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Whole Number 1450

A BELATED LETTER BY THE EDITOR FROM THE FAR EAST

The letter which follows was written in instalments, the first part in Baguio, the Philippine Islands, and it was finished in Bandoeng, Java. It was mailed in Bandoeng just after Christmas, stamped for air mail passage to Canada, but reached us here only a few days ago.

In some respects this article is rather out of date, and yet there is much in it that is of just as much interest as though it had been published two months ago.

Except for the first part, in which I was assisted by the wife of the pastor, at Baguio, the whole thirty pages were written somewhat laboriously by hand. The fact is, the Editor is reluctant to throw so much labour into the waste paper basket. Hence, he puts it into *The Gospel Witness*. Here follows the letter:

THE EDITOR WRITES FROM THE PHILIPPINES, HONG KONG, SINGAPORE AND JAVA

Baguio, Philippine Islands
December 18, 1949

BY THE kindness of Mrs. Conant, the wife of Rev. Alfred P. Conant, the Baptist Missionary and Pastor in Baguio, I am dictating this letter in one of the most beautiful spots of the earth I have ever seen. Baguio is about 150 miles north of Manila, and I was driven here yesterday by Miss Edith Smith and Miss Alma Shoemaker, in company with Rev. Damian Amayun, a very able Filipino pastor, in a good American Chevrolet. It was a delightful drive; and the latter part of it, winding through the mountains and up to this elevation of 5500 feet; was really a thrilling experience; and it required just as expert driving as is necessary in the American or Canadian Rockies or any other mountainous region.

I shall return to a further description of Baguio later in this letter, but I write this at the outset to say that in a perfectly delightful temperature, under an almost cloudless sky, and with mountains roundabout, and the witness of nature to the goodness of God, speaking in a myriad voices, just a week before Christmas, to one accustomed to Canadian Christmas weather, it seems almost incredible. At the hotel this morning, having ordered breakfast, I was asked if I would like some fruit, and when I inquired what fruit was available, I was told "Fresh strawberries." Think of fresh strawberries just before Christmas. Gladly would I forego all the other Christmas delicacies for a single dish of that incomparable fruit.

Arriving and Departing, and Arriving Again

I have been so busily engaged in all the vicissitudes of arriving and departing, and arriving again, on a

world tour, that frankly I forget where I left off in my last letter, but I think it was written from Bangkok. Our departure from the Siamese capital was postponed twenty-four hours, and then we were told of a further postponement of another twenty-four hours. Having gone to bed thinking we had, for once, nothing urgent to attend to in the morning, we were prepared for a good sleep, but at half past seven we were awakened and informed that we were to leave at half past eight! Fortunately we were packed, and with a snack for breakfast, though some of the party had none, we were on our way at eight-thirty. In due course we enplaned and arrived at Hong Kong in the early afternoon.

Arrival at Hong Kong

I was glad to set my feet on British territory once again, and to feel assured that the British had not altogether ceased to be. I wish I could describe the marvellous beauty of Hong Kong. The whole island is a cluster of hills, and a layman at least might suppose that it was no easy place for an airplane to enter or to find a place to rest. However, we landed safely, but our stay in Hong Kong was all too short. I can well imagine that British officials in Government service, and officers of the British Army and Navy in the good old days when the British pound and the British flag were as an "Open Sesame" through which one entered any door in the world, must have found in Hong Kong a delightful place of residence; but, like the curse of sin which has corrupted the whole earth, the presence of the Japanese in Hong Kong had transformed it from a paradise to a purgatory. We met with not a few who had been imprisoned during the Japanese occupation, and, by the kindness of Mr. Phillips, a missionary, we were driven up through the mountains to a place where Canadians and others made their last stand against the horde of yellow fiends.

Where Canadians Were Butchered

The poor, helpless Canadians who were sent out with almost no training, and no arms, were as sheep for the slaughter, and at this Point, called Stanley, I was told they were taken and bound and used by the Japanese for bayonet practice—all this on the edge of a cliff, and as they impaled their bodies on the bayonets, they hurled them over the cliffs to the rocks beneath. One, by some miraculous means, escaped and swam to the place still occupied by British troops, and so was available to give evidence of war atrocities when the Japanese butchers were tried. I shall have more to say of Hong Kong when I return to Canada.

Arrival at Manila, P.I.

We had a very comfortable night in the Peninsula Hotel, and excellent meals at night, morning, and noon. For every reason I could have desired a much longer stay in Hong Kong, but in the afternoon we took off for Manila. We flew in a small plane which took a longer time than the four-engined plane, and, leaving at about two, we arrived in Manila at about half past six in the evening. There we were met by a number of missionaries, and were made to feel that we were really among the people of God. We found comfortable quarters and passable meals.

Dr. Garman had preceded us to Manila on another plane. I was scheduled to preach the night of our arrival, but we did not reach Manila in time, so Dr. Garman took the service, and we arrived just in time to hear something of his able exposure of the machinations of the modernistic World Council, and of the efforts of the I.C.C.C. to withstand their aggressions. The next afternoon Mr. McIntire flew to Iloilo. Returning by plane the next day, he reported a glorious experience with the brethren there, and was so thrilled that he arranged to return to Iloilo over the weekend. He will give particulars in the letter to *The Beacon*, which will also be published in THE GOSPEL WITNESS.

In Memorial Baptist Church, Manila

On the next evening I had the privilege of speaking in the Memorial Baptist Church in English to a large company, including many missionaries, and an attentive Filipino audience, all of whom understood English. It was altogether a most pleasurable experience. I was to have gone to Iloilo the next evening, but no reservation had been made for me in the plane, and that trip had to be cancelled. This enabled me on Friday evening to hear a fine message by Mr. McIntire on the necessity for separation.

Baptist Missions in the Philippines

I have been greatly impressed by this Baptist Mission enterprise in the Philippines. Every one of the men among the missionaries was a man before he became a missionary, and becoming a missionary, he did not cease to be a man; and, after all, as my great predecessor (Dr. B. D. Thomas) once said, addressing a company of preachers, "The first qualification for any minister apart from the consideration of all spiritual gifts is that he should have a great volume of manhood." That is not always true, however, of missionaries or ministers, but these Filipino groups, by some Providential selection, seem to be composed of the cream.

The same may be said of the lady missionaries. Many of the men and women endured all the rigors of life in the Japanese concentration camps. Like soldiers, who

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

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have been through the thick of a bloody war, these people, who have experienced the horrors of Japanese imprisonment, are reluctant even to speak of their experiences. They told me that it was a constant effort to forget them. However, I insisted on learning something of it for my own information, but into the particulars of that I cannot now enter, except to say that the horrors of it were almost beyond belief. Some of the missionaries, though they had opportunity to leave, felt that they must remain behind with their people, and they are honoured by their people for having done so.

Reinforcements of High Quality

But the reinforcements which have come to the mission staff since the war, both men and women, are of the same high quality. As I dictate I have not before me the complete list and I refrain from mentioning more than three or four, whose names I remember, and my readers will understand that those who are not mentioned are not neglected—I simply have not the full names.

Those I remember include Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. Roberts, of Manila, Mr. Naylor of Laoag, Mr. Fisk of Zambales, among the men; and Miss Hinkley and Miss Mower, as well as the two young ladies who drove me from Manila to Baguio, among the women. They are all to the manner born, and I have never seen a foreign mission enterprise anywhere that more completely commands one's confidence; and makes one feel what a great opportunity for the spread of the gospel is presented in such a foreign mission endeavour as this. They have, I believe, in this mission in all the Islands, something over fifty churches, all of which are self-supporting, with the exception of five or six.

Manila to Baguio

From Manila to Baguio is a great change, and a great contrast. Yesterday in Manila, for this man, accustomed to northern latitudes, was a sweltering day; but here in the mountains it is indescribably beautiful and delightful. It is the Muskoka of the Island of Luzon, only

that Baguio surpasses the best in Muskoka immeasurably. I have had the most delightful fellowship with Mr. and Mrs. Conant. Some Jarvis Street people who read this letter, may remember my saying that when called upon to perform a marriage ceremony, I sometimes found it difficult to understand how it happened. I could see no reason on either side why it should, but obviously they saw with other eyes than mine. This morning as I thought of things, before going to church, I said to myself, "I haven't the slightest difficulty in understanding how Mrs. Conant fell in love with her husband, nor any difficulty at all in understanding how he fell in love with her"—and that isn't blarney! It has been delightful to share the fellowship of their home with little Joy, who, though she is little, is a big joy, and, though a little shy, did not object to sitting on my knee. My little fairy, Lois Slade, will understand how glad I am to find such little girls elsewhere. Lois, I am sure, is still saving up for my return.

Sunday in Baguio

This morning I had the pleasure and privilege of preaching in Mr. Conant's church, to his fine congregation, most of them Filipinos, and it seemed to me they all understood English, or at least my attempt to speak the language. Before preaching I enjoyed hearing a good part of the sermon by Pastor Amayun, and though I could not understand his language, I could feel the force of his appeal. He is a finished speaker—his voice, his gestures, his emphases were all as nearly perfect as could be, and I felt a great desire to be able to understand his language, but I am sure among his own people he would rate as a very eloquent preacher.

