

The Gospel Witness

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AND IN DEFENCE OF THE FAITH ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS.

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Editor: T. T. SHIELDS

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

Address Correspondence: THE GOSPEL WITNESS, 130 Gerrard Street East, Toronto 2, Canada.

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The Jarvis Street Pulpit

THE PAPACY DEMOCRACY'S CHIEF ENEMY

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, August 17th, 1941

(Stenographically Reported)

“I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel:

“Which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ.

“But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.

“As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.

“For do I now persuade men, or God? or do I seek to please men? for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ.

“But I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man.

“For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.”—Galatians 1:6-12.

Prayer Before the Sermon

We have read, O Lord, in Thy Word something of what Thou hast said of Thyself. We would remind ourselves how great Thou art; that there is no searching of Thine understanding. Nor can we find any likeness of Thee about us, nor any one who is Thine equal. We would fain ask that someone would show us the Father. But we thank Thee that God, Who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. We worship Thee, O God, as Thou hast been pleased to manifest Thyself in Thine only begotten Son. He is the only God we know, and no man can come unto the Father save through Him. We rejoice that so many before Thee this evening, illuminated by the Holy Ghost, having had that creative light shine in their hearts, have seen God in the face of Jesus Christ. To Thee, O Lord, through Him, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, we would all this evening bring our tribute of praise, and the worship of our hearts. We bow before Thee. We acknowledge Thy greatness; we acknowledge that Thou art God, and beside Thee there is none else. Oh solemnize our hearts, we pray Thee, as we reflect upon this great truth, that we are now in the presence of the Creator of all!

We thank Thee, too, that Thou dost feed Thy flock like a shepherd; Thou dost gather the lambs in Thine arms. Thou hast come to us speaking in a language that we can understand. Thou hast touched us with a human hand. Thou hast come to comfort Thy people, to strengthen them in the ways of the Lord.

We beseech Thee to help us to hear the Word of the Lord.

Open our hearts to its great principles, that our characters may be formed thereby; that we may walk before Thee in a way that will be well pleasing to God.

It may be there are some here this evening who have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but who have had no personal experience of Thy saving and enabling grace; some to whom God is a mere Abstraction, to whom Jesus Christ is a Figure of history, to whom the gospel is nothing but a doctrine, a system of ethics. O Lord, make these things real to us. May any to whom Jesus Christ is a Stranger, be brought within the power of Thy Spirit this evening, that all may recognize that there is but one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.

We pray for the interests of the redeemed Church of Christ the world around; and for every servant of Thine who endeavours to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ before the eyes of men, as the Saviour of sinners. Give to every one who thus endeavours, to magnify the Lord, the presence and power of the Holy Ghost, that so every effort put forth, every ministry exercised in the name of the Lord may receive Heaven's benediction.

Look upon this troubled and struggling world. Verily, it must be true, as Thy Word declares, that the whole world lieth in the Wicked One! Yet we rejoice to believe that the Lord Jesus came to redeem it; therefore with confidence we seek Thine aid for all ministers of righteousness, for all those who would stay the progress of evil, and cause righteousness and peace to prevail.

To this end we pray that Thou wilt bless our Armed Forces with the largest measure of success. Strengthen and direct, we pray Thee, the armies and navies of our Allies. Be Thou the Generalissimo of all the Forces of righteousness throughout the world. Hasten the day when we shall celebrate the great victory for right, when peace shall come again.

Bless, we pray Thee, those upon whom rests the heavy obligation of directing the affairs of state in all the Commonwealths of the Empire. Especially we pray that Thou wilt be gracious to their majesties the King and Queen. We thank Thee again for their godly example, for their inspiring words and works; and we pray Thee to bless them in their great ministry to a suffering people. Bless Prime Minister Churchill, the President of the United States, and all their advisers. The nations to Thee are but as a drop in the bucket, altogether lighter than vanity. How easy it is for Thee to direct these affairs! Have mercy upon our own country, and enable us to do our full duty. We look away from all men to Thee, and pray that Thy sovereign will may be done, and that Thy name may be glorified.

Help us now in this service. Come near to us. Make us to know that Thou art near. Be more real to us even than the presence of each other, and send us from this place with the conviction that God has spoken to us. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

It is a good thing for Christian people, and especially for Christian ministers, and for Christian churches in general, occasionally to make confession of their faith. We may have done it before, but it is useful to do it again.

In this place we believe in the absolute finality of the revelation of God in Christ. John sent his disciples to Jesus saying: "Art thou he that should come? or look we for another?" We do not look for another: we are convinced that God has spoken His final word in Him Who was the Word Incarnate: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son". He has no other Son to give. Reverently I say it, even God Himself can do no more than He has done.

More than that, we believe in the divine inspiration, the infallibility, the supreme authority of the Holy Scriptures. We believe it is the record which God hath given us of His Son—not the New Testament only, but the Old Testament as well; that the Bible is one and indivisible; that it is the revelation and record of Jesus Christ. And in that Scripture is proclaimed the gospel of salvation, and that gospel of salvation is a gospel of grace, salvation by grace alone. It was so preached by the apostle Paul, and the other apostles. The apostolic church in general preached this gospel. Paul declares that his gospel was not after man, that he was not taught it of man, not even by Peter, who was before him in the kingdom. He declared that he received his gospel by revelation of Jesus Christ; that it was directly communicated to him from Heaven, and that it was final—final even so far as he was concerned. There are people who change their minds, and their opinions: "This is what I believe today, but I cannot tell you what I shall believe tomorrow". But Paul was so sure of the finality of the gospel that he said: "If even I should come with any other gospel, do not receive it. The gospel which I now preach is absolutely final." Indeed, he said: "If an angel from heaven were to come to you with another gospel do not listen to him, for in the name of the Lord I give you the final word. If any man, no matter who, comes to you with any gospel other than that which you have received, let him be accursed." Surely it would be difficult for anyone to find words which would more strongly and exclusively proclaim the absolute finality of such gospel as Paul preached than the words which I have quoted.

Now we take our stand on that platform. In this place we have long contended for "the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints." We cheerfully, and without any complaint, accept all the odium and obloquy heaped upon those who abide by the gospel. We have no objection to being called unlearned and ignorant, antiquated, simple-minded, unintelligent. You may pile up your uncomplimentary epithets as high as you like—it will not disturb us. I have no sympathy with cheap heroics, the building up of straw men in order to knock them down. And yet—perhaps I can say as I might not have said with the same seemliness twenty-five years ago—after a somewhat extended experience, I think I can say, with all sincerity, even as Paul said: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Someone whom I had never met before, said to me yesterday: "Sometimes my husband and I fear for you, for you are fighting an unscrupulous foe." Well, I do not know; that never troubles me. In my view no Christian man should ever stop to count the cost of doing right: he should count only the cost of doing wrong, of failing to do right. I have no bodyguard except the angels. I have one strong arm, and the other is getting better every day. We do not fear controversy. I have no love for it. But if you refuse to let the burglar come into your house, and strip you of all you own, some people will call you a fighter. I often see myself described as "the militant Pastor of Jarvis St. Church". I should like to be sure I deserve such a designation for we used to talk about the "church militant". The church ought to be a militant body. The New Testament abounds with military figures; we are to be "good soldiers of Jesus Christ;" we are to "put on the whole armour of God". We are to wrestle, strive, fight—I am not aware that we are admonished to run away—never once! I believe those of us who know the gospel are set for the defence of it, and we must hold fast that which we have: "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." No; Paul here declares that anyone who preaches any other than his gospel ought to be accursed. Paul was very intolerant of error. Truth is the most intolerant thing in the world. It is always intolerant of falsehood.

I.

WHAT, THEN, IS THIS GOSPEL? Well, it is *the news of the coming into the world of the Son of God*. Rudolph Hess dropped down in Scotland, whether by accident or design we are not sure; but it created a sensation throughout the world when someone came from an enemy country. But Jesus Christ came down from heaven. He did not begin His life in Bethlehem. There He was manifested; but with the Father and the Holy Ghost from everlasting to everlasting He is God. That is the gospel. And such as have experienced His power can say "we know that the Son of God is come."

The gospel contains news of what He has done, what He is doing, and what He will do for the sons of men, through His life, His death, His resurrection, His ascension, and His promise to come again. These are the great matters of which the gospel treats, the life, and death, and resurrection, and ascension and intercession, and eventual coming again of the Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing about the merits of Mary is included in the gospel. It says nothing about the intercession of a thousand saints.

That is no part of it. The subject of the gospel is Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ only. And if we live a thousand years, and were enabled to preach the gospel every day, we should still have but one subject—Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Now *that gospel proclaims a salvation that is by grace alone*. That is unusual. It is very difficult to make people understand what grace is. Grace does not belong to our language: it is beyond our experience. It means that salvation is something God does for us, and not something we do for Him: that it is finished and complete, and that it is to be received as a gift.

And I want you to understand, mark this well: *salvation is for the individual*. The race began with the creation of an individual—just one. God said: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness". Ruin began with the sin of the individual, and sin brought death into the world and all our woe. The new race, the holy nation, is begun by the recreation of individuals. There is no room for proxies in this economy: "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." We must every one repent for himself, believe for himself, pray for himself, be himself born again—it is an individual matter.

Hence, *the gospel is a message of individual responsibility*. Mr. Gladstone was asked what he considered was the most important consideration in life. He said, "To me, the sense of my personal responsibility to God." That is the supreme consideration that any one of us can have for the other. We may believe, we may pray, but in order to salvation, every man must believe for himself, repent for himself, believe for himself; be sure for himself, and not hand it over to any priest or church. It is the responsibility of the individual.

I say, *the gospel teaches the value of the individual*. "How much then is a man better than a sheep?" "How think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?" I call your attention to the fact that there is no doctrine of collectivism here, either religious or political. If you view life as God views it, you will see that heaven never loses sight of the individual in the mass. The good Shepherd, has a great flock, ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation", and yet "He calleth his own sheep by name."

Democracy means the rule of the people, for the people, by the people. That conception of things was born of a recognition of the value of the individual. It is that conception of life that is at stake today. We have long been taught that damnable doctrine of Evolution, which is nothing else than the philosophy of fools. Give your evolutionary professor my compliments, and tell him I said so. It has nothing to support it. By it we are only specks, and we are asked to be so altruistic that ten million years from now at my expense and yours, a better world may be evolved. But individuals are just overwhelmed, lost. The fittest survives at last. But that is aside from my subject. I think I shall try to preach on that subject some day. I know very well what you say about Darwin, and all the rest of them. I have read them all. I believe that is the great delusion that comes upon unbelieving men, "that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness". That has coloured the thinking

of everyone, and all but damned the human race everywhere; and some have not recovered from the miasma. Some are halting and limping about, wounded by the plague; but they do not know that they have been wounded, and do not know that they cannot think straight on anything.

Now, mark you: *Democracy is a by-product of the gospel*. Let the gospel cease to be preached, let the values of life proclaimed by the gospel fade away out of human consciousness, and everything will be changed. The sanctity of the individual, his freedom, his human rights, all go by the board. They will die with the cessation of gospel teaching. Democracy was not born of the genius of the Anglo Saxon race. There are many pages of English history which are anything but praiseworthy. I saw a cartoon once of a little negro boy, with his box of blacking and brushes. He was watching a man walk past. It is years since I saw it. I think he was called a "masher". Do you know what that is? Well it is the opposite of a "flapper". "Flapper" is the feminine, and "masher" is the masculine. As this individual walked past, the little chap looked up at him, and said, "Well, sometimes I wishes I was white, and sometimes I doesn't." As I read English history sometimes I am proud I am English, and sometimes I am not so proud. There are some horrible pages in our history. An Englishman, or an American, an Anglo Saxon can play the devil as well as a German if he is not restrained. Don't forget that, you with your racial pride! I know that the Great Charter long antedated the Reformation, but if you have but the merest, most cursory knowledge of history, you will know that the great principles of the Magna Charta were long submerged beneath the tide of Romanism until they were rediscovered by the Reformation; and we date the days of Britain's rise to power and greatness from the time when the principles of this Book became regnant in the national life.

It was that which made America. We are twins, so far as our democratic instincts are concerned. We were born about the same time. I remind my American friends that the Declaration of Independence was formulated when Democracy was in its infancy; and the same struggle which on this side of the Atlantic brought that to pass, was taking place in Britain at the same time. Some of the most eloquent defenders of the American Revolution and all who contended for human rights, were found in the British House of Commons, and the British House of Lords, even while the Revolution was impending.

