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The Jarvis Street Pulpit

"PUT A RING ON HIS HAND"

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, June 11th, 1950
(Stenographically Reported)

"Put a ring on his hand."—Luke 15:22.

IT may seem strange and almost a contradiction in terms to remark that all has not been said when we have spoken of God's best. What more can He do than to give His best? We know that He is able to give that we ask; He is able to give above that which we ask; He is able to give above what we ask or think; His plans and purposes, His designs of grace transcend the utmost reaches of our imagination. The exceeding greatness of His power which is to us-ward who believe, enables Him to give that which is above all that we ask or think, according to His power which worketh in us.

It is well to desire God's best, and to resolve that we will be satisfied with nothing less than the best. When I travel I like to travel first class, and if there were a better class than the first class I should like to travel that way. I knew of a certain minister, whose name I will not mention, of whom another minister said that, no matter how good the hotel, he could not rest in comfort in his bed if he discovered that there was a better hotel in town, and the next day he was likely to pack up and to make for that which he considered better than the best. That may be extravagance, having regard to human limitations, but when we come into the realm of the unsearchable riches of Christ, I think such a passion is not only legitimate, but one which ought to be cultivated by us all.

"Bring forth the best robe and put it on him." Such a robe was a necessity for this poor ragged wastrel, if he was to abide in his father's company and live in his father's house. It was absolutely necessary that he should be appropriately clothed, hence the best robe. But does that mean that our God is limited to the provision of the bare necessities of life? Are His children to live on that low plane, even though they get the best of that which is necessary? Can He not afford us some luxuries? There has been a good deal of discussion in

the papers about old age pensions. I am beginning to be interested. Last night I saw an interesting estimate by someone who must have had a flair for mathematics, who said that to give a modest pension of \$60.00 a month to men and women who were sixty years of age in Canada, would cost the Government more than a billion dollars a year, and over seven percent of all its income. What sort of pension can Heaven's government afford to those who are dependent forever upon its bounty? What drain will their maintenance make upon Heaven's exchequer, upon the resources of Deity?

This prodigal, as we call him, might have done very well with the best robe. The ring could scarcely be classed as one of the necessities of life could it? I have managed to live without one for quite a while. "Put a ring on his hand." I imagine he could have been quite comfortable without such a ring, as long as he had the robe and shoes. They were necessary. Was the ring "essential to salvation?" Did you ever hear that phrase? Is this or that "essential to salvation?" Oh, that depends upon the dimensions of your definition of salvation. It depends on what you mean by salvation. Obviously there was a vast difference between the father's conception of salvation and that of the son. The son was very modest in his petition—"Make me as one of thy hired servants. Give me a place behind the scenes; let me work for a living." And I suppose, could he have had ample food, and clothing sufficient to keep out the blasts of winter, and a shelter over his head, this prodigal would have declared he was saved, or, as our Plymouth Brethren sometimes say, "well saved". Ah, but the father had a much larger conception than that: "Put a ring on his hand." Why is it that we talk about what is "essential to salvation?" Where did we get such impoverished ideas of the resources of Deity? Who taught us? We never learned such little prayers from Him:—"Thine is

the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever." Why do we behave like children in a toy shop, or before a candy counter, and ask for such little things? Why shouldn't we grow up, and put away childish things?

Well, what did it mean when the Father said, "Put a ring on his hand?" You have read it a thousand times and so have I. You have read it and passed it by perhaps. But we believe in the Divine inspiration of this Book, and we believe in the manifold character and quality of every inspired word, therefore it would be well for us to think a little about it.

There are a hundred things the text would readily suggest, and he would be a poor preacher who couldn't preach from this same text for fifty-two Sundays and still not say something fresh. But I am going to ask you to think of two things. It suggests something in respect to *the place which the grace of God restores the penitent*. And then it suggests something of the incomparable fulness of grace that so transcends our noblest, our most exalted thinking.

Here he comes, a man in rags, who has been rather proud of his independence. He sought it, and was glad to obtain it, and supposed that he was quite competent to exercise the new privileges which were his, when "the portion of goods" that was his due was accorded him by his father at his request. And he shook off all the limitations, the trials and travails of life at home, with all its devotion to real order, and to the proprieties, and took his journey into a far country to show the world just exactly how clever he was. What a great thing he was going to make of his life when, as the former King Edward would put it, he was allowed to live his life in his own way. Your own way of living life may not be a very admirable way. However, he tried it, and made a complete failure; spent all, had nothing left, and came back hungry, and in rags; empty-handed, with nothing to commend him to his father's attention. And this poor, poverty-stricken prayer on his lips — one redeeming feature it had — he said, "I have sinned," and then he said, "Make me as one of thy hired servants." But what did the father do? He gave him the best robe, and said, "Put a ring on his hand."

I rather think it was designed to signify *the father's confidence in the genuineness of his contrition*, and the sincerity of his purpose in coming home. It is pretty hard to trust a young man like that, isn't it? Oh, people can be very humble when they are very hungry; when they come to the end of themselves of course they take rather a low place for a while, but can you trust them? How long? How far? But unless confidence be restored, unless he be put back into the place of a son, he had better stay out with the servants. There must be no half-way measures here; if he is to live as a member of the family, and enjoy his father's presence, he must be assured that his father trusts him.

There is a very significant word in John's Gospel, where it is said that certain people "committed" themselves to Him, to Christ; that is, they expressed their confidence in Him. But Jesus "did not commit Himself to them". The same word is used there. They said "we trust Thee." He said, "I do not trust you." Why? "Because He knew all men and needed not that any should testify of man; for He knew what was in man." So He did not commit Himself to them; He wouldn't trust them.

It is amazing that such weak, wilful, wicked, wretched

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

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sinner as we all have been, should ever be restored to a place in the Divine confidence; that ever God Himself should take us back into the inner circle. Oh yes, it is well to have our sins forgiven; well to be decently clothed in the presence of others as we share with them the presence of the Father, but surely He must look at us with some questioning, or with some certitude, because there could be in the Divine mind no real question of our untrustworthiness. And yet He said, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and let the whole household know that his father has taken him to his heart, and restored him to his confidence."

My dear friends, a moment's reflection will convince every one of us of the indispensability of this attitude of mutual trust. There can be no peace between the human soul and its Creator unless we have the assurance that He has received us as His child, and that He really trusts us. It is, I repeat, amazing that He should. But, why does he invite us to pray? Why does He invite us to talk with Him?

The Lord has invited you to come and talk with Him, to pray to Him. Why? He would never have accorded you that privilege had He not trusted you. And if He can believe in the sincerity of our prayers it ought to be easy for us to believe in the sincerity and truthfulness of His promises; and His very invitation to us to pray should inspire us with faith. He is waiting to receive us; and He would make us ashamed of our unbelief, by His own sublime faith in us: "Put a ring on his hand," and let everyone know that, whatever other people may say about this formerly reckless youth, his father now trusts him.

But there was more than that. *The ring was a token of affection*. It was in ancient times, and it still is. Sometimes they have a double ring ceremony at a wedding, and I do not see why they should not. I do not see why the bride shouldn't give the groom a ring as much as the groom the bride, — providing, of course, the groom pays for it. But why not? Why shouldn't there be a mutuality about this thing? "Put a ring on his hand." Surely it was a token of the father's

affection. He said to everybody, "I want them all to know that I have not only received him into my home, but I have received him into my heart. The fact is, I never expelled him. He has always been there, and I have been longing for his return, and now that he has come I want everybody to know that his father loves him: Put a ring on his hand."