This evening we are to have a service in the City Auditorium, and after the service I will trespass further upon Mrs. Conant's patience, and dictate a short paragraph, telling how we got on. In the meantime I cannot help feeling that I should like to own a large plane myself, with a crew to fly it, so that one could



In Baguio, in the Highlands of the Philippine Islands.

come to places like Baguio for a vacation. After all, it would not be much more than three days' flight, and would be well worth the journey.

The Blight of Dr. E. Stanley Jones

This I can say before the evening meeting: wherever we go we find Dr. E. Stanley Jones and Dr. McKay of Princeton, and other Modernistic leaders of the World



The Baptist Church in Baguio where Dr. Shields preached.

Council of Churches, have preceded us. They must really be like the one whom they serve so faithfully, for they seem to be fully occupied going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it! I am profoundly convinced of the necessity of the testimony of the International Council of Christian Churches. Otherwise, even in heathen lands, among utterly pagan people, such as we found in Egypt, India, and Siam, these destroyers of the faith have sought to disseminate their poison, and the testimony of the International Council is needed as an antidote.

Mr. McIntire a Tireless Writer

I have before expressed admiration for the tireless endeavour of my good friend, Mr. McIntire. When he isn't speaking, or sleeping, it seems to me he is always writing. He has very graciously consented to pass on his manuscripts to THE GOSPEL WITNESS, as THE GOSPEL WITNESS will pass on my poor screeds to *The Beacon*, so that our readers will have the opportunity of reading what we each have to say about our tour.

Until after the meeting to-night, Good Afternoon! It is the practice in this country—a very necessary one—and not at all an unpleasant one—to take a little siesta, and I am going to try to follow their example.

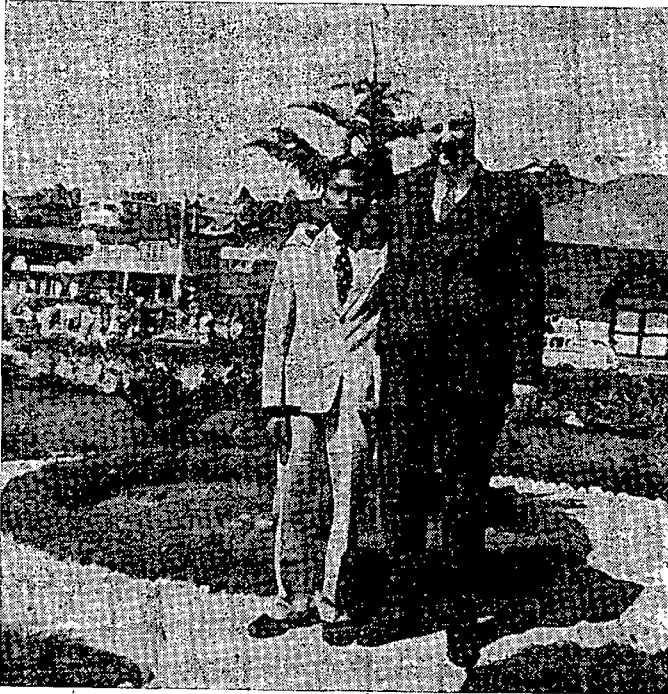
From Bandoeng, Java

Bandoeng, Dec. 26, 1949

We are now in Java, but before I report where we have been, and what we have been doing, I must return to Baguio, and explain why this letter was not finished there.

Back to Baguio

The evening service filled the City Auditorium, with large numbers standing. A number of missionaries were there who were refugees from China, having been driven out by the Communists. Some of them were Southern Baptists.



Pastor Amayun and Dr. Shields.

I enjoyed preaching, and the people seemed to enjoy it, too. We went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Conant for a "snack" after service, and naturally were late returning to the hotel, so that I could not add a paragraph as I had intended.

Mr. Conant called for me at 7 a.m. to go on a sight-seeing tour, that I might see some of the beauties of Baguio. It is beyond my power to describe. We returned about 8 o'clock to breakfast, after which the Misses Smith and Shoemaker, and Mr. Amayun, came along. I suggested that Mr. Conant come along, and he agreed to do so. I rode with him in a jeep station wagon about one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five miles, to Laoag. The drive was entrancing. For about an hour we descended from 5,500 feet to the lowlands. The view down the winding road of the mountains, giving us some new glory every minute or two, presented a series of unimaginable panoramic splendours.

In the Beautiful Lowlands

The lowlands, in their way, almost excelled the splendours of the mountains. Coconut palms interspersed with banana palms lined the roadway. At some places the coconut palms were of the proportions of a forest. Rice paddies abounded, with swarms of men and women harvesting the rice. These rural scenes, with the occasional village, introduced this writer to a new world. Of course it was hot as we got down from the mountains, and the journey, while pleasant, was wearying.

At Laoag

Laoag is not in the same world as Baguio. There are no paved streets, and the dust is smothering. Pigs

wander about the streets everywhere, and having seen these filthy scavengers at work, my objections to pork were deepened, and strengthened. The streets resemble the back lanes of our streets.

We had dinner with missionaries who arrived from Chicago only last September. The husband is a Filipino, and the wife an American, and both are graduates of Moody Bible Institute. They seemed to be very happy in their work, and are a great comfort to Missionary Naylor, whose wife and children are in the United States for recuperation after their experiences as prisoners of the Japs. I cannot call them Japanese, and "Japs" is a little more polite than devils—almost the only alternative.

A New Church in Prospect

The service was held on the lot on which a new church is to be erected. There was a congregation of two or three hundred. I preached as well as I could, and hope some good was accomplished.

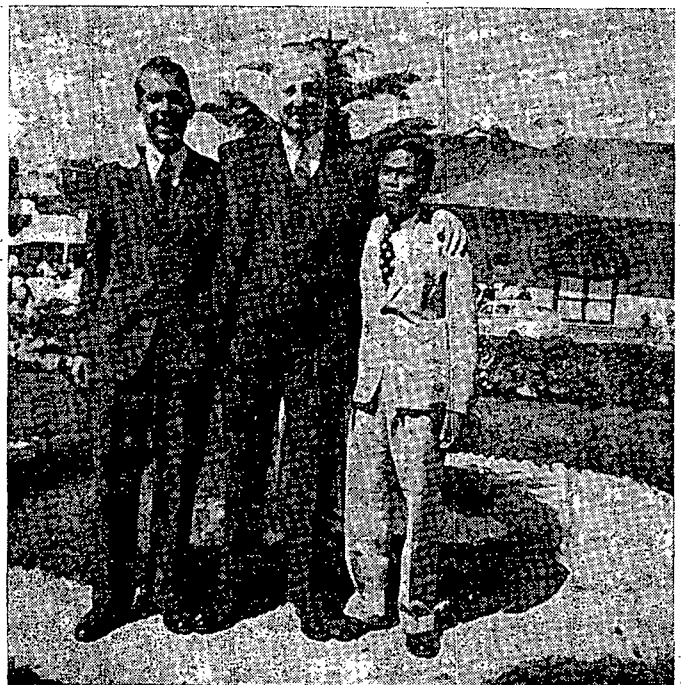
I greatly enjoyed the fellowship and hospitality of these heroic missionaries. We all had breakfast in the apartment of the lady missionaries Tuesday morning, and then I went to the airport and took off for Manila at 10.40, arriving about 1.30—a three to four hundred mile flight.

I went to the Manila Hotel for luncheon, and loafed in their easy chairs until time for evening farewell meeting, after which the brethren took us to the airport about 11 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Hopewell, Mr. Roberts, and others, we shall long remember, and rank among the faithful heroes of the cross.

Another All-Night Flight

We took off for Singapore, another all-night flight, but a little more comfortable, because the seats could be put back almost like a bed. The flight was uneventful, and we arrived at Singapore at 7.30 a.m. Wednesday, December 21st.



Rev. Alfred P. Conant and Pastor Amayun with Dr. Shields.

At Singapore

It was good to be under the old flag once more, and to be reassured that not every part of the British Empire had yet been sent "down the drain."

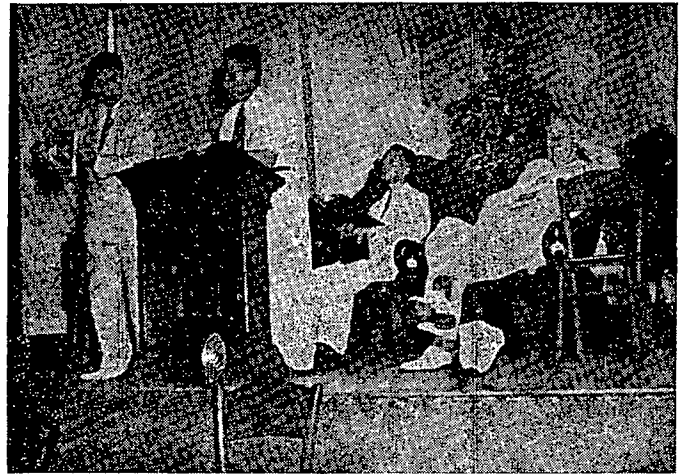
This writer has no language in which to describe his loathing of the present Government in England, nor to express his abhorrence of the futile Socialism of which it is the expression, and which is expert only in casting to the dogs of indolence and greed, what the industry, and enterprise, and statesmanship of centuries, has built up. One has only to travel in the East, and the Far East, with open eyes, and an alert and discerning mind, to see what a withering blight Socialism really is. A near cousin to Communism, wherever it goes it prepares the way for the coming of that devouring beast of prey.