So I say the fact that the freedom of Britain and America, of the great Democracies which stand today as the last fortress of human freedom, is but the by-product of this gospel which Paul proclaimed, of this final revelation of God to sinful men in the Person of His Son, Jesus Christ.

II.

I now affirm that ROMANISM IS "ANOTHER GOSPEL WHICH IS NOT ANOTHER".

I said this morning that last week I made up my mind I was going to give the subject of Romanism a rest for a week. I felt a little bit like Jeremiah when he made up his mind that he would not prophesy again on certain matters. And then he said: "Since I spake, I cried out, I cried violence and spoil; because the word of the Lord was made a reproach unto me, and a

derision, daily. Then I said, I will not make mention of him nor speak any more in his name. But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." I have read so many apologies for this enemy of all righteousness, the Papacy, doing its deadly work in our country and throughout the Empire that I reflected: "I thought some people were awake, but I fear they are not, and I shall have to try to wake them up." So I set my alarm to go off at seven o'clock this evening!

I say, Romanism is "another" gospel which is not another." I have said it a hundred times, but it is necessary to keep saying it. Let me explain why. *Because this organization puts a sinful man at its head in place of Jesus Christ.* The gospel is very simple. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"; "Whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life"; "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but IS PASSED from death unto life", without the aid of penances or priests, or Pope, or a long experience of purgatory to boot.

I have an article here, I am going to read to you later. But I refer to one item of it. The Protestant Truth Society in England issues a manifesto warning the people against what is known in England as the "Sword of the Spirit Movement", sponsored by the Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Hinsley, head of the Roman Hierarchy in Britain. And many Protestants are joining it. The Protestant Truth Society calls attention to the fact that in it there is an absence of any guarantee of religious freedom, and reminds people once again that the Roman Catholic Church teaches that "out of the Church there is positively no salvation."

What would you think if I could be foolish enough to say to you tonight: "You have not the remotest chance of getting to heaven unless you become a Baptist." You would say, "Has the man taken leave of his senses?" I should expect you to rise from your seats and walk out saying, "That one deliverance is enough. A man guilty of such folly as that cannot speak to me with any authority on any subject." But Rome, by its official pronouncement says that "Out-of-the-Church-there-is-positively-no-salvation." And not only that, it says it is "altogether necessary for salvation, for all human creatures, that they should be subject to the Roman Pontiff." That is taught by Rome today, as it has always been taught—"altogether necessary for salvation, for all human creatures, that they should be subject to the Roman Pontiff"! If that be so, I confess I am lost.

But that is not the gospel. We are to believe on Christ. We are to be subject to Him. We are to trust to the cleansing blood. There is not a word about being subject to this sinner who sits claiming to be God's representative in Rome. It is a lie. ("Amen!") I say it again: (A chorus of "Amens!" was heard). I say it is an infamous lie coined in hell. It comes of the Devil, and so does the Church that preaches it. (Great applause).

What has this institution substituted for Christ? It claims to be built upon Peter. He is the rock—not the declaration of the Sonship and Messiahship of Christ: this is the very opposite of what the Scripture teaches. Rome claims that Peter has the keys of heaven. Someone

sent me a booklet last week on Roman Catholic teaching respecting marriage. I think I will speak to you some Sunday night on that. It looks to me as though some people in Ontario need to be informed on these matters for religious reasons. In this booklet there is a question asked: "On what ground does the Church presume to annul marriages, on what authority?" The answer is "the authority of the Church"! Right in Canada, a Quebec Judge actually says, in annulling marriages performed in Ontario that the Church of Rome alone is qualified to lay down the terms of marriage, and he recommends that Protestant ministers having committed the great offence of acting upon the authority of a license issued by the Ontario Government, which authorizes a man to perform marriage, ought to be severely "punished" for flouting the canon law of Rome. Well I will do it every time I have the opportunity. (Applause).

And this Church, which is put in the place of Jesus Christ, is said to be founded on Peter, the first Bishop of Rome. But, the Bible does not say so. I have examined it again and again, and there is not the remotest suggestion that Peter ever saw Rome. The whole testimony of Scripture is against it. Peter never was Bishop of Rome, and not only is the Bible against it, but all history is against it, and I would challenge the Pope himself, and all the Curia to give me one scintilla of indubitable historical proof that Peter ever saw Rome.

And then we are told of Peter's primacy among the apostles. He had no such primacy. The Roman Church has for its very foundation the most colossal, falsehood that was ever foisted upon the human mind. There is not a word of truth in it. The Roman Catholic Church is founded in a lie. It is a lying institution from top to bottom, or from bottom to top, whichever way you take it. Instead of dispensing a finished, eternal, salvation as the gift of God, the Roman Church puts men under perpetual bondage to the Church—always!

A man read one of my sermons the other day in the House of Commons in Ottawa. It was a French translation circulated in Quebec. He specially objected to a passage in which I said that the Roman Church made merchandise of the souls of men. I am glad he read it. I hope M. Lapointe heard it. I think he needed a good sermon. I do not think it would hurt Mr. King either for that matter. But Romanism not only puts a man under bondage to the Church in this life, but in the life which is to come. I have a book on my shelves by a priest entitled, "Purgatory, the Priests' Klondyke". That is what it is. My dear friends, if some man here who has lost his wife, or some woman who has lost her husband, parents who have lost their children, or children who have lost their parents, if they could be persuaded of that terrible doctrine that the souls of others, whom they loved so dearly, are now passing through purgatorial flames, and that their tortures might be mitigated, and perhaps shortened by the saying of masses said for a price, is there anything you would not do to lighten their suffering? I can understand how the Church comes into possession of farms and other property. I can understand how people so blinded, might be led to mortgage everything, and give the money to the Church in the hope that the spirits of those who are gone will find some benefit from these masses.

In the booklet to which I have referred, the question is asked as to what scriptural authority there is for

certain things. The answer is, "We think scriptural authority can be found, but it is not necessary there should be scriptural authority, for the Church's authority is sufficient." Of course! And this thing that puts itself in the place of Christ propagates its tenets, enlarges its boundaries by carnal means, not by spiritual, not by the preaching of the gospel in the power of the Holy Ghost, but by political means.

It steals money from the state. I told you last week that the Hepburn Government, since it rescinded the Amendment to the Assessment Act, which was aimed to give the Roman Catholic Church a certain share of corporation taxes, has handed over to the Separate Schools in this Province of Ontario nearly four million dollars for the propagation of Roman Catholicism. Five days a week, not on Sunday only! And a large part of that amount came out of your taxes and mine. A portion came from the taxes of Roman Catholics, but as they are in the minority in this Province, the largest part came from Protestants. Whether we like it or not, we are being compelled to help support this damnable system.

I do not know whether he is here tonight or not, but I am going to tell you of what a certain man told me. He is a salesman. In this city there is a Government Purchasing Agent, representative of the Dominion Government. He does not deal with big contracts, but with lesser matters. And this salesman representing a reputable firm went to this agent and said, "I have certain goods that the Government needs. I should like to get a share of their business." The agent said, "Well, I don't know. Let me have your card. We are having a bazaar at St. Michael's. You will hear from us later." A few days after that the salesman got a letter from the directors of this bazaar. They were collecting goods to be sold at the bazaar, and they asked him for a donation, specifying what they wanted—something from the goods he was selling. He said, "I found out that what they asked for would cost about eighty dollars. That was to be a donation to St. Michael's bazaar." A little while later he went back to the Purchasing Agent, who said, "Did you hear from St. Michael's?" "Yes." "Well, what are you going to do about it?" He said, "I could not do anything about it. My company does not do business like that. It would be as much as my position is worth even to suggest it." "All right, no business here!" A Roman Catholic Purchasing Agent appointed by Government, using his position to squeeze money out of the Government's customers for a Roman Catholic bazaar! And that is going on in this country now,—yes, in Toronto. Pass that on to the Censor if you like. It will be printed anyhow.

This thing that we fight justifies every kind of iniquity, as long as it is done in the service of the Church. You know it if you know anything about Roman Catholicism. The Church to this day insists that it has the right to kill people who oppose it, if no other method can be found to stop them. Well, for some time I have been speaking about these things, and the Catholic Press all over the country do not argue with me, they do not meet my charges at all: they simply demand that "Dr. Shields must be stopped"! He must be "interned", "jailed"—or something; but he must be stopped. That is Romanism: always an appeal to force. That is exactly the same thing in principle that we are fighting in Europe today. And this thing is operating in this

country and elsewhere, and it is operating through the press.

I have an article here from Toronto *Saturday Night* by Richard M. Saunders. I wish he were here tonight. I would be tempted to analyze it. The title is: "The French-Canadians are ready to Play Ball". Well, the game was called a long time ago, why are they not playing? I do not know anyone who is hindering them. I am not going to deal with this article tonight. But I have an article here in *Maclean's Magazine*. I do not know why they are writing thus. I wondered whether or not I had stirred them up. But here is the article. I am not going to deal fully with this tonight either. I merely mention it: "Quebec and the War". It is an article in which the writer invites journalistic annihilation. I am going to see that he gets it. It is almost too bad to hit him, because he is so soft, and, to me, almost silly. Why Quebec is behind in the air force! Because they speak French—a language difficulty. When the War began we were in alliance with France. I should have supposed that a knowledge of the French language was rather an advantage than a disadvantage. The fact is, a man can be a hero or a coward in any language. And then, there are not enough "French units". This article says, "Had more of the French-Canadian regiments been called to the colors (the reference here is to infantry formations) the favouritism cry would have arisen in other regions."

A friend brought that to me the other day, and I said it reminded me of a story I heard of a coloured woman. She said, "'De good Book says 'dat it am more blessed to give 'dan to receive. Now if it is in 'de good Book it mus' be true, and 'dis here nigger woman believes it, but I'se not goin' to 'be selfish, I'se goin' to let other folks have 'de bigger blessin' of givin', while I gets 'de secon' blessin' of receivin'." Well that is a picture of Roman Catholic Quebec. More French regiments have not been called lest the rest of Canada should be jealous!

Here is a reference to M. Lapointe. He says, "We must fight". Of course! He does not object to our fighting; he would not object to all the English-speaking men of this country fighting, while he keeps his French-Canadian Roman Catholics at home.

And then their first loyalty is "to Canada." You saw that gem, did you not? I suppose that is why they did not ask me to go out recruiting, because speakers were given directions, and they were told not to emphasize Empire loyalty. French-Canadians were not interested in the Empire: they were interested only in Canada, and they were not yet persuaded that Canada was in danger, therefore why should they fight. It is an admission from first to last that French Canada is not doing its duty, nor half its duty. But it tries to justify it. A critical analysis of this amazing article will afford one an amusing diversion for the WITNESS issue of August 28th.

Here is a magazine called *Time*. It is not a religious magazine. There is an article entitled "Catholics on Three Fronts". I shall not quote it all. It is the August 18th issue. Get it for yourself, and read page fifty-three. The Latin Catholics tell why they are opposed to the United States policies. They are viewed with suspicion "partly because this country is predominantly Protestant, and partly because it is just plain non-religious, which results in its having a low moral standard." Then it goes on to speak of a "Fascist Tribute":

"The former secretary of Italy's Fascist Party, Roberto Farinacci, last week proclaimed the dean of the U.S. Catholic hierarchy 'a holy man'. Anent William Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, Fascist Farinacci wrote:

"Today the great majority of Catholics constitute a bloc in the Axis spiritual forces. . . In America it is not true that the Clergy is on Roosevelt's side. Cardinal O'Connell attacked President Roosevelt's policy . . . adding that, All know what form of government there is in the U.S., where only deaf mutes have freedom of speech'. . . O'Connell is a holy man."

How do you Americans like that? All Catholics know what form of government they have in the U.S., not the form of government that the Roman Catholic Church wants. I declare that Rome is a menace to Democracy everywhere. And here *Time* summarizes it. All the Latin Republics in South America, in America, everywhere, Rome speaks with two voices everywhere.

Roman Catholicism is a totalitarian system; the individual exists for the Church, not the Church for the individual. "Birds of a feather flock together;" totalitarian principles have an affinity for each other whether they be religious or political and they naturally gravitate toward each other. Roman Catholic totalitarianism, and authoritarianism, is the very opposite and the enemy of Christian individualism involving individual personal responsibility.

