

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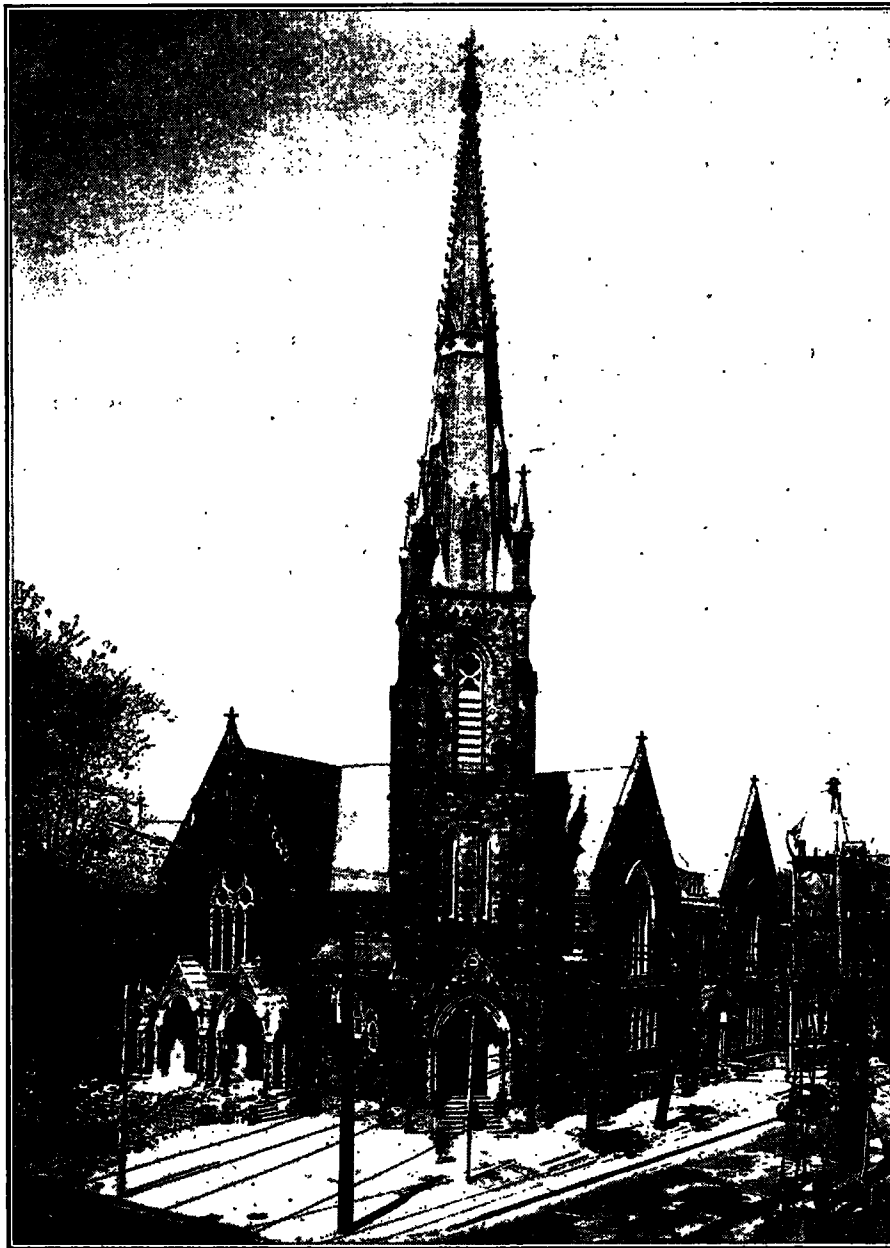
"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."—Romans 1:16.

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Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto.

JARVIS STREET BEREAVED

In this issue we publish the memorial address delivered at the funeral service of Deacon George Greenway in Jarvis Street Church, Tuesday afternoon of this week. All that need be said is said in the address itself, except this: the funeral service was largely attended; the Pastor was assisted in the service at the church and at the grave by Rev. W. G. Brown and Rev. W. S. Whitcombe; the Deacons of the church acted as pallbearers; and interment was in Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

A KIND WORD FROM "OUR OUTLOOK"

Rev. John Wilmot, Editor

Our Outlook is a quarterly message published in connection with Highgate Road Chapel, London, England, of which Rev. John Wilmot is Pastor. In the April-June number, the following paragraph appears:

"The Betrayal of C. H. Spurgeon"

This pamphlet has had full demand and a further printing is asked for. I am thankful for the stirring and strengthening of loyal hearts which the witness has given. I may again refer to the lamentable drift away from Spurgeon. I am glad to have received a gift of £20 for the Toronto Baptist Seminary (Dr. T. T. Shields) by reason of the regretted lack of confidence in Spurgeon's College, and I would take this opportunity to commend the T.B.S. to any who desire to support a Baptist College as sound in its theological teaching as Spurgeon himself was, and as separate from downgradism. God abhors mixture; His severest anathemas are pronounced against the compromise of Truth with error.

This may suggest to some of our friends that the Seminary is always in need of funds. During the summer months our expenses are slightly less than during the eight months of the Seminary work, but they are still quite heavy. If you are planning a contribution to the Seminary, please do not wait until the Autumn: send it now.

FRENCH REFUGEES

Among the millions of refugees crowding the roads of Northern France are doubtless some of our brethren in Christ from the French Baptist Churches of those regions. Physical comforts for them are most urgently needed. All our churches are earnestly requested to do their *utmost at once*. Send donations and help either to the Union office or directly to Rev. Robert Dubarry, 9, rue des Bénédictins, Nîmes, Gard, France.

NO VACATION FOR THIS WORKER

THE GOSPEL WITNESS never takes a vacation. Week by week every Wednesday the copy is prepared and set; every Thursday it is printed and mailed. And of course, printers' bills and postage bills reach us with equal regularity. We recognize that subscribers are under no obligation to us beyond the amount of their subscription, but we are grateful to our subscribers because in this respect some of them choose to be under grace rather than under law.

If any of our GOSPEL WITNESS friends who receive a blessing from its pages, should have some of the Lord's money undesignated, this is merely to remind them that THE GOSPEL WITNESS FUND is like certain restaurants which, on one window, advertise, "Open day and night", and on the other, "We never close." Throughout the summer THE GOSPEL WITNESS will plod along as usual.

"KEEP AMERICA OUT OF WAR"!

A moiling mass of motherhood, by terror driven,
Compelled by Love's dynamic mystic energy,
To guard and keep the life divinely-given; [drooping,]
And children, too, red-eyed with sleepless weeping, weary and
Wondering that unarmed infant innocence
Should, in so large a world, be so unwelcome;
And men and women, bent with the weight of years,
Who asked of life but quiet in its eveningtime;
All rudely thrust, with other millions,
On the open roads which only lead to deeper misery;—
All these, the bruised and bleeding symbols
Of a vaster human throng, whose only fault
Had been their unplanned birth and domicile
Across a predatory, bloody, villain's path;—
All these now fill the highways of a lovely land,
Bathed in the beauties of exuberant Spring. [them;]
But, for the scent of flowers, the stench of Death now smites
And ever, for the song of birds, the vultures of the sky
Spit fire and steel upon them, wounding and killing,
And kindling fires which, with devouring fury, [things,]
Consume the cottage and the chateau, and earth's finest
And leave but desolation and despair!
'Tis thus the slowly-moving mass of human misery,
Hungry and parched, stumbling and staggering,
Still blindly toils in hope of somewhere finding
A shelter from a million shafts of pain and death,
Or some brief respite in forgetfulness of hell.