Less British than Hong Kong

Singapore impressed me as being less British than Hong Kong. It is really a bit of China. Seventy-five percent of the population is Chinese. Many of them, if not most of them, belong to the higher class. They are industrious, enterprising, and many of them have become wealthy. The greater part of the wealth of Singapore, I should judge, is in the hands of the Chinese.

And what charming people they are! We met hundreds of them. We were there three and a half days, and we had nine meetings, beside many personal interviews. The Chinese Christians seem to be spiritual

gourmands for the word of God. Conversion to them means an entirely new life in a new world: literally they are new creatures, old things have passed away, and all things have become new. The practice of the



Rev. Carl McIntire is speaking in the church at Singapore.

gospel is not merely their Sunday avocation: it is their daily vocation.

New Chinese Friends

I did not dare to try to charge my mind with all the names of my new Chinese friends. A few of them, who gave me their cards, I can remember. The president of the Chinese Inter-Church Union, with a number of others, met us at the airport, Wednesday morning, where we had a cup of tea together before leaving for our hotel. The President is an Anglican clergyman. He put a car and a driver at our disposal, and drove us back and forth to meetings, and our hotel was four or five miles from places of meeting. He was a most gracious host.

Dr. Tow and Her Four Brothers

Another of the many who overwhelmed us with kindness was Dr. Tow and her three brothers. She placed her car at our disposal for the last two days, with one or other of her brothers as driver. Dr. Tow's father is a Pastor in China; her three brothers are all attending University in different years in a medical course. A fourth brother, Timothy, is in the United States, a student at Faith Seminary, Wilmington, Delaware. They are an unusual family—every one is the embodiment of culture and refinement, speaking faultless English with a pleasing accent, almost Oxonian. But their academic work does not interfere with their Christian profession and practice. They always have a Bible with them, and have a passion for Christ and His glory.

Heaven's Aristocracy

Meeting these Chinese Christians, we felt that we had been introduced to a section of Heaven's aristocracy. Dr. Tow has her own private clinic, which we visited, and evidently she has a large practice.

The intelligence and discernment of our Chinese brethren was most inspiring. Every effort had been made by the Modernistic devotees of the World Council of Churches to persuade them not to receive us. One of them, visiting the U.S.A., had been persuaded by Timothy Tow to visit the Amsterdam meeting in August, 1948. That was enough. He was convinced that a



Chin Lin Bible School, Singapore, the founder is on the left.

testimony must be set up against the flagrant unbelief of the World Council leadership. It is very probable that the Chinese Singapore Inter-Church Union will affiliate with the I.C.C.C. These Chinese Christians have been turned, by divine grace, from idols to serve the living and true God, and they do not mean to allow themselves to be spoiled through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.

Modernism on Foreign Mission Fields

I am amazed at the wicked attempts of Modernistic leaders to pervert the gospel of Christ on Foreign Mission fields. At home the theological institutions in particular, and educational institutions in general, have so effectually destroyed the faith of their students, that those who have been sent to Foreign Mission fields have come as educators rather than as preachers of the gospel. And they have come imbued with the ideas of improving the social order. But they have tried making bricks without straw, and have vainly proposed the building of a better society, without having taken time and employed gospel means, to first make better men of which to build a better world. I am convinced from my observations that the blighting influence of western godless colleges, through the inherently mortal religious materialism which they have substituted for the life-giving gospel of the grace of God, is accelerating the decay of governmental stability throughout the world, and is everywhere promoting the ascendance of lawlessness. In the nature of the case it must be so; for "whatsoever is not of faith is sin," and "sin is lawlessness."

If Only People Generally Could Know

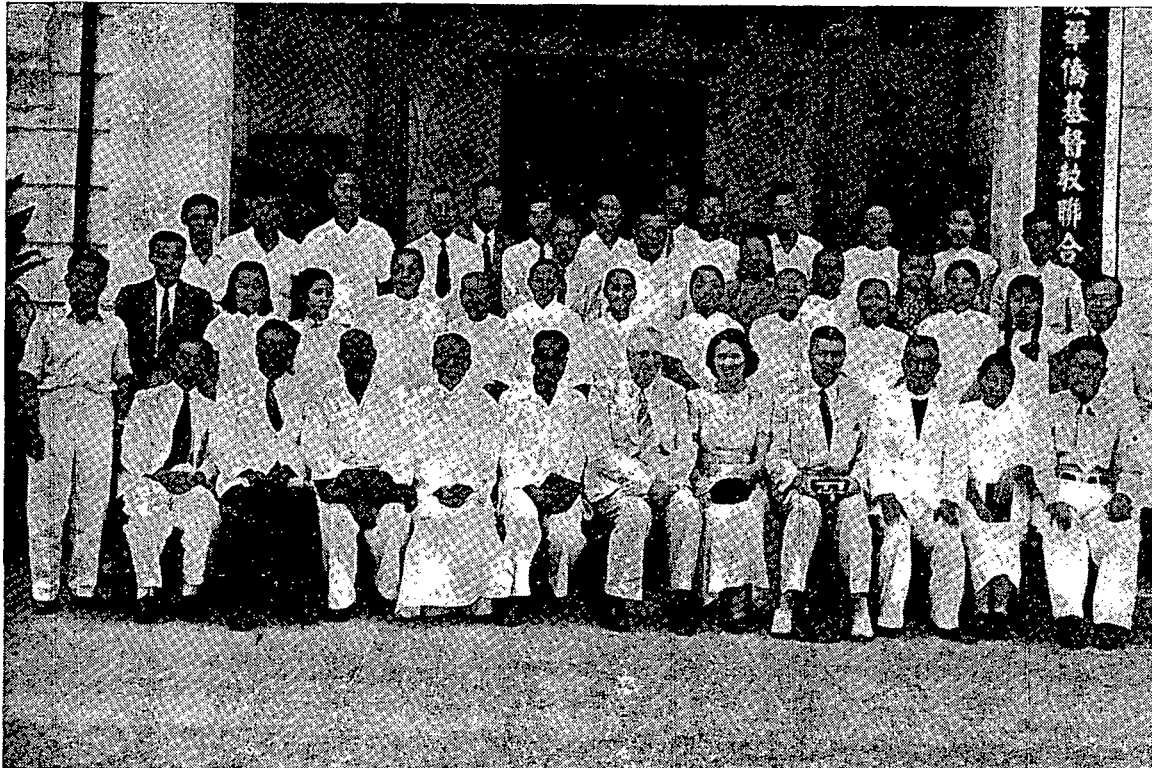
There must be a great host of true believers in the membership of the Denominations which the World Council claims to represent. Giving by a budget plan to the support of their churches and missions, they are unaware that a proportion of their gifts is prostituted to the nefarious work of subverting the gospel in heathen lands, and destroying the faith of multitudes throughout the world.

If this indubitable and incontrovertible fact could be made known, the Modernistic sinners in Zion would become afraid, and fearfulness would surprise the subverting hypocrites in the World Council leadership, by the upheavals which would take place in the Denominations they claim to represent and serve. Oh, that the eyes of some of God's rich stewards could be opened, so that instead of giving their money to World Council propagation of paganism masquerading as Christianity, they would give it to the I.C.C.C. treasury, to enable us, by pulpit, platform, and press, to cry aloud, to spare not, to lift our voice like a trumpet, and show God's people their transgressions, and the apostate denominations of North America and Britain, their sins. These American-bred modernistic, ecclesiastical, locusts, and canker-worms, and caterpillars, are destroying the Lord's fields, and vineyards, and oliveyards throughout the world.

I am sending with this letter about a half dozen photographs taken by Dr. Tow's brother, for publication in THE GOSPEL WITNESS.

Our Singapore Hotel

I must record our gratitude for a brief respite from our hotel inconveniences. While in Singapore we stayed



Outside of the Chinese Y.M.C.A., Singapore, December 24, 1949. The man with the clerical collar is an Anglican clergyman and is president of the Inter-Church Union of Singapore.