Here is a paper, *The Christian*, published in London, an Evangelical paper, and it has a full page manifesto by the Protestant Truth Society. I shall not read it all—I am going to print it in this next week's issue of THE GOSPEL WITNESS. You can get it there.* It points out that the peace points, fathered by Cardinal Hinsley make no provision for any religious freedom. Let me read one paragraph:

"The fact that the Papal Encyclical of the 11th June, 1905, expresses in modern language the claim which in history has been fruitful of the greatest intolerance. It demanded 'the public recognition of the authority of the (Roman) Church in all matters relating in any way to conscience, the subordination of all State laws to the Divine law of the Gospel and the harmony of two powers, civil and ecclesiastical'."

How many people here tonight were born since nineteen hundred and five? Well, in your lifetime, since you were born, the Roman Catholic Church has said that it demands a public recognition of the supreme authority of that Church. There is no appeal to the authority of the Word of God.

Again this article says:

"Roman Catholicism is a festering sore in the body politic in every part of the British Empire where she has sufficient power to exhibit her strength".

They speak of Eire, and of Quebec, and Australia. I suppose in Australia they are quoting Quebec, just as in Quebec they are quoting Australia. And the same anti-British institution is responsible for it all. Thus nearly everywhere the Roman Church is standing in the way of the prosecution of the war.

We read of a few individual Romanists who are outspoken in support of the war. Some of them may be sincere and are the exception to the rule. Others are the Church's stooges deliberately put up to deceive non-Catholics.

In Toronto a short while ago Cardinal Villeneuve was honoured by leading churchmen. I do not know whether

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you will like this or not, but I am going to say it anyway. When this emissary of Satan's headquarters at Rome, entered the Empire Club, and Canadian Club banqueting hall, they all rose to pay their respects to him. At the head table was the Anglican Archbishop of Toronto, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the Moderator of the United Church of Canada, the Commissioner of the Salvation Army—I do not know whether there was any official Baptist representative at that table or not. There may have been Baptists there, but the Press did not report it. One man said that he went just to see what was going on. He was a Presbyterian minister. He said, "I felt uncomfortable about going, but so far as I could see, when Cardinal Villeneuve came in, and they rose to honour him, I was the only man who kept my seat." All honour to him! Do you suppose I should rise to do honour to a Cardinal of the Roman Church? Nothing could persuade me to such a betrayal of the gospel. And I will tell you further; even as they did so, this representative of the Pope must have held the whole company of them in smiling contempt, for he knew that by the teaching of his Church they were all consigned to perdition because they would not acknowledge his master. How could he have respect for them?

That surely was a sad spectacle. If you take this Bible from the pulpit, and leave people without a final revelation from God, you must have preachers without principle or conviction. Modernism, the denial of these great verities of revealed religion, has paved the way for the extension of Romanism.

You have heard about the men of Vichy. They profess to represent France while they are the vassals of France's great enemy. When I was thinking of this this afternoon, I could not help feeling that the men of Vichy provide a striking illustration of the so-called Protestantism of today. Just as Pétain, and Darlan, and Laval, and the others, while professing to serve France are vassals of their conquerors, so official Protestantism, so-called today, has ceased to protest against the anti-Christianism of Rome, but fulsomely flatters the representatives of Antichrist. There are individuals who are true, and individual churches who fearlessly protest. Modernist colleges, and universities teach that the Bible is not the infallible Word of God, and there is not one worse than McMaster. Thus while professing to serve the Kingdom of God,—without any apology, I say to the Archbishop of Toronto, and the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church, and the Moderator of the United Church—in doing honour to Satan's representative they are doing the devil's work, and not God's work. Tell your Archbishop that, if you are an Anglican. He ought not to have been there. Do you suppose Luther would have been there, or any of the Reformers? Was the Reformation a mistake? Are we to be thrown back by our so-called ministers into the blackness of the Dark Ages? Is there no conviction left? Have we no men of conviction left? Have we no men of principle anywhere? Will they all supinely sit by while this monster is swallowing us up?

I find myself much in agreement with the Bishop of Chelmsford, Dr. Henry Wilson, who would not have been where the Bishop of Toronto was,—at the head table at a dinner given in honour of a Cardinal of Rome. In a letter to his diocese he said:

"I could shake hands with a non-praying Stalin, but I should beg to be excused from doing so with Pétain,

Darlan, Mussolini, or Weygand, who can go happily to their mass, with dishonour and trickery in their hearts."

"Paradoxical though it may sound, it is more religious to repudiate openly all religion than to manipulate it in the fashion of these nominally Christian nations.

"No doubt many good Christian people have been shocked by things which had happened in Russia. So have I, but the behaviour of the so-called Christian nations in Europe has been an eye-opener."

There is not a gangster in Europe today outside of Russia, in Germany, anywhere—there is not one who is not a Roman Catholic—not one!

We are irreligious enough in Britain, and in Canada, and while I believe we are free from blame in respect to Germany, we have terribly sinned against God. He has been ruled out of our churches, ruled out of our business, ruled out of our political life, ruled out of our Government. Modernism has been the handmaiden of every system of error, and has paved the way for the condition of things today. To me the Roman Catholic Church is just as truly the enemy of all human rights as Hitler or Mussolini; and I believe there is logically the same reason for fighting Rome on all fronts, as there is for fighting Hitler and Mussolini.

All men seem to fear it. A man said to me last night, he had been speaking to a certain colonel in the Army, who said to him, "Do you not know, sir, that the Roman Catholic Church is the most powerful secret society in the whole world? How are we going to combat it?" I do not know, but we can try. Luther tried it, and he had not much help in the beginning; but he shook Europe. God hardly ever starts a movement with a great company: He usually begins with some one man. Will you be a Luther? Will you stand in every sphere of life against this iniquity? So may we all! Other wise I can promise you Rome will be on hand to dictate the peace. "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." You will see that when the victory is won, the representatives of Rome will want to be at the Peace Conference. Premier King and Mr. Lapointe may be too busy to go to England for conference with the British Premier while the War is on, but they will be there with bells when victory is won.

Oh, yes! Canada has some glorious chapters in her history, and the most glorious chapters in our history were written when Mr. Mackenzie King was out of the country. (Applause) I say this advisedly; in years to come I am positive it will appear that the most shameful chapters in the history of Canada were written by William Lyon Mackenzie King. I am ashamed of him, and of all associated with him, and all because of his abject submission to the Church of Rome. He is a good enough man in himself, I have no doubt.

The Scripture says: "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourself servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey." A politician can play politics to such an extent that by and by he is bound hand and foot, and cannot move independently. It is for us to take our stand; and to resolve that we will abide by this gospel, and preach it with all our might, and show up the errors of this Church of the Antichrist with its headquarters at Rome. It is not Christian. It is your enemy. It is the enemy of humankind, and it is the enemy of Jesus Christ our Lord. Its head, and all associated with it are representatives of a refuge of lies, professing to stand in the place of God, they stand in the place of and do the work of Antichrist.

May the Lord give us true courage, first to believe, and then to stand for the things which cannot be shaken. Let us pray:

We thank Thee, O Lord, that so many in Thy presence have been brought from darkness to light. Knowing Christ, Thou hast made us intolerant of everything that would rob Him of His glory, and would prevent Him or try to prevent Him from seeing of the travail of His soul, and being satisfied. Help us that we may serve Him with full purpose of heart, for His name's Sake. Amen.

The New Building at Bourlamaque

The fine new building of the Bourlamaque Mission stands in that mining town in North Western Quebec as a testimony to the power of the gospel in a great district that has been claimed for the church of Rome as its exclusive heritage. The building is approximately forty by twenty feet, built of cement blocks, with a basement underneath in which are comfortable living quarters for the pastor and his wife. It is situated midway between the twin towns of Val D'Or and Bourlamaque, near an intersection on the main road over which all traffic passes. In respect to location, Rev. Wilfred Wellington has followed the good example set by his brother, Rev. Stanley Wellington, who, some years ago, chose a similar site for the church at Noranda-Rouyn, that has since proved to be ideal.

Five years ago we believed that an open door was set before us at Bourlamaque. We sent several of our pastors to do pioneer work. Revs. J. Watt and Frank Wellington made the first beginning and then Rev. Chas. McGrath laboured faithfully for several years. The difficulties of the work proved to be very great and progress discouragingly slow. For the past three years Rev. Wilfred Wellington has laboured unceasingly in spite of great hardships and the new building is a monument to his sacrificial efforts. It was his courage that led the way and with his own hands he dug the foundation, and has since then been both architect and carpenter-in-chief.

A French-Canadian Roman Catholic family living in a nearby house told Mr. Frey how they saw Mr. Wellington coming to work at the church at seven o'clock in the morning and labouring all day long. When the concrete foundations were being laid with the help of a borrowed cement mixer, Brother Wellington stayed on the job from early morning till ten-thirty at night so as to finish the task while the mixer was available.

The story of how this building has been financed reads like part of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. Gifts have come in from various outside friends, some through the accounts of the work which have appeared in the Union news from time to time. But the largest part of the money and promises made thus far, has been raised on the field itself. In the beginning when the Union first entered the field, one of our former Seminary students, who was working in a nearby mine, promised forty-five dollars a month towards our grant. This young man is now working in Bourlamaque and continues his liberal giving for the work of the gospel there. The Lord raised up another tower of strength for the cause in the person of a deacon of the Timmins church. This brother was sent by Rev. H. C. Slade to supply the pulpit in Bourlamaque on a Sunday last summer when Mr. Wellington was absent. Being without employment in Timmins this brother decided to look for work while in Bourlamaque. On the first day he found a place and has remained there ever since, giving liberally of his wages for the preaching of the Word. Still other fine Christians have been raised up to aid this work.

But the need is still great, for building even a modest church is an expensive proposition these days. The debt that Brother Wellington and this small group faces is one that would daunt the most courageous. **WE HAVE TOLD THIS STORY HERE NOT ONLY BECAUSE WE BELIEVE IT WORTH TELLING AS AN EXAMPLE OF HEROIC FAITH, BUT IN THE EARNEST HOPE THAT MANY OTHERS OF GOD'S STEWARDS WILL COME TO THE RESCUE OF THIS MOST WORTHY AND URGENTLY NEEDY MISSIONARY CAUSE. THE GOSPEL WITNESS will gladly receive and forward gifts for this work.—W.**

EDITORIAL NOTES

Quebec Again Complains

We have frequently quoted from *Le Devoir*, a paper that is peculiarly the voice of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Quebec; and our quotations have shown that the paper is generally distinctively anti-British. Before we comment on a translation appearing in the *Montreal Gazette*, of August 18th, 1941, we reproduce the article so that our readers may read that before reading our comment:

Says Canada Humiliated

Le Devoir on Saturday said: If Canadians still entertain the illusion that Canada plays a leading role in great international affairs and will have a word to say before the democracies make grave decisions in fashioning the world of tomorrow, they have received a terrible shock and one which should restore them to a sense of the realities. Prime Minister Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt met on the high seas, in waters probably not far from the Canadian coast. They conferred for several days on problems affecting their countries and, consequently, Canada. They agreed on a common policy of the greatest importance for the future of the world. No representative of the British dominions attended these conferences. The Prime Minister of Canada, who has done more than any other to bring the United States and Great Britain closer together, remained in Ottawa.

There is in that fact a humiliating lesson for hundreds of thousands of Canadians. Canada—which has a tendency in times of crisis to lose sight of the full measure of her status—simply reverts to a Dominion, a North American country of some 12,000,000 people. Her influence stops at the services she renders. In the present instance, Messrs. Churchill and Roosevelt determined the policy to be followed. The dominions are asked to approve. This, it seems to us, throws a clear light on the part Canada will be permitted to play at the next peace conference, after she has, through her influence on the United States, been one of the most useful artisans of victory.

Canada was more immediately interested than other dominions in the conversations between the United States President and Britain's Prime Minister. It would have been easy for Mr. King to join the conference. His absence—or abstention—is greatly regretted. It has caused profound disappointment.

Regarding the outcome of the conference, *Le Devoir* goes on to say: The eight points of the joint declaration closely resemble the fourteen points of the late Woodrow Wilson . . . before peace is won the war must be continued to victory . . . if the Churchill-Roosevelt meeting takes on the value of a great event in contemporary history, it is due less to the eight points of the declaration and more to the sentiment stirred throughout the world by the fact that the United States has been brought to the verge of entering actively into the conflict—though on that aspect of the decisions which have been reached the Roosevelt-Churchill declaration is silent.

