

The Gospel Witness

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES
AND IN DEFENCE OF THE FAITH ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS.

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

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Whole Number 1039

In Memoriam

PILOT-OFFICER HUGH PERCIVAL McKEE Reported Killed On Operational Flight Easter Sunday

Last Sunday in Jarvis Street Church was a day of solemnity, of consecration, of devotion.

The first actual member of our church to give his life in this the most dreadful war of history, made the supreme sacrifice just a week before. We sorrow, but "not as others who have no hope", with Deacon S. C. and Mrs. McKee in the loss of their older son. For Christians there is a secret joy even in sorrow, as the Saviour said: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." That source of comfort we sought, that blessedness we implored. For the hard lesson which God would teach and faith could learn, we asked. *Ad majorem Dei gloriam.* O that this might be fulfilled in ways past our understanding!

"Lord, . . . Thou Comfortedst Me."

There was a quiet, intense feeling in the morning service. The hymns were:



"Be gone unbelief,
My Saviour is near."

"Dear Lord and Father of
Mankind,
Forgive our foolish
ways."

"Breathe on me breath of
God,
Fill me with life anew."

"Come, ye sinners, poor
and wretched, . . .
Jesus ready stands to
save you."

A boy from our Bible
School was baptized.
The morning text was
Isaiah 12:1:

"And in that day
thou shalt say, O
Lord, I will praise
thee: though thou
wast angry with me,
thine anger is turned
away, and thou com-
fortedst me."

Students, Friends,
R.C.A.F.

The people gathered early for the evening service. Our large auditorium was filled with members and friends, students from the university, neighbours, business associates of Dr. McKee, others who had suffered loss of loved ones in this war, mothers and fathers of sons in the forces, "with one accord in one place". We had visitors from Brantford, London, Timmins, Trenton, etc.

Our beautiful church was quietly decorated by Mr. Duncan McNeill, formerly of T. Eaton Company, now AC2 in the R.C.A.F., out of flags, etc., supplied by that company, Robert Simpson Co., Mr. T. H. Evans, etc. Central was the long table on the low platform in front of the pulpit. This was covered, like a catafalque, with an R.C.A.F. ensign, on which were laid, with simple beauty, one lily and leaf and an officer's hat. The table was flanked by a bouquet of twenty-one rich red roses on one side and a basket of red, white and blue flowers from the church on the other, together with other floral tributes.

At seven o'clock a detachment from the training command of the R.C.A.F. took the seats reserved in the centre front along with other members of the forces. Ushered by Ordinary-Seaman-Wireless-Telegrapher Bruce Inrig, the McKee family went to the front pew.

Our large choir began the worship with "O Lord, bow down Thine ear". After the doxology and invocation the offering was received before beginning the memorial service proper. Even it was not out of place; Percy McKee had directed that ten per cent. of his officer's pay should go to the treasury of Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

And then in *memoriam*: the twenty-third Psalm to the familiar tune Wiltshire; the lesson from John 15:13-27, read by Professor A. Lacey, representing Victoria University; a beautiful rendition by the choir of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar"; the prayer of worship, of request for the family, for ourselves, for all our boys in the forces, for our leaders, for a righteous victory.

Then was read the following message from Rev. James Boyd, of Dovercourt Road Baptist Church, Toronto:

"We all loved Percy. Several have spoken to me of the sweet hymns of Zion he used to sing for us at Dovercourt as a boy. Now that he has fallen bravely in the defence of his king and country, we honour him as a courageous soldier and a noble Christian man. We shall meet him again. May God make 1 Corinthians 15:57 your testimony in this time of supreme testing. God bless you and comfort you and yours."

His Death our Challenge

Besides his personal wire to the family, our pastor, Dr. T. T. Shields, on a preaching mission in the Southern States, where he is having good meetings, sent the following telegram to be read:

"The Pastor and Mrs. Shields unite with all the rest of Jarvis Street Church family and Deacon and Mrs. McKee and Irvine and Betty, as one sorrowing circle, in paying tribute to the memory of Percy McKee, as representing the highest and best in young Canadian Christian manhood. I have no particulars of his death, but am certain he died as nobly as he had lived.

"In yielding a life of inestimable worth, which he had solemnly dedicated to the Empire's righteous cause, he was of the company of the few to whom the many owe so much. Percy McKee was a symbol of the truth and righteousness and faithfulness and honour of Christian nobility of character and life, which the Satanic malevolence of the Axis powers aims to destroy. Every such death as his should inspire every lover of liberty highly to resolve that blood of such worth shall not be spilt in vain. Irrespective of the result of the iniquitous plebiscite, which, I hope, will be a thunderous 'Yes', every such sacrifice as Percy's should move the manhood of Canada, regardless of age, or race or creed, to determine to devote the last drop of blood to the destruction of the fiendish beasts of prey of Berlin and Rome and Tokyo, that truth and righteousness and honour may not perish from the

earth. Who therefore of any remaining unenlisted Jarvis Street men who are physically capable, will volunteer to take Percy's place at the controls? Right gladly and thankfully would I take his place were I within the age limits.