On the lawn of the Sea View Hotel at night. Dr. Tow and her three brothers.

at a hotel called Sea View. Our rooms were on the ground floor. The doors were numbered like houses. The outside doors were three-quarter height, then a comfortable sitting room, then more three-quarter doors, and the bedroom beyond. Thus our rooms were even more open than tents. There, as everywhere else in the Orient, we slept in beds enclosed above and around with mosquito netting. In front of our rooms was a fine lawn, and less than a hundred yards from our door a sea wall, and the sea beyond. The dining room was an open pavilion, so that we got all the air that was moving. Each night, when my friends had retired, I took a wicker chair across the lawn, and sat my coatless self down, and listened to the waves, as the tide rolled in, and thought of this supposed bastion of the Empire, and the blood and treasure expended in its building, until the yellow fiends, the special favourites of the prince of the power of the air, descended, like vultures, in pitiless fury, upon these Asiatic seas.

Will Singapore also go "down the drain"? or will Britain soon awake, and cast her accursed Socialism into the seas she has so long and nobly ruled for the good of all the nations of the world.

Sitting alone in the quiet of the night, I thought of Byron, and his exclamation:

"And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."

And of Kipling, too:

"If blood be the price of Admiralty,
O God, we have paid in full."

And from all these considerations of transient and

mutable things, my mind turned to that which is more abiding, and which I memorized when I was a boy:

"The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth: while as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world. When he prepared the heavens, I was there: when he set a compass upon the face of the depth: when he established the clouds above: when he strengthened the fountains of the deep: when he gave to the sea his decree, that the waters should not pass his commandment: when he appointed the foundations of the earth: then I was by him, as one brought up with him: and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him; rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men."

Not Britannia But Britannia's God

After all, it is not Britannia, but Britannia's God Who "rules the waves," and Britannia may still benevolently rule them if she returns to Britannia's God.

In these many thousands of miles of air-travel, I have recalled to mind again and again, "There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the sky. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." I have looked down from over 20,000 feet, to see nothing but clouds—clouds—clouds! But I reflected, He "maketh the clouds his chariot: (He walketh) upon the wings of the wind." And again, "The clouds are the dust of his feet."

So then, He walked on the clouds beside us!

The Day Before Christmas in Singapore

But we have not yet left Singapore. Saturday, before Christmas Day, I spoke at 2 o'clock in the afternoon through a Chinese interpreter, to a crowd of two or three

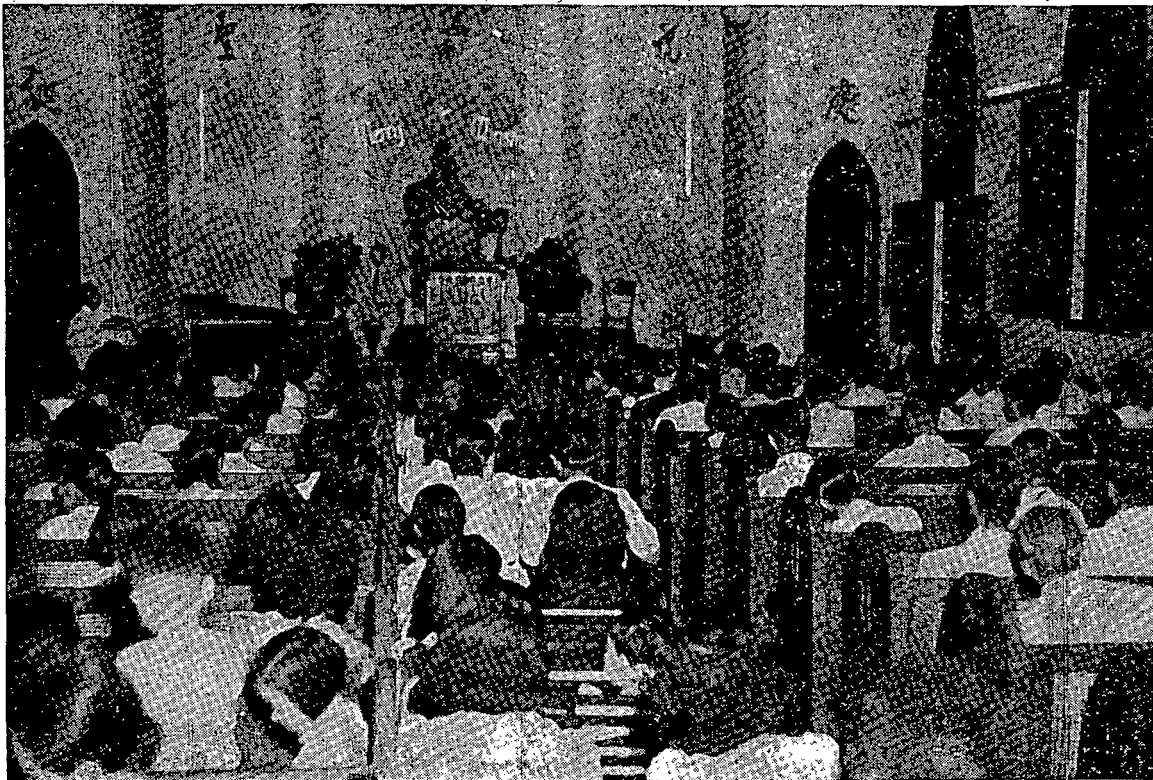
hundred in the Chinese Y.M.C.A., and at night both Mr. McIntire and I spoke to a large crowd in a Presbyterian Church. Then we went back to our hotel

Christmas Eve in Singapore

There they were making merry in the large dining pavilion. There were all the Christmas carols, and hymns, and a lot more noise-making, but innocent jollity. But they kept it up until 2 a.m. I went to bed at 2.15, after having packed up. We were called at 5 o'clock, and after a hurried breakfast, Mr. Tow was again on hand with the Doctor's car to take us to the airport. There, early as it was, we were joined by a considerable group of Chinese Christians. We drew off into a corner, and had prayer together for them, and for ourselves, and

Government is to be transferred, and the new Republic of Indonesia proclaimed. For this reason Batavia was crowded, and it was impossible to find any accommodation anywhere. I am glad it was so, for Mr. Kok had made reservations in the Savoy Hotel in Bandoeng, where we have nice airy rooms. We flew here in about thirty-five minutes. There is a higher altitude, and an entirely different atmosphere and temperature—it is something like Baguio. We shall wait here for a day or so, and enjoy a much-needed rest. Nor could we do otherwise, for Christmas and the political celebrations would make meetings impossible.

It is now nearly midnight, and I must leave the news from Java for another letter, except for one item:



The Presbyterian Chinese Church, Singapore. The Editor is preaching with the interpreter beside him.

as we boarded the plane for Batavia, we mutually waved our farewells. As we took off we felt we were leaving a company of God's choicest saints behind us.

Over Hundreds of Islands

We flew over hundreds of islands, and then over the open sea, and by and by over much of Sumatra, where we landed at a place with an unpronounceable name; and after a half hour or so, took to the air again. We crossed the equator somewhere en route, and landed in Batavia, Java, about noon. We had expected to be in the air all day, but our experience was better than our fears. Mr. Arie Kok had come down from Bandoeng to meet us. Here it was not warm, but hot! at noon on Christmas Day.

Christmas Day in the Air, at Batavia and Bandoeng

There is to be a change of government tomorrow, December 27th, and the authority of the Netherlands'

Letter from Bandoeng Received in Delhi

At the General Delivery in Delhi in India, I received a letter from a Chinese pastor in behalf of himself and another, to which we replied. Being informed of our arrival, they called on us to-day. The letter received in India came as a result of THE GOSPEL WITNESS announcement of this world-tour, which reached them by air mail. The older of the two told us he had received THE GOSPEL WITNESS for over twenty years, and had evidently read every word. He is also the Editor of an Indonesian monthly in which he had printed many translations of GOSPEL WITNESS articles in the Malay language. Both these men are Chinese, racially, but use the Malay language, and speak English well. The one was emphatic in his appreciation of the help received through THE GOSPEL WITNESS for over twenty years. He first heard of THE GOSPEL WITNESS and Jarvis Street through Rev. Robert Jaffray, brother of the late W. G. Jaffray, former proprietor and publisher of *The Globe*

and Mail. It was one more proof of the value and the far-reach of the ministry of THE GOSPEL WITNESS.

The Value of Personal Observation

I believe one can obtain a knowledge of life and conditions in foreign countries by personal observation, which could never be received from reading. The same is true of religious conditions.

There is so much in atmosphere, and so much that is intangible, and so much that can only be felt, and which no words can define, and which can be understood only as one breathes the atmosphere of the place.