(From the *Montreal Gazette*, August 18th, 1941)

Le Devoir says: If Canadians still entertain the illusion that Canada plays a leading role in great international affairs, etc.! If Canada does not play such a role, whose fault is it? The paper complains that Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt met without the presence of any representative from the British Dominions. It is only a little while ago that Prime Minister Churchill expressed in the British House of Commons his regret that Prime Minister King was unable to attend a conference in Britain which Mr. Churchill was exceedingly anxious should be held. But Mr. King told the British Prime Minister that he was too busy in Canada to attend such a conference in London.

Should Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt have sat down and waited until Mr. King could obtain permission from M. Lapointe and his Roman Catholic masters to go to England? The war is going on, and Britain must play her part, and if Mr. King joins only reluctantly and remotely, these things must go on without him. Surely the first paragraph of this article is written to suggest to French Canadians that they were being slighted. The meeting of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt without Mr. King is "a humiliating lesson for hundreds of thousands of Canadians": but in the opposite sense to that which *Le Devoir* intends. We do not agree that the Prime Minister of Canada has done more than any other to bring United States and Great Britain closer together. Such a contention is sheer, unmitigated, nonsense.

Before reading this article we remarked in the sermon appearing in this issue, that Mr. King and Mr. Lapointe would be sure to be at the Peace Conference. *Le Devoir* says:

"This, it seems to us, throws a clear light on the part Canada will be permitted to play at the next peace conference, after she has, through her influence on the United States, been one of the most useful artisans of victory."

This Editor was recently in the United States. We did not find one man who was not utterly disgusted with the part Canada is playing. We found people everywhere saying that Canada ought to be ashamed of herself; that the United States was doing more than the Dominion of Canada to win the war. *Le Devoir*, who does everything in its power to reduce the effort of Quebec to a minimum, now has the impudence to claim credit for what the United States is doing. The United States has done what it has done, and is doing what it is now doing, in spite of Mr. King, and not because of him. Not one whit of the credit is due to Mr. King. But *Le Devoir* will speak loudly enough in demanding a place for French-Canada at the Peace Conference; and we may expect the Roman Catholic Hierarchy to secure a majority of Roman Catholic representatives among those who represent Canada, so as to still further prosecute the interests of the Roman Catholic Church in Europe.

This article from *Le Devoir*, it seems to us, is conclusive proof of the anti-British attitude of that paper, and of the Hierarchy for which it speaks.

Sermon and Lecture This Week

We apologize to our readers for making this issue such a "solid" one. The majority of people like short articles. They will read everything in quite a large magazine if its contents be chopped up into little pieces. But we recently came upon the manuscript of the Lecture, "The Fall of Lucifer", and on reading it, after twenty years, it seemed to us that its principles were just as apropos to the present situation as they were to conditions which obtained at the time of its first delivery. It is for this reason we have printed it. It was delivered many times in Canada during nineteen hundred and nineteen, and once in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London. Our readers may be surprised at its length. It was delivered word for word as it here appears, and required about two and a half hours for its delivery.

Additional copies are available, and this issue will be mailed on request postpaid for ten cents per copy.

(Continued on page 18)

The Fall of Lucifer

A Lecture by Dr. T. T. Shields

This lecture deals with the victorious conclusion of the Great War and was delivered first the evening of January 18th, 1919, to about 2,000 people, and thereafter repeated many times in various parts of Canada; and finally in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, Thursday Evening, September 16th, 1919. The Lecture is printed from the manuscript as written over twenty-two years ago. It is published now because much of it seems as applicable to the present conflict as to the Great War; and because, implicitly in principle it predicts an equally victorious conclusion to the war in which we are now engaged.

In a very ancient Book, there is a passage which describes the complete and overwhelming disaster which, sooner or later, inevitably overtakes the adventures of an illicit and overweening ambition.

"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High.

"Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcase trodden under feet. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people: the seed of evil doers shall never be renowned."

I shall not presume even to attempt to assign the exact historical position and bearing of that ancient classic passage, nor yet to define its wide and ultimate prophetic reach. It is enough to say, that every age has furnished its own tragic illustration of its principle,—of pride's natural affinity for the precipice, and the inevitable gravitation toward the abyss, of all the sons of Lucifer. But though the plains of history are littered with the wrecks of human pride, it remained for our own day to supply the supreme example of the fire's fatal fascination for the moth, in the mighty German eagle, who, seeking a place in the sun, was so fatally burned in his fierce rays as to fall in irretrievable impotence at the feet of his foes.

It will be my task this evening to point you to this modern Lucifer's majestic flight; but more especially to tell you by what means he was at last brought low.

A great criminal endeavours to conceal his identity; and if by any means he can fasten responsibility for his crimes upon one known to be dead, he has taken the surest course to escape from their consequences. And the late German government, and the German people as a whole, are endeavouring to place the responsibility for the crime of the great war upon some vagrant murderous passion, which, amid the changes attending their defeat, has been subjected to such complete dissolution as to be now unidentifiable.

I.

Therefore, for my purpose this evening, that I may the more effectively describe his fall, and the instrumentalities by which it was accomplished, I would venture to attempt.

AN IMPRESSIONIST SKETCH OF THIS LUCIFER AT WHOSE FALL THE WHOLE WORLD REJOICES.

The figure in his first guise is not that of some black-winged spiritual vulture; nor that of a beast of the jungle, or a devourer of the deep; but rather of a superman, who so universally and loudly and effectively proclaimed his own superiority over all others, that nearly the whole world at length attributed to him the superiority he claimed for himself. As recently as five years ago, men of science, educators, publicists, literati, and the majority of other leaders of thought throughout the Anglo-Saxon world, quite generally, and with the most abject self-abasement, ascribed intellectual preeminence to Germany; and not a few credited her with the most pacific intentions. And even in the realm of religion there were many leaders of religious thought, who had so fallen under the spell of this Luciferian charmer, that they invested any and every German professor who spoke or wrote upon the subject with an authority of religious knowledge superior to that of any of the sacred writers, and even of our Lord Himself. Now we see that much of their philosophy was the most blatant blasphemy; and their political science a system of pitiless, immoral animalism. In the second year of the war, Professor Somhart of Berlin, wrote:

"Nietzsche was but the last of the singers and seers, who, coming down from the height of heaven, brought to us the tidings that there should be born from us the Son of God, whom, in his language he called the Superman."

To see this Covering Cherub in his flight we have but to listen to the German New Testament scholar, Professor Deissmann:

"The German God is not only the theme of some of our poets and prophets, but also a historian like Max Lenz has, with fiery tongue and in deep thankfulness, borne witness to the revelation of the German God in our holy war. The German, the national, God!—Has war in this case impaired, or has it steeled religion? I say it has steeled it. This is no relapse to a lower level, but a mounting up to God Himself."

Professor Harnack, in October, 1914, said:

"Our Chancellor has with the scrupulous conscientiousness peculiar to him, admitted that we were guilty of a certain wrong (toward Belgium). Here I cannot follow him. When David in the pinch of necessity, took the shew-bread from the table of the Lord, he was absolutely in the right; for at that moment the letter of the law no longer existed."

Another says:

"Formerly German thought was shut up in her corner, but now the world shall have its coat cut according to

German measure; and as far as our swords flash, and German blood flows, the circle of the earth shall come under the tutelage of German activity."

Looking forward to the success of German arms and the imposition of German rule upon Europe, a Pan-German, anticipating the next thirty years, wrote:

"In the Great-German Confederation which will comprise most of Europe, the Germans, being alone entitled to exercise political rights, to serve in the Army and Navy, and to acquire landed property, will recover the feeling they had in the Middle Ages of being a people of masters. They will gladly tolerate the foreigner living among them, to whom inferior manual services will be entrusted."

But through the plumage of the peacock the real bird of prey discloses its talons in a word like this:

"Let us bravely organize great forced migrations of the inferior peoples. Posterity will be grateful to us. We must coerce them! That is one of the tasks of war, the means must be superiority of armed force. Superficially such forced migrations, and the penning of inconvenient peoples in narrow 'reserves' may appear hard; but it is the only solution of the race question that is worthy humanity. Thus alone can the over-population of the earth be controlled. The efficient peoples must secure themselves elbow-room by means of war, and the inefficient must be hemmed in, and at last driven into 'reserves' where they have no room to grow . . . and where, discouraged and rendered indifferent to the future by the spectacle of the superior energy of their conquerors, they may crawl slowly toward the peaceful death of weary and hopeless senility."

I have given these quotations only to show you that as one successful burglary emboldens the thief to embark upon a still bolder predatory adventure, so Germany's success against France in 1870-71 bred in her the lust for conquest and a mounting war-fever. It was of that success were born such inspirations as that of Felix Dahn, who, forty years ago, wrote:

Thor stood at the midnight end of the world,
His battle-mace flew from his hand:
"So far as my clangorous hammer I've hurled
Mine are the sea and the land!"

And onward hurtled the mighty sledge
O'er the wide, wide earth, to fall
At last on the Southland's furthest edge
In token that his was all.

Since then 'tis the joyous German right
With the hammer lands to win.
We mean to inherit world-wide might
As the Hammer-God's kith and kin.

But all that is ancient history. I have travelled thousands of miles with an officer of "the old contemptibles". He was taken prisoner the second or third month of the war, and was in the hands of the enemy for two and one-half years, and succeeded in his third attempt in escaping. He has published a book, "My German Prisons," by Capt. H. G. Gilliland, which I would recommend you to read. But he told me many things which the censor would not permit him to publish, and other things which are too horrible to print. But he saw the working of the German mind in the days when Germany thought she was winning. And from intimate association with him I learned that the fiendishly ingenious tortures of the dark ages, and the horrible mutilation of their captives by savage tribes, would rank as courtesies in comparison with the infernal inventions of the mind of a German prison commandant. They studied to inflict the most exquisite tortures upon the mind, to crucify the spirit, to drag the soul through all the filth of Prussian

bestiality; to condense eternal torment into time, to throttle hope, and drive their captives to the madness of despair.

Another of the old contemptibles, a Colonel and a surgeon, told me he was wounded in the retreat from Mons and taken prisoner. His wound was a simple fracture from which he need not even have been lame, but his leg was allowed to rot off. Three times his nurse deliberately infected his wounds. And when the *Lusitania* was sunk, she brought to his bedside the newspaper containing the news, and, with fiendish delight, shook the paper in the sufferer's face, and declared that the Fatherland would do this to all "the English swine".

But I have for myself seen the works of Lucifer, this Superman; I have seen the footprints of this Diabolus in France and Flanders; and I have talked with those who have been subject to his hated presence, as Master, in their homes. And I have seen that to this Monster nothing on earth was sacred. The monuments of art, the treasures of learning, the shrines of religion, the common rights of humanity, the innocence of childhood, the sanctity of womanhood, the helplessness of old age, all these were demanded to appease the hunger of this Moloch. And where fields flourished, and gardens bloomed, and little children played, and lovers pledged their troth; where villages and towns thrived, and great cities throbbed with industry, and busy marts hummed with the sound of trade; where the law-abiding walked in security, and the home-maker wrought in contentment, and the worshipper bowed his knee to God—*there* came, unasked, unwelcomed, unprovoked, this Superman—and passed!—And left behind him a weary waste of polluted soil, kneaded and heaved to the roughness of the sea, and ruined cities, and defiled temples, and countless graves, and millions of broken and crippled men, and a myriad wrathful human spirits inspired with a fiery indignation hot enough to challenge the penal powers of hell.

But what if this Lucifer had wholly succeeded? I will let a poet, who, before the war, discerned whither German philosophy was leading, answer:

Poor Gods! I saw you as the lightning fall
From heaven to the abyss of worn-out things!
I saw men mount Olympus, giants tall,
In mental stature, scientific kings!
They flung their fiery thunder-bolts afar,
They launched their swift Armadas on the skies;
They shook the world with Armageddon war,
The poor were slaughtered like a swarm of flies.
Throughout the world the murderous message sped:
"The Fittest only shall on earth survive!"
The meek before their cruel engines fled,
Till none but Supermen remained alive.

* * *

In the nocturnal shadow of our sphere,
There walked a man alone beside the sea;
Wild were his eyes, as with a nameless fear,
"Alone!" he cried, "there's none now left but me!"
"I am the relict of a giant race:
The Fittest, the imperial Superman!"
He wiped the sweat and gore from off his face,
And through his matted hair his fingers ran.
He raised his eyes unto the starry deep;
He looked across the dark and silent wave;
All was encompassed in a lethal sleep,
And the whole planet was a living grave!