The best robe was in some sense essential to the honour of the house. Even the servants, I should suppose, would be clad with due propriety. But the ring was a special love-token. It is so to this day. God might have given us a place in His house, and even at His table, and made us the recipients of many favours and yet have excluded us from His affections; something to eat and wear and a place of shelter from the storm — and nothing more. This was the prodigal's thought of salvation. And many Christians have no larger or richer view than that.

I do not want to be where I am not wanted, do you? I have stumbled into places sometimes where I have had an uncomfortable feeling that I was out of place. As soon as I find that out I make myself scarce. Oh yes, I could tolerate ordinary society if there were only a basis of mutual confidence upon which we could relate ourselves to each other, but if it were nothing more than that I should not want to live with people who should feel, "Yes, I believe you. Believe you because I have to, and wish I could say something else." Who would want to live with people like that? I should want to know that they feel something more than simple confidence, if I had to live with them.

We may rejoice that salvation is something more than escape from the pains and penalties of sin. Our Roman Catholic friends are taught it is to be delivered from purgatory and from the flames of Hell. What a salvation, if that were all! I do not want to go to Heaven on those terms. The religion of Christ is not a religion of fear and of terror. It is a religion of love and of abounding grace. "Give him a robe, but for good measure, put a ring on his hand. Let everybody know that, within the family circle, love reigns."

I fear we all too have small views of salvation, even the best of us. As Whittier says:

"Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
Where flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace."

Ah, but Mr. Slade read this evening: "And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." Heaven does not consist in streets of gold and jasper walls, and foundations of precious stone; or in the sweetly, gently flowing river. It consists in a personal relationship to Jesus Christ. The fact is, *Jesus is Heaven*.

Nothing less than that will satisfy any one of us.

The highest human joy that we can know, is not to be assured that we are rich, or honoured, or feared, but to know that we hold a place in somebody's heart that no one else can fill: the highest joy is the joy of loving and being loved. He or she is the real pauper who loves nobody and whom nobody loves. Millions of gold and silver cannot enrich the loveless soul. "Having loved his own, He loved them even unto the end." "Put a ring on his hand."

"Sweeter far than music
Quivering from keys,
That unbind all feeling
With strange harmonies;
Thou art more and dearer
Than all minstrelsy.
Only in Thy presence
Can joy's fulness be.

"All earth's flowing pleasures
Were a wintry sea;
Heaven itself without Thee
Dark as night would be.
Lamb of God Thy glory
Is the light above;
Lamb of God Thy glory
Is the light of love."

It meant, too, I think, a *token of heirship*. He had lost that. He might have said, "I am a member of the family; but I have no share in the family fortune; for he had said before: "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." His father divided unto him his living, saying: "Son, that is your share. You want it; you have asked for it; take it." He then departed into a far country. He no longer had any claim upon his father's wealth. He had had his share of the family fortune. And when he came back, he came with a poor impoverished prayer, yet I do not wonder that he offered it, and said, "Make me as one of thy hired servants, for I am no more worthy to be called thy son." That was perfectly true. He said, "I have had all that was coming to me as a son, and I spent it all; I have nothing left; I cannot claim any place in my father's will. Give me a place among the servants."

And the servants would have said, "Of course, his father had to make him respectable if he was going to let him sit at the table. He gave him the best robe; he had to make it possible for him to wander about a bit over the estate, and so he put shoes on his feet, but there is nothing coming to him; he has had all that belongs to him."

"Oh, no," said the father, "I know he had his portion and wasted it, but there is no limit to my resources. Put a ring on his hand, and let everyone know that there is still something coming to him, not only from his father's heart, but from his father's hand."

My dear friends, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son, teaching us to cry, we who were aliens: "Abba, Father." "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ." "We are begotten—to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us," notwithstanding our waywardness and all our folly. I do not understand it. I must say it transcends all my imaginings. Though I give my fancy wings, and let my imagination soar, this grace of God — I cannot understand it when He says, respecting me, "Put a ring on his hand." It is beyond me. Is it not beyond you? Ah, yes, as the infinite is always beyond the finite. But there is the truth. Yes, as one of our hymns has it:

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The Gospel Witness

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we thank Him "for all the grace we have not tasted yet". We are heirs, but it is going to take all the ages to come, the Scripture says, for Him to "show us the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." What will take all the ages to come to exhibit I need not further labour to explain. I must make the assertion and leave it with you: "Put a ring on his hand."

And then there is one other thing as to his place in the father's family. The ring was *significant of authority; it gave him authority to claim his inheritance*: You remember that when Pharaoh exalted Joseph to be lord over all Egypt, "Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck." Thus he was clothed with authority. You remember too that when Ahasuerus promoted Haman he gave him his ring, and when Haman issued a decree for the destruction of the Jews he signed it with the King's signet ring. And when Haman fell from the King's favour the King took the ring from Haman's hand and put it on the hand of Mordecai. "Now," he said, "You issue the decree. You sign it. For that which is written in the King's name and signed with the King's ring may no man reverse." Mordecai was given authority.

I wonder, if this man had not received the ring, how he would have got along with the servants? It is not easy to get along with some kinds of servants. He would have had rather poor service I think; they would have served him reluctantly, if at all; and if at any time he had ventured to make a request, I fancy I can almost see them stand back and say, "Who are you? You lost all right when you left your father's house. But his father anticipated that and said, "I will correct all that. Put a ring on his hand." And when the servants saw that ring they knew that the word of the son was as authoritative as the word of the father. And thereafter when he requested service it was a command which they must obey.

And we have angels for our servants; we really have. They are "... sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." I do not exaggerate when I say that when the angels see the ring on my hand they say, "I must be there. He is in the Father's favour, and exercises the Father's authority; he comes with a promise to the mercy seat. It must be done." "Put a ring on his hand."

"Oh to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be."

You cannot measure grace like that, can you? But that is salvation. That is what it means to be saved.

But more important than all this, the ring was a reminder to his father of his restoring grace. So are the exceeding great and precious promises, certificates of divine favour enabling us to claim all the privileges of Sonship as our right. The ring gives him, so to speak, power of attorney. Now he may even sign his father's name with his ring. "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it: put a ring on his hand."

II.

Let us look at two or three of THE IMPLICATIONS OF THIS ABUNDANT GRACE.

Well, the father designed to let the household know

that all the past was blotted out and was forgotten. "Put a ring on his hand." As the guests came to that great mansion on future occasions, and the spacious halls reverberated with music, and the King's banqueting table was spread, the father would introduce his son to his guests: "This is my son," and everybody would see the ring. Perhaps they would say, "We heard a story about him, and all he did in the far country, and how he came back, but I see no signs of it now. Did you notice his robe?" Yes, oh yes, resplendent. "But, did you notice his ring? The past must all be blotted out."