The Ravages of Modernism

I am appalled by the ravages of Modernism on foreign mission fields. In the light of this amazing religious deterioration and devastation, one can understand the now silent, and empty ruins of old Corinth, where Paul once determined to know nothing among them, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. One can understand such a solemn passage as Isaiah, chapter 44, verses nine to twenty, in the light of the present apostasy:

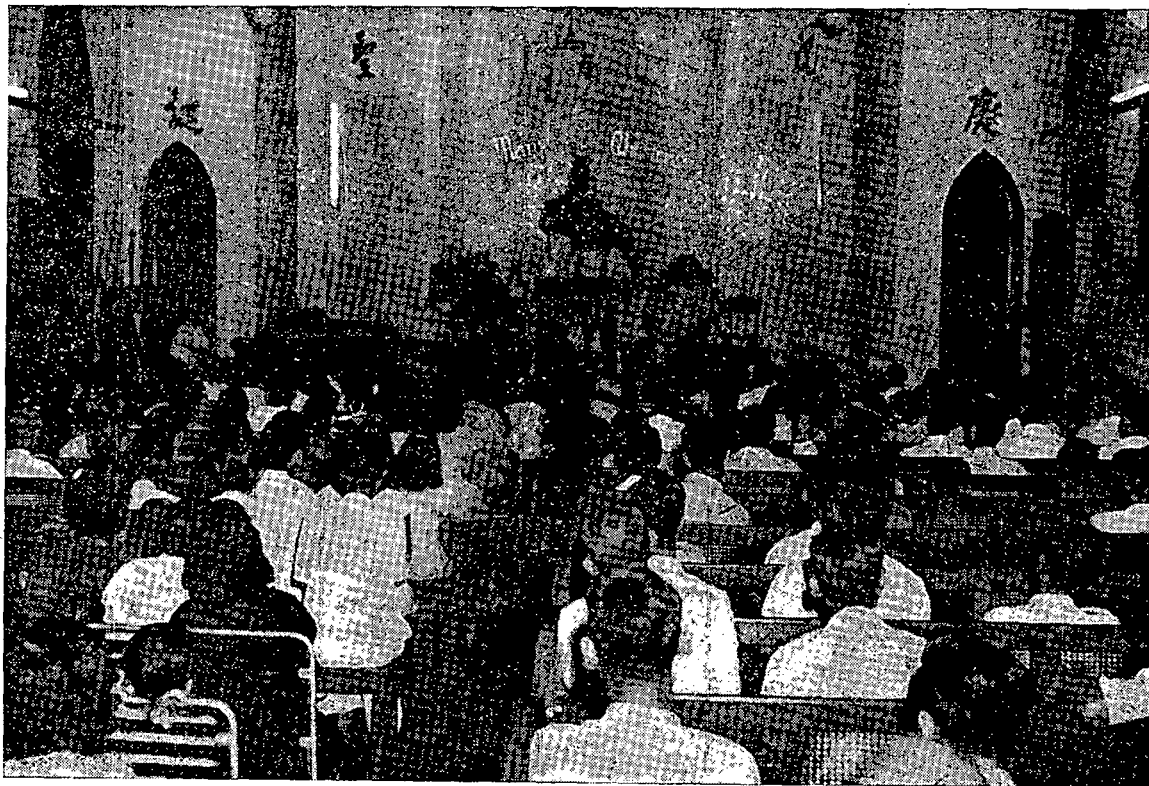
They that make a graven image *are* all of them vanity; and their delectable things shall not profit; and they *are* their own witnesses; they see not, nor know; that they may be ashamed. Who hath formed a god, or molten a graven image *that* is profitable for nothing? Behold, all his fellows shall be ashamed: and the workmen, they *are* of men: let them all be gathered together, let them stand up; *yet* they shall fear, *and* they shall be ashamed together. The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals, and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with the strength of his arms: yea, he is hungry, and his strength faileth: he drinketh no water, and is faint. The carpenter stretcheth out *his* rule; he marketh it out with a line;

he fitteth it with planes, and he marketh it out with the compass, and maketh it after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man; that it may remain in the house. He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest: he planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish *it*. Then shall it be for a man to burn: for he will take thereof, and warm himself; yea, he kindleth *it* and baketh bread; yea, he maketh a god, and worshippeth *it*; he make it a graven image, and falleth down thereto. He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth *himself*, and saith Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: And the residue thereof he maketh a god, *even* his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth *it*, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou *art* my god. They have not known or understood: for he hath shut their eyes, that they cannot see; *and* their hearts, that they cannot understand. And none considereth in his heart, neither *is there* knowledge nor understanding to say, I have burned part of it in the fire; yea, also I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh, and eaten *it*: and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? shall I fall down to the stock of a tree? He feedeth on ashes: a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, *Is there* not a lie in my right hand?

The Antithesis of Christianity

Modernism is a complete reversal of Bible Christianity, and the divinely ordained gospel programme: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Modernism represents men as saving themselves, and seeking God by divers means. The parable of the prodigal is entirely reversed.

The gospel represents human nature as reduced to bankruptcy. Only as the bankrupt returns to the



The Presbyterian Church in Singapore. Mr. McIntire and his interpreter. Note seats in aisle.



Another view of Mr. McIntire and his interpreter.

Father's house does he find salvation and rehabilitation. He is restored to fellowship with his Father. He gets plenty of food, new shoes, the best robe, a ring on his hand, and shares in the highest quality of merry-making. There "social justice" everywhere obtains—even the hired servants have "bread enough and to spare." But fundamental and indispensable to all this is the prodigal's personal return to his Father, and his Father's house. All these things that his Father knows he has need of are provided: but he must first of all come home, if he would have them. He must seek FIRST the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

Trying to Get the Prodigal a Better Job in the Far Country

Modernism, on the contrary, proposes to devise means, not that God's banished be not expelled from Him, but to provide the prodigal with a better job in the far country. It proposes to convert the far country into a social paradise. There shall be no more swine-troughs. The man who has spent his all in riotous living is to be made the subject of a kind of religious "Marshall plan." He is to have better wages for doing nothing, better clothes, and better house, new schools, and playgrounds, and hospitals, and libraries, stocked with books by Fosdick and Stanley Jones, and the philosophies of Gandhi, and the vagaries of the World Council's vain imaginations. The Oxford Group will provide him a new orientation of life.

Of course the works of Karl Barth will be included, and the new discoveries of the present School of Neo-orthodoxy. For these advocates of the betterment of the far country with their emphasis on the supremacy of here and now, on the things which are seen and are temporal, would throw off the incubus of such modernistic

theories as the passage of time has discredited by disproof, and would substitute a compromise between the extreme "right" and "left" in religion. But in the ultimate analysis it is the same old unbelief revamped, as every heresy through all human history has been but a reclothing of the devil's lie in Eden, which initially cast doubt on God's word, then denied it, and at last suggested that Utopian bliss can be realized apart from fellowship with God.

All this and much more, but no Bible, no repentance, no regeneration, no atonement by blood, no prospect of a new heavens and a new earth: only the old earth of the far country "swept and garnished" and made ready for the occupancy of other unclean spirits, making the last state of the far country worse than the first.

God as an Intellectual Abstraction

All this without God—except as an intellectual Concept, a mere Abstraction with a big name!

Meanwhile the Father's house will hear no music, the infinite hunger of His infinite love must remain unsatisfied, and even the angels may hang their harps on the willows—if weeping willows could be in heaven, hard by the Tree of Life, because no sinners come to repentance.

Modernism has no gospel for this, or any other age. Under the name of Christianity it has "turned the truth of God into a lie." Between Modernism and the gospel of grace there is a great gulf fixed. They are as separate and distinct as darkness and light, as evil and good, as hell and heaven.

May God give us illumination to recognize their utter incompatibility, and resolution to come out from among them, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing!

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

"He Dwelleth With You, and Shall Be in You"

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Morning, March 5th, 1950
(Stenographically Reported)

"And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;
"Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."—John 14:16, 17.

Prayer Before the Sermon

We thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast not left us in silence: that Thou hast given to us Thy word. We bless Thee for every page of Holy Scripture, for the fact that we have before us, and with us, always the word of God that cannot lie. Help us that we may appreciate it, and that we may dwell constantly upon its pages, and that we may open our hearts to its principles and precepts, and that our lives may be illuminated by its heavenly light.

Now, O Lord, we would learn a little more of Thy word, and of what Thou hast planned to do for all who believe in Thee. Help us that we may appropriate the privileges which are ours, the gifts of Thy grace, designed to make us rich toward God.

Help us that we may not continue to live at a poor, dying, rate. Rather, wilt Thou lift us up, and make us to dwell in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, wherein Thou hast blessed us with all spiritual blessings, according as Thou hast chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love.

Come to us now, and make every member of this congregation aware of the divine Presence. May we feel something of the operation of the divine Spirit upon our own hearts, that so we may be constrained to say, while we are here, and as we leave the place, God is in this place.

We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"For he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

IT MUST be a matter of general observation to all the people of God that great multitudes, in the course of time, have, at one time or another, professed faith in Christ, but who have been soon hindered in their Christian walk, and have gone back, and walked no more with Him. I suppose in Toronto there must be tens of thousands of people who, at some time or another, have made a Christian profession, who to-day, never enter a place of worship, nor in any way seek to honour the Lord. It would be difficult to place the responsibility for that. I suppose, in the last analysis, it would have to rest with each individual. And yet it may be partly due to defective teaching, because people have not been taught really in its fulness, what it is to receive Christ, and to become a partaker of the grace of eternal life.

I should like this morning to try to make it very simple, and to show you something of our privileges in Christ, that we may not merely profess His name, but that we may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, in all things, and continue to the end as witnesses to His redeeming grace.

I.