II.

To prevent that the sons of Freedom assembled from the ends of the earth to bring this monster down.

It is now my further task to TRY TO TELL YOU HOW THEY DID IT; AND TO DESCRIBE SO FAR AS I MAY BE ABLE, THEIR EKULTATION WHEN THE EARTH SHOOK AT THE SOUND OF THIS MODERN LUCIFER'S FALL, as when Assyria fell in the ancient time; for the joy of a myriad hearts could have found vocal expression in that amazed but triumphant acclamation at immemorial Ambition's doom: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground that didst weaken the nations!"

But let me here sound *a note of warning*. You are all fairly good looking; but few of us are as honest as we appear to be. There is a wee bit of the rogue in most folks, although their countenances usually cleverly conceal the fact. We have invented numerous euphonious verbal disguises with which to screen our pilfering dispositions. We speak of "appropriation", and "enterprise", and "kleptomania" and "plagiarism", and "auto-plagiarism", when what we really mean is plain, unvarnished, unadulterated, unmitigated,—I was going to say, "theft"—but let me rather say that there is in most men—and women, a predisposition to offer a too cordial hospitality to what does not belong to them! That disposition, of course, is never to be found in gentlemen of my profession! They are supposed to be free from all such amiable and fashionable idiosyncrasies. They never steal, but they do, it is said, sometimes "borrow" other men's ideas. I do not know how they pay them back. But according to a popular authority, that is a very ancient practice:

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!"

"The market-girls an' fishermen,
The shepherds an' the sailors, too,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
But kep' it quiet—same as you!"

"They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed,
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us!"

Russia's Contribution

The truth is we are even now, when victory is ours, in danger of taking to ourselves credit which properly belongs to somebody else. No: you are entirely wrong in your assumption. I was not about to say that the United States won the war! But I do suggest that a bruised and bleeding, starving, suffering, and now chaotic nation of grown up children had a great deal more to do with winning it than she is now given credit for. It should be with us an obligation of honour, and of gratitude to maintain at least an attitude of sympathetic interest toward Russia. To find a way of helping her will task the utmost resources of the wisest statesmanship. But thoughtful men will consider, that if the hordes of Huns which were released from the East by the Russian collapse in the spring of 1918 almost broke the Western Front—and I have been over the ground and have seen how nearly the enemy broke through—I say if this happened when we had almost four years of preparation and experience behind us, what must have happened, had Russia failed us in the beginning when we were wholly unready?

Sir Robert Falconer* will remember an extraordinary

*Sir Robert Falconer, then President of Toronto University, was Chairman at the delivery of this lecture.

ily forceful address to which we listened together in Mid-Atlantic last summer by Madame Botchkavëna, the famous Russian peasant woman, who, with seventy Russian officers under her, commanded the celebrated Death Battalion on the Eastern Front. I cannot now review that address further than to say it evidenced a wonderfully clear and well-balanced mind. And any country in which such a woman in one year can rise from its peasantry to a position of such commanding influence, is capable of the most rapid and radical transformations. It is, of course, neither new nor unusual for a woman to command men: but there is surely great hope for a country that has in it a band of men, as in Israel in Deborah's time, with sense enough to obey a woman. I know that that principle of estimation is sound, because such readiness to obey is the distinguishing characteristic of Canadian masculine intelligence.

In France Before The War

I was in France the year before the war. Among other places, my wife and I visited the palace of Versailles which Le Grand Monarch, Louis XIV., built for himself. I have since frequently recalled our conversations with an old French guide who had the most vivid recollections of the Franco-Prussian war. He insisted that the palace had not been changed since the tragic days of Marie Antoinette. But in one room I called his attention to the floor which appeared to be newer than the others. He replied that it was in that room the victorious Germans held a great banquet at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, when Bismark and others, after a gluttonous debauch, literally rolled on the floor in a condition of which beasts would have been ashamed. And he said the room had later been refloored because no Frenchman would walk where those scoundrels had feasted. In the Glass Gallery of the same palace William I. of Prussia was proclaimed the first Emperor of Germany, exactly forty-eight years ago this very day—Jan. 18, 1871. But our guide told us in 1913 that war between Germany and France was as certain to come as the night. France would never provoke it, he said; but when the Germans came they would find the French army the greatest fighting machine in the world. And we shall be the first to acknowledge with gratitude the accuracy of that estimate.

May I pause a moment to relate a paragraph of history, with which most of you are familiar, but which may possibly be unknown to a few. There is in Paris a great square known as Place de la Concorde. In the centre of that square the guillotine stood in the terrible days of the French Revolution. Round about the square are monuments representing the cities of the French Empire. Among them is one to Strasburg, the Capital of Alsace-Lorraine. Ever since 1871 that monument had been draped with mourning in token of the sense of sorrow and humiliation France felt for the lost provinces. The next monument to that of Strasburg is that of Lille, and from the time of the German occupation of Lille at the beginning of the war just now ended, that also was draped, because it was in the hands of the same robbers who had despoiled France of Alsace-Lorraine.

I mention these things because to appreciate the transports of joy which France recently experienced, you must consider that she has lived under the menace of spoliation and massacre for nearly fifty years. And while others dreamed of peace, and, blind to every les-

son of history, talked prettily of arbitration and disarmament, France knew that her only salvation consisted in being militarily ready. And right nobly she has played her part in Lucifer's fall. Her losses have been enormous. I have seen tens of thousands of her graves. Yet with her mining and industrial centres in enemy hands, her lands destroyed, her cities—such as I have seen, Bethune, Bapaume, Péronne, Albert, Lens, and many others, all reduced to ashes; with tens of thousands driven from their homes, and a large part of her fair land a wilderness of death, I found France cheerful. She had been reduced to the last straits. In 1917 she was on the verge of collapse. The enemy had honeycombed the country with the deadliest defeatist propaganda, and she was saved only by the glorious old "Tiger" Clemenceau. For prompt and courageous action at a critical hour, effecting an almost miraculous transformation there is no man to whom civilization owes a greater debt than to the heroic and venerable Premier of France!

Like a beautiful woman, with grace on her lips, and laughter in her eyes, but with courage in her heart, and iron in her blood, France, in spite of every precaution against it, inspired the bestial avaricious passion of a conscienceless neighbour. And when she was attacked, counting her honour dearer than life, she fought the beast upon her own doorstep, until help could come, and at length, with help of others, but primarily by her own heroic efforts, she drove her dagger to the Monster's heart, and, her honour still unsullied, her capital inviolate, she put her conquering heel upon the neck of Civilization's foe!

"Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art,—
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right,—
A name like a star, a name of light,
I give you France!

"Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,—
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and ready to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong,
A name that rings like a battle-song,
I give you France!

"Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life,
And the rule of the people everywhere,—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer,
I give you France!"

And now, if I say nothing of Italy and her mountain victories; or of Serbia, the decimated and exiled but unconquerable nation; or of Greece, betrayed by her foreign king, but redeemed and redoubtable under her splendid and heroic patriot, Venezelos; or of China's battalions of faithful labourers; or of Japan's splendid service on the sea, it is not because I ignore their part in bringing Lucifer down, but only because time forbids the rehearsal of their valorous deeds and compels

me to pass to the recounting of the things which I have seen.

John Bull and Sons

I told you last year something of the doings of John Bull and Sons. I am more than ever convinced that this world would be a very uncomfortable place to live in were John Bull and Sons to go out of business; but you will be glad to know that after a family consultation they have definitely decided to continue in business for the present!

But did John Bull and Sons have anything to do with bringing Lucifer down? I do not know whether a statement made in the Commons by Premier Lloyd George was published here. But he said he made it at the request of some visiting Americans who desired him to give an authoritative statement of Britain's war effort for the information of America. The Premier said that by careful calculation he had discovered that the United States would have to raise an army of fifteen million men to equal what Britain had done, for Britain had enlisted over 8,000,000 fighting men. I visited what is probably, outside of Krupps, the largest munitions plant in the world. That one plant alone had increased from 15,000 before the war to over 90,000. I saw them making the great guns, and building warships of all sorts from submarines to superdreadnoughts. That one plant alone stretches for seven and a half miles along the bank of the Tyne; and in that one establishment there were more workers employed than the entire army under Wellington's command at Waterloo.

Sir Glynn West, Lloyd George's technical first lieutenant, when Minister of Munitions, invited me to call at his London office. He showed me the photographs of the munition factories which he had erected throughout the country, and each factory was estimated by the acre. He told me that at one time the U.S. and Canada combined contributed fifty per cent of Britain's munitions, but only for three months. For the whole period of the war the United States and Canada produced seventeen and a half per cent and Britain alone the other eighty-two and a half per cent. That was independently of all Naval supplies. While that is true, and I quote the highest authority in the Empire on the subject, it must be said that much of the machinery used in extra war work in Great Britain came from the United States.

An American with whom I travelled both in England and in France, who was himself an ordinance manufacturer, and an aviator of some distinction, told me that Britain undoubtedly was making the finest aeroplanes in the world. I visited one of the principal aerodromes, and later a collection of German planes which our men had brought down. The officer showed us how planes were reconstructed by piecing several of the same type together in order to learn their secrets. He showed us how their material was deteriorating, their substitutes for rubber, their wing-cloth made from thistles. He told me, too, that everything was analysed even to the glue used in making the propellers, and that every element entering into their construction at once became contraband. From there, and in contrast to these things, I later visited the great linen mills of Belfast, which were busy making only aeroplane cloth—not of thistles, but of the finest linens. And not for Britain only but for every one of her allies! But, more of that later.

But who could have dreamed that the staid, and stolid, and old-fashioned John Bull would excel the world in

making wings? And in actual flying? And that, when the tyrant power of the world resolved, "I will ascend above the heights of the clouds," old John and his boys would exclaim, "Then we'll fly after you and bring you down"!

They told me a story in London of Col. Bishop, the matchless Canadian aviator. I cannot vouch for its accuracy, but I see no reason for disbelieving it. Col. Bishop was appointed to the Air Board and was therefore relieved for awhile from active service at the Front: a little later it was reported that he had brought down half a dozen more enemy planes in France. The sequel, my informant told me, was that another aviator had caught up to Bishop's record, and that Col. Bishop asked to go back on active service at the Front. He went up and brought down a half dozen more Germans in one day, and said, "Now let him work at that for awhile",—and went back to London. To me the story sounds probable.

Britain's Tanks

Notwithstanding Germany's pride in her mechanical achievements, there is no doubt that in mechanical warfare Britain excelled all others. I saw where the tanks were made, and where they were assembled and tested, and by what means their secret was so cleverly kept. I rode in a tank of the latest pattern through the Hindenburg trench, over logs, and through shell-holes, and over all sorts of obstructions. It was not exactly like a Pullman car, but it was thrilling. It carried its bridge with it. Pushed it ahead and threw it across the canal, went over it, and picked it up, and carried it along for the next gap. I see no reason why the genius developed by the exigencies of war should not overcome all obstacles in the way of human progress.

The British Navy

One speaks with hesitation about the British Navy because it defies description. Figures are usually dull, but the statistics of the Navy are a thrilling romance. From 1914 to 1918 our mine sweepers and patrol boats increased from twelve to thirty-three hundred, with fifty thousand men. The first eighteen months of the war British shipyards built a fleet of new vessels equal to the entire German navy at the outbreak of the war. The tonnage of the navy was increased from two and a half millions to eight millions, and its personnel from one hundred and forty-five thousand to four hundred and fifty thousand.

It was my privilege to visit the Grand Fleet, and to sail down between those miles of floating fortresses. I saw the famous *Lion*, Admiral Beatty's flagship at the Battle of Jutland, a ship which the Germans officially sank four times! That is the only way of sinking the British *Lion*—on paper. And I saw the mighty *Queen Elizabeth*, Beatty's present flagship. (And by the way, I had lunch with Sir Philip Watt who designed her, and had a very pleasant conversation with him. It is interesting to know that he rose to the responsible position of Chief Naval Architect to the greatest naval power in the world from the humble position of a shipyard apprentice. The American continent is not the only place where genius and worthy service obtain their reward. It is significant that the latest warships of that great Fleet which saved civilization were designed by a man who rose from the ranks of the toilers.) I saw many

other famous ships such as the *Warspite*, and with them the American battle-fleet, rubbing shoulders like brothers, and all under the command of the great Admiral, Sir David Beatty. That was before the Armistice was signed, and the Navy were still hoping the Germans would come out.