O Sitter on the throne of Heaven's Justice!
O Agonizer of the Cross of Golgotha!
Hast Thou no mercy for such anguished souls?
No thunder-bolts for demons garbed as Huns?

And down the skies from Heaven's judgment-seat
A word comes falling to the earth: [brethren,]
"For inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, my
Or did it not, ye did it, or ye did it not, to Me."

Then from afar, where souls are free and skies still blue above
them;

Where church-bells ring, and throngs of worshippers
Invoke the aid of God for common tasks; [unaccounted waits]
Where plenty reigns, and strength abounds, and wealth
To be the servant of Benevolence, and the Ward
Of all defenceless humankind,—
Through air aquiver with the shriek of Death,
There falls upon the aching ears
Of agonizing, unoffending millions,
An academic voice, still neutral to the millions' woe:

"Of ancient time", it says, "upon the open road to
Jericho,

Weltering in blood, naked and all but dead,
A victim of un pitying robbers, lay uncared for.
And though the priest and Levite passed him by,
An alien 'good neighbour' saw his need of mercy,
And strongly stooped and saved him. [humanity,]
The crime against our view of life, and 'gainst
Inflames our souls, and fills our hearts.
With pity for its victims; but, alas!
We dare not offer them a shield or sword.
Though nations pray for help,
And millions fall in agonized despair, to death
Because no freeman's arm is strong enough to save
them,—
We must keep out of war"!

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

"OVERWHELMED"?

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, June 2nd, 1940

(Stenographically Reported)

"And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them:

"And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these: so that the one came not near the other all the night."—Exodus 14:19,20.

"From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I."—Psalm 61:2.

Last Sunday, by request of His Majesty the King, the people of the whole Empire joined in a day of intercession. We asked definitely for God's help in the battle of Flanders, and in the whole theatre of war. We were then expecting there would be some new development under the command of General Weygand, but no one anticipated the treachery of the King of the Belgians. It was impossible so to do. But when he commanded his armies to lay down their arms, and to submit to the conqueror, it created an entirely new situation.

I rather think that we all felt it was a situation from which it would be practically impossible to extricate ourselves. To think of evacuating some hundreds of thousands of men from a single port, while under the attack of enemy armies numbering nobody knows how many, perhaps a million, with every device that the human mind could conceive. I suppose most of us said it was impossible—and it was, humanly impossible. And yet some hundred and sixty thousand have safely made the shores of England. There are still others fighting a rear guard action, how many we do not know. (Later it was reported three hundred and thirty-five thousands had been evacuated from Dunkirk.)

Even to-day there was a new assault. It was estimated that Germany threw two hundred thousand against Dunkirk, but the relatively small number of Allied forces holding that fortress completely repelled the attack. The enemy came storming through water waste deep, and were simply mowed down, and dead and wounded alike sank in the shallow water, and what were left of them struggled back to high land.

How was that victory accomplished? You have read the story of the ten lepers that were cleansed, and of how only one of the ten returned to give thanks to God? Every place of worship throughout the British Empire ought to-day to have been thronged with people giving thanks to God for a great deliverance. Even the war correspondents, while they withhold no tribute from our heroic soldiers and men of the Navy and of the Air Force, with one voice admit there was something else that effected the rescue. There was the worst weather there has been since the winter, and fog so dense rolled over the Allied armies in process of evacuation that it was like the shadow of the Most High.

And who shall say it was not just that? Who shall say it was not the pillar of cloud of which we read this evening? We asked God for help, and I at least am confident that He answered us: "And the angel of God, which went before the camp of the Allies, removed and

went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their faces, and stood behind them: and it came between the camp of the Germans and the camp of the Allies!"

Yet it is quite legitimate that we should feel some measure of satisfaction and gratification in the achievements of our armies. We look back on the past, and we speak of the glories of days gone by, of great victories won manifestly for God; in the days of Napoleon, by Wellington on land, and by Nelson on the sea. I venture to say that there is no record in all Britain's military history, or in the military history of any other people the world has ever known, that surpasses the record of that tremendous achievement witnessed in our day.

Two or three weeks ago I called your attention to a principle in the Old Testament, of how God by a miracle dried up the waters of the Jordan, so that the people walked through on dry land. That was a great miracle. But in David's day, at a similar season when the Jordan had overflowed all its banks, there were certain men who did not wait for God to work a miracle on the flood, but became themselves the subjects of a miracle. In the first case, God dried up the flood, and in the other case He enabled men to conquer the flood—and it was just as much a miracle in the latter as the former case. In fact, I think a still greater one. Was not that miraculous achievement repeated with the transported three hundred and thirty-five thousand men across nearly fifty miles of turbulent waters?

Was there ever a story like that which was written last week? The Admiralty called for volunteers, and everything that could put to sea volunteered. It is said there were some who volunteered even to row across those fifty miles of water, and bring back what they could. I read an interesting story last night of a man standing on the quay of a southern port at which the soldiers from Dunkirk were disembarking, a man of about seventy years of age, well dressed, looking like a prosperous man in a responsible position. A reporter spoke to him, and just then a tug was coming in, bringing in a long train of Thames barges. Have you ever been in London? Have you ever seen the barges on the Thames? What a dirty stream that Thames is!

Before the last war, John Burns, then Minister of Labour, stood on the terrace outside Westminster, looking over the Thames when the tide was out, a narrow stream with wide stretches of mud. Some Americans—who have a passion for big things, for the biggest things on earth, were there. They had seen the Houses

of Parliament, and they went out under the conduct of Mr. John Burns to look at the Thames from Westminster. They leaned on the parapet and rather cynically said, "And do you call that a river?" "No", said Mr. Burns, "that is just a stream of liquid history."

The man I have described was standing on the quay at the post of debarkation, and he saw that boom of Thames barges being pulled in by a tug. They had come back from Dunkirk, every one loaded with soldiers. Did you ever, when driving, find yourself held up, only to discover that some remote son of Abraham was driving a half-starved nag, and was holding up the whole procession? When at last the traffic jam was broken, you saw people going past and looking back at him as though to say, "What right have you on the road?" That is the attitude of yachtsmen and others toward Thames barges, because they get in the way of traffic. Sometimes you see them two and three abreast, then two or three more, and probably two or three more; and at the head, a tug pulling them down river. This man saw these barges coming back, and the correspondent asked him about his interest. He said, "They sank my ship." "They did?" (He was a man of means, and he had a private yacht) "I got up steam and started for Dunkirk, but they sank me. See those barges? I have cursed them for fifty years on the Thames, but I am going to see if I can get on one now, and go back to Dunkirk and try to make amends for my fifty years of cursing them."

I hope you can see the significance of last week's news. To me, it is as full of inspiration as the greatest victory that was ever won by British armies. Think of those barges going across fifty miles of water, with the German *invincible* air fleet unable to hit them! I could have done better myself! They may have a few parachutists that will be about as annoying to Britain as mosquitoes. But the army that could not prevent those three hundred and thirty-five thousand men from leaving while under shot and shell, nor from safely reaching England's shores, will never be able successfully to land on the shores of England. The army that can do that, under God, can do anything. It is absolutely unconquerable.