I think it means, too, that *it is the function of grace to exercise a beautifying, as well as a healing ministry*. It is well to feed the hungry, to shelter the distressed from the storms from without, but his hands—roughened with unworthy, and fruitless toil? When you see some men, you know where they work don't you? They do the best they can to remove the marks of toil, but it is a worthy toil. No horny handed son of toil need bow his head because he is horny handed. But here is a man who comes back from a far country. He has lost that air of proprietorship that was his when he shared his father's wealth; he has lost that air of assurance that people have when they have a secure position in life. Almost afraid of his shadow — he has been driven from pillar to post; it will take him some time to get back to where he was. He puts on the best robe. I suppose he had become rather lean, like Pharaoh's kine, from the poor provision he had had in the far country, where he had long been in want. I suppose that lovely robe covered all his deficiencies, and made him in appearance, so far as his form was concerned, worthy of a place in his father's family. It may be that the assurance of his father's favour had taken the care-worn look from his countenance. Perhaps his eyes had regained somewhat of their former wonted brightness. I fancy, before he went away from home, he must have been rather a handsome fellow, but he had lost it. Now what can his father's grace do for him? He gives him a robe, provides the first of many bountiful feasts, and he will begin to show signs of it after a while. The cheek bones will not be as prominent as they were when he came home, and as for his hands, they may lose something of their roughness, but, said the father, "I will not wait for that; put a ring on his hand. I will make him the handsome son I was once so proud of, and everybody shall know that he is restored in every particular." "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." "Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

We are not only to believe the doctrines of the Gospel; we are not to be content merely with practising them, but we are to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

I think I told you — I am not sure — but I once asked the late Dean Stockley, before I had heard Dr. Jowett; "What sort of a preacher is Dr. Jowett? What is the characteristic of his preaching, the outstanding characteristic?" Dr. Stockley thought a moment, and then he said: "Well, I think it is this, at least it is with me. He always makes me feel what a beautiful thing it is to be a Christian." So it is. "Put a ring on his hand." "... for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments,

and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels" So has the Lord done for the believer.

Let me ask you ladies, how would you like to be always able to wear your best clothes? Now I know you do not. I was once entertained at a certain home, many years ago, and all the members of the family were invited to join in. I was the guest of one of the married members of the family — father and mother were dead — and they were all young ladies, quite a circle of them. I was a young man. I was never foolish enough to suppose there was any purpose in my being invited to visit them, but however, I was the guest of honour. Our hostess had one or two children; there was one little girl about four years of age, a very dangerous age to let loose in company. So she came in, and she went around to one of her aunts and leaned over, and in a whisper that I, at least, could hear she said, "Aunt Emma, what have you got your best dress on for?" "Shhh, Shhh." And she went around to another, "Aunt Mary, what have you got your best dress on today for?" Again "Shhh," but she wasn't to be silenced. She stood back and surveyed the whole company — "Why," she said, "you have all got your best dresses on. You look as if you were expecting company." Rather embarrassing. Don't come to see me when I am working in my garden. Even my wife says she does not like to see me then! No, we cannot afford to wear our best clothes all the time, at least ordinary people cannot. When you women get home you put on a house dress. Is that what you call it? something anyhow, that you don't wear in company. What for? Oh, just to save the other. That's all. Wouldn't it be fine to have such resources that you could always wear your best? Always wear jewels and ornaments; always be ready for company, no matter when they might come. No extravagance about it. But oh, the princes of the blood have such a thoroughly furnished wardrobe that they can afford to put on their best all the time, and the best is that the best never wears out. It will be well to wear clothes that never need washing, that never get creased; because you must remember our Lord is going to present His bride to Himself, listen you ladies, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." No spot, no wrinkle — the operators of beauty parlours will be out of business when they get to Heaven. Difficult as it is to imagine, we shall all be beautiful when we get there. I like to keep my eye on the end of the journey, because it is so encouraging as we go along the intermediate stretches, with so many things to dishearten us. Don't you think we are a privileged folk? "Put a ring on his hand."

I have seen another kind of ring given, when he has put a ring on *her* hand, and of course when that happens she keeps it out of sight, never takes off her glove! You watch; she is very young, not long out of her teens, but oh, she can be so tired. (Her head so frequently had to be supported by her hand). Why? I do not blame her. She is not ashamed. "Put a ring on his hand." Do not be ashamed of it. Let us be proud that by the abounding grace of God poor bankrupt sinners have been made princes of the blood. Let us pray.

O Lord for the fulness of thy grace we give thee thanks. For this life within a realm which is beyond all computation, and beyond all our understanding, measured by cubits, but the cubits of the angels, which is altogether beyond our reckoning, we praise Thy name. Now Lord, we pray thee to help every believer to rejoice in his or her inheritance, and to go from this place as those who are forever enriched

by the wealth of Heaven. If there is one who is still in the far country we pray Thee to bring him home; and if there are some who have already turned their faces homeward, give them assurance of the welcome that awaits them; and if some shall actually come this evening, oh may the vaults of Heaven ring with the acclamations of the angels; may some poor impoverished soul be clothed with the best robe, and the ring, and the shoes, and be brought into Thy banqueting house with Thy banner of love floating over them, for Jesus' sake, Amen.

JOYOUS VISITATION AMONG FRENCH-CANADIANS

By Rev. John Boyd of Sudbury

THOUGH the welcome and extensive facilities of the radio and the press give us great opportunity for ministering to many thousands of people, there is no substitute for the work of personal visitation and fellowship where God's people can meet face to face around His Word. For this reason a very large part of each summer is of necessity devoted to travel in our efforts to visit as many as possible of those who regularly listen to our radio messages, or read that which God permits us to publish in English or French.

Therefore, Wednesday May 31st saw four men pack into the pastor's car for a trip into the more northern parts of Ontario. French-Canadians who had received God's Word from us were waiting in Cobalt, Latchford, New Liskeard, Kirkland Lake, Ramore, Timmins and many other smaller and more isolated places, eager to have someone come to give them a little assistance in studying the wondrous Book they had at last acquired in spite of their priests. Some of them had many questions, problems which they knew God had answered, though they had not been able of themselves to discover what He said as the solution of their need. English listeners, many of whom have no evangelical or real Christian fellowship or instruction, had heard of Christ by radio. Somehow, though they could not understand why, their souls had warmed to this message and rejoiced in it with delight which the sermons in their own local churches did not provoke. They too waited for visits, waited with questions and sometimes with burdens, longing for someone to open the Word in their homes and give them its message or lead them to look with new hope and delight at the Saviour in prayer.

French Visitation

Thus two of our workers were left on that trip in New Liskeard, while two others went to meet groups of God's people at Elk Lake and Heaslip. French friends were visited again in homes which first opened their radio-outlet and listened each week to the broadcast, thinking that since it was spoken in French it must be a Catholic message. True, they had never heard priests talk like that, but still since it comforted them and made them feel toward God as they never had felt, they were sure that it could not be anything other than Catholic. They believed that grace and soul-comfort were monopolized by Rome and were shocked beyond words when the men whose voices they loved appeared at their doors without clerical frocks. None can know what mingled amusement and pain we experience as sometimes we watch fear and love fight it out in these hearts when the truth dawns upon them that they have been blessed and been made to rejoice by the ministry

of a non-Catholic. Will they put us out, or defy the solemn injunctions of Rome and seek further satisfaction for the deep crying wants of their soul? So each visit we strive to commend truth as deserving whole-hearted acceptance, even though that acceptance bring upon Roman Catholic readers hostility equal to the vilest that Rome ever showed. Do we fight thus in vain? Ask the two happy workers who wended their way about midnight from the home where they spent almost four joyful hours presenting Christ to one whom His grace has set free through the gospel of Christ. No, Rome cannot raise an irresistible wall against God's mighty Word, and we are most grateful to witness to the fact that we see as good a percentage of Catholics converted as of any other kind of people among whom we labour. Devote the time and truth to them that are being spent on Gospel-hardened Protestants and Canada will be transformed in a decade.