"In Percy's case we sorrow not without hope. We know the genuineness of Percy's faith and rejoice in the confidence of reunion by and by. To him Jesus Christ was real and precious, as he is to his parents and his brother and sister and to us all.

"Only distance prevents my presence at the memorial service, but I send this message as a humble tribute to a true Christian gentleman, an officer in His Majesty's services, a faithful church member and a noble son.

"T. T. SHIELDS."

After this message of hope and courage, we joined in singing all of the great hymn:

"For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest,
Hallelujah, hallelujah!"

The sermon, "He Gave All for Us", printed herewith, praised the qualities of one who, for a righteous cause, gave his all; and then passed to the glories of the one complete and sufficient sacrifice of Christ for us men and our salvation. A further appeal was in the gospel hymn:

"There is a green hill far away".

Then all joined in all three verses of the national anthem; and continued standing for The Last Post, played by Mr. Arthur Britton, army bandsman honourably discharged, two minutes of complete silence in reverence, and The Reveille, signifying the Christian hope of resurrection; and for the benediction. Hundreds then filed past, personally expressing their sympathy to the family.

Throughout there was close attention and deep feeling with the testimony. There were few dry eyes and no dry hearts.

The following message was wired to the absent member of the sorrowing family on active service with the R.C.A.F.

AC2. McKee, J. I., R.100647,
R.C.A.F.,
c/o # 6 B. R. Squadron,
Alliford Bay,
Queen Charlotte Islands,
c/o P. O. Box 960,
Prince Rupert,
B.C.

"Full church to-night at memorial, Air Force detachment attending. All Jarvis Street family join in sympathy and prayer in your loss, Heaven's gain. Believe Percy's Christian testimony will be multiplied to the glory of God. Kindest personal regards from Pastor and myself. Romans 8:28. 'Underneath are everlasting arms.'

"W. GORDON BROWN."

A letter received from the air ministry yesterday gave the additional information concerning Percy that he was killed Sunday evening, April 5th, while flying a bomber at Luqua, Malta.

Dan Crawford said the Negro of Central Africa translated the verse, "My times are in thy hands," in "the gorgeous words": "All my life's why's, and when's, and where's and wherefore's are in thy hands."

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

HE GAVE ALL FOR US

Memorial Sermon by Rev. W. Gordon Brown, M.A., preached in Jarvis St. Baptist Church,
Sunday evening, April 12, 1942.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—John 15:13.

The experience of the ages, the moral judgment of men made in God's image, our appreciation of the true and noble are in these words gathered up and endorsed, justified and glorified by Him in Whom "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge". In this faithful saying is expressed our reverence for the fallen hero. It is an epitaph upon a man who gave all for others. Here also is a memorial of the God-Man from Whose cross flows the greatest love, human and divine.

I.

To-night we honour A NOBLE EXAMPLE of one who laid down his life for his friends. Pilot-Officer Hugh Percival McKee—Percy to most of us—last Sunday, while we were singing our glorious Easter hymns in praise of the risen Saviour, was "on operational flight", in the Mediterranean. In a cable dated April 3rd, that is Good Friday, he wired his mother: "Safe and well. Best love from Gibraltar." That message reached his home last Monday. On Tuesday followed another word: with deep regret the air force officer sent the information that on the 5th, Easter Sunday, he had been reported killed while on operational flight. This message was also sent to his only brother Irvine, who is serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force at the north of our west coast. No detail is given. That, we expect, will follow in due time. But the circumstances matter little. If he had lived till yesterday, he would have been a flight-lieutenant; he was acting as a squadron leader. The fact is that this young man gave his all for us.

Recall the life he gave. No man can give more than his life. But some souls seem worth much more than others. What had our friend to offer?

He had *youth*. He was just twenty-one. Four years ago his voice had not changed. It was then as a boy he sang a solo at our Good Friday service of praise. It was so beautiful that he was asked to repeat it that Easter Sunday. The solo was the familiar hymn we shall sing again presently:

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all."

For him "to be living was sublime" and "to be young was very heaven". But youth he gave.

He had *brains*. He was systematic, he was careful, and he was clever. The war found him about to enrol for a science course in Victoria University, whose representative, Prof. A. Lacey, we welcome here to-night. He began the year. About half way through he enlisted. The following August he put on the uniform. I am sure he made a good record that year. The joy of his college work must have been shadowed by the knowl-

edge that, for the present at least, he must give it up. But he was there sharpening his wits to use against a clever enemy.