But I believe it was made possible by the direct intervention of God Himself, and He Who did it once, will do it again. I think the principle applies—which has special and primary application to our personal salvation—that He Who has begun a good work, will perfect it. God never half does anything, and He will finish the job; and will use us, I think, to accomplish it.

With that as a background, I remind you that when the children of Israel were fleeing from the Egyptians, the angel of the Lord went around behind them: "The cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them." He removed, and became their rear guard. The Lord is the "rear guard" of His people. There are many people in our day, young people, who do not remember the last war, and others who have but a dim recollection of it, and who do not remember the details of it, and others perhaps who have no clear outline in their minds of its progress—and their hearts are overwhelmed at the news of the day. I wish I could speak to you all for several hours—but I will not try it to-night. I think I could, with God's help, banish every fear.

Geographically, the Germans made greater progress in the first month of the last war than they have now made

in nine months of this war. He had taken the northern part of Belgium, and those coastal ports became the bases of submarine attack. It was at Zeebrugge that Admiral Sir Roger Keys went in with ships loaded with cement and stopped the harbour. The Germans came nearer the gates of Paris in the first months of the last war than they have ever been in this war as yet. And furthermore, in March, nineteen-eighteen, in that great push, they came nearer to Paris than they have ever been since. We are disposed to forget that.

I think too of the relative preparedness—Germany had been preparing, not for seven years, but for more than forty; and at that time, to my certain knowledge, we were wholly unprepared. Britain is not so unprepared to-day as she was then. She needs more planes and more tanks, but she began that war with a "contemptible little army" of one hundred and twenty-five thousand, and conscription was not resorted to until they had wearied themselves out with the voluntary system for nearly three years. Now we have no less than three million men standing to arms. At that time there was the German fleet, second in power in all the world. Squadrons were roving the seas. They did damage in the Pacific. Raiders were abroad, and the submarine menace was uncontrolled.

Internally, Germany then was loyal to the Crown: there was no disaffection. Austria and Germany were together. To-day all through Germany are concentration camps in which hundreds of thousands of Germans are being tortured, they are fretting sores right at the very heart of Germany. Beside which, there are millions of conquered people in Czechoslovakia, and Austria, and Poland, who must be watched and controlled. It requires hundreds of thousands of Germans to keep them in order. They had not that to contend with in the last war—but they have it now; and Hitler is kept pretty busy at home.

When the war began last time, Germany was one of the most prosperous nations in the world. She had captured the world's markets; she could buy anywhere. And the men came to the war fat and well-favoured like the first ears of corn and the first kine of Pharaoh's dreams. Germany now has been on rations for years, and the people are half fed. The finest place in the world to create a disturbance is in a soup kitchen—especially when what is called soup is not soup. The blockade is far more complete to-day than in the last war.

Then we were worried by Norway. Someone asks, "Are we not now?" No, not a bit. That neutral strip of water down the coast of Norway is no problem at all now: it is not neutral. We have cut off Germany's ore supply from the north. The submarines were more deadly than now. I crossed every year of the war, went through the submarine zone again and again, sometimes under convoy, and sometimes without. I saw the things about us that had floated off the decks of ships that had been torpedoed before us. April, nineteen-seventeen, was the blackest week of the submarine war, when we had been at war nearly three years. If I am not mistaken, in that one week the submarines sank nearly five hundred thousand tons of shipping. I remember being in England at the time, and we could have only one piece of bread each. How nearly England was to being starved out, nobody knew; but it gave the authorities great anxiety. The submarine menace, while not absolutely destroyed, is practically so to-day. The food supply of Britain is not at present being interfered with. There is no Ger-

man navy to worry us—the German navy is largely at the bottom of the sea.

Italy was on Germany's side at the beginning last time—or was supposed to be. Then she came on our side, but was a liability, not an asset. We should have been better without her. A French General was asked if he did not fear Italy's coming in. He replied, "No; my fear is that she will not." "What do you mean?" "Just this. If she comes in, I shall have to send five divisions to meet her. If she remains neutral, I shall have to assign ten divisions to watch her. If she should elect to fight on our side, I should have to send fifteen divisions to get her out of trouble." A great fleet? Yes; but remember that it is the man behind the gun, or the machine, on land or sea, that counts.

Turkey in the last war was on Germany's side—a mighty power. We lost much trying to force the Dardanelles: we shall not need to this time because Turkey will be on our side. Greece was not on our side at the beginning last time: she will be now. As for America? Do you remember the last war? Do you remember America's attitude with Woodrow Wilson? Talk about a war of nerves! It was enough to bowl everybody over. There is more in President Roosevelt's little finger than in Wilson's whole body. Woodrow Wilson was a glorified school master. He had the provincial mind of a village school teacher. He said to all America, "Be neutral", "Be neutral even in thought"!

I remember speaking here in nineteen-seventeen. Mr. Wilson had said that no responsible statesman on either side had yet told us what the war was about—in nineteen-seventeen, nearly two and a half years after the beginning of the war! I spoke on "President Wilson's impertinence". He did not one thing to get ready for the war, and when at last their men went over, it was in our ships. I went over with them on one occasion. I talked with the British Commander who had ordered the convoy, and he told me, "There is not an American ship that has taken a man to the front yet. General Pershing recently said he went over in command of an army with no equipment except the will to fight. They had no air force and no heavy guns.

Mr. Bryan was Secretary of State, and when Wilson declared war, Mr. Bryan, a fine man—I knew him personally—but a man tremendously overrated by a great many Christian people just because he was a good man. He was intellectually, mediocre. When asked what he would do if the Germans invaded America, he said, "I would meet them with flowers!" From the Secretary of State! We have not that kind of nonsense in the United States to-day. We have in President Roosevelt, I believe, one of the shrewdest politicians, and at the same time, one of the greatest statesmen, that the United States has produced. And do you suppose he has asked for four billions of dollars for American "defense", because he thinks we are going to lose? No! He has asked for it in order that they may be ready to participate when the hour comes. That, at least, is my opinion. They are not going to wait until the trouble comes here. As a matter of fact, it will not come here.

You ask me if I think the Allies are going to win? I do not think at all: I know it. I told a story a week or so ago, and found there were some who had not heard it. My father told it to me, when I was a boy, of a British bugler who was taken prisoner. The enemy commander, thinking to play a trick on his British enemy

called upon the lad to sound the retreat. "What, sir?" "Sound the retreat." "The retreat? what is that?" "Sound the retreat." "I can't, sir; I never learned it." Of course he never learned it. Never ask whether the Allies are going to win. It is almost treason to ask the question. To the last man we will fight. Nothing short of complete and overwhelming victory can be considered. Sometimes I almost wish they would come here, so that I could have a chance at them myself. Prime Minister Churchill said that he had a feeling the people of England would almost welcome the opportunity to divert some of the bombs from the men at the front. In other words, they would be glad to share in it. One of our ladies said to me Thursday evening, "I wish I were in England." "You do?" "Yes; I wish I were there to share the danger with others."

I.

In the meantime, what are we to do? EVIL-DOERS HAVE OFTEN BEEN OVERWHELMED. Read the story of the Deluge; read the story of Sodom and Gomorrah; read the story I read to you this evening in the fourteenth chapter of Exodus. Read them until they burn their way into your consciousness. "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil", and we know He is on our side.