First of all, then, let me ask, WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO RECEIVE CHRIST? Does it mean only to make a profession of religion; to yield mental assent to a certain scriptural proposition? For example, the Bible says all are sinners; that must include me; the Bible says that Christ died

for sinners; that also must be true of me; the Bible says that all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved; that must include me. As I yield mental assent to these propositions, I may be told by someone, "Then you must be a Christian."

Is there nothing more than that involved in receiving Christ? Is it purely an operation of the mind? Is there no divine work wrought by a sovereign God in the heart of the sinner, making him, by grace, other than he was by nature? Surely we are familiar with the text which says, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creation. Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

I do not know that I have ever seen that Scripture so conspicuously illustrated and exemplified as I saw it among the Chinese Christians, hundreds of them, I suppose in the aggregate thousands of them in Singapore. To these Chinese Christians receiving Christ meant obviously passing out of one world into another. To them the fact that their sins were forgiven, and that they were children of God, seemed always, all of the time, every day, to be the biggest thing in life. They seemed never to forget it. They were like hungry people who had escaped from a concentration camp, and who had come to a place where there was plenty to eat. You could not fill them up. I never saw such gourmands for the word of God. They wanted to have meetings morning, noon, and night, and they seemed never to weary of hearing the word of God.

That was not true merely of the rank and file of the people: it was true of everyone. I met university students and others, doctors, ministers, missionaries, and they seemed all to be imbued with the same spirit—all to manifest the same hunger for the word of God. They could not get enough of it. One did not need to invite them to a meeting: one needed only to let them know that the doors would be open, and they were there.

It struck me as being an extraordinary thing when, the day before Christmas, in a large hall, in the afternoon—when here people would say, "It is useless to expect people to go to church the day before Christmas; they are getting ready for Christmas"—that hall was crowded in every part, and I preached to them just the word of God, through an interpreter.

Now, receiving Christ to these Chinese Christians had meant a complete revolution in their lives. Old things really had passed away, and all things had become new. It was like a little bit of heaven to be among those hungry people ministering the word of God.

That ought to be so with all of us. To receive Christ

means to pass from death unto life. It does mean to enter into a new world. It does mean that we now have citizenship in another country. It means that we have become subject to a new Government, that our lives are under a new authority; that everything has been changed—if we are Christians—for the Lord has given us a new nature: we have been born again by His Spirit.

Now in the context our Lord said that he was sending the Spirit, Whom the world cannot receive. You must not expect a worldly man to understand you, when you talk about the things of the Spirit, when you talk about being "born again."

I heard a lovely thing last week of a Salvationist visiting out in Stanley Barracks, and talking to the children there. She asked them how many of them had had two birthdays in one year. There was one little chap about six years of age. He would have been greatly improved, so I was told, by a little soap and water. But he was an interesting little fellow, and ready with his answer. He declared that he had had two birthdays, because he had been born again. He said, "I love Jesus, and I am going to heaven. I am sure I am. I am on the way there." He was positive about it. This lady said, "That is very interesting." He climbed up on her lap, put his arms about her neck, and gave her a kiss. She was one who loved the Lord, and was glad of his approach. She said to him, "Where did you learn about Jesus?" "Oh," he said, "I learned that in Jarvis Street Baptist Sunday School." I was happy to hear that. There was a little boy of six who was certain. There was no doubt about it in his mind that something had happened, and that he was on the way to heaven.

It may be some of you here this morning have taken out an insurance policy on your house, or perhaps on your life, and the document has been drawn up, and in due course you have signed it, and put it away somewhere—and that is all you think about it. You have to pay your premium, of course, and some day it may be of value. But it is not a factor in your everyday life, but just something in reserve against a rainy day.

There are many people whose religion is not much better than an insurance policy: "I made a profession—I joined the church—I became a church member—I think I am saved." But perhaps all that has made very little difference in your life. And it is no wonder, for who of us, of himself, can continue to live a Christian life? There are temptations about us so severe, so multitudinous, so pressing upon us, that, left to ourselves, we should almost certainly sooner or later yield at one point or another.

There are battles to fight. How are we going to fight them? A mere Christian profession will not help us. This new life, said to be given to us, is like a delicate exotic plant that requires a warm, moist climate; and if you take that plant, and put it out amid the snows, in such weather as we have had recently, you would expect it to be frozen, and killed in one night.

How is this life, which really belongs to heaven, a heavenly life, how is this new plant, which the Heavenly Father hath planted, to survive the storms, and frost, and wind, of this wintry world? It is a hard world to live in at any time. It is difficult in any walk of life always to be true and loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to the highest principles; and if we have nothing more than that retrospective view of things, in such days as these we shall find ourselves hard put to it to keep true.

The Lord Jesus never intended that to be so. Receiving Christ is not merely signing on the dotted line, and making a profession. It is not subscribing merely to a statement of truth. You may do that, and say, "I must do that—I must do that"; but it is vastly more than an exercise of the mind. When we receive Jesus we actually receive the Son of God into our hearts: He comes; and He comes to abide. You remember how our Lord recognized these difficulties in His High Priestly prayer: "While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy name; those that thou gavest me I have kept; and none of them is lost, but the sons of perdition; that the scripture might be fulfilled."

I have observed over the course of many years two people, husband and wife, who walked together in the fear of the Lord. They seemed to be one. They seemed to have a mutual interest in Christ; and really you could not say that this one, or that one, was the more consecrated, or spiritual. But I have seen the husband taken away, and after he was gone the wife seemed to have no religion left. Or, I have seen the wife taken, and after she was gone the husband seemed to have no religion left. I suppose they had leaned somewhat on each other, and had been mutually helpful; but neither had learned that divine strength which comes to abide with us.

Jesus was going away, and He said, "I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter"—as though He would have said, "I have been your Comforter, your Paraclete, the One Who has always stood by you to be your Helper. Now that My visible Presence is to be withdrawn, I will pray the Father that He will give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."

I am afraid the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, as in the word of God has been grievously neglected in some quarters, because by some well-meaning people it has been associated with all sorts of extravagances and vagaries, and even forms of hysteria; and there are people who have said, "If that is what it means to receive the Spirit of God, I don't think I want Him." No; my friends, that is the counterfeit, not the genuine. Remember it is written, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." It is a mark of the true Christian that he has the Holy Ghost, and every true Christian has the Holy Spirit. Some have recognized Him more clearly. Some have yielded to Him more completely than others. Some, perhaps, enjoy a larger measure of His power than others; but if we are Christians, we have all received the Holy Ghost.

II.

NOW THE LORD JESUS HERE SAYS THAT HE "DWELLETH" WITH YOU." I have dealt with people sometimes whom I have feared almost to let go, and I have foolishly said to myself; "I wish I could follow that man, and meet him early in the morning, and go with him to work, and stand by his side in his temptations, to try to help him." That would be impossible; but I have felt the need of someone's standing by him all the way.

Now the Scripture says we have just such an One: "He dwelleth with you." The Holy Spirit is not to be an occasional Visitor. You read in the word of God of how Peter was filled with the Holy Ghost. You read of the Spirit of God coming upon Samson as he rent the lion as he would have rent a kid. You read of many men who were conspicuous for some particular public

service; and perhaps you have supposed that that is what the Holy Ghost is for.

Let me tell you, my dear friends, *the biggest job any one of us has is just to live as a Christian*—not to perform some piece of duty, but to be Christ's man, Christ's woman every day, and all the hours of the day. That is where the enemy assails us, and the Spirit of God is given to us to enable us to live as Christians ought to live, and "He dwelleth with (us)." He comes to abide, not to be an occasional Visitor, but to take up permanent residence with us; to live with us wherever we are, and wherever we go, to abide with us for ever.

So I would remind you that *the Christian life is really a perpetual partnership*. We are not left alone without anyone to help us: when we receive Christ we enter into partnership with God. God enters into the fulfilment of His covenant engagements with us, and He comes to dwell with us.

I suppose if someone were to write you and say to you, "I am coming to Toronto on a certain date, and I am coming that I may live with you for the rest of my life"—unless you thought a great deal of that person, you would become a little anxious, would you not? I have read stories of the wife gradually breaking the news to her husband that her mother was coming to live with them. Sometimes the husband has said to his wife that his mother was coming to live with them. You need a world of affection for anyone who lives with you. There are a lot of you I love, and I know you love me, but I wonder how we should get along together if we had to live in the same house all the time?

When you get the word that the Holy Ghost is coming to live with you, are you at all disconcerted? What if you were very poor, and found it rather difficult to make ends meet! Suddenly you get a letter from someone of whose existence you had never heard, or whom you had forgotten. All the time he has been away he has been piling up a great fortune, and he is just loaded with it. He does not know what to do. So he looks about to find someone. He does not want to go to a hotel. Then he remembers he has a niece, or someone related to him, and he says, "I will go and live with her." So he writes a letter and tells her of his desire; and he tells her also that he is not coming to be dependent upon her. He hopes she has a comfortable house, but if not, it will be an easy matter to get another. He hopes she has plenty, but "don't worry. I have so much I don't know what to do with it." He says he is coming on a certain date. Do you suppose you would be greatly disturbed if you had such a visitor? Well, our Lord Jesus said, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." He invites Himself to be your Guest, but entering He becomes your Host.