Once in the R.C.A.F. he worked hard and well. He graduated head of his class. Recently he had a long furlough in Ireland from his work on the coastal command. He was in Belfast. There a wing-commander who was to give a lecture on observation to third year medical students, consulted him about the problem to be worked out. Percy saw his superior had the wrong solution, but he was too polite and well disciplined to say so. Finally, the officer asked his junior if he would give the lecture. So he lectured in Queen's University, Belfast, for two hours on the assigned subject. Yes, he had a keen mind. And he gave that.

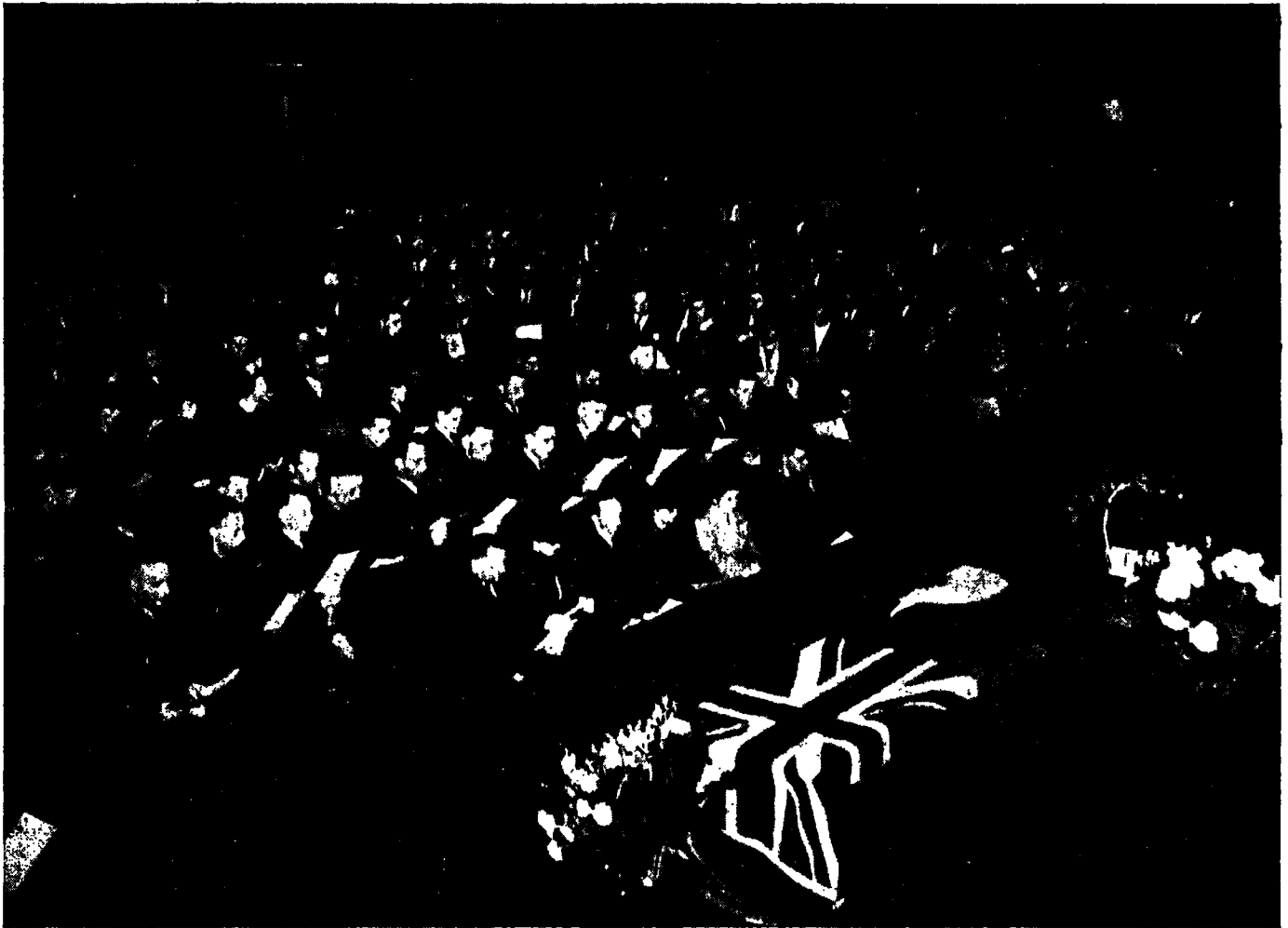
He had youth; he had brains; he had *zeal*. When he headed his training class, he was offered a course leading to the work of instructor. He turned it down. He wanted action. Mrs. Brown and I had dinner at his home on his last leave, and well do I remember how keen he was on his business as a fier. He loved it. He would have agreed with John Gillespie Magee, Jr., the nineteen year old American fier, unfortunately killed last December 11th, when he wrote:

High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And; while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

I could not be surprised, then, at a letter I had from him not long ago. One of his crew had developed eye-trouble, so all the men of that Beaufort bomber were laid off for a time. His time was spent very pleasantly with an aunt in Ireland, the homeland of his splendid parents. But it dragged. He wrote: "Here is one boy who is tired of leave." His was an unflagging zeal for the work to which he had put his hand. His zeal he gave.