But those of us who are *believers have other kinds of trouble by which we are sometimes overwhelmed*. One of the Psalms which, in the title, says it is written "for the afflicted when he is overwhelmed", deals with these things. I have seen people, strong men and strong women, when afflictions come upon them, though brave enough when they are well, through the weakness of the flesh seem to be overwhelmed with affliction. It is hard to stand up under it.

There is another overwhelming, *the overwhelming of circumstances*. How many worthy people have I known who have come to me and said, "Pastor, I have done everything I could, but no matter how I try, things get worse. I am overwhelmed with trouble." Have you ever been like that? That is not unusual.

We are overwhelmed by the enemy. I have been there. Did you ever come to the edge of a precipice, the enemy behind you, when you had to say, Now what shall I do? Step out into nowhere? We have had many experiences in this church. We have seen the mighty hand of God again, and again, and again. The dear man who went home to be with God this morning, (Mr. Greenway) when the battle was before and behind, and we were surrounded and overwhelmed, when many feared to stand for the Book, steadied the people. Right in the midst of it all, the Pastor was taken ill with scarlet fever, and they put a red card on my door! I was shut up. It was nearly like what would have happened if Lord Gort had been taken ill in Flanders.

The people met three times a week, and Brother Greenway led the prayer meetings. The guns were roaring; it was a weary war. I know that a great many people outside say that we love a fight, and all that kind of thing. No church on the Continent has been abused as we have, but our crime has been only this that we stood for the Book, and absolutely refused to surrender, cost what it would. Brother Greenway came, opened his Bible, and said, "My brethren, I have a text for you to-night. It is this: 'Have faith in God.'" The next night he said the same thing: "The text for this evening

is, 'Have faith in God.' At all meetings the same text was given, and for nearly two months, three times a week, he magnified the Lord and said, "Trust Him! Trust Him! Trust Him!" You remember how Whittier puts it—

"... the steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void,
And find the rock beneath."

I do not believe any man can be of much use until he has come to the place where there is absolutely nothing between him and ruin, except God: then we learn to trust God to order and overrule our circumstances.

But there is something worse than that. The Psalmist speaks of *the spirit being overwhelmed*. When the spirit is overwhelmed, when men lose their spirits, it is hard to fight. I enjoyed the story of an airman that I read last night. He operated one of the Defiants, and someone asked him how she behaved. He replied, "She handles like a jewel. She can bank on a sixpence, and climb like a homesick angel!" It is the spirit that counts. But sometimes it is hard to keep up your spirit. Do you know that one hundred per cent. of the people who die, die of heart failure? That is literally, physically true. Whatever be the contributing cause, the ultimate cause is that the heart stops. Everyone dies of heart failure.

Here is a man who speaks about his heart being overwhelmed. It is hard to stand up under that. That word *overwhelmed* is not the same word as used in some other passages; for instance, "The waters overwhelm us." This overwhelming is a kind of cloud of darkness, something that interpenetrates the spirit, and brings one down. "When my heart is overwhelmed"; said the Psalmist. Our troops wear what they call "battle dress." They are less attractive than the old style, but they are better to fight in. Who can fight when wrapped about with "a spirit of heaviness"?

II.

What did this psalmist do? HE PRAYED: "From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee." You thought the telephone and radio, and all these things, were new? Before they were ever invented, there was always a way of holding commerce with Heaven. It may be that God is teaching a great many people to pray from the ends of the earth, literally from the ends of the earth, crying to God when their heart is overwhelmed.

Nothing can break that cable. I read a story of the chief German spy of the Great War being put under arrest again last week. He tells how they had a cable from Berlin to New York by which they tried to send telegrams to New York. They sent message after message, but got no answer. After a while they discovered that a British ship had gone out into the North Sea, and lifted the cable and cut it in two—and connected it with London! Every message they sent, instead of going to New York, went to London; and London knew what they were planning. But when we cry unto God, that line is always open; no blockade can stop it, or cut it.

"Lead me to the rock." David was a man of war "from his youth", and knew all about the rocks of Palestine. Very often had he sheltered in a rock. That is a figure often employed in scripture as representing our God. This Rock is more impregnable than the Maginot Line. They have not broken that up, and perhaps never will. But this Rock, which is our salvation, will always stand.

I notice that Mr. Mussolini has a few "aspirations," if you please; and one of them is that he would like to have Gibraltar! That is a very modest "aspiration"! They always call it "the rock", I believe, in the armed services. They do not bother talking about Gibraltar, but "the rock"! Italy would like to have "the rock", and some people in Spain would like to have "the rock". But we have a surer Defence even than Gibraltar. Literally, that is true. That is why Britain stands: God has favoured us.

Did you read about the destruction of the Vimy Memorial? We have not the particulars of it, but deliberately they destroyed that splendid piece of stone which cost fourteen years of labour, and which commemorated the heroic sacrifice of some sixty thousand Canadians. We hear much about high explosives. But the mind of man cannot possibly produce an explosive that can blow up this Rock! He is our Defence, and to Him we will go. So said the Psalmist, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

Among other things, it means the Rock gives complete protection. General Weygand is about five feet tall; General Ironsides is six feet four—and he would need a higher rock than General Weygand. Here is a Rock that is higher than the highest requirement; whatever our need, there is room for us all.

"For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy." I am not so concerned about the formal saying of prayers, but I am concerned that people who really know the joyful sound, who have really had an experience of fellowship with God, should realize they have in their hands a mighty weapon, to cry from the ends of the earth when our spirits are overwhelmed.

Next time you hear an American broadcast, that originates in Berlin perhaps, and you are told everything is going to pieces, and your heart is overwhelmed, turn to the sixty-first Psalm and pray this prayer, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." You will find shelter and salvation there.

I feel it a privilege and a duty as often as I have opportunity of meeting people, publicly and privately, to make clear my conviction that defeat in this righteous cause is an impossibility. Japan was victor over Russia, and peace was concluded—and immediately after, it was discovered that Japan's victory had all but ruined her. If Russia could have held out a few weeks longer, Japan herself would have had to give in. It was her dying kick. Germany has thrown much of her might into the Flanders battle. Hitler and the arch-traitor and conspirator probably hoped to finish the war with one great battle in Flanders. But serious as was the blow, it was not fatal; we shall recover. Hitler will have to go back to Mrs. Hitler—he has no wife, but back to Madam Germany, and she will say, "Adolf, where did you get that back eye?" Five hundred thousand killed and wounded, hiding them in Poland, in forests, lest the people at home should find out about it. And it will be no use for Adolf to say, like Andy, that he "ran into a doo'." You can no more confine the truth for ever than you can confine a fire; it will burn itself out. Soon our new lines will be reinforced on the Somme, and we shall be farther ahead than we were this time in the last war. And who knows but that we may hear yet that an army is trapped in Belgium. Ahab when he obtained Naboth's vineyard at a price of blood, only acquired a family bury-

ing ground, and Iscariot's thirty pieces of silver purchased a field to bury strangers in!

