity. He began in 1828 in full revival vigour, frequently preaching four times a day. To him it never occurred to polish his style, and prune away its power: he spoke as his heart prompted him, and worked as the Holy Spirit moved him. He did work enough for two men, and had a double blessing upon it. In a very short time Boston felt his power, and its wealth and its culture were at his feet as well as its poverty and roughness. A noble Bethel was built for him, a house of large dimensions, a fit sphere for his operations, and by his soul-stirring ministry he made "the Bethel" famous in all lands.

It was not at all wonderful that sailors especially, and other classes of the community in proportion, should flock to hear Mr. Taylor, for he was a man of great human sympathies, manly, bold, honest, childlike and outspoken; and, withal, a man on fire with love to Christ and perishing souls. His preaching never could be dull, the intense white heat of his nature prevented that. He was terribly in earnest, and commanded the attention of all around him for that very reason. No ideas of propriety, or notions of delicacy, hung about him like fetters: he spoke to sailors, not to squeamish compositives, and to "the sons of Zebulon" he poured out his great heart in a homely eloquence, which was all on flame. One who heard him in 1835 said of him—"His eloquence was marvellous: his control over the audience seemed almost absolute. Tears and smiles chased each other over our faces, like the rain and sunshine of an April day. He had one of the most brilliant imaginations that ever sparkled and burned. His sermon was all poetry, though it came in bursts and jets of flame. It was like the dance of the aurora, changing all the while from silver flame to purple, and back again. But the secret of his magnetic power lay in his overflowing sympathies, that leaped over all barriers, and had no regard for time or place. There was no wall of formality between him and his hearers, any more than if he were talking to each one of us in a private room. He would single out a person in his audience, and talk to him individually, with the same freedom as if he met him in the street. 'Ah! my jolly tar,' turning to a sailor who happened at that moment to catch his eye, 'here you are, in port again; God bless you! See to your helm, and you will reach a fairer port by and by. Hark! don't you hear the bells of heaven over the sea?'"

The ludicrous was allowed considerable play in his discourses, and we think rightly so. To the pure mind, none of the powers of our manhood are common or unclean. Humour can be consecrated, and should be. We grant that it is a power difficult to manage; but when it is under proper control, it more than repays for all the labour spent upon it. Children do sad damage with gunpowder; but what a force it is when a wise man directs its energy. Mr. Taylor made men laugh that they might weep. He touched one natural chord, that he might be able to touch another; whereas, some preachers are so unnatural themselves, that the human nature of their hearers refuses to subject itself to their operations. O ye who are evermore decorously dull, before ye judge a man whose loving ministry conducted thousands to the skies, think how immeasurably above you all he soared, and remember that with all his violations of your wretched regulations, he was one whom the Lord delighted to honour. Farthing candles rail at the sun for his spots, while they cannot be sure that those spots are not excessive

light; and may be quite sure of another thing, that, spots or no spots, ten thousand such glimmers as theirs are not worthy to be compared with the stray beams of the great orb of day.

At the prayer-meetings Father Taylor, like a father in his family, cast off all restraint, and unveiled his inner nature with childlike unguardedness. One of his most remarkable displays of this kind was after an address by a visitor, who related the death of a very wicked man, who was blown up a few days before in a powder mill at Wilmington. He came down crushed and mangled, and gave his heart to God; and now who would not say with the holy man of old, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his" Father Taylor rose at once. "I don't want any trash brought unto this altar. I hope none of my people calculate on serving the devil all their lives and cheating him with their dying breath. Don't look forward to honouring God by giving him the last snuff of an expiring candle. Perhaps you never will be blown up in a powder-mill." "That holy man," he continued, "that we heard of was Balaam, the meanest scoundrel mentioned in the Old Testament or the New. And now I hope we shall never hear anything more from Balaam, nor from his ass."

His own prayers were more like the utterances of an Oriental, abounding in imagery, than a son of these colder western climes. Think of his prayer at the dedication of a new church:—"If any man attempts to sow heresy in this pulpit, or to preach aught but Christ and him crucified, Lord drive him out of the house and sweep his tracks off the floor." The Sunday before he was to sail for Europe, he was entreating the Lord to care well for his church during his absence. All at once he stopped and ejaculated, "What have I done? Distrust the Providence of heaven! A God

that gives a whale a ton of herrings for a breakfast, will he not care for my children?" and then went on, closing his prayer in a more confiding strain.

"His work in one peculiar field is not generally known. Living at the North End, near the lowest haunts of vice, he was often called to attend the death-beds of abandoned women. Protected by his eccentricity and his purity alike from any shadow of suspicion, he always obeyed such a summons. At all hours of the day or night he visited the foulest haunts of crime in this noble service; never with one harsh word for the fallen, never with any apology for their crime. He received many warnings against venturing on such errands. The only notice that he ever took of them was to lay aside his cane, which was elsewhere his constant companion, but which he never took with him when he visited the cellars and garrets of North Street. This was simple courage in the Christian soldier; but it was also the wisest prudence."

It grieves one's heart to relate that after many years of glorious service Father Taylor faded away by degrees during ten long years, losing slowly all his powers. It was as the Lord would have it; but to drift about as a poor hulk, with the armament removed, and the light in the binnacle extinguished, was very grievous both to the old man and to his friends.

So passed away one whom Emerson called one of the two greatest poets of the United States. He was a Pedobaptist, an Arminian, and a man of a thousand divergences from our line of things, which we believe to be more Scriptural than his; but, for all that, upon the coffin of a good man and true, with no grudging hand we cast a funeral wreath, and say, "Would God there were others to fill his place!"

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