We rejoice in youth, we admire brains, we warm at zeal, but we praise God for *faith*. All else we could say would now be poor and miserable if we could not also say, Percy was a Christian. Born in a Christian home, with both father and mother devoted to the work of the Lord, he was born again by divine grace into the Kingdom of God. As was the case with his father before him, that work of grace came early to his heart. I scarcely could believe what I am going to tell if I did



IMPRESSIVE SERVICE IN JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH LAST SUNDAY EVENING

This flashlight picture, taken during the quiet and intense service last Sunday evening, gives the reader some idea of the arrangement and interest of the gathering. At the right is part of the pulpit. On the R.C.A.F. ensign covering the large table note the lily and hat. The bereaved sit in the front pew. An air force detachment is immediately behind them. Only a small part of the congregation is here visible, none in the gallery are shown. All are holding the printed order of service on which is the hymn being sung.

not know well all parties concerned. When Percy was so small that he could not walk to Sunday School, he was wheeled there in a go-cart, to attend the primary class—there was no separate Beginners' Department in that Bible School—taught by my mother in Annette Street Baptist Church, West Toronto, where my father was pastor for twenty-three years. Little Percy used to repeat at home all he heard. He told his folks, "Mrs. B'own say we must believe in Jesus." In that class my mother managed, how I do not know, when he was only two to teach him to sing all of the twenty-third psalm to the tune Wiltshire, to which we sang it to-night. His mother tells me she definitely remembers him singing it at the hospital where his brother, who is a little more than two years younger than himself, was born. Well, he did believe in Jesus, he did trust the Lord as his Shepherd. So at the age of eleven he confessed a boy's faith in Christ by following Him in the likeness of His death and resurrection in baptism

performed by Rev. James Boyd in Dovercourt Road Baptist Church, Toronto, Easter Sunday, April 4, 1931. In our church here he was in a class in the Intermediate Department, taught by Mr. H. Moat, one of our faithfuls. He and his friend Bruce Inrig, now in the navy, were such big boys and so keen in the things of God that they went from the Intermediate Department to be teachers in the Junior Department. When he got a bit older, he joined the choir, loving music, like his gifted mother. There are many temptations to the man in forces. Percy wrote home that when he went up to London, the other fellows went off to this and that which to him were at least questionable, so he went by himself. He knew what it was to be a separated Christian.

His faith kept him in the dark hour. He felt that coming to him. Of the twenty-eight fellows in his graduating class, we gather from censored letters, most were gone. Of one friend he was best man at his wed-

ding, and three months later pall-bearer at his funeral. He described a recent letter to a friend as "almost my farewell and valedictory". Flying a bomber that carries torpedoes is almost a suicidal job. But in it all he trusted himself to the Lord. In a letter home he harked back to the twenty-third psalm, and said: "Notice specially the fourth verse: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me'. If," he wrote, "that shadow should extend from here to 26 Delaware Avenue (his home), it is all right." It did. It is.

Somehow I like this poem of Easter:

"I am the Dark."

One walked with me, and talked; and I with Him.
 "We know Thou art the Light,"
 I said, "but—this is night,
 And our whole world's abrim
 With hideous shadows that shut out the land.
 We know Thou art the Light,
 But this is night . . .
 When wilt Thou understand?"
 'Twas then He bade me hark,
 "Since I have come back from the dead—
 Though still the Light, I'm something more,"
 He said—"I am the Dark."

Youth, brains, zeal, faith—a soul with all these and more this pilot-officer gave in this the most dreadful war of history against wicked enemies that would enslave the world. Why did he do it? Because he loved war? I do not believe our young men go for that reason. No, he knew the first commandment is to love God with all we have and are, and the second is to love one's neighbour. He knew Christ's new commandment, that we love one another. It was for his home, his friends, his country, the Empire, the whole world of men who would be free, as God intended, that Percy McKee showed a love than which none is greater, for "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

II.

There are multiplying examples in this war of men—and women, too—who are showing such unflinching devotion to the cause of world liberty. Yet, in perfection, there is but ONE PERFECT EXAMPLE of our text. As you read it, you feel that it is not so much a motto for martyrdom but a prophecy of atonement. In a way by comparison with which the best human sacrifice is small and poor, Jesus Christ showed the greatest love when He gave His life for us.

Think again of THE LIFE HE GAVE. "Thou shalt set his soul an offering for sin," said the prophet Isaiah. Christ Jesus answered: "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life, his soul, a ransom instead of many." What was in that soul? What life had He to give?

We have spoken of one who had *youth*. So had the Lord Jesus. His earthly ministry seems to have been some three years in length, and He began it at thirty. No wonder Isaac Watts wrote the hymn which, though later changed, began this way:

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the young Man of glory died".