But what if I were to describe those long lines of gray hulls, their cleared decks, their heavy armour, their mighty guns, all ready to speak in righteousness, and mighty to save the liberties of the world? What if I were to tell you of officers and men moving like a perfectly articulated and oiled machine? What if I were to tell you of the tender, human incidents, of the men who bake, and wash, and laugh, and think of home? All that is not the British Navy. There are traditions which persist. There is a spirit which survives the fiercest storm, and the costliest battles. There are legacies of courage, and conveyances of skill, and endowments of ideals, and bequests of example which aggregate a weight and momentum of moral power which defy all mathematical calculation. Therefore to the sum of British Naval tonnage and armament you must add the genius of British seamanship from Drake, through Nelson, to Beatty; and the prestige of British service to the world in her triumphs over such Lucifers as Philip II. of Spain, and Louis XIV. of France, and Napoleon, and the ex-Kaiser and Von Tirpitz. Then these gray monsters are fused into an invincible whole; animated by one spirit, moved by one passion, directed toward one aim; a single weapon in the hand of a Free Democracy and mightily used for the weal of the whole world.

Thus the Grand Fleet became to me the embodiment of British history and tradition; the representation of the invincibility of human rights; the monument and instrument of the imperishable power of sacrificial service. And these great engines of war spoke to me of their kinship with tanks, and aeroplanes, and airships, and all the mighty machines by which men have harnessed physical forces to their will. And they said to me:

"We were taken from the ore-bed and the mine,
We were melted in the furnace and the pit—
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design
We were cut and filed and tooled and gauged to fit.
Some water, coal, and oil is all we ask,
And a thousandth of an inch in which to play,
And now if you will set us to our task,
We will serve you four-and-twenty hours a day.
We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,
We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,
We can run and jump and swim and fly and dive,
We can see and hear and count and read and write!
Would you call a friend from half across the world?
If you'll let us have his name and town and state,
You shall see and hear your crackling question hurled
Across the arch of heaven while you wait.
Has he answered? Does he need you at his side?
You can start this very evening if you choose,
And take the Western Ocean in the stride
Of seventy thousand horses and some screws!
The boat-express is waiting your command,
You will find the *Mauretania* at the quay,
Till her Captain turns the lever 'neath his hand
And the monstrous nine-decked city goes to sea.
But remember, please, the Law by which we live;
We are not built to comprehend a lie;
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive,
If you make a slip in handling us you die!
We are greater than the Peoples or the Kings—
Be humble, as you crawl beneath our rods!—
One touch can alter all created things,
We are everything on earth—except the gods!

Though the smoke may hide the Heavens from your eyes,
It will vanish and the stars will shine again,
Because—for all our power and might and size—
We are nothing more than children of your brain!

And these children of Britain's brain have transported across the seas thirteen million men; and two million horses and mules; and five hundred thousand vehicles; twenty-five million tons of explosives; fifty-one million tons of oil and fuel; and one hundred and thirty million tons of food and other materials for the use of the Allies. Our cruiser squadron alone stopped and searched fifteen thousand ships bearing supplies to the enemy.

The sea-lanes the Navy has kept open have been the arteries of the body of the Empire, yes, and of Civilization, through which the life-blood of commerce and military effort has flowed, and preserved them alive. The merchant services have not been one whit less heroic. The crews of nearly every ship that sails today have in them men who have been torpedoed, some of them again and again. And together British ships have swept the flag of the modern, as of the earlier pirates, from all the seven seas. British sea power made the seas free. They never were free until Britain became their mistress; and she has kept the seas free, and she will continue to hold her sea power as a sacred trust wherewith to preserve the freedom of the seas for all who respect the freedom of men; but while Britain lives the paths of the seas shall never be free for the strong to use to oppress the weak, or for the tyrant to enslave the free.

The British Armies

I wonder how many appreciate the fact that during 1918 it was the British armies which bore the brunt of the great German attack. When the attack began on March 21st the relative strengths of the Allied and American armies on the Western Front, were as follows: Taking the Belgian army as a unit with the value of one, the Allies had twenty-five against the German twenty-six. The Allies' twenty-five were made up by Belgian one, American three-quarters, French twelve and three-quarters, and British ten and a half.

In the battle of Verdun in twenty-nine days the Germans employed twenty and one-half divisions. In the March offensive of last spring they employed from March 21st to April 17th one hundred and twenty-seven divisions, and of these one hundred and two divisions concentrated their attack on the British. Marshal Foch himself declared that it was Haig's hammer blows which brought Germany to her knees at last. And there was a time during the evolutions of those dark spring days when the Canadian Corps held much more than its share of the British Front. I did not say they *occupied* it: they *held* it! And while no one unit of the British forces can claim to have saved the day, it is fair to say that the situation was sufficiently critical to render the contribution of the Canadian Corps of such value as to make all the difference between defeat and victory. At that time the United States though more than eleven months at war, had a military force in France just three-quarters the strength of the Belgian army after four years of war, and the Belgians had been cut off from all possibility of reinforcing their ranks. Furthermore, the Americans up to that time had done practically no fighting at all. It therefore remained for the British forces to stand against that deluge of one hundred and two

divisions, and they and the French, and, later, some American battalions which were brigaded with the British and French, together held the line! But beside all this British forces have taken part in the fighting in Russia, in Kiaochaw, New Guinea, Samoa, Egypt, the Sudan, the Cameroons, Togoland, East Africa, Southwest Africa, Salonika, Aden, Persia, and the northwest frontier of India. They entirely vanquished the enemy in Mesopotamia; and amid the ruins or on the site of the most ancient civilization they have raised the flag of Freedom. And further: in the land made holy by the footprints and blood of the Author and Inspiration of all true Freedom, they have utterly routed the forces of darkness and tyranny and have added the land of the Law and the Gospel to the free-lands of the earth.

I cannot tell you of the services of the women, of the millions who have taken the places of the men; of the three hundred thousand who have tilled the soil; of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps; or of the women who, while thus engaged, have sorrowed for the nearly one million British dead, and the two millions more wounded.

III.

But I must tell you that in some respects, BRITAIN'S GREATEST TASK HAS BEEN THAT OF HELPING OTHERS.

You know that in nearly every family there is one upon whom most of the family burdens fall. In every community there is usually one man who is everybody's helper. In a given circle one woman to whom everybody sends when there is sickness. And that has been true of John Bull in relation to other nations. He has loaned over eight billion dollars to his Allies. Since the United States came in, she has begun to lend money to the Allies, but John Bull and Co. have had to endorse the note. So that America takes no risk. Poor old John must still pledge his credit, as he has pledged his blood. You say it is complimentary to John? Yes: but a man who is weary and spent in carrying others' burdens would gladly forego the compliment for a little relief. Do you know that he has had to supply one million tons of shipping to France to be used continuously in her service; and, on the same terms, five hundred thousand tons to Italy? From the time Germany occupied the French mining district, Britain has had to supply the bulk of France's coal requirements. And when the Huns took possession of the iron mines of France, Britain again had to supply the lack, and sent as much as two million tons of iron and steel to France in eighteen months. And all that had to be mined and smelted by British workmen and carried in British ships. And the same was true of Italy. British householders had to go without coal that Italy might be supplied. And while the nation's energies were being taxed to the utmost a half million refugees, many of them nothing but helpless burdens, came to live with John Bull and his wife—especially with his wife. And that little Island by getting every man and woman and boy and girl to work made itself self-supporting in the matter of food for forty weeks out of fifty-two.

What About America?

But you will ask, what about America? Did not her entrance into the war lighten Britain's burdens? John Bull was never so thankful for anything in his life as when Jonathan came to his help. There is nothing John desires more than that he and Jonathan should thor-

oughly understand each other and work together for the peace of the world. But that that may be there must needs be some very plain but kind words spoken.

When the great German drive began in March last the American army in France numbered less than the little exiled army of Belgium, although Americans had been nearly a year in the war. And the American army that was in France had up to that time done no fighting. And thankful as we all are for the numbers of American troops who came later, it must be said that sixty per cent were brought in British ships. I crossed to England from New York last July in the flagship of a convoy of sixteen British ships which carried about thirty thousand American troops. And further, a large number came to British ports, not to the regular ports only, but they were landed at such ports as Swansea, and Newport and Cardiff, and some even at ports on the east coast. They were most welcome. Their coming was hailed with shouts of thanksgiving; notwithstanding, it all meant more work for the household of John Bull.

British patience, and perseverance and pluck and cheerfulness, and adaptation, and boundless energy, have been the wonder of all who have had opportunity to observe them.

But no one can tell you of the indirect drain upon British resources which has been so hard to bear. Did any woman here ever have her husband's help in getting dinner? He put some plates and knives and forks, and cups and saucers on the table, and perhaps he put the kettle on the fire, and then sat down to his evening paper with the announcement that dinner was now ready! Ah, it is the drudgery, the unseen drudgery of the kitchen that consumes the time and energy of the housewife. And yet some man here in his heart wonders what his wife finds to keep her busy! Sit up, my friend, while I talk to you. Your wife has to cook the meals for today and plan the meals for tomorrow; and help Mary with her lessons, and mend Tommy's trousers, and darn Katy's stockings, and find Johnny's hat, and, and—look after you! Yes, I mean you, you poor helpless cripple of a benedict. You know very well that you could not put your collar on to come to this lecture alone. You dropped your collar-button, and then you joined the children's cry, "Mother", and that adaptable, adjustable, triple-jointed, perpetual combination washer, mangle, vacuum cleaner, carpet-sweeper, fireless cooker, ready-reckoner, piano-player, teacher, chaplain, general-purpose universal human machine you call a wife—she had to come and find that collar-button for you! And you are a business man, and phenomenally successful in everything but putting your tie on straight!

"A man's job!" Well, what of it? It is nothing in comparison with a woman's job, because she generally has her own job and the task of helping some man to do his job properly besides.

Britannia — Civilization's Wife

And that is a picture of Mrs. John Bull. Let me call her Britannia, Civilization's wife. She has had the whole civilized world hanging to her skirts. And while Italy cried, "Britty, I must have more coal", and France, "I, too, Britannia; bring me some, too"; and Greece called for bakshish, and Serbia, too; and Belgium knocked at the door and said, "May I come in out of the storm?" While for a long time Russia called, "Send

me guns and shells, and everything you can spare;" and then at last came Jonathan, "Ships, Britannia, send me ships. And while you're at it, send me khaki and rifles for my men."

And old John conferred with Britannia, then simply gripped his wheel, gave his machine more gas, and keeping his foot on the accelerator, kept the pace!

And all that in spite of the Emerald Isle! I had two wonderful weeks there, and saw more than perhaps one would ordinarily be able to see in ten years. But Ireland is no end of a subject, and I must reserve that for another time.

The entrance of the United States into the conflict was in some respects the turning point of the war, a turning point, however, which might well have been reached before. But coming at length, the logic of their presence and of the promise of their continual increase penetrated even the morally-blinded intelligence of the Hun and filled him with a paralysing fear. To the end the military contribution of the United States was relatively small. The casualties reported were out of all proportion to the actual military service rendered, and were due to two causes: first, to an unusual proportion of sickness because their troops had not been gradually hardened for the experiences of the field; and secondly to the fact, that their officers were still serving their apprenticeship as our own officers had had to do in the beginning. Notwithstanding, their presence turned the scale by enabling Foch to use his veteran French and British reserves without stint in the confidence that an inexhaustible supply of man-power was behind him.

From all that I have heard from men who have fought with them I feel sure that no better material was found in any army, and no braver spirits composed any of the fighting forces than were found in the American army. If they took a subordinate part in the actual military defeat of Lucifer, it was because it was their undeserved misfortune to come late on the field.

The contribution of the American Navy, while in some respects less urgently needed, than that of the army, was of incalculable value. The American Navy is of such a splendid quality that they do not need a bigger one. Of course it is none of our business, but that is the best reason in the world for talking about it. I notice that some of our editorial politicians are throwing paper pellets at each other, and discussing the relative merits of rival pre-war naval policies. And some of them seem unable to see that the surrender of the whole German Fleet, and the elimination of Germany as a naval power has changed the whole naval situation of the world.