Elk Lake

At Elk Lake it was different. There, friends who are witnessing faithfully had arranged a meeting to which young and old gathered and in which we rejoiced together in the simple and blessed tidings of grace. From the hall where the service was held, a company converged on the home of the friends who had made the arrangements. There we took up the study of problems confronting those who had preserved and extended a true testimony for Christ in a place where common religion and worldliness mingle so closely together that one cannot tell which is which. Shall the light hide its lustre or cover its brilliance, so that darkness need not take its flight every day? Shall fire transform itself and so change its essence and nature that it shall be compatible to its ancient enemy—water? Shall Christ cease to war with Belial because Satan subtly offers some evil words of flattery? Or shall Christians, who are the light of the world, the fire of heaven, the sons of God, cease to function in their proper way as aggressive warriors against wrong? We are profoundly thankful that in these little communities, here and there, God has established and preserved His twos and threes who have discernment enough to distinguish things that differ. It is indeed a very great privilege to minister the stimulating and steadying Word of God by radio, by the printed page and personal ministry to those who serve as lights and consciences in these places where there are no others of like value. You may guess that this ministry is both delightful to us and appreciated by others, when we tell you that that discussion broke up at twenty minutes to one in the morning. A half hour's drive and some further discussion completed the day, so that the hour of two o'clock in the morning was upon us about the time we said, good-night to the One we love. A similar ministry, which did not carry on quite so far into the morning, was exercised in Heaslip by our nineteen-year-old helper from France, Etienne Huser.

Timmins

The minutes which go to make up what people call the little hours of the morning moved quickly by, and breakfast time found us in new searchings in different places to discover and apply God's Word to still other interests of life. Then all hands were out to the work of visitation again. Two workers moved southward to Haileybury and North Cobalt district, while others headed for Timmins. Readers throughout Northern Ontario will ask: "Is it

necessary for Sudbury workers to go to Timmins? Is not Timmins a centre from which the Gospel has gone forth for many years?" Yes, when fourteen years ago the work at Sudbury was in its infancy, the first substantial gift of money that came to us from outside was from an ex-Catholic member of the Timmins Church. The first gift we got from any source toward our radio ministry when it began in 1939 was from Timmins. Many of our happiest hours in Northern Ontario have been spent in the inspiring fellowship of God's saints in that city. And we never appreciated the valiance of some of these faithful warriors as we did when at their own invitation we met with them on June 1st to consider the most painful trial of their lives. We need not go into details as to the nature of the problems, but merely mention that this work of visitation brought us to this experience of spending in all about seven hours of study of problems which vexed and painfully tried the most mature and practiced Christian warriors in that city. If we weary when walking with toddling babes, if we faint when bearing the burdens which Providence permits to come upon God's infants, surely we need unusual support at these times when we try to share the load which makes seasoned veterans almost stagger with its weight. As the two o'clock hour that night found this poor preacher on his knees, confessing to God that the powers of evil were much too great for human strength, we could not help but feel that we had been in a place somewhat like Gethsemane. We had felt the reality of sin's presence and power. We had seen with great delight men sheathe their man-made swords as they with reverent awe took hold of the precious blood, humbly saying, "By this conquer".

Cherished Individuals

We saw on the following day gladdening evidence of the power of the Gospel in the lives of isolated individuals. A hurried trip back through the hills brought us to a neat little home, where one whom we gladly own as a child in the faith lives alone. There we were made to marvel and rejoice again as we thought of the Gospel speeding over the air waves across the unknown country-side to this young man, when he was earnestly and painfully seeking for light, bringing to him the joyful assurance that God had met his every need in Christ. The Kirkland Lake broadcast has cost many thousands of dollars, but the sacrifice and continuous effort are all well repaid by the satisfaction we find as we witness God's wondrous workings in this one life. Gladly we should prefer to impose upon ourselves very drastic reductions in our food supply, rather than fail in the high privilege of feeding this beloved son through the weekly broadcast which God has made to mean so much to his life. He may not have many visitors to his humble home, but it seems to me that the angels must with particular pleasure observe how the Spirit of God is working in his faithful heart. Leaving this home we came to another to which the radio ministry owes much. Here we met a lady whom God saved many years ago through the ministry of Jarvis Street Baptist Church. Here we saw the chairs set by the radio and the well-worn Bible nearby, where two faithful helpers join in the English programme and pray while the French message, which they do not understand, is being given to lost multitudes. It was good to bow in that sacred spot and to remember that Sunday by Sunday fervent prayers are offered to God Who meets there with His people,

prayers in response to which Omnipotence releases power mightier far than all the forces or weapons of evil.

Kirkland Lake

That evening found us enjoying the hearty and spiritual fellowship of a goodly gathering of Christian friends in Kirkland Lake. Though the Lord has used the ministry of His Word, as it goes forth through the Kirkland Lake radio station, to the blessing of many in the city and still more in the widespread country area served by the station, the efforts to establish a permanent and aggressive evangelical testimony in this strategic city have suffered many set-backs. The believers who have dared to separate themselves unto the Lord have been without a regular pastor for some time. In their earnest desire to correct this abnormal condition, they welcomed the counsel of the man who is now the nominal president of the Union of Regular Baptist Churches. As a result we learned upon arrival that they had taken steps towards bringing into their pulpit a man who recently did his utmost to wreck a good church in southern Ontario. Because Harriston, the place of his shameful behaviour, is far removed from Kirkland Lake, these brethren were about to be led to put the Lord's work in that city into the destructive hands of such an one. However, we believe that the vigilance and timely advice of our co-worker, Mr. Appéré, averted this calamity.

We mention these dangers not so much because we want to expose evil or injure individuals, but because we wish to emphasize that, if we are to be faithful in the Lord's work, we must keep ceaseless watch over all parts. This cannot be done without the strenuous work of visitation. Therefore, during these summer months, we trust that God's people, who pray for the other phases of His work, will definitely remember this business of visitation.

PRIDE

There never was a saint yet that grew proud of his fine feathers, but what the Lord plucked them out by and by. There never yet was an angel that had pride in his heart, but he lost his wings and fell into Gehenna, as Satan and those fallen angels did; and there never shall be a saint who indulges self-conceit, and pride and self-confidence, but the Lord will spoil his glories, and trample his honours in the mire, and make him cry out yet again, "Lord, have mercy upon me," less than the least of all saints, and the "very chief of sinners."

—SPURGEON.

HAVE YOU FOUND A BETTER RELIGION?

The following is related of the celebrated Dr. Belknap:

Upon a certain occasion, in the presence of a vast and brilliant assemblage, a person more noted for his self-esteem than for his learning, was speaking against the Christian religion in terms of the severest scorn and derision.

Unfortunately for the orator, his remarks were overheard by the doctor, who, stepping up to him, asked, "Well, sir, have you found a religion that is better?" The scoffer, considerably abashed by the unlooked for question, was forced to acknowledge that thus far he had not. "Well," responded the doctor, "when you have, let me know, and I will join you in adopting it." The rebuke was as wise as it was just. —Anonymous.