The psalmist well says, "Thou hast the dew of thy youth."

We honour in this gathering one who had a bright *mind*. But never was there human mind like Christ's.

At the age of twelve, He astonished the learned men of the greatest religious centre in the world by His questions and answers. The folks in His home town wondered at Him, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" But He had learned. The Old Testament He knew, not only in the letter, but what is far more, in the spirit. The answer of God to the problems and needs of men was in His heart. Thus did gracious words proceed out of His lips. In argument His clever enemies never could match Him. He put them to shame before their grovelling admirers. Finally, "no man durst ask him any more questions."

As for *zeal*, when He cleansed the temple the former time, His disciples remember that it was written, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." He always does those things which pleased the Father. He may be so weary that He sits on Jacob's wellside, but He must win an outcast Samaritan woman to God and purity. A rough band with sticks and lanterns may arrest Him in Gethsemane, but He does not fail to restore Malchus' ear with a miracle and ask those who had come for Him to let the disciples go their way. He may suffer unknown tortures on the cross, but He cares for His mother, committing her to the beloved disciple.

Did we ask what was in His soul? Here was the second Adam, here was the perfect Man, here was the Lord from heaven. He was the fairest of the sons of men. Of Him the Father said, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." He was the Son of God. The life of a perfect man, the life of a divine being, that was the life He gave for us. Because of the infinite value of His soul, no sacrifice could be so great as His.

Remember FOR WHOM HE GAVE His all.

The text speaks of one laying down his life for his *friends*. Christ did that. In our chapter He calls His disciples, not servants, but friends. Who, then, are the friends of Christ?

Why, those who *receive Him*. In a sense He is the Saviour of all men, but in a full way He is the Saviour only of those who believe in Him. How does one become a child of God? "As many as received him, to them gave he the right to be called children of God, even to them that believe on his name." To believe on Him is to accept Him, to take Him, to let Him come into the heart. A young man came to say good-bye to me yesterday. He is a radio-gunner going over to fight. His father was with him. He said, "We have committed him into the hands of God." I commended the father's attitude. But I said to the son: "In the quietness of your own heart, commit yourself, unreservedly, to God in Christ." The man who does that, at that moment is saved. Thus does he become a friend of Christ.

Of course, genuine disciples *continue in His word*. Our Lord Himself said that was necessary to do. A decision for Christ is a decision for life. To accept Him is to go on trusting Him. There is the mark of real conversion.

That means, in turn, that the friends of Christ *do God's will*. What is the order of the Great Commission? First, make men disciples, individually; second, baptize them in the name of the Trinity; third, teach them to keep all our Lord's instructions. "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Those are words of family relation; the text speaks

similarly, but of friends. The word here used may have a royal reference. In the Egypt of the Ptolemies it was used, for example, of members of the royal establishment; it was a title of honour given to the highest royal officials of the court. And Christ is a king. He was born King. He preached the Kingdom with Himself as King. He will yet reign in the Kingdom to come. And His friends are in the royal circle. We are the entourage of King Jesus.

It was for us who love Him, who rejoice to be called His friends, that He laid down His life. Indeed, it was that life laid down that made us His friends. It was His cross that took away the cause of enmity, for He atoned for all our sin.

We have said our Lord Jesus Christ gave His life for His friends; we must go further, and say what seems the opposite, that He laid down His life for His enemies. This is the greatest love.

The world hated Christ. The people once heard Him gladly, then deserted Him, then cried, "Crucify him." The rulers plotted against Him, and finally succeeded in having Him done away with. "The princes of this world . . . crucified the Lord of glory." And why? They did not keep His word. They did not know His name. When He spoke to them, He showed them truth and right, and away went their excuse for sin. They saw and heard, and so they hated Him and His Father. It was a hate of gratuity. He had done them no wrong. The wicked have ever hated the righteous, as the psalms, for instance, declare. When Jesus Christ the Righteous came, they hated Him. In Stainer's *Crucifixion* it is put tellingly:

"I laid my eternal power aside,
I came from the home of the glorified,
A babe, in the lowly cave to lie;
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

"I wept for the sorrows and pains of men,
I healed them, and helped them, and loved them; but then
They shouted against me, Crucify!
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

The hate of the world crucified our Lord, and, alas, in that enmity we have had a part. Our sin was laid on Him, yours and mine. It was our place He took. "For while we were yet without strength"—impotent to do anything to please God or to save ourselves from hell, "in due time, 'in the nick of time' Christ died for the ungodly"—impious as we were, without the reverence that is God's due and demand. "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; for perhaps for the good man someone actually dares to die; but his own love toward us God proves, while we were still sinners," full of sin by nature and by choice, "Christ died for us", in our interests and in our stead. "When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son". See what we were: "without strength", unable to help ourselves; "ungodly", not worshipping God as we ought; "sinners", full of errors, mistakes, shortcomings; and, worst name of all, "enemies", "personal enemies", "hateful", full of hate to God and odious to the divine holiness ourselves. Could language be stronger? But in spite of what we were, see what Christ did and does: God proved His love; Christ died for us; by that death, as we receive Him Who died and lives again, we are changed from enemies to friends. So are we delivered from wrath, justified by His blood; saved by His life. Christ died for His friends: He died for His enemies to make them His friends.