And Britain has a far larger navy than she needs now. I wish our American friends could curb their desire for the biggest things on earth. Why covet the biggest debt, or the biggest load? I think Britain ought to keep a few of the German warships as souvenirs; but I would vote to let America have most of them, if they must have a big navy. We are not afraid of the United States because we are going to be good and never give her any reason to fight us. And I am sure we shall never have reason to fight her. Of course we shall have differences, because our temperaments are slightly different. An eagle is said to scream, and a lion is in the habit of roaring. Their voices are different, so that they cannot sing the same part in the choir. I read that the lion shall eat straw like an ox; so that it is not impossible for a lion to acquire a taste for humble pie when that

delicacy is on the international menu. But to one thing I think we may safely settle down, that as a result of their comradeship in arms the two greatest powers in the world, the greatest naval power, and potentially, the greatest military power, are bound together by indissoluble bonds. And whatever may come of the proposal to effect a League of Nations, while the British Empire and the United States of America understand and respect each other, and, jointly recognizing their mutual obligation to prevent international lawlessness, pool their moral and material resources for that end, the peace of the world will be assured.

Armistice Day in London

I was in the British metropolis—should I be wrong were I to say, the metropolis of the world, when the electric spark flashed the message around the world that the nearly fifty-two months of unparalleled suffering, and slaughter, and sorrow were ended, and that the murderous guns had gone to sleep!

They did not do in London as in Canada and the United States: they waited to be sure. Two days before at the Lord Mayor's show there were signs that the long restraint might soon be relaxed. Little streams of gladness came flowing over the dam which held the mighty river in check. But Monday, November the eleventh, at 10.45 London was calm with an expectant hush. At eleven o'clock the announcement was made that the Armistice had been signed, and was effective as from that hour.

And then the dam burst! The streets became as the channels of rivers along which there rushed mighty torrents of humanity. But the roar and the froth, and the foam, and the rainbow-painted spray, were the outpourings and upleapings of the unspeakable joy of a great nation's heart. They commandeered everything on wheels, buses, taxis, lorries, cabs—nothing escaped. No one cared where they were going, and no one paid for going there! They made merry, and no one could say the British mind was lacking in inventiveness who observed the many ways of merry-making. Everybody spoke to everybody, and laughed with everybody, and seemed to love everybody. The soldiers were especially popular. A uniform gave the same warrant as a bit of mistletoe, and where the soldier's modesty made him hesitate to exercise his privilege, ladies of all classes went more than half way to meet him! One soldier told me he had been kissed at least a hundred times. And I, alas, had no uniform! The crowds besieged hotels, and restaurants, and all public places, and made old London ring with such shouts and songs of gladness as she had never in her long and glorious past heard before.

Yes, again the earth shook at the sound of Lucifer's fall. I saw the members of the House of Commons march from The Chamber to St. Margaret's to give thanks to God. I saw the surging, cheering, rejoicing multitudes streaming toward Buckingham Palace where they called for the King and all the Royal family, and with full hearts, and wet eyes, acclaimed the most popular of all British Monarchs. It was my privilege that evening to speak at a great Thanksgiving service in Spurgeon's Tabernacle. The next day I stood outside St. Paul's. In 1915 I had attended a great intercessory service there on the first anniversary of the outbreak of the war. This time I stood outside where hundreds of thousands thronged the precincts of St. Paul's. And as the King and Queen, and members of the Government

rode unguarded through that vast and exultant concourse of people, as I heard their tumultuous and affectionate applause, and caught the tone of triumph in those mighty acclamations, I closed my eyes, and looked with imagination on the world, and listened with imaginative ear until I could see and hear around the world a multitude which no man could number together with an innumerable angel-chorus, cry, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground that didst weaken the nations!"

In Victorious France

A few days later I heard it again in Paris. Dense crowds thronged Place de la Concorde, and all its approaches. The people got beyond police control, though all were perfectly good natured. The triumphal procession down the Champs d'Elysées was broken into fragments. But the President and Marshal Joffre got through. And so did a company of about one hundred and fifty Canadian soldiers. They forced their way through the crowds, and taking possession of a German gun, as they had often done before, planted the largest Canadian flag in Paris upon it. Nearly thirty aeroplanes executed all sorts of evolutions overhead. The President of France removed the mourning from the Strasburg monument, hundreds of carrier pigeons were released, and joining the aeroplanes above, circled about the historic square a few times, and then flew off to carry the news to every Department of France that the forty-eight years of bondage were ended, and that that day Alsace-Lorraine had been re-incorporated into France! And again as I heard the shouts of those vast multitudes such as I had never seen before—not even in London, I felt the ground swell of the thanksgiving of a liberated world!

Paris was bedecked with flags—but more American than others. Some streets were literally draped with American flags. An officer told me the American Government had shipped them in by the thousands—he said "by the ship-load" and one could get a large flag for a song, and if you could not sing, you could have one for nothing. One could not withhold his admiration for the enterprise displayed. And I thought if only John and Jonathan could go into business together, with Jonathan as advertising manager, no one in the world could successfully compete with them.

At Mons

Some days later I went from Paris to Mons to the Headquarters of the Canadian Army Corps. There I met many whom I knew among officers and men. They were all in fine fettle, but now that the fighting was over the thought of most of them turned toward home, and they welcomed most cordially one who, more recently than they, had seen the land they loved.

But the big thing at Mons among some of the officers was that some were going to Brussels to witness the triumphal return to his capital, after four years of exile with his army, of the gallant King Albert of Belgium. There were no railways in operation. All had been destroyed by the retreating Germans. But I was invited to accompany three officers to Brussels by car.

We left Mons very early, a little after dawn. There was no breakfast to be had at that hour anywhere. The November air was cold and the car was an open one. A cup of hot tea would have been a welcome preparation for the chilly drive, but we had to substitute the mental

warmth of satisfaction which the knowledge of victory afforded.

King Albert Returns to Brussels

Arriving at Brussels, perhaps about eight or nine o'clock, we sought refreshment there; but none could be found. The streets were thronged with people—hundreds of thousands of them, and soon we shared with them the spirit of enthusiastic expectation, which banished from our minds all thought of such vulgar things as meat and drink.

It was a cool day although the sun looked down on us from an almost cloudless sky. We were fortunate in securing a point of vantage on a balcony outside a window at the corner of the third or fourth storey of an office building on the corner of two streets around which the King was to pass in his triumphal procession to the Parliament and the Palace.

From that balcony I could see in several directions, and in front there was a great square densely packed with a vast multitude of people. All sorts of organizations were there assembled with their regalias, their banners, and their bands, and every conceivable noise-making instrument. All were waiting to see and acclaim their valiant King.

The balcony where I stood, while not large, was crowded to capacity. Beside me on a chair brought from the office, a Belgian lady stood that she might see over the shoulders of those in front. My six feet two inches made a chair unnecessary.

At length we heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and the rumble of heavy wheels approaching, and presently the King and Queen came into view each mounted upon white chargers. Their children, mounted, rode behind them. Then came units of the Allied Armies led by high-ranking Generals. The British, the French, the Italians, the Americans, were all there, and then, thousands strong, their guns and other equipment accompanying them, a contingent of the Belgian army.

I expected a great outburst of cheering, but instead, as the King appeared, a profound silence fell upon the vast multitude. My companions on the balcony were in tears, and so was I. So far as I could discern the same was true of nearly everyone in that great concourse. The lady standing on the chair at my side whispered to herself through her tears, "Magnifique! Magnifique!" And as the valiant and victorious King of the Belgians returned to his people and to his capital, and was welcomed by a million hearts whose voices were silenced by the mighty surge of joy within, I understood what is meant by "rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Descending to the street we were accosted by a Belgian gentleman who spoke perfect English, who, attracted by the uniforms of my companions, begged leave to shake the hands of those whom he called "Our Canadian deliverers"—meaning, of course, only, that Canada had had some part in the victory. He literally besought us to come to his home, and we gladly consented. His ladies were sent home before us in our car, for he had none, and we waited until the car returned for us. Arriving at his home, we found it a veritable mansion. All but one of the servants had gone to see the King's return.

Our host conducted us through the house, and showed us how everything of metal that could be removed such as handles from drawers or from cupboards, and escutcheons from keyholes, rubber from around the billiard table, and even the rubber tips from the cues, had been

taken by the enemy to feed their war machine. In that rich man's house we saw to what straits British sea-power had reduced the enemy. Then our host said that while food was difficult to obtain, had he known he was to have had "the honour" of welcoming Canadians to his home he would have managed somehow to secure something. As it was, some dry ginger-snaps were brought in, and some bottles of liquor. He had told us how the Germans had searched the house, but he had buried his liqueurs, and other valuables in his garden and cleverly concealed the cache. One of the bottles, he pointed out, was labelled as having been sealed more than a hundred years before! That was whiskey, the other was champagne. As he opened the whiskey, he said, "Thank God, the Huns didn't get this!"

He poured the champagne first, and standing, with his wife, and other ladies, tears streaming down their faces, raising his glass he said, "Gentlemen, the health of His gracious and victorious Majesty, King George of England!"

I am a teetotaler. But it was no time for a lecture on total abstinence. I touched my glass to my neighbour's and raised it to my lips, and I think my abstinence was unnoticed, for to my Belgian friends it was a sacrament.

My officer friends felt no objection either to the champagne or to the whiskey, but I managed, without offence, to avoid tasting either. On my return I related this experience to a friend who is a physician, particularly noting my refraining from the liquors of so ancient a vintage, whereupon he solemnly remarked, "Until now I have never found occasion to question your veracity!"

I have related this story because that Belgian home was typical of thousands of others in the occupied parts of Belgium and France, to whom deliverance had come.

We returned to Canadian Headquarters at Mons where I found a telegram awaiting me from the Ministry of Information at London, that they had reserved a room for me on the *Mauritania*, sailing from Liverpool, December 2nd. In order to get back in time it was necessary for me to leave Mons that night. It was accordingly arranged that I should be driven to Valenciennes, which had been entered by the Canadian Corps less than a month before.

It was a midnight drive under a cloudless moon-lit sky in frosty air through towns and villages which the retreating Germans had wrecked. Valenciennes had been badly battered. The railway station was but a shell. Valenciennes was the railhead. Such railway as there was had been improvised, for the Germans had destroyed bridges, roads and railways in their retreat.

A few soldiers were trying to keep warm around a salamander red with glowing coals. It was about two or three in the morning when I reached Valenciennes, and a lumbering train of all sorts of boxes on wheels had just come in. A Belgian lieutenant, wounded early in the war, and long in hospital in France had arrived on that train. He begged me to persuade the chauffeur who had driven me to allow him to ride back with him, as the road lay through the village that was his home. He had little baggage, but a very heavy oblong, wooden box. It was a box of window-glass for his father's house without window-panes—if indeed the house was still standing.

I walked about until daylight, and about six o'clock the strange conglomeration of wheels and boxes, called

a train, was ready to start for Calais. It was made up of open trucks, and box cars, except for one dilapidated second-class French carriage most of the windows of which were broken. I was admitted to this luxurious wagon by a sergeant who cried, "Officers only! Officers only!"

We reached the Coast, and crossed a stormy channel to Dover, and then to London. Being anxious

"To take the Western Ocean in the stride
Of seventy thousand horses, and some screws,"

I packed in haste and entrained for Liverpool. There, literally, I

"found the *Mauretania* at the quay,
Till the Captain turned the lever 'neath his hand,
And the mighty nine-decked city put to sea."

My friend Dr. J. W. Hoyt and I, and one other, I believe, were the only civilians aboard. The ship was packed with American Air Force mechanics who had been doing ground service for the Royal Air Force in England. There were no American airplanes overseas.

The weather was terrific, high seas, and a seventy-mile gale, but as Neptune played his grand organ—the majestic open diapason, with all the magnificent orchestral harmonies of a storm at sea, to my ears the wind and the thunderous waves did but echo the acclamations of London, and Paris, and Brussels. And at New York, as ours was the first ship to bring American soldiers home, I heard it again, and louder than anywhere else. But it was the same exultant cry!

In my lecture last year I predicted that ere long Liberty would certainly come forth from her hiding place and celebrate the overthrow of Tyranny. I tell you now that I saw that prediction splendidly fulfilled: I saw her stride forth in all her glorious habiliments into the brilliantly lighted streets, and to the jubilant acclamations of Paris, and Brussels, and London, and New York.

And yonder, where the seas piled mountains high, and the gale shrieked with triumphant laughter at Ambition's fall, as, from our mighty Liner, the light, now all unafraid, shone out over the raging waters, above the thunder of the storm I heard victorious Britannia cry,—
"ALL CLEAR!"