We read the story this evening of how the Egyptian chariots got tangled up. They say that in Ireland they are upsetting wagons and hauling all kinds of obstructions to prevent the Germans landing. They are always upset in Ireland! I am not sure but De Valera may wish he were British before he gets through. I talked with an Irishman during the war, and I recall with interest what he said to me. I had a procession of them come to see me at my hotel in Cork, when it was known I was from this side of the sea. This man came, and brought me reams of manuscript reciting all the ills from which Ireland had suffered under the heel of the British oppressor. I said, "I understand you are determined to separate from England." "Yes." "Nothing else will do?" "Nothing else will do but absolute independence." "Suppose John Bull gets tired and says, 'All right. We will cut the painter; paddle your own canoe?'" "We will never rest until we have it." I said, "Do you not think Ireland is a favoured country that would soon prove a Naboth's vineyard? If a man has money in the house, he must lock his doors. You separate from Britain, and how will you defend yourselves?" "Irishmen can fight," he said. I replied, "You have a reputation to that effect! But you would be a maritime nation; your defense would have to be a naval defense, which is the most expensive. Could the limited population of Ireland maintain a navy sufficient for self-protection?" "Navy?" he exclaimed. "Pray, what do we need of a navy? There would still be the British Navy!" And he was right—and Ireland will yet be very glad of the services of the Royal Navy.

It is thrilling to watch the hand of God remaking the map of the world. I bid you be of good cheer: There is a Rock higher and more enduring than Gibraltar, and while God is on our side, we cannot be defeated. Hence, like the little bugler-boy, if anyone talks to you about the possibility of loosing, say to such an one, "That is not in my thought. I am not thinking about it, much less talking about it. We are going to win!" And, God helping us, so we shall.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
Of His terrible, swift sword:
Our God is marching on.

"I have seen Him in the watchfires
Of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar
In the ev'ning dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence
By the dim and flaring lamps:
Our God is marching on.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet
That shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
Be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

"In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom
That transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

Let us ask Him so to do:

O Lord, we thank Thee that in all the circumstances of life, as individuals, when we put our trust in the precious blood, we have found shelter in Him Who is the Rock of Ages; and have been and are safe. And we thank Thee too that Thou art revealed in Thy Word as the King of nations. It is said, the nations are to Thee but as a drop in the bucket. Lay Thy hand, we pray Thee, upon all those who stand for righteousness this night, and protect them; and do Thou break the power of the oppressor, and set enslaved millions free. Glorify Thyself as Thou didst in ancient times, that all the earth may know that Thou art the Lord. Amen.

A MEMORIAL ADDRESS

*Delivered by Dr. Shields at the Funeral Service of
the Late Deacon George Greenway, in Jarvis
Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Tuesday
Afternoon, June 4th, 1940*

(Stenographically Reported)

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—II. Timothy 4:7, 8.

If I had asked the members of Jarvis Street Church who have known Mr. Greenway intimately for many years, to select a text for this occasion, I fancy that, by a kind of general instinct, you would all have given me the text I have selected. Could you think of a more appropriate, or more complete summary of the life whose earthly ending we mark this afternoon, than is contained in these words: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day"—and for the inspiration and encouragement of others—"and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

The coming of Jesus Christ into the life of any man or woman, from the moment of His reception, makes that person different from those who have never-known Him.

We meet this afternoon as a company of Christian people who regard all the events of life, and particularly that last and one event which "happeneth unto all", from a distinctively Christian point of view. For that reason, while we may have tears to-day, and sorrow too, there is no element of hopelessness in our grief. We mark that which is really a parenthesis in Christian experience, not the end of a life, but the beginning of a life that is to be larger and richer, shining "more and more unto the perfect day".

Mr. Greenway was a Christian of long experience. I do not know the exact date of his conversion, but I do know that from the beginning of his Christian life he became actively engaged in the service of the Lord. Some years ago someone told me at one of our services, that he had first heard Mr. Greenway, more than fifty years before, preaching on the sands at Ramsgate, in England.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-five, Mr. Greenway became associated with Mr. Fegan's Homes in England, and he maintained that association unbrokenly for fifty-five years. In eighteen-ninety-five he came to Toronto, and became the Superintendent of Mr. Fegan's Homes in this country; so that he had a Canadian association with the work extending over a period of forty-five years. In nineteen-thirty-eight he was superannuated. Mr. W. J. Hutchinson, Superintendent of our Sunday School and leader of the choir, was associated with Mr. Greenway for nearly thirty years, first as his assistant, and then succeeding him in the Superintendency at the time of Mr. Greenway's retirement in nineteen-thirty-eight.

Mr. Hutchinson is deeply grieved to-day that he is not with us. He had to go into the hospital on Saturday, and is there now. After their long association, I know he will feel the deepest regret that he is unable to be present to pay his respects to his great friend of many years; and I feel it incumbent upon me to speak for him, for I know of the intimate fellowship and delightful friendship of these two men through all the years of their joint labours.

A cablegram was received from Mrs. Fegan to-day who succeeded her husband as head of the Fegan Homes, Mrs. Fegan's cablegram reads:

"In grateful remembrance of a devoted life in the service of Mr. Fegan's Homes. Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

It was my privilege on several occasions to be Mrs. Fegan's guest at Goudhurst, Kent; and we talked much together about these two men, Mr. Greenway and Mr. Hutchinson, who have so long represented the Fegan interests in this country; and I know the cable is a very sincere though brief expression of Mrs. Fegan's very high appreciation of the splendid service rendered to that great work by Mr. Greenway.

During those forty-five years—or forty-three, to be exact—covering the period of his Superintendency, Mr. Greenway had the oversight of some thousands of boys who were brought from England to Canada, and to them he was a Christian father. It is impossible to estimate the value of the influence exerted upon those young lives in this country, which so perfectly continued and perpetuated the spirit of the Fegan Homes in England.

I speak of Mr. Greenway as I have known him as his Pastor for now a little over thirty years. When I first became Pastor of Jarvis Street, Mr. Greenway was conducting a mission in the northern part of the city. I do not know exactly the length of time—I suppose some four or five years—he continued that work, and when he gave it up he threw himself without reserve into the life of Jarvis Street Church. He was almost immediately elected a Deacon of the church, and he held that position, without a break, until the day of his death. Some years ago we adopted the principle of electing Deacons every two years; but several years ago Mr. Greenway was, at the Annual Meeting, elected a Deacon for life; so splendidly had he served, so complete was the confidence of the church in him. I have known him as a Deacon, and no church ever had a more faithful servant—for that is what a Deacon is, or should be; not a figurehead, much less an overlord, but a servant of the church even as we all are servants of each other. And that, Mr. Greenway was.

I have never known a man more faithful in the discharge of his duties. Mr. Greenway was always here. You could always be sure that if he was not here—except for a while in the early days when occasionally he went abroad preaching, but he soon felt his duty was here—if he was not here, we knew that some temporary indisposition had come upon him. This was his place. He was a pillar in the house of the Lord, and just as stationary and reliable as any stone in the foundation of the building.

I knew him as a friend, as a loyal friend. If I were to mention Mr. Greenway's outstanding and most conspicuous virtue, it would be his capacity for unswerving, unalterable, ever-constant, loyalty. He was a man upon whom one could depend absolutely. He inspired confidence. He was Treasurer of the Communion Fund, and quietly and with the deepest sympathy, administered the church's benevolence to those in need; and always in such a way as never to make them feel any measure of embarrassment. He was a great-hearted, sympathetic, loyal, friend of everyone.

I.

But now let me take the principles set out in this text as descriptive of Mr. Greenway's character: HE HAD A WAR TO WAGE. The Apostle Paul said, "I have fought a good fight." Mr. Greenway was a soldier. He was not a contentious man—he hated contention. He never differed from others for the mere sake of differing. He never fought for the sake of fighting. But he recognized that the Christian life must, of necessity, be a conflict; and that every true Christian must be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. From his conversion, he was conscripted to the service of his Lord, and he engaged in a war from which he knew there could be no discharge save by death itself.