Would you know the love He gives and abide in it? Would you have the joy of Christ in you, a joy that the bitterest sorrow only fills full? Would you feel the peace He left us, a peace the world never can give nor take away? Then commit your soul to Him, trust Him fully, follow Him eternally.

O hear Him and heed Him as He says to you:

"Oh! men and women, your deeds of shame,
Your sins without reason and number and name,
I bear them all on this Cross on high;
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

"Is it nothing to you that I bowed my head?
And nothing to you that my blood is shed?
Oh, perishing souls, to you I cry;
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

"Oh come unto me! by the woes I have borne,
By the dreadful scourge, and the crown of thorn,
By these I implore you to hear my cry;
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

"Oh come unto me! this awful price,
Redemption's tremendous sacrifice,
Is paid for you—Oh why will ye die?
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

Jarvis Street Church

(Intended for last week's edition)

As we prayed and expected, Easter Sunday was a great day in Jarvis Street Church. The majestic hymns of the Church, led by our fine organ, with Mr. Leonard Penny at the console, and by our large choir, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Hutchinson, were real sacrifices of praise to God. So also were the fine anthems by the choir, morning and evening. On instruction from the members, we sent the following telegram:

Dr. and Mrs. T. T. Shields,
c/o Rev. E. X. Heatherley,
King's Church,
Leaksville, North Carolina.

To-day large congregations, response to invitation, fifteen new members received at well-attended Supper. All send Easter Greetings, are praying for you.

W. GORDON BROWN.

A reply telegram has since been received telling of good times in the services at Leaksville and elsewhere, and sending greetings to the whole Church and Witness family.

We had many visitors at Jarvis Street Sunday. From out of town they came from Hamilton, Kingston, Sudbury, Vineland, Ontario; Vernon, B.C.; etc.

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Religion in the Armed Forces

There was issued recently a report of a conference of Protestant District Chaplains and Senior Naval Chaplains held at Ottawa, January 14th and 15th last. In it are many things of interest to those who are concerned for the spiritual welfare of our troops. We mention a few.

The army, of course, reflects the religious, or irreligious, conditions of the day. This, then, is of alarming import:

"Major Cocks reported that in Military District Number One, out of several thousand men questioned on the matter, only seventeen per cent. had attended Church in any regular way previous to their enlistment."

There is a demand for younger men in the Units as chaplains. The Principal Chaplain stated:

"As for lowering the age limit to new men under the age of thirty, a letter had already been sent to the churches, suggesting that names of men twenty-eight years of age should be sent in, provided they had been ordained for three years."

In Military District Number Two, since the war began, 30,600 New Testaments have been given out by the Chaplains.

As to the difficulty of a religious census in the army we have heard ourselves some amazing stories. A sailor told how he was asked whether he were Roman Catholic or United Church. He said he was a Baptist. The one making the record insisted there were only the two, Roman Catholic and United Church. Our man insisted: "I am neither. Put down Baptist." In the army one soldier asked one of our Baptist men, "I say, So-and-so, what is C. of E. in religion?" "Why do you ask?" "Because when I joined the army, I was asked what was my religion, and I said I had none. The man who was concerned with the papers said, 'Put down C. of E. That's a good one'. Now just what is C. of E.?" He duly heard that he had been listed as Church of England. The following statement, then, from our report shows something of the difficulty of such a census:

"St. John's is a fortress area with forts and outposts as at Sydney and Halifax. The religious census for November gave — Protestant troops in Newfoundland; that for December, —, yet no major movement of troops took place during that period."

The second figure was almost two and a half times the former.

On prevailing religious ignorance combined with eagerness Honorary Major W. E. Kidd, District Chaplain for Military District Number Three, had this to say:

"We are confronted with a weakness of our many Churches that they have not impressed the discipline and teaching of their Church sufficiently effectively upon the life of the individual so that he carries it with him into the life of the Army. I feel that we have all had experience of this, of a certain almost appalling ignorance of the rudiments of religion, while, on the other hand, we have been much inspired by the willingness and the readiness of our men to discuss religion with us. I, personally, feel that it has been easier in this war to turn the conversation into serious talk than it was in the last war. It indicates to me at least a certain undefinable religious background that has not been for one reason or another directed by the discipline and teaching of our Churches. To clarify what I mean by discipline and teaching, I just mean simply the benefits accruing from worship, from prayer, from Holy Communion, Bible Reading and the effects of these upon our religious and spiritual life."