MR. J. V. McAREE'S COLUMN, "WE TAKE A DIM VIEW"

Some Comments on Mr. J. V. McAree's Column in
The Globe and Mail, June 12, 1950

THE GOSPEL WITNESS not infrequently finds itself in perfect agreement with Mr. McAree's sentiments; not, of course, always, but quite generally. And even when we do not wholly agree, we find much in his column that cannot be gainsaid. (Let no one tell the Editor of *The Globe and Mail*, but frequently we feel Mr. McAree's column is worth more than all the rest of the paper).

The article to which we refer is entitled, significantly, "WE TAKE A DIM VIEW." Is there anyone who can take any other kind of view in any direction on the plane of ordinary human life to-day?

The Principles Discussed

With much that Mr. McAree says here, we agree; but in respect to some principles he discusses, we think there is a place where things may be seen more clearly. We should like to print the entire seventy-third Psalm, which discusses, really, the matters to which Mr. McAree refers. When the Psalmist has referred to the pride, and prosperity, and fatness, of the wicked, and their exemption from trouble such as comes to other men, the Psalmist says:

"They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth. Therefore his people return hither; and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them. And they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the most High? Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches. Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency. For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning. If I say, I will speak thus; behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children.

"When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end.

"Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image."

The seventy-third Psalm, in fact, gives rather a clear view of the life of the individual, and of human society in general, in our day.

But before we comment further, we here set out Mr. McAree's column *in extenso*:

We Take a Dim View

By J. V. McAree

It is not news that a general declining interest in religion has coincided with the uneasy and fearful condition of the world to-day, both domestically and internationally. But it has not been generally apprehended that the vital essence which has been lost in religion is the fear of hellfire. People no longer believe in it. Therefore men can turn to wickedness with no fear that in another life they will be punished. As long as they can escape penalties in this world they have nothing to fear in the

next. We do not suggest that it would be a good thing for the old fear of everlasting burning to be restored. Even if it were it would be fruitless. The butterfly does not return to the chrysalis. We have, speaking of our Christian civilization generally, passed out of that state in the course of a mental evolution. But it is not clear what we are entering upon. The road is dark and we advance in a kind of gloom. We are not without a goal, but as we examine that goal we see that it may not be a sunny upland but an abyss.

All Point the Same Way

Practically every program declares its aim to be the banishing of fear and insecurity from every human being. The question arises as to whether this would be a happy end if it could be achieved. So far fear and pain have been two of the great driving forces in man's upward march. There was a time within the memory of most of us when men worked hard for fear that their families would go hungry if they didn't. Maybe they worked too hard, thereby shortening their lives. Maybe their fear was exploited by their employers who took for their own share of the end product a good deal that ought to have been left for those who had created it. Indeed, there is no "maybe" about it; they did. That was the evil condition that turned men to socialism, communism, social credit, single tax, and a dozen other movements which aimed at giving the worker a more reasonable share of the wealth he produced. Few will challenge the worthiness of the motive, but few can doubt, if they consider the matter, that the means taken to achieve it are more than dubious and that, when the goal of fair shares for all is reached, it will be found to be not a goal at all, but a further step into the unknown dark.

Laying Up Treasure

When the masses were most exploited they turned to religion for comfort. They believed in a heaven because they felt that there the evils of this world would be redressed, and they would be the chosen people. They cherished a belief in hell because of the satisfaction they gained by contemplating their employers in the grip of the undying flames. They thought that by their unrequited toil they were laying up for themselves future treasures. But as belief in this sort of celestial book-keeping failed they turned with renewed determination to lay up their treasures on earth. This pursuit they have continued at an increasing pace in modern times, the chase of the dog after its tail, the race of the donkey for the carrot. That is the human hippodrome we are now witnessing. The average Christian to-day does not regard himself as among the blessed and saved and his employer among the damned. He rather regards himself as damned if he doesn't get a larger share of what his employer has garnered. In later years the employer has seemingly given up some of his profits to appease his workers. In reality in most cases he has called upon the ultimate consumer—you and us—to make the contribution. The employed being also consumers are levied upon for their own increases. Thus the spiral chase continues, and the end of it no man knoweth.

Necessary Pain

Not long ago we were reading an article by the wife of a paraplegic. She said that her chief anxiety was to see that her husband did not scald himself by putting his feet into water that was too hot. He had no nerves to warn him. Or he might drop a burning piece of tobacco on his legs and set himself on fire. He might be blazing merrily before any pain warned him of the danger to his life. So if we are going to abolish pain we are at the same time abolishing the danger signals that keep us from death. The aching tooth is a warning. The pain we feel when we bite too hard is a warning that further pressure may shatter the tooth itself. There is, of course, pain that serves no useful purpose that human intelligence can understand, the pain of cancer and other diseases, for example. It does not make sense to our finite minds; but without some pain and fear few of us would survive our infancy.

Still a Dictatorship

It is fear for the future that makes a man cautious

in his expenditure, that makes him save money so that when his earning power ceases his wife and family will not be destitute. It is these minute savings, multiplied a millionfold, that create the stores of capital upon which our civilization depends. It is from them and their investment that everybody will in the end be placed beyond the reach of want. Everybody desires the end; few understand the only means by which it can be achieved. The incentives to thrift and diligence and exertion are gradually being removed at the very time they are most needed. But as an alternative and a reward we are promised by one group of thinkers the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is not the emancipation of the proletariat, an arrangement which will give the proletariat a better share of what it produces; it is not a state in which the professional ball player, the columnist, the artist who loves his work, will be paid less than the coal miner who hates his, and has to be scourged to it. It is a dictatorship. Can we suppose that a dictatorship by the mob will be more agreeable, more tolerable than the dictatorship of capitalists and managers, and sharp-witted racketeers? The saddest thought we get out of the prospect is that our democracies are headed in the same direction, though they do not see it, and their leaders will not admit it.

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The Preaching of a Generation Ago

That the preaching of a generation ago did summon men to the consideration of future retribution, that the Bible speaks of future punishment under the figure of fire, there can be no question. We have never been concerned as to whether that description of the future was to be regarded literally or figuratively. We think, however, that the figurative view is more terrible than the literal.

Who has not seen men, even in this life, upon whom there was not so much as a scar, writhing in the torment of some kind of fire? As it was the "soul" of Christ that suffered, and made atonement for our sin, when "He poured out His soul unto death," so the suffering of the future, from which men refuse to be saved, may well be of the same order, though there may be in it a large physical element, as there was also in the sufferings of Christ.

Our Roman Catholic friends are made obedient by the threat of the flames of purgatory and of hell. But we cannot find in the teaching of the New Testament that men were frightened into making a religious profession, from any fear of hell fire. We know that Paul says, by inspiration, "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." But the Apostle speaks of the terror of the Lord as having become a reality to himself, and that, of course, was real to him, because by the Spirit he was made to understand how the death of Christ had saved him from the terrible consequences of sin. But his own realization of that terror inspired him to the exercise of a persuasive ministry.