Mr. Greenway was cast in an heroic mould. He never sought the line of least resistance. He was not a man of pious compromise, a man who could suspend his principles at will, and recall them into action when expediency required. He was a soldier, engaged in a fight, the issues of which were clearly defined to his own mind. He never had the shadow of a doubt as to the justice of the cause in which he fought.

I have never known Mr. Greenway to surrender. Mr. Greenway never retreated from principle, and he fought what he believed was a good fight. He never left the hottest part of the field to others. You could always be sure that Mr. Greenway, steady, steadfast, unmovable, would be found standing where the fight was fiercest. And I am sure that those of us who have known him so long and so well, can readily agree that that, in part, epitomized his long Christian career—a soldier from the beginning to the end. He "fought a good fight."

II.

HE HAD A RACE TO RUN. Paul said too that he had finished his course. The idea there, of course, is that of a race. The Christian life was all that to Mr. Greenway. His was a life of continuous and ever-enlarging and enriching progress. He never counted that he had attained. He seemed to be always pressing toward the mark. Those of us who knew him observed his progress.

Mr. Greenway's temperament expressed itself in his personality. He had a good voice, rather a commanding

voice; and, hearing him the first time, as we knew him, years ago, one might have thought that his voice was—how shall I put it, not as sympathetic perhaps and tender as it might have been. That was never really true of him however: he was always sympathetic and tender; but in public, when he announced a hymn, he announced it! There was a tone of command about it. But with the multiplication of the years, he became increasingly tender and mellow—not less forceful, but there was an ever-growing and increasing conformity to Christ.

There was nothing dilatory about Mr. Greenway. He was engaged in a race, wherein things must be done promptly and with expedition. He was always going forward. He was one of the youngest men we had in Jarvis Street Church, right to the end of his life. He had a rare gift of humour, and loved a good laugh; and had the faculty of making people about him happy with that merry heart that "doeth good like a medicine." But he was racing all the time.

He was not a sprinter. I have known a great many sprinters. One would think they were going around the world without stopping, they raced so madly in the direction of the goal—for a little while! Then they dropped out of the race. There was nothing of that disposition in Mr. Greenway. He was a marathon runner. It was a long race that required a stout heart and good wind, and Mr. Greenway set a steady pace, and maintained his average. You could almost tell the time of day by Mr. Greenway. He steadily went on, never running out of breath, or making other people to run out of breath; never slow, but never madly rushing. Deliberate and intelligent in every action, he pursued his way steadily toward the goal, until he completed his course.

Paul said, "I have finished my course." Paul did not drop out of the race before the course was finished. How many have I seen fall by the wayside! How many there are among the "also-rans" who begin well, but are soon hindered! They never come in at the finish. When the course is ended, they are missing. Mr. Greenway never thought of anything else but finishing. He pursued his course to the end—until it was finished. He never allowed his eye to be diverted; he never allowed himself to become subject to extraneous influences. Subject to Christ, he steadily pressed on toward the prize of the mark of his high calling in Christ, and undeviatingly he ran—and finishing his course of a Sunday morning, he swept through the gates of the New Jerusalem. His was a glorious end. His was a finished life. That is why we do not mourn as some do.

Mr. Greenway was in his eighty-fifth year. You could not ask for much extension beyond that. His was a life that was rounded out to a splendid completion, and you cannot think of him without feeling that there is scarcely any task—I speak after the manner of men—which he left unfinished. He continued with Mr. Fegan's Homes until his strength was spent, and then he retired. He continued as a Deacon of this church for all these years; and for eighteen, nearly nineteen, years led the prayer meetings, night after night, week after week, month after month, year after year. Again and again he said to me, "Pastor, do you not think we should ask someone else now to take charge?" And I said to him, "Not as long as you are able. The church wants no one else while you are well enough to carry on." Then when his strength failed a little, we still had him on the plat-

form, generally with someone beside him lest there might be a lapse of memory for a moment. But our prayer meetings seemed incomplete unless Mr. Greenway was on the platform. Then at last he laid down his task.

I saw Mr. Greenway two weeks ago Thursday, in the evening. I told him I was coming down to the meeting, and he said, "I wish I were going with you." Friday evening last Mrs. Greenway told me he had given no sign of recognition for two or three days, and seemed almost to have slipped away already. His sight had failed, but I stood by his bedside with those who were there, and gave thanks to God for all His abounding grace toward this man who had been so useful. Of course we praised the name of the Lord Jesus Whom he was accustomed to praise. Brother Tompkins was seated across the room, and even he heard it, a faint whisper but quite distinct after three days: when I said, Amen, he whispered Amen. He responded, what was left of him, of his memory and spirit, to the name of the Lord Jesus: He had finished his course.

III.

HE HAD A FAITH TO KEEP. And it was conspicuously true of Mr. Greenway that he "kept the faith". Mr. Greenway *had a faith to keep*. He was not of those who are prepared to admit that anything might be true. He knew the truth, and the truth had made him free—free from the influence of errors that were contrary to the Word of God. Mr. Greenway believed something: he believed there was a "faith once for all delivered unto the saints", complete and final; placed as a deposit with the blood-bought church of Christ. He had no doubt about it. There were some things in his religious thinking that were beyond the realm of perhaps or peradventure: to him they were axiomatic. He had a settled and a final faith committed to him once for all, as one of the saints; and with all the strength of his nature he believed it. No one ever heard Mr. Greenway debate questions that are fundamental to saving faith. They were all settled; he *believed*.

But no one knew better than he what efforts the evil one makes to catch away the seed that has been sown, and to turn people away from the faith of Christ. He was always on the alert, always on the defensive, to the end. Therefore he "kept the faith". It was as a jewel committed to his care, and he would sooner have sacrificed life itself than have parted with it. He "kept the faith".

In times of stress and conflict through which he passed with us—and through which all must pass who would be good soldiers of Jesus Christ—his course was clear. To the end of life, he "kept the faith" committed to him.

IV.

HE HAD A CROWN TO WEAR; for here is another word: "Henceforth." Paul's was ever a forward-looking life. Mr. Greenway never seemed an old man. We all felt that he could never grow old. Life's morning seemed to be just beginning with him always. "Henceforth." Looking forward, a life with a heavenly aspect, viewed by others; with a heavenly prospect, viewed by himself. He was always looking out upon the future.

I met Mr. Greenway when this church was in flames. He had been indisposed, and was in bed. But they could not keep him there. He got up and came down; some-

how he got through the barricade the police had made, and as I met him just north of the Seminary, he gripped my hand, while tears rolled down his cheeks. He could not speak. But the end of Jarvis Street had not come for him. He knew that. And the youngest member of this church did not rejoice in its reconstruction any more than he. "Henceforth." It might have been a watchword with him. Before the ashes were cold, I said to myself, "I know the church will approve, and if I can have my way we are going to have a Greenway Hall in that building. And we have; and it was our great joy that he was with us so long to enjoy it, and even to lead the services of prayer many a time in the Hall that will perpetuate his name, I trust, as long as this church endures.