W. G. B.

Ambassador Hotel Beer Permit Taken

"Unsatisfactory Conditions" Reported— Others Have License Suspended

Cancellation of the liquor license of the Ambassador Hotel, 335 Jarvis Street, was announced to-day by the Ontario Liquor Control Board for "unsatisfactory conditions existing as revealed by Toronto police reports."

Joseph Starr is the proprietor and some time ago the license was suspended for a period.

The above appeared in the Toronto press recently. This place is located just across the road from Jarvis Street Church. Dr. Shields described the "unsatisfactory conditions existing" in very plain language, and that publicly, long ago. We are glad action has at last been taken. There are many other beer parlours in the same block. In fact the number of them is more concentrated near Jarvis Street Church than anywhere else in Ontario.

We have before reported the recommendation of Toronto City Council that these drinking places be much curtailed by the prohibition of women entering and the removal of the chairs even for men. At a meeting of social workers of the district we heard it stated authoritatively that pressure is being put upon the council to make them see things differently. Let individuals write to the council commending their constructive and courageous action. Let societies of all kinds pass resolutions supporting their actions and send them in to the city hall. Let us pray and work against this curse of our city and land—B.

24-Hour Duty For English Pastors

(The following is from the March edition of "The Messenger" of Abbey Road Baptist Church, London, England, Rev. Ernest C. Askew, Pastor):

The Church approved and wished the Pastor to continue his dual office of Pastor to the Church and Deputy Supervising Officer of the L.C.C. Rest Centre on the Church premises.

He explained that his hours of duty were of 24 hours duration every alternate day. During that time it is not permissible to undress. Thus he only gets to bed every other night, though he may sleep if not actually firewatching.

His Sunday work means working for 20 hours right off, or precedes a 20-hour working day. He cannot get more than three afternoons off in any week to enable him to make private calls, attend committees and do sick visiting. I know he has always visited where there was trouble or illness, and while war conditions continue, we as members must keep our side of the arrangement, and not expect ordinary visits. We can best help by making his task as easy as possible.

So far, his health has stood up to the task he has assumed and trust it will continue to do so. I am sure each reader will agree with me in admiration for the work he is doing for the Church's benefit in so many ways, and offer him our hearty thanks.

Protestant League

On Friday, April 24th, at 8 p.m. in Philpott Tabernacle, Hamilton, a rally of the Protestant League will be addressed by Rev. T. C. Innes, Rev. J. H. Barnes and Rev. Wm. Thomas. This promises to be a great meeting.

Rev. A. C. Whitcombe

Back in Toronto General Hospital, where he has had another delicate eye operation, is Rev. A. C. Whitcombe, pastor of Shensstone Memorial Baptist Church, Brantford. The hope is to save something at least of his sight. Results of such operations as his cannot be definitely known for months after. Pastor Whitcombe, nevertheless, is in fine spirits. On every remembrance of him, with our prayers for at least partial delivery, we thank God.—B.

Bible School Lesson Outline

Vol. 6 Second Quarter Lesson 17 April 26, 1942

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

DAVID'S SIN

Lesson Text: 2 Samuel 11.

Golden Text: "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight."—Psalm 51:4.

I. The Sin Committed: Self-Indulgence—verses 1 to 13.

One of the proofs of the inspiration of Scripture is the faithfulness with which it records the faults as well as the virtues of men. Strong, courageous and good as David was, he was human; the man after God's heart was but a man, and hence he was not free from sin (1 Kings 15:3; 2 Chron. 6:36; Prov. 20:9; Eccl. 7:20; Rome. 3:9, 19).

The Christian who is idle exposes himself to temptation (Matt. 26:41). David tarried still at Jerusalem at a time when the armies of Israel were engaged in fierce combat with the enemy (Judg. 5:23; Amos 6:1). Hitherto he had led the army in person, according to the desire of the people (1 Sam. 8:20; 2 Sam. 8:1-5, 13; 10:17, 18), except at the commencement of the Ammonite War, when Joab was in command as on this occasion (2 Sam. 10:7-14). But even if it was not his duty to be at the front, he was the shepherd of Israel, and should have taken the responsibility of upholding the morale of the people. Instead, he thought only of his own amusement.

David coveted a beautiful woman (Exod. 20:17; Rom. 7:7; 13:9; Col. 3:5). Women may exercise a strong influence, and they frequently have it in their power to uplift or to degrade others (1 Kings 11:1-4; 16:30, 31; Esther 7:1-5).

Instead of resisting temptation David allowed the lust of the flesh to control his actions (Rom. 13:14; 2 Cor. 7:1; 1 John 2:16). He forgot his high position, his solemn responsibilities and his kingly dignity. Covetousness led to adultery (Exod. 20:14; Lev. 20:10; Matt. 5:27, 28; Gal. 5:19).