To have a guest sometimes when you are not prepared for him is a little embarrassing. You have not had a chance to do any shopping before he comes in. In England during those days of rationing, I understand people, when they went visiting, took their coupons with them; or they went and bought something with the coupons. So, knowing that their friends would be in short supply, they took something along. Then they were not unwelcome. So our Lord comes knocking at the door, and asking to be admitted as a Guest. But entering, He suddenly becomes the Host, for He has brought with Him "enough and to spare."

When the Holy Ghost comes to dwell with us, He comes to let us know how rich we have become. Suppose you

were notified that you were the beneficiary of a will. Then suppose the Executor telephones you to say, "Perhaps you will not understand the legal verbiage. I will come to see you, and explain the will to you, and tell you just what it means."

That is exactly the function of the Holy Ghost. He is the Executor of the Godhead, and He comes to dwell with us, in order that He may explain to us the meaning of the last will and testament of the Prince of Glory. Could He not come and visit us? No; the will is a long one. It provides for such abounding wealth, that it will take Him all the rest of your life to explain this will and testament. So He says, "I will come and live with you, and every day we will have a session, and we will turn the pages, and you shall learn just how rich you are." That is why the Holy Ghost comes. I believe if we really understood this, and received Him, and depended upon Him, and lived with Him, in the light of His illumination, and at His feet received His instruction—for He comes to teach us all things—I believe there would be fewer backsliders, fewer people going away from the Lord, and casting away their confidence. The Holy Spirit thus, I say, comes to dwell with us.

Now there is a Scripture which says, "We have received, not the spirit of the world" — What have we received?—"but the Spirit which is of God"—What for? "that we may know the things that are freely given to us of God." That is what the Holy Ghost comes for: to explain how rich we are.

He comes, then, to dwell with us. The Executive of the Godhead will live with us forever, and will always stand by in every hour of need.

III.

But there is A STILL MORE INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP HERE PROCLAIMED. "He dwelleth with you, and shall be *in* you." That is something very different. It is one thing to be *with* us: it is another thing to be *in* us. But that is what it is to receive Christ, and to receive the Holy Ghost through faith. He comes to live in us, for we are the temples of the Holy Ghost; we are His earthly residences. This is where He comes to live—to live in us.

I cannot explain that, and no one else can explain it. I may tell you of the privilege, and tell you what steps to take to enter into the possession, and enjoyment of that privilege. But what the privilege itself is, I cannot explain. That is a matter of experience. You must have the Spirit for yourself. He must be in you to know what it means to have the Holy Ghost within. Are you sure of that this morning? Having received the Son, have you received the Spirit also? You say, "Did you not say that I must have received Him, if I received the Son?" Quite true, but do you recognize Him?

Someone came to see me a little while ago. My office reported the visitor. I said, "All right, in just a few minutes." I was engaged with someone else at the time. The caller who was with me prolonged his stay a little, and we engaged in further conversation about many things. At last I let him out. He left me, and I sat down at my desk to resume my work. Then someone came to me and said, "Have you forgotten you have another appointment?" I had forgotten. I was engaged with something else.

Though the Holy Ghost has come to us, and stands ready to be our Helper, and in that sense we have received Him, I am afraid sometimes we allow our minds to become so occupied with other things that we

forget Him, and try to go on with our work while He is waiting to be consulted. Let us not do that. Let us try to remember that He is the First Person always to be considered, and that we have not to send for Him: He is here at our side, standing by. What I want of Him now is not merely that He should stand by, but that He should be *in me*. Yes!

I will tell you what it means. It means, of course, a *new life*. When one is converted he receives a new life: "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."

What is that eternal life? What can it be but the Holy Ghost? It is life; but it is life communicated by the Holy Ghost. We are begotten of the Divine Spirit. The life of God is implanted in us by the operation of the Holy Ghost, and Christ says to us that the new life is born within; and He comes to dwell in us, and we have a new life, and that life—I don't think it is too much to say; I don't think it is an exaggeration to say it—the reception thus of the Holy Spirit means that *He creates a new personality*.

You have met some people who have acute minds. They are well informed, well educated, skilled in many directions, and might be very useful. But you have said, "I don't know what there is about that man, but he has such a forbidding, such an objectionable, personality, whenever he comes into my presence, he rubs me the wrong way." We all have met people like that. Other people come in, and they sit down, and you feel at home with them at once. You are tempted to prolong their visit, because their presence is so agreeable to you. But there is something in all of us, a very ugly thing—the Bible calls it the "old man." He is a dominating factor in our personalities, and he is an ugly old creature. You cannot dress him up, and make a gentleman of him. He is just an old sinner, and he is there for trouble, no matter how he may be disguised. That is the main trouble with all of us. How shall we overcome that element in our personalities which must, if it is allowed to come to the surface, be objectionable to everyone? I believe the Holy Spirit comes to flood us with His light and His life. That was a great passage we read together this morning. Listen while I read it again: "The anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: but at the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him." Is not that a tremendous verse?

"The anointing which (we) have received of (Christ)! What does that mean? Because we have become Christians, we are members of Christ. You remember what is said in the Psalms, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments." When Aaron was anointed as the high priest, and the anointing oil was poured upon his head, every member of his body shared in that anointing. So we are grafted into Christ, and become members of His body, and "the anointing which (we) received of him, abideth in (us)."

I think it means that we are endowed with a kind of spiritual instinct. Something came before you in a flash. You had not time to think, to recall to your mind, some passage, or principle of the word of God.

But the moment that thing came to your mind, you said, "It is not right." You repelled it. There was nothing inside to answer to it; no affinity within for that thing.

When the Oxford Group Movement came to Toronto I thanked the Lord for the fact that there was not one member of Jarvis Street Church that I know of, who was affected by it. I had many come and say to me, "I don't know, Pastor, what there is about it. I just cannot reason the thing out. I only know it is wrong."

There are people who have no music in them. You cannot teach them music. All the teachers in the world could do nothing with them. We say of them that they have no ear for music. They cannot tell one note from another. They sing everything to the one tune. You have seen little children, just little bits of things, and they pick up a tune almost before they can talk. I heard of a little girl's conducting a choir, in the Eaton Auditorium. It was a choir of little children, and she conducted it like an experienced maestro. At the close there was tremendous applause. She came back and took her bow with the greatest composure. The thing was so superb that Sir Ernest MacMillan went to her and took her in his arms, and said, "You may conduct my orchestra any time you like." You see, she was well trained. But you cannot train all people like that.

I know people I would like to have operated on, to have a bit of music put into them so that they would know the difference between the Doxology and God Save the King. But short of that there is no hope for them. Suppose it were possible for that to be done, what a blessing that would be.

What you and I need is a spiritual instinct that will lead us to an appreciation of all the things that are of God, and something within us that will repel everything that is not of God, a kind of divine instinct, so that we need not that anyone should teach us. That is exactly what the Scripture means.

Let me say just this one further word: when thus the Spirit comes, He gives us a *new motive in life*, a new spring of action. The true Christian does not live for himself: he lives for other people.

I saw a lot of that on my world tour. A few planes had plans, and one was assigned a seat. But in the majority of cases you had to take a chance. You found people getting out in front, and jostling one another, and as soon as the plane was announced as ready there was a mad rush—What for? To get the best seat. You have seen that in the street cars. You have seen that spirit manifested in many things: Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. But if you are a Christian your motive will be how to serve other people: "He saved others; himself he cannot save."

It is delightful to meet, occasionally, someone who is not living for himself, seeking a position for himself, a little honour for himself. But oh! how true it is. Paul complained, "I have no man likeminded, who will naturally care for your state, for all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's."

A new motive, a new aim—yes; and I believe a *new energy*. The Spirit quickeneth our mortal bodies. I believe He does that now. I believe He has often helped me to get through a sermon when I would far rather have been in bed; and if I had asked the doctor's opinion, that is where I should have been. But you know the Spirit quickens our mortal bodies. He rejuvenates us; helps us to do a hundred things which, apart from Him, we could never do. I am sure He has helped me thousands of times. I think that is the privilege of every

one of us. I have greatly mistaken the purpose of the coming of my Lord Jesus into the world, if He did not come just to help us through in everything. He will help us in the kitchen—everywhere.

I was thinking this morning of the verse immediately following our text: "I will not leave you orphans." What a sad thing it is to be an orphan! Father and mother gone. Perhaps no one left. Some poor little boy or girl is just left orphaned.

I did not see it, but in Delhi, India, my friends Mr. Garman and Mr. McIntire went out one night, and just a little way from the hotel there was a deep doorway, and there were two little boys, brothers. One was a cripple; he could not walk at all. They were half naked. They were sleeping in this doorway. The hotel doorman said, "They sleep there every night. They have no father or mother, no home; they just beg for their living." The older brother, who was, himself, quite young, carried the little cripple about with him, because he could not walk. Mr. McIntire and Mr. Garman, touched with sympathy, wakened the boys up, and gave them some money. The older one looked at it in wonder, and then he said to the younger one, "Come, and we will go and get something to eat." He took his little brother up on his back, and away they went, as fast as his legs could carry them.