Mr. Greenway was a man *who had large investments*. He was a very wealthy man; but his treasures were laid up in heaven. He had a great savings account up there. Paul said, "Henceforth there is laid up for me." There are some people who have not laid up very much in heaven. They have been so busy with things down here they have not laid up much treasure in heaven. But Mr. Greenway had. That was characteristic of his life. He lived for the other world. I do not mean in any gloomy, lugubrious, way, as though life were a long funeral procession; but notwithstanding his enjoyment of all good things here, his chief deposit was laid up yonder.

Do you know what they are doing in Europe to-day? Even the Belgian crown jewels were sent out of Belgium; and a very large part of the world's gold has been deposited on this continent for safe-keeping, laid up against the end of the war. I hope it may still be safe. But the only safe place I know where we can deposit our treasure, where Paul deposited his, is to lay up a store of wealth in a land that is beyond the reach of Hitler, or his supreme manifestation in spirit, Antichrist himself. This man was sure that his treasure was safe.

What was it to be? "A crown of righteousness." That does not mean the robe of righteousness which is the gift of God's grace. It does not mean that Paul was working for salvation: that, he already had. But, being saved by the imputation of the righteousness of Another, he had so lived that there had been wrought in him, by God's grace and the power of His indwelling Spirit, the righteousness of the law, a righteousness of his own. Paul was here speaking of the reward of the successful runner who wins the race, and he says, "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

I am sure that is true of this dear soul whose passing into the divine presence we commemorate this afternoon. He has won a crown. His was a life completed, and I am sure that his redeemed spirit is a spirit crowned.

Mr. Greenway never asked what it would cost to do right. Never! I am sure I am correct in saying that the question with him was, What is right? Then he did it. I am certain I do not exaggerate when I say that while he trusted wholly in the righteousness of Christ, as a poor sinner washed in the blood, for his salvation, he loved righteousness, and was a righteous man who did, so far as he understood it, that which was right in the sight of the Lord. And there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness.

Paul said, "I shall receive it from the hand of the King Himself." Last week Lord Gort was summoned

home from the battlefield of Flanders. He would not have left of his own volition, but he was called immediately into the presence of the King, and decorated with the highest military honour His Majesty could confer. The King himself conferred it. Here too was a warrior who had fought a good fight; a runner who had finished his course; a steward who had kept his trust with his Master, and kept the faith; a citizen of the Heavenly Jerusalem who had never lowered the flag, but had endeavoured to lay up a deposit of righteousness. This warrior said, "I am going home, and I shall have immediate audience with the King; and He will bestow upon me, I know, the crown of righteousness." That was true of Mr. Greenway.

Brother Greenway has left this poor company of pilgrims below; he has left the scene of conflict; he has been summoned to the King's palace. Do you believe that? O my brethren, do you believe, that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord? From the hell of Dunkirk to the haven and heaven of Buckingham Palace in but a few hours, Lord Gort passed. But Mr. Greenway passed from all the conflict and strife of this earthly life, into the palace and presence of the King Himself, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, to receive a crown of righteousness.

This church has been put under a lasting obligation to have had him with us. There is a crown of righteousness awaiting all of us as Christians. Saved by grace, we may yet be rewarded for our faithfulness if we are faithful. Let us find inspiration in the example, not only of a righteous, nor only of a good man, but of a godly man, adorned with that godliness which hath the promise of the life that now is, and this being finished, has gone hence to enter into the realization of its promise of the life that is to come. "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." That was Mr. Greenway's testimony: that is ours. Being saved, let us serve the Lord with all there is of us until our day also is done.

Let us pray:

We thank Thee, O Lord, for the disclosure of Thyself, for the coming into this pain-racked, sin-cursed, death-shadowed world, of Him Who hath immortality, and Who has brought immortality to light through the gospel. We thank Thee this afternoon for the grace bestowed upon our dear friend and brother who has just left us. We would not praise him, but we praise Thee for all that he was by Thy grace. His record is on high, his witness is in heaven.

We pray that the memory of his godly life, and of his faithful service, may be an inspiration to those of us who still must carry on to the end of the way. We can only praise Thee with all our hearts that Thou didst enable him to live to the praise of the glory of Thy grace.

Bless all here this afternoon. We pray for those who mourn: for Mrs. Greenway, for Mr. Greenway's sister, for Ruth, and for his beloved friends across the sea. Be near to everyone of them, and minister Thy tender comfort; we pray Thee. Remember Mrs. Fegan, reviewing to-day the long years of association; thinking perhaps not only of Mr. Greenway, but of the one they were wont to call "The Governor", now in glory. Bless them, O Lord, as they feel the loneliness that comes from the departure of a dear friend.

Bless Mrs. Hutchinson. Then we think especially of his associate and successor laid aside in hospital. Bless Brother Hutchinson with a real sense of Thy presence, and an experience of Thy favour. Touch him with Thy healing hand and speedily restore him.

Sustain us, every one. If there be one here who is not a Christian, we pray that such an one may be made to feel his need of Christ, and receive Him to-day as the sinner's Saviour. May those of us who are Christians be led to-day to a fuller and deeper consecration. We ask it all in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

AMONG OUR CHURCHES

In the last few weeks, it has been my privilege to visit fifteen of our Union churches in order to present the work of the Toronto Baptist Seminary. My itinerary included churches in the southern part of Ontario and in the Ottawa Valley, as well as some in the North. In every church I found a great enthusiasm for the work of the Seminary. A number of the churches which I visited were founded by former Seminary students, and others of them have always looked to that school to provide them with Pastors. Though far removed from Toronto, they know the actual worth of our work by their own experience of our Seminary graduates.

In Sudbury I spoke to 227 children. Three years ago when I was there, one person was able to teach the whole Sunday School, for there were 25 present that morning. In the afternoon, I spoke to a goodly number in the splendid building at Black Lake. Mr. Boyd's weekly broadcast continues to be of great blessing, particularly to his outlying mission stations and in opening other doors. John Boyd is truly a modern Apostle.

New Toronto is a branch of the Long Branch church, commenced some three years ago by Rev. Bernard Jefferey. Under the fine leadership of another Seminary man with a splendid record of pioneer work in the North, Rev. Stanley Wellington, it has recently made rapid progress. An enthusiastic group of more than 160 boys and girls saw the Seminary pictures, and a fine group of adults gathered for the evening service.

Then at Fenelon Falls, Mr. Frey and I shared the Sunday services and were greatly blessed in ministering to the saints there. Here again, a splendid work is being carried on among the children and the young people. As most of our readers know, Rev. W. W. Fleischer, is Pastor. Men of his spirit are rare indeed, and we thank God for every remembrance of him, both in his church and in the Seminary.

The friends at Scotch Line received Mr. Frey and the writer most cordially, and listened with great interest to missionary addresses on the Seminary and on the work in Europe. It is country churches of this sort that have produced some of the strongest pillars of the Lord's work for churches in the larger centres. We rejoice in the fine spirit manifest in this rural church. At Cannington and Sunderland a faithful work is being carried on by Rev. Kingsley Cutler, and we look for much fruit in the days to come.

It was a special privilege to return to Westport, a field which has been ministered to by a long succession of Seminary students. It is now in a splendid condition, looking forward to greater things than ever. Rev. Arnold Dallimore is leaving this church to take up the pastorate at Orangeville.

It is always a pleasure and a blessing to spend a short time with Rev. Chas. Hardy of the Dalesville and Brownsburg field, and here again, evidences of the Lord's hand were manifest.

The Lachute field, under Mr. Walter Tompkins, has been specializing in reaching the children of the neighbourhood, and another Seminary man, Mr. Harold Charlton, has now taken up the work. His large experience in the Sunday School at Jarvis St. will stand him in good stead.