Peter's Sermon at Pentecost

The Apostle Peter, at Pentecost, argued that the Crucified was now Lord and Christ; and it was the proclamation of the resurrection of Christ, and His ascension to the Throne of the universe as sovereign Lord, that filled the thousands at Pentecost with terror, and not the threat of hell fire—real as that may be; for it was by that great truth they were "pricked in their heart," and in the realization of that great truth they were led to exclaim, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

The Doctrine of Retribution Scriptural

We believe the doctrine of retribution in hell is scrip-

tural, and that it has some place in the presentation of "the whole counsel of God." But we do not believe that people ever were regenerated, and made children of God, by the fear of hell fire.

A Real Hell

It would be difficult, it seems to us, for anyone; of moral sense, to view the world of our day, and to take account of the indescribable, and almost unimaginable, torturing atrocities perpetrated by Hitler and Mussolini, and their aides, and by Stalin and his aides, without being made to feel that unless there is a real hell, of such torment as no human power could inflict, one would be compelled to impugn the moral government of the universe. Any enlightened conscience, in view of a world deluged with increasing evils, as once it was deluged with water, must say, "If there is no hell, there ought to be."

Notwithstanding, we are convinced there is a consideration more awful, more fearful, more terrible, than any description of hell by Dante, or Milton, or Pollock, or anyone else. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" and it is cardinal to the character of the wicked, that "There is no fear of God before their eyes."

The Teaching of Evolution

The teaching of Evolution in classroom, and in pulpit, has all but destroyed the conception of a personal and transcendent God, infinite in righteousness, in holiness, in power, and in all the qualities of His being, as He is infinite in His love.

It was said by someone that it was the function of Science to push the Great First Cause back as far as possible. We do not believe it; but we believe that such a saying is more truthfully descriptive of a philosophy than Science, and in that philosophical category we put Evolution, for certainly Evolution is no science at all. But such a saying is most accurately descriptive of the impudent attempt of a moral human reason, which, by every quirk of evil fancy and imagination, endeavours to elbow God out of His universe altogether.

Why Modernism Fails

We believe the modern failure of religion, with all its direful consequences, is due to the substitution of frail, and fickle, and faulty human criteria, for the full-orbed self-disclosure of an infinitely Holy God, in the Person of His only begotten son, Who designed to save a wicked world, not by denying the inherently essential, retributive, principle in a universe of law, but by recognizing it, and by identifying Himself with the world's wickedness, vicariously suffering in His infinitely capacious nature all that His equally infinite holiness demanded for the expiation of sin.

It is when the cross of Christ is seen against the background of the divine holiness as the only escape from such fires of hell as human sin has kindled, that the problem of pain and human suffering can be understood.

All that was typified in the sanctuary finds its fulfillment in Christ; and only when we view life's confusions, and contrarieties, and contradictions, in the light of that "Sanctuary," can we "understand the end."

But the elimination of the thought and fear of God from the human mind, by the practical atheism of the fancied Enlightenment of the day, makes any perspective

view of life impossible; and, therefore, equally impossible, any true appraisal of life's values.

The Wisdom of Having Treasure in Heaven

Laugh as man may at the admonition to lay up treasures in heaven, rather than upon earth, the sober fact remains that there are far more bodies crumbling to dust in our cemeteries than are walking our streets; and, however men may strive, though they manage to secure wealth, it is inevitable that at last they leave their wealth to others.

This Editor has been a little over forty years in the same pulpit, and of the men of wealth, and position, of prestige, and power, whose names were familiar in the State, in Commerce, in Religion, many of whom he knew personally, there is scarcely one of them left alive today. And if, like the devotees of modern Socialism, and Trades Unionism, they laboured for the bread that perisheth, we should have to say with the most mordant irony, "Verily, they have their reward."

But of that number, we could call the roll of a vast host, of whose present position, and felicity, we have no doubt. Some of them were counted fools in their time for believing the Bible. Others were esteemed still more foolish, who dared to accept the consequences of unwavering, uncompromising, loyalty to the truth of the gospel. But for them "there is laid up a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge shall give (them) at that day."

We still believe that the gospel is properly emphasized when the profitableness of godliness in the life that is to come is given priority over its profitableness in the life that now is.

As the years pass, we often feel like singing, as indeed we often do:

"Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.

Oh that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide
And land us all in heaven."

Thank you, Mr. McAree for supplying us with an interesting, and, we hope, profitable subject of meditation.

GOD'S MOTIVE IN SALVATION

Sermon by Rev. Thos. Guthrie, D.D., Edinburgh

"I do this for mine holy name's sake."—Ezek. 36:22

THERE is a land lying beneath a burning sky, where the fields are seldom screened by a cloud, and almost never refreshed by a shower; and yet Egypt—for it is of it I speak—is as remarkable for the fertile character of its soil as for the hoary antiquity of its history. At least, it was so in days of old, when hungry nations were fed by its harvests, and its fields were the granaries of ancient Rome. Powers so prolific Egypt owed to the Nile—that river whose associations carry us upward to the beginning of all human history—upon whose banks, in the sepulchres of forgotten kings, stand the proudest monuments of human vanity—a river, the very name of which recalls some of the grandest scenes that have been acted on the stage of time. The Nile is Egypt; in the course of long ages it has deposited her soil, and by an annual overflow it maintains her fertility. The limits of that flood are the limits of life and verdure; and without her Nile—that great artery of vegetable life—she would be another Sahara—a vast expanse of burning and barren sands. Humbled as she now is, let this gift of heaven be improved, as of old, by the skill and industry of her inhabitants, and, vivified by a free and Christian government, Egypt would rise from the sepulchres of her kings, and take a place once more in the van of nations. The Truth shall prove her resurrection. The Gospel shall restore her to life and prosperity; and the day is coming when that land—rich now only in memories of the past, famous now only for her temples and gods, her pyramids and dusty tombs, for her throne of the Pharaohs, for her sacred stream, for the wonders God wrought of old in the field of Zoan, and, most dear above all to Christian hearts, for the asylum she opened to an infant Saviour—shall fulfill a noble destiny. Her day approaches. These prophecies regarding her wait their accomplishment—"The Lord shall be known in Egypt", and, "Blessed be Egypt, my people."

From the earliest ages the source of this famous river was regarded with intensest interest. Whence it sprung, and how its annual flood was swelled, were the subjects of eager but ungratified curiosity. One traveller after another had attempted to reach its cradle, and had failed or fallen in the attempt; and when—forcing his way upwards through many difficulties, and travelling along its banks, from where, by many mouths, it disgorged its waters into the sea, till its ample volume had shrunk into the narrowness of a mountain stream—our hardy countryman at length stood beside the long sought for fountain, he won for himself, by the achievement, an immortal reputation. I can fancy the pride with which, first of travellers, he looked on that mysterious fountain. How sweet its waters tasted! How he enjoyed his triumph, as he sat down by the cradle of a river, which had fed the millions of successive generations, and in days long gone by had saved in famine the race which gave a Redeemer to the world!

The River of the Water of Life

Now, what this river, which turns barren sands into the richest soil, is to Egypt, the Gospel of Jesus Christ is to the world. It flows through the earth, the "river of the waters of life." Whether they now bloom in heaven, or are still in the nurseries of earth, every

plant of grace owes to the Gospel its existence and renown. Observe, however, that—although the parent of those harvests which angels shall reap and the heavens receive—no more in the case of the Gospel than of the Nile does the bounty of heaven suspend or supersede human exertions. No; but on earth's improvement of heaven's bounty the blessings of both are commonly suspended. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich"; and as it is, according to the industry or indolence of the inhabitants, that the Nile flows through barren sands, or waters smiling fields, so is it with the Gospel. It is a blessing only where it is sedulously and prayerfully improved, and when, like the overflowings of the Nile, which are conducted along their channels to irrigate its shores, those living waters, through the use of means, are turned on our hearts and habits. "Not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."