David compromised Joab, the general of his forces (2 Sam. 8:16). We do not live unto ourselves, and our conduct is either a help or a hindrance to others (Rom. 14:7; 1 Cor. 8:9-13). Joab was David's own nephew, the son of his sister Zeruah (1 Chron. 2:15, 16). Joab was a mighty warrior, as were also his two brothers Abishai and Asahel (1 Sam. 26:6; 2 Sam. 2:18; 3:22).

King David pretended to make a confidante of Uriah (Prov. 27:6). The king was probably seeking to cover with a veneer of kindness the poisonous hatred which was in his heart. We may deceive others; we may even deceive ourselves, but we cannot deceive God (Prov. 15:11; Heb. 4:13). It is a well-known fact of human experience that men are not apt to love those whom they have wronged. The presence of the injured one is a rebuke to the conscience.

Uriah's loyalty, patriotism and self-sacrifice stand out in bold relief against the background of David's carelessness, laxity and self-indulgence. Uriah obeyed David's summons immediately; he did not tarry even to wash his feet, a necessity for the comfort of an Eastern traveller (Gen. 18:4; Lk. 7:44). Whole-hearted in his devotion to king and country, he would not take time for relaxation or pleasure. The work of the Lord is worthy of our utmost endeavour and zeal (Matt. 22:37; Lk. 2:49; John 2:17; Col. 3:23).

II. The Sin Covered: Self-Justification—verses 14 to 27.

When one has sinned, two courses are open. The right course is to confess the sin and justify God (Psa. 32:3-5; 51:3; 1 John 1:9); the wrong course is to attempt to cover up the sin and justify oneself (Psa. 66:18; 109:7; 1 John 1:8). David at first chose the latter course. He built up a case for himself, and rather than renounce Bathsheba he plotted to open the way that he might claim her for his legal wife.

Joab placed Uriah where the valiant men were stationed and thus unwittingly put that courageous soldier just where he belonged. Unfortunately, however, the post of honour was also the post of danger. David added the sins of deception,

cruelty and murder to those of covetousness and adultery (Exod. 20:13; Matt. 5:21; 19:18). Sins have a way of multiplying rapidly; one leads to another. The time to stop sinning is before we begin.

David's wicked plans succeeded. The road toward destruction is smooth and easy, and the fact that circumstances continue to be favourable and that few obstacles appear is no guarantee that our designs are being blessed of God. The worst punishment which can be imagined is for God to allow a man to go on in his own evil way, unchecked and unrebuked (Psa. 78:29-31; 106:15; Prov. 1:24-33; Hos. 13:9).

Joab was a clever man. When he gave the messenger such full and detailed instructions, he was thinking not so much of the messenger's safety as of his own reputation (Matt. 23:12-14). He cited the case of Abimelech (Judg. 9:50-55), and made out a good case for himself, in order that he might forestall the rebuke he deserved for failing to protect the servants of David. He judged rightly that the news concerning Uriah would divert the king's attention.

Man's tolerance of sin is utterly unlike God's condemnation of sin (Rom. 1:18). David said, "Let not this thing displease thee", but the inspired Word says, "The thing that David had done displeased the Lord". It was evil in the eyes of the Lord, and by Divine grace David was brought to the place where he was willing to accept God's verdict concerning him and to say, "Against thee have I done this evil in thy sight" (Psa. 51:4).

David had sinned against his own soul, against Bathsheba, against Uriah and against Joab, but he had sinned primarily against God Himself. All sin is an offence against the holy law of God, for "sin is lawlessness" (1 John 3:4, Revised Version). The truth of the sinfulness of sin is almost forgotten in these days.

LT.-COL. MUNRO'S TESTIMONY

The clear Christian testimony of Lieutenant-Colonel D. C. D. Munro, D.S.O., M.C., of the Gordon Highlanders, given in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Sunday Evening, March 15th last, was printed in THE GOSPEL WITNESS, and reprinted in a tract of convenient size for personal distribution and mailing. These cost about one and one-fifth cents each to print, and for mailing one must add postage. Our first printing, in addition to the circulation of the WITNESS, was ten thousand. These were soon exhausted. The colonel has now personally revised the booklet and we have printed another ten thousand. We are anxious to give the tract *How an Army Colonel Was Saved* as wide a distribution as possible, especially among our men of the forces. We are, accordingly, offering them at 20 for 25c, 80 for \$1.00, postpaid. We have opportunities, however, to send large quantities to men who have wide contacts with troops, who cannot easily pay for all they can use. We have therefore asked the Lord's stewards to come to our help in the matter. Any contribution, large or small, will be gratefully received.

BOOKS BY DR. T. T. SHIELDS

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"Other Little Ships"	1.00
"The Plot That Failed" (The story of Jarvis St. Church)	1.00
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Sermons on the War preached in Jarvis St. Five cents each single sermon or any 25 for \$1.00 post paid from THE GOSPEL WITNESS, 130, Gerrard St. E., Toronto, 2, Canada.