The great City of Montreal, the metropolis of Canada, offers an enormous field for Gospel work. We rejoice in what we saw at Verdun under the leadership of Pastor T. D. M. Carson, and also in the fine progress at Snowdon. Shortly after our visit, Mr. Wilkins wrote that he had put on the King's uniform and would, therefore, be forced to relinquish the pastorate at the Snowdon Mission. We pray earnestly that the Lord may continue to bless Brother Wilkins' testimony in his new sphere of service and also provide the right man to take his place.

A long trip to the North was amply rewarded by the enthusiastic reception accorded by the Timmins Church and its pastor, Rev. H. C. Slade. What a great church it is, and what a great Pastor it has! They were so eager to hear of the various departments of our work that it was hard to stop talking, even after an hour and a half.

In Kirkland Lake, we had the privilege of meeting two of our Seminary men, Rev. John Cunningham, the pastor, who has recently accepted a call to Winnipeg, and Mr. Vincent Lehman, who is taking over the work for this summer as Student-pastor. It was a great joy to meet those who have

been saved since last visiting this field, and we predict great things for both these fine men. Mr. Cunningham is to be ordained in his home church at Mount Pleasant Road, Toronto, before leaving for the West, and we are sure it will be a time of profit for all.

At Orillia where the Rev. John Byers has laboured for twelve years, the results of a sane Biblical ministry are evident.

These are some of the fruits of the Seminary's work during the last thirteen years, and we thank God for them. If this has been the fruit of the first thirteen years, what may we expect and hope for in the next ten or twenty years? The Seminary has indeed proved itself to be a fruitful undertaking and we confidently look for greater things in the future.

W.S.W.

Bible School Lesson Outline

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

Vol. 4 Second Quarter Lesson 24 June 16th, 1940

THE OLIVET DISCOURSE

Lesson Text: Matthew 24: 1-35.

Golden Text: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away"—Matthew 24:35.

For Reading: Matthew 24: 36-51.

I. Conditions Suggesting the End of the Age—verses 1 to 8.
Read also Mk. 13:1-8; Lk. 21:5-11.

Teachers may well use this opportunity to instruct the boys and girls in the truth of our Lord's return. His promise is explicit (John 14:3; Acts 1:9-11). Those who love Christ will love His appearing (2 Tim. 4:8), so urge the scholars to come to Him, to abide in Him (1 John 2:28), and to serve Him (Matt. 25:27; Lk. 19:13), and then they will be ready to meet Him with joy (1 Thess. 1:9, 10; 1 Pet. 1:8).

The disciples came to Christ on the Mount of Olives after He had gone forth from the temple on that last day of His public ministry. They found it difficult to believe His words concerning the desolation of the temple (Matt. 23:38), and privately questioned Him, pointing out the beauty and the apparent permanence of the structure. They asked Him two questions.

The record of our Lord's answer to the first question, the one which related to the destruction of the temple, is given in the Gospel of Luke, chapter 21, verses 20 to 24. This event would take place when Jerusalem was besieged and totally blockaded by the enemy's armies. The words of Christ were literally fulfilled in 70 A.D. when the Roman army under Titus besieged Jerusalem. History tells us that for some unknown reason Titus withdrew his forces for a short time during the period of siege, and in this interval the Christians who believed the Lord's word fled to Transjordan. The temple was destroyed by fire, and in order to procure the gold, which had melted, the Romans tore down the structure to the ground, stone by stone, even as Christ had said (Lk. 21:6).

The Saviour's answer to the second question, the one concerning the sign of His appearing and of the end or consummation of the age, is recorded by all three evangelists. After warning His people of the dangers of deception (verses 4, 5, 11, 24; 2 Thess. 2:3), speculation and panic, Christ stated the conditions which would suggest the nearness of His approach.

To one acquainted with the Old Testament the terms "nation against nation" and "kingdom against kingdom" would convey the idea of a world war (2 Chron. 15:6; Isa. 19:1-4). Such a universal conflagration, with the attendant disasters of famine and disease probably in an intensified form, together with severe earthquakes over a wide area, would indicate the "beginning of sorrows" (Greek, "the first of birth-pains"). These circumstances would constitute a warning of the nearness of the end-time.

II. Conditions Attending the Great Tribulation—verses 9 to 28. Read also Mk. 13:9-23; Lk. 21:12-24.

Our Lord implies that the persecution, which was to be the lot of His disciples after His departure from them (Matt.

10:16-25; John 15:20; 16:2), would be intensified toward the end of the age. There would also be an increase in the number of false prophets and teachers (Matt. 7:15; 1 Tim. 4:1; 2 Tim. 4:3, 4; 2 Pet. 2:1). Wickedness would abound (2 Tim. 3:1, 13), and spiritual declension would characterize the religious world (Lk. 18:8; Rev. 3:15, 16). Yet, even in the midst of apostasy the Gospel message would be proclaimed to an unusual degree to the far corners of the world.

The word "saved" in verse 13 is used in its general meaning of "delivered" (Compare Matt. 10:22; Phil. 1:19). Patient endurance under trial would bring deliverance.

Another distinguishing feature will be the setting up of an abomination, or an idol, in the temple, as predicted by Daniel the prophet (Dan. 9:27; 11:31; 12:11). This act of blasphemy will bring about great desolation. The fact that the temple will be rebuilt in Jerusalem and that it will be used again for worship by the Jews is suggested by such passages as 2 Thess. 2:3, 4 and Rev. 11:1, 2.

Wholesale evacuation will be carried out, as it was in 70 A.D., and the conditions being similar, the instructions also closely resemble the advice given by the Lord for that occasion (Lk. 21:21-23).

At this time of unprecedented suffering and distress (Compare Isa. 24:1-20; Zeph. 1:14-18), false prophets and false Messiahs will again make their appearance, even performing miracles by the power of Satan (2 Thess. 2:8-11; Rev. 13:13, 14; 16:14). Many will be deluded. Just as the buzzards gather to the place where a carcass is exposed, so will these false prophets prey upon the distressed people and deceive them (Deut. 28:26). But the claims of these self-styled prophets should be disregarded, for when the Lord appears in glory He will be seen by all (Lk. 17:24; Rev. 1:7).

III. Conditions Preceding the Revelation of Christ—verses

29 to 35. Read also Mk. 13:24-31; Lk. 21:25-33.

Immediately following the Tribulation there will be disturbances in the heavens (Isa. 13:10; 34:4; Joel 2:10; 2

Pet. 3:10-12). A portent seen in the skies will indicate the approach of the Lord Himself as He comes forth in power and great glory.

Just as the appearance of branches and leaves on the fig tree or any other tree is indicative of the coming of summer, so may the Christian know that when the conditions described by our Lord are evident, the time of His return is drawing near (Matt. 16:3; Lk. 12:56). "When ye see all these things, know that he is nigh, even at the doors" (verse 33, Revised Version).

Christ did not disclose the absolute time of His return (verses 36, 42, 44), but He gave us these hints by which we may recognize the approach of that momentous season (1 Thess. 5:1-4). Yet, He would not have us keep our minds occupied too much with watching for signs, rather than for Him. Christ Himself is the centre and goal of all our desires and hopes (Song of Sol. 2:8; Tit. 2:13; Heb. 12:1, 2; 2 Pet. 3:14). "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

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