Editorial Notes (Continued)

Prime Minister King in England

It is reported today that the Canadian Prime Minister has flown to England. Canadians generally will feel great relief at this announcement. We believe that thousands of Canadians have felt humiliated that their Prime Minister should have been so long making up his mind. The chief value of his visit will be to let the people of England know that Canada is wholeheartedly in the War. We are sure that this is true of every Province in Canada, except the Province of Quebec. Whether Mr. King will be able to make any contribution to the wisdom of the War Cabinet is another matter: but it is all to the good that he is there. It will be good for Britain; it will be good for Canada; and, incidentally, we think it will be good for Mr. King. It ought to afford him a real mental relaxation to be free from the leading strings of Mr. Lapointe even for a little while.

We hope Mr. King will be able to do something to redeem his reputation as a statesman in Canada. We

voted for him at the last general election, and spoke on his behalf, thinking he was the lesser of two evils offered for the choice of the Canadian electorate. Since then his whole course has been so humiliating to Canadians generally that we fear his prestige was never lower than it is today. If he should suddenly blossom out into a hero, no paper in Canada will be quicker to acclaim him than THE GOSPEL WITNESS.

A French Paper Lauds Pétain

After the collapse of France, Mr. Justice Surveyer, of the Supreme Court of Quebec, in a speech in Montreal, defended Marshal Pétain, and said that the Pope was the only "sovereign" in the world able to "appreciate" Pétain's position. We remarked at the time—last summer—that we could quite believe the Pope could appreciate Pétain's position because Pétain was doing exactly what the Pope instructed him to do; and at that time we declared it was an outrageous thing that the representative of Vichy should be retained at Ottawa. Some time later the Vichy representative made a speech in Montreal in which he declared his belief that the collapse of France was due to her disobedience to the Church. This man had been appointed by the French Republic as its representative. Yet it was evident he was a traitor to his own country, and a Quisling agent of the Roman Catholic Church.

The British Government long ago broke off all diplomatic relations with Vichy. But here is what *Le Droit*, a French-language paper in Ottawa, says, as reported in the *Montreal Gazette*.

As a Canadian, this Editor protests strongly against the retention of a diplomatic representative of an enemy government in Ottawa. The Vichy men are nothing less than a nest of Vatican vipers, who are seeking the defeat of Britain. Yet their representative is retained in Ottawa.

But let *Le Droit* speak for itself:

Says Pétain Misrepresented

Le Droit (Ottawa): Not one word in the speech which Marshal Pétain addressed to the French nation justified the press agencies in pretending that the leader of the Vichy Government had reviewed his policy, or that he had bluntly ordered France to collaborate with Germany in the establishing of a New Order in the world. But it was sufficient that the Marshal should repeat, in another form, the same verities he has always enunciated since the capitulation of France for certain Canadians to demand once more the rupture of Canada's diplomatic relations with the Vichy Government. Those people are not serious. It is not a speech destitute of all international bearing and entirely inoffensive as Marshal Pétain's address was, that will give the death-blow to relations which have survived incidents like those at Oran and Dakar, and likewise the campaign in Syria.

(From *Montreal Gazette*, August 18th, 1941.)

ESSEX, ONTARIO

We have been greatly encouraged lately by the evidence of the blessing of the Lord upon a little work started about 8 miles away at New Canaan. We have been holding meetings each Sunday afternoon in the school and have been getting an average of 40 out. One Sunday it reached 75 during the special effort with the Crusaders. A few have professed faith in Christ and two have asked for baptism. This is a district which needs prayer and faithful gospel preaching.

—J. E.

Bible School Lesson Outline

Vol. 5 Third Quarter Lesson 35 - August 31, 1941

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

SAMUEL PROCLAIMS THE KINGDOM

Lesson Text: 1 Samuel 12.

Golden Text: "Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you"—1 Samuel 12:24.

I. Facing the Past—verses 1 to 12.

As an introduction to the lesson teachers might find it profitable to review the main features of the coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth of England on May 12, 1937. The private choice of the Duke of York as sovereign was ratified in the public ceremony when the Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking in the name of the Church and Government of England, proclaimed him as king. In similar fashion Samuel acted as the Lord's representative when he anointed Saul secretly (1 Sam. 10:1; 16:11-13; Psa. 89:20), presented him to the people as their leader (1 Sam. 10:24, 25; 2 Sam. 2:1-4; 5:1-5) and formally proclaimed the establishment of the kingdom (1 Sam. 11:15; 12:1, 2).

For many years Israel had been ruled by judges, and Samuel, the last of the judges, was about to hand over the reins of government to the new leader. Before doing so he delivered this farewell message to the Israelites, in which he gave an account of his stewardship and exhorted them to serve the Lord in truth with all their hearts.

Samuel's record was unimpeachable; he had used his high office for the glory of God and for the good of the people. It was clear that they were rejecting him "without a cause" (Psa. 35:7, 11, 19; 69:4; 109:3; John 15:25). Every one who holds a position of leadership should see to it that he can give such a testimony as Samuel gave (Acts 20:17-21, 26, 27; 2 Cor. 4:1, 2).

Samuel asked the children of Israel to stand still that he might reason with them before the Lord (1 Sam. 9:27; Isa. 1:18). Generally speaking, people are reluctant to think things through, to face the spectres of the mind and slay them. The Lord would have men ponder their ways (Psa. 39:1; Prov. 4:26; Mic. 6:2; Lk. 15:17, 18).

As a prophet of the Lord it was Samuel's duty to "justify the ways of God to men". If their rejection of Samuel was undeserved, their repudiation of the government of the Lord was utterly without reason (1 Sam. 8:7, 8). All His acts are righteous; He always does all things well (2 Sam. 3:36; Psa. 36:6; 89:14; Eccl. 3:14). Samuel reviewed before the people the Lord's many mercies (Deut. 8:2; Psa. 107:1-8).

The brief summary of Israel's history in the time of the judges as given in verses 9 and 10, recounting as it does the successive attitudes of waywardness, distress, repentance, deliverance and prosperity, then the repetition of that cycle of experiences (Judg. 2:11-19; Psa. 106:43-48), is an illustration of the way in which the Lord deals with His children today. In mercy He disciplines the wandering ones in order that they may return to Him (Heb. 12:9-11).

II. Facing the Future—verses 13 to 25.

It is necessary to know the past in order that we may view the present correctly and face the future intelligently (Psa. 39:4). Samuel was a wise statesman.

The retiring leader placed before the people their responsibility to the Lord. While the Theocracy or direct rule of God prevailed, the Lord Himself had been responsible for their welfare, but now they had rejected Him and had chosen to be governed by an earthly monarch. They must henceforth bear the burden which resulted from their wilful choice (Matt. 27:22-25). It is well to count the cost before making decisions.

Samuel's words of warning to Israel are typical of the viewpoint of the Covenant of law, which can be summed up in these two couplets; obedience brings blessing, disobedience brings disaster (Deut. 28:1, 2, 15). The law was holy in its content but imperfect in its working since man was

imperfect and prone to sin (Rom. 7:12-14; Heb. 7:11-19). God sent His Son to accomplish righteousness for those who were unrighteous, and to open the way whereby a holy God could be just and at the same time justify sinners who believed on His Son (Rom. 3:21-26; 8:1-4, 13). The Old Testament exhortation was "Do good and be blessed" (Psa. 37:27); the New Testament word is "Be blessed and do good". The Lord's goodness to us is a constant incentive to holy living (Rom. 12:1, 2; Eph. 2:8-10; Titus 3:8).

God's mercy would continue in spite of the rebellion of His people. He was still their heavenly Father, and they could not alter the fact that He was God, the Sovereign Lord. The thunder and the rain were sent as a sign of His power and as a token of His displeasure (Exod. 14:31; Ezra 10:9).

The children of Israel repented of their sin when it was too late (Heb. 12:17). It is better not to sin than to sin and then ask for forgiveness (Rom. 6:1). The past is no longer in our hands, and this thought should make us walk carefully and prayerfully, but it should not be allowed to hinder our spiritual progress (Phil. 3:12-14). God would have us look to Him, that the vain regrets of former years may haunt our souls no more. Let us praise God for a Saviour Who forgives and forgets our sin (Isa. 43:25; Jer. 31:34), and Who bids us face the future with confidence in His keeping power (Jude 24). He will not forsake us for His own name's sake (Psa. 23:3; 106:8; Ezek. 20:12-14). Let us each resolve to fear the Lord and serve Him in truth with all our hearts.

Although Samuel had been relieved of the responsibilities of leading Israel, he promised to continue his ministry of intercession on their behalf. Prayer is a privilege and a duty, and the neglect of prayer is a positive sin in the eyes of the Lord (1 Sam. 7:8; 1 Thess. 5:17).

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The 'Sword of the Spirit Movement'

Protestant Truth Society's Manifesto

THE Council of the Protestant Truth Society, having had under further consideration the "Sword of the Spirit Movement," initiated by Cardinal Hinsley in December, 1939, places on record its deepened sense of danger to Evangelical Protestantism arising therefrom, and therefore makes appeal to all Protestant Clergy, Ministers and Church Members, to refrain from alliance with the Movement and draws attention to the following crucial matters:—

1

The absence in the so-called Peace Points of any guarantee for religious freedom.

It is convinced that this absence is not accidental, so far as the Church of Rome is concerned, but accords with her fundamental Article—"Extra Ecclesiam Nullus omnino Salvatur" ("Out of the Church there is positively no Salvation"), Fourth Lateran Council in 1215. This exclusive claim was endorsed in the Papal Bull "Unam Sanctam," 1302, which declares: "it is altogether necessary for salvation, for all human creatures, that they should be subject to the Roman Pontiff."

2

The failure in Roman Catholic lands ever to give freedom to Protestant communities on any parity with that accorded to Romanism in this Protestant Kingdom.

The latest example of this is evidenced in Spain, the Spanish Government having been brought to promise to observe the clauses in the Concordat of 1851, making Roman Catholicism the exclusive religion of the Spanish Nation.

3

The insincerity of the Roman Catholic suggestion of unity and comradeship.

This is demonstrated by the refusal even to unite in prayer with Protestants at public meetings called under the auspices of the "Sword of the Spirit Movement." "The Catholic Herald," of May 30th, states that "active participation in non-Catholic services is forbidden to all Catholics.

4

The fact that the Papal Encyclical of the 11th June, 1905, expresses in modern language the claim which in history has been fruitful of the greatest intolerance.

It demanded "the public recognition of the authority of the (Roman) Church in all matters relating in any way to conscience, the subordination of all State laws to the Divine law of the Gospel and the harmony of the two powers, civil and ecclesiastical."

5

The absence of any appeal to the authority of the Word of God.

This is passing strange, seeing that the Movement is intended to lead to a Christian International Order and a Christian Order for Britain.

6

The lack of regard for the essential truths for which the Reformed Faith has contended unto blood.

All plans of union, devoid of this regard, are a surrender upon which the blessing of God can neither be sought nor expected. The great living principles of Protestantism—Justification by Faith only, The sufficiency of Holy Scripture as the sole rule of Faith, The Alone Mediatorship of Christ, and The Completed Atonement of Calvary—offered once for all, are ignored. Yet these must be the one hope for a revived Christian Order, and the Christian Church should unite to invite Roman Catholicism to repudiate her principles which transgress them.

7

The fact that Roman Catholicism is a festering sore in the body politic in every part of the British Empire where she has sufficient power to exhibit her strength.

This is particularly shown in:—

- (1) Eire, where her ports are maintained in neutrality dangerous to British interests.
- (2) Quebec, where enlistment in the Forces is extraordinarily meagre, as compared with the Protestant provinces of Canada.
- (3) Australia, where the Roman Catholic section of the community has united to prevent Conscription for Overseas Forces.

Elementary prudence alone should cause all Evangelical and Protestant people to refuse to ally themselves with this Movement, which was created by papal agents, has been subtly engineered, insidiously advertised, and makes no vestige of appeal to the one basis of faith and practice, viz., "The Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God"—the only such Sword recognized everywhere by true Christians.

N.B.—Correspondence on local problems invited. The Protestant Truth Society not only sounds an "Alert" note but has a packet of valuable pamphlets dealing with this subject from all angles. "The Real Sword of the Spirit" and five other pamphlets sent for 1s. 3d. post free, inclusive. Write Protestant Truth Society, 104, Hendon Lane, Finchley, N.3.

Gifts towards our "Alert" campaign will be welcomed.

—From *The Christian*, London, July 24, 1941.