Now, if it is interesting to trace a Nile or Amazon to its source, how much more interesting to a Christian to explore the stream of eternal life, and trace it upward till we have reached the fountain. Bruce discovered—or thought he had discovered—the springs of Egypt's river: he found them away among cloud-capped mountains, at an elevation of many thousand feet above the plains they watered. Great men have been born in humble circumstances; but all great rivers boast of their lofty descent. It is when the traveller has left smiling valleys far beneath him, and toiling along rugged glens, and, pressing through deep mountain gorges, he at length reaches the chill shores of an icy sea, that he stands at the source of the Alpine river, which, cold as the snows that feed it, and a full grown stream at its birth, rushes out from the caverns of the hollowed glacier. But with that lofty birthplace it is only a humble image of salvation. How high its source! "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." The stream of mercy flows from the throne of the Eternal; and here we seem to stand by its mysterious fountain: in contemplating the words of the text, we look upon its spring—"I do this for mine holy name's sake."

"For My Holy Name's Sake"

In now entering on the question, "What moved God to save man? let us—

I. Attend to the expression, "my name's sake."

This is a most comprehensive term. It indicates much more than what, in common language, is involved in a name. No doubt a name may sometimes convey much meaning. "Adam," for instance, means "clay"; made of earth, he receives a name that reminds him of his origin. "Isaac," again, means "laughter"; and in her son's name God rebuked Sarah for the merriment with which, when listening with a woman's curiosity behind the door, she heard of her coming child, and of fruit growing on such an old and withered stock as she was. "Moses", again, means "drawn from the water"; and his name reminded him, who was to deliver others, how he himself had been delivered from death. And in the name "Jesus," our Lord received a name that revealed his office and anticipated his work—the angel said, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Commonly, however, a man's name gives no idea of his properties, character, history, works, or life, and is nothing more than an appellation which

he receives in infancy, and receives—since the flower is still in the bud—before his fortune can be told, or his character even guessed at. "What's in a name?" Its chief end is just to prevent confusion, and distinguish one person from another.

What is Meant by "The Name of God"

The name of God, however, as employed by the sacred writers, has many and most important meanings. In the 20th Psalm, for instance, it embraces all the attributes of the Godhead. "The name of the God of Jacob defend thee;" that is—if paraphrased—may his arms be around thee; may his wisdom guide thee; may his power support thee; the bounty of God supply thy wants; the mercy of God forgive thy sins; the shield of heaven be over, and all its blessings on thee. In the days of miracles, again, the name of Jesus carried with it the idea of his authority, and of the efficacy of his power. Uttered by the lips of faith, that name was a word of resistless might. It healed disease, shed light on darkness, and breathed life into cold death; it mastered devils, controlled the powers of hell, and commanded into immediate obedience the rudest elements of nature. Like Pharaoh's signet on Joseph's hand, he who used that name in faith, was for the time gifted with his Master's power; whatever he loosed on earth was loosed in heaven; and whatever he bound on earth, was bound in heaven. Standing over a cripple—one impotent from his mother's womb—Peter looked on his deformity, and said, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise up and walk." And, lo! he who had never stood erect till now, bounded from the earth, and, in the joyful play of newborn faculties, walking, leaping, dancing, singing, he ushered the Apostles into the astonished temple. Powerful, like prayer, or any other means of grace, as was this name when used by faith, yet on the lips of the unbelieving no name more useless; like a residuum from which the spirit had been evaporated, or a body bereft of life it possessed no virtue or power at all. There was no charm in the mere name of Jesus, either to pour light on a blind man's eyeball, or restore vigor to a withered limb. See how Sceva's seven sons learn that to their cost! Profaning this holy name, and employing it in their arts of witchcraft, they use it to cast out a devil; and—themselves Satan's servants—they find that "Beelzebub casts not out devils." "Jesus I know, and Paul I know," says the Evil One, "but who are ye?" Hell disowns their authority; the Demon defies them; he leaps on them with the fury of a savage beast; and—theirs the fate of the engineer who is hoisted on his own petard—they are driven off, disgraced and wounded, from the field.

Again, in Micah, iv. 5, where it is said, "We will walk in the name of the Lord," the expression assumes a new meaning, and indicates the laws, statutes, and commandments of God. Again, in the beautiful and blessed promise, "In all places where I record my name, there will I come unto thee and bless thee," the expression bears yet another meaning: it stands for God's ordinances and worship—rearing, as it were, by the hands of faith, a holy temple out of the rudest edifice, and converting into heaven-consecrated churches those rocky fastnesses and lonely moors where our fathers worshipped in the dark days of old. Contenting ourselves with these illustrations of the various meanings of this expression in Scripture, I now remark, that here the

"name" of God comprehends every thing, which directly or remotely affects the divine honour and glory; whatever touches, to use the words of our catechism, "His titles, attributes, ordinances, word, or works; or any thing whereby God maketh himself known."

The Glory of God

II. We are to understand that the motive which moved God to save man was regard to his own glory.

"Where is boasting then?" we may ask with the Apostle, and leave him to answer, "it is excluded." If salvation is not of merit, but of mercy—not of earth, but heaven—not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God—"Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," it is beyond all doubt "excluded." Grace glorifies man, no doubt; but for what purpose? that he may glorify God. It saves man, but saves him that he may sing, not his own praises, but a Saviour's. It exalts man, but exalts him, that, like an exhalation, sun-drawn from the ground, and raised to heaven, each of us may form a sparkling drop in the bow, which encircles the head that God crowns with glory, and man once crowned with thorns. Even our Lord himself, although in a sense the "fellow" of his Father, and reckoning it no robbery to make himself equal with God, kept his eye steadily on that lofty mark. His Father's not his own glory, was the burden of Jesus' prayers and the end of Jesus' sufferings: born for it in a stable, he bled for it on a cross, and was buried for it in a sepulchre. When, on the solemn eve of his last and awful sufferings, our champion buckled on his armour for the closing struggle, ere he joined battle with men, with death, and with him that had the power of death, that is the devil, was not this his prayer—"Father, glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee"? Dutiful Son! Pattern to all children of filial piety! Thou didst forget thine own sufferings in a mother's; and was more concerned for thy Father's honour than thine own.

The Love of God

This doctrine, that God saves men for his own glory, is a grand and very precious truth; yet there is a way of stating it which seems as offensive as it is unscriptural. Concave mirrors magnify the features nearest to them into undue and monstrous size; and in common mirrors, ill cast and of uneven surface, the most beautiful face is distorted into deformity. And, as if their minds were of such a cast and character, there are some good men who, not exhibiting Bible truth in its proper harmony and proportions, represent Jesus Christ in this matter of salvation as affected by no motive whatever but a regard to his Father's glory, and even God himself as moved only by respect to his own. Excluding from their view the commiseration and love of God, or reducing these into very shrunk dimensions, they magnify one doctrine at the expense of another, and, indeed, go to sever some of the most sacred and tender ties which bind a believer to his God. Now, it appears to us that this ill-proportioned theology—the doctrine that the only motive in redemption was a regard to God's glory—receives no countenance from the Bible. Does not God "pity us, as a father pitieth his children"? Taught to address Him by the endearing appellation of Father, Oh what affection, love, and loving-kindness, are expressed in that tender term. And if, on seeing some earthly father, whom a child's scream has reached

and roused, rush up the blazing stairs, or leap into the boiling flood, it were wrong, it were cruel, it were a shame, to suspect him of being destitute of affection—of being moved to this noble act by no other motive than a regard to his own honour—and by no other voice than the calm command of duty—how much more wrong were it to harbour such suspicions of "our Father who is in heaven."