Mr. Garman and Mr. McIntire followed, to see what they would do. The boy bought some food, and put his little brother down, and they both had a good meal.

What could that poor little cripple have done without the older brother? What should we do without an older Brother, Someone to help us in all our troubles?

I read a lovely story one time in Mr. Spurgeon's autobiography. He went out to Stockwell Orphanage one day. It was a special day, I don't remember what; but nearly all the children were visited by some relatives who brought them a little gift. They were pleased, of course, with their presents.

As Mr. Spurgeon sat down amongst them, one little fellow espied him, as he came over first of all rather shyly. Then he came up and leaned his arms on Mr. Spurgeon's knees, and he said, "Mr. Spurgeon, supposing you had no father or mother—nobody: supposing you had nobody to bring you anything!" Then he paused for a moment—"Cause, Mr. Spurgeon, that's me." Mr. Spurgeon said, "I emptied my pockets for that boy."

In these great matters we may come to our Lord and tell Him that there is nobody in the world can help us. We are helpless. Just say to Him, "That's me"—never mind the grammar—and you will hear Him say, "I will not leave you orphans: I will come to you, and dwell with you, and be in you, and you shall be enriched for evermore.

Let us pray:

May the grace of the Lord Jesus, the love of God, the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, abide with us all to-day and for ever, Amen.

Bible School Lesson Outline

Vol. 15 First Quarter Lesson 12 March 19, 1950

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

THE GLORY THAT EXCELLETH

Lesson Text: 2 Corinthians 3.

Golden Text: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. 3:18.

I. The Ministers as Able and Accredited: verses 1-6.

Much of this Epistle is devoted to answering the critics of the Apostle, who refused the message and repudiated the messenger. The proof that Paul was a true Apostle sent from God was to be found in the changed lives of the believers in Corinth. They were living letters of recommendation, which all men might see and read (1 Cor. 9:2). The Gospel of salvation by grace through faith in Christ had been impressed upon their hearts by the Holy Spirit as He spoke through the Apostle Paul. The commandments of the Old Covenant given at Sinai had been engraved upon tablets of stone by the finger of God (Exod. 31:18; 32:16), but the provisions of the New Covenant had been engraved upon their hearts, which were tablets of flesh (Prov. 3:3; Jer. 31:31-34; Ezek. 11:19; 36:26, 27). No one can gainsay the evidence of the presence of those who have been raised to new life (John 12:9, 10; Acts 4:14, 21, 22). It is a serious thing to seek to discredit those whom God would honour.

The Apostle was trusting in the Lord to vindicate him (Isa. 41:9-16); he was not trusting in his own good works (2 Cor. 2:16), or wisdom (1 Cor. 2:1; Phil. 3:4-9), for God was his sufficiency (1 Cor. 15:10), the source of all grace and power for the ministry of the Word (Acts 26:22; 2 Cor. 4:1). He is sufficient for our every need (Eph. 1:19; Phil. 4:19; Col. 1:28, 29).

The Old Covenant of the Law dealt with precepts which were external, objective, literal, and hence that covenant is designated by the phrase "the letter". Inasmuch as the New Covenant of Grace speaks of that which is internal and subjective, the spiritual holiness which was the foundation of the law, but which is clearly brought to light in the New Covenant, it is described as "the spirit" (Rom. 2:28, 29; 7:6; 1 Cor. 11:25; Gal. 4:24).

By the law was given the knowledge of sin (Rom. 2:2; 3:19, 20; 7:7-13), and sin brought forth death, because of the failure of men to obey God (Rom. 7:14-18). But in the New Covenant, wherein the Holy Spirit illuminates the human heart, sin is not only recognized, but it is also put away, so that the soul formerly dead in trespasses and sins receives eternal life (Rom. 6:4, 11; 8:1-4, 10). In that sense, the Old Covenant was the occasion of death, the New Covenant of life.

II. The Ministry as Spiritual and Glorious: verses 7-18.

The Old Covenant, although described as the ministrations

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of death, was inaugurated with glory (Exod. 34:29-35; Heb. 12:25-29). So great was the glory on the face of Moses that the Israelites were restrained by fear from gazing upon him. But when the occasion was over, the glory faded from his countenance. The glory was thus transitory, like the Old Covenant, which would be superseded by a permanent Covenant, established upon better promises (Heb. 8:6-13; 9:15; 10:1-9; 12:18-24).

If the old testament of the law, which passed the sentence of death upon all who disobeyed, was glorious, how much more excellent the glory associated with the giving of the new testament of grace, by the terms of which believers receive righteousness and life (Rom. 1:17; 3:21-31; 7:10; Gal. 3:11-14; 5:5)! The Old Covenant lost its glory by reason of the surpassing glory of the Gospel, as the moon and stars fade before the dazzling brilliance of the sun.

The Apostle would offer no apology for preaching the Gospel, which placed before men such hope of future glory (John 17:24; Rom. 8:16-18; 2 Cor. 4:17, 18; 1 Pet. 5:10), but he would continue to preach openly and strongly, without scruple and without reserve. He would use no disguise, nor would he conceal the message in any such way as Moses did when he was compelled to veil his face (Exod. 34:33). The Jews were blind to the ultimate end of the law, which was to bring men to Christ (Gal. 3:24), and the veil of Moses symbolized the fact that they were not permitted to look steadfastly at Christ, the end of that law (Rom. 10:4), which was to pass away, even as the glory of Moses faded. The Jews would not see Christ as their Messiah and their hearts were hardened that they could not see Him (Matt. 13:13-15; Rom. 11:25). Point out the danger of closing one's heart to the truth of God (Exod. 9:7, 12).

It may be that Paul is using the incident of the veil in another way, as Exod. 34:33 reads thus in the Revised Version: "And when Moses had done speaking with them, he put a veil on his face." This would imply that Moses put on the veil that they might not look on the end, or the fading, of that transitory glory. They were not ready for the full revelation of God's purpose (Mk. 4:33; John 16:12) whereas Paul was free to disclose, without reserve, God's plan of salvation through Christ.

The veil on the face of Moses was typical, also, of the veil which rested upon the minds and hearts of the Jews; blinded or hardened by unbelief. They were unable to see that the Old Covenant of legal ordinances had been done away in Christ, and therefore they were unable to understand the Old Testament.

When Moses entered into the presence of God he removed the veil. Similarly, when the heart of a Jew should turn to the Lord, the veil would disappear, for he would not then

be resting on the letter of the law, but he would be communing with the Lord through the Holy Spirit.

The Lord is the Spirit of life, and where the Spirit of the Lord holds sway in a man's heart, then only will he know true liberty (John 8:36; Rom. 8:9, 10). He will no longer live like a slave in bondage to the law, to sin and to death, but he will serve God as a son (Rom. 8:15; Gal. 4:1-7; Phil. 3:3).

Since the veil of darkness is taken away when we turn to the Lord, Christians can with unveiled face behold the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ (2 Cor. 4:4-6). We see Christ in His Word, which is described as a mirror (Jas. 1:23-25), and it reflects the glory of the Lord. As we behold Him, we are transformed or transfigured into His likeness (Rom. 12:1, 2). It is the purpose of God that Christians should be transformed more and more into the spiritual image of Christ now (Rom. 8:29), and that their bodies should hereafter be glorified (Rom. 8:18-23, 30; 1 Cor. 15:52-54; Phil. 3:21). One day we shall be like Him (1 John 3:3). This process of sanctification and glorification is the work of the Holy Spirit (Rom. 8:11; 2 Thess. 2:13; 1 Pet. 1:2).

Such was the message which the Apostle Paul was commissioned to deliver in the name of the Lord (1 Cor. 9:6; Col. 1:25), and such is the Gospel committed unto us. May we be faithful in proclaiming it.

FOR YOUNGER CLASSES:

Explain the use of letters of recommendation. All who belong to Christ are spoken of as His letters, and other girls and boys will watch them closely. If Christians live as they should, those who see them will desire to come to the Lord.

The incident of Moses on the mount may be used to teach the holiness of God, the need and the possibility of being cleansed from sin.

The value of the Scriptures may be illustrated by reference to the Word of God as a mirror wherein we see ourselves and also see Christ. People who love one another become alike in appearance: those who love the Lord will become like Him.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

March 13—The Glory of His Person Heb. 1:1-3; 2 Cor 4:6; John 1:14.
 March 14—The Glory of His Power Col. 1:1-11.
 March 15—The Glory of His Creation Psa. 19:1-6.
 March 16—His Heavenly Glory Rev. 1:13-18.
 March 17—The Glory of His Heavenly Throne Rev. 4:2-11.
 March 18—His Glory at His Coming Matt. 16:26, 27; Mk. 13:24-27; 2 Thess. 1:7-12.
 March 19—His Coming Glory Matt. 19:28; Psa. 145:5-13.

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