I know that we should approach so high a theme with the greatest reverence, and that it becomes us to speak on such a subject, and, indeed, on any thing that touches the secret movements of the Divine mind, with most profound humility. Yet, reasoning from the form of the shadow to the object which projects it — from man to God — I would venture to say, that it is with Him as with us, when we are moved to a single action by the united influence of various motives. To borrow an example from the place I fill:—The minister, worthy of his office, appears before his assembled people to preach; and, in doing so, he is moved by a variety of motives. Love to God, love to Jesus, love to sinners, love to saints, a regard to God's glory, and regard to man's good: these, like the air, water, light, heat, electricity, gravitation, which act together in the process of vegetation, may all combine to form one sermon. They are present, and act not as conflicting but concurring motives in the preacher's breast. This difference, however, there always is between us and God, that although our motives—like the Rhone, which is formed of two rivers, the one pure as the sky above it, the other turbid and discolored — are ever mixtures of good and evil, all the emotions of the Divine mind, all the influences that move God to action, are of the purest nature.

The Wisdom of God

God cherishes, indeed, such respect to his own glory, that, had the salvation of the world been incompatible with that—this world had been left to perish. Dreadful thought! How should we adore and extol the wisdom which discovered a way to harmonize the glory of God, and the good of men. He was moved by regard to both. It is an imperfect vision that sees but one motive. This lofty subject resembles those binary stars which look to the naked eye as but one, but which, brought into the field of the telescope, resolve themselves into two orbs, rolling in their brightness and beauty around a common centre. Blessed be his holy name! "He so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but should have everlasting life." "He commendeth his love to us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Never, therefore, let us exalt this doctrine of the divine glory, at the expense of the divine love. God's love to sinners is his mightiest, his heart-softening argument; and it were doing Him, his gospel, and our own souls great injustice, if we should overlook the love that gives Divinity its name, and which, sending in his Son a Saviour from the Father's bosom, was eulogized by an Apostle as possessed of a "height, and depth, and breadth, and length, which passeth knowledge."

The Mystery of Redemptive Love

III. Observe, that in saving man for his "holy name's sake", or for his own honour and glory, God exhibits the mercy, holiness, love and other attributes of the God-head.

The truth is, that God saves man for much the same reasons as at first he made him. Why did God make man? What moved God to make him? The ball rolls forward over the ground, and the ship moves onward through the sea, by virtue of an external force — the hand projects the one, and the wind, caught in her sails, impels the other. But no foreign agent imparted an impulse to creating power; nor did any one command or compel God to make man. It is his prerogative to command — the creature's duty to obey. Why, then, did He make man? Did He need to make him? Was it with Him as with some lordly master, who depends for his comfort on his servants? — as with a king, whose glory lies in the numbers of his courtiers, or the brilliancy of his court? — as with the greatest general, who owes his victories to the bravery of his soldiers, and who, whatever his military skill, would win no battles and wear no laurels without an army at his back? Assuredly not. "Our goodness extendeth not to Thee;" our wealth makes God no richer, our praise makes Him no happier. "Hear, O my people, and I will speak. I will take no bullock out of thy house, or he-goat out of thy fold; for every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains and the wild beasts of the field are mine. If I were hungry, I would not tell thee, for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof."

What moved God, then, to make man? or, to enlarge the question so as to embrace creation, when there was neither world rolling, nor sun shining, nor angel singing — when there was neither life nor death, nor birth nor burial, nor sight nor sound, no wave of ocean breaking, no wing of angel moving — when, as in a past eternity, God dwelt alone in silent, solemn, awful, but happy solitude, what moved Him to make creatures of all, or with these worlds, suns and systems, to garnish the heavens, and people an empty universe? These are the deep things of God, and it becomes finite and fallible minds such as ours to approach them modestly. If the fabric of nature, if the machine of Providence, with its wheels rolling within wheels in many and complicated parts— if these, and the scheme of redemption, are full of inscrutable mysteries — how much more the fact mind that designed and executed them! The meanest of his works are full of Himself and of mysteries which, when apprehended, are not comprehended. If I adore divinity in the humble daisy; and if in the creature, that, lives for a day and dances in a sunbeam, I see the wisdom that made the sun—how can I lay aside the telescope by which I have held communion with the distant heavens, or the microscope that reveals a world of wonders in one drop of water, without concluding that, if the works of God are so wonderful, how much more wonderful his own infinite and eternal mind?

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine."

God Rejoices in His Work

By turning the eye inward, however, on our own mind, we can form some conception of the divine mind, even as a captive child, born and retained in a dark dungeon, may learn some notion of the sun from the beam that, streaming through a chink of the riven wall, travels the

gray lonely floor; or even as, although I had never walked its pebbly shore, nor heard the voice of its thundering breakers, nor played with its swelling waves, I could still form some feeble conception of the ocean from a lake, from a pool, from a little drop of water, even from this sparkling dew-drop, which, born from the womb of night, and cradled in the bosom of a flower, lies waiting, like a soul under the sun of righteousness, to be exhaled to heaven.

Look at man, then: be he a poet or a philosopher, a man of mechanical genius or artistic skill, a statesman or a philanthropist, or, better than all, a man who glows with piety: we see that his happiness does not lie in indolence, but in the gratification of his tastes and feelings, and the active exercise of his faculties. Assume the same to be true of God—a conception which, while it exalts, endears our Heavenly Father. It presents Him in this most winning and attractive aspect, that the very happiness of Godhead lies in the forth-putting—along with other attributes—of his goodness, love, and mercy. Now, we may be mistaken, and I would not venture to speak dogmatically here; yet this does appear to shed a ray—a beam, if not a flood of light, on some mysterious passages in the providence of God. Shores on which man has never landed lie paved with shells; fields which his foot has never trod are carpeted with flowers; seas where he has never dived are inlaid with pearls; and caverns into which he has never mined are radiant with gems of the finest form and the fairest colours. Well, it may be, and has been asked, for what purpose this lavish expenditure of skill and beauty on scenes, when there is neither an eye of intelligence to admire, nor piety to adore the Maker? The poet, lamenting genius unknown, unpatronized, sinking into an ignoble grave, has sung of “flowers that waste their sweetness on the desert air”; and up on the unfrequented shelf of a mountain rock, or rooted in the crevice of an old castle wall. I have found such a flower, opening its modest beauty to the sun, and putting to shame the proudest efforts of human skill. Did you never sit down beside such a flower, and courting its gentle company, ask the question, Fair creature! for what end were you made, and made so very beautiful? It certainly does look a waste of power and skill divine. Yet may it not be, that angels, as they fly by on their missions of mercy, have stayed their wing over that lowly flower, and hovered there awhile, to admire its colours and adore its Maker? But whether or no, God himself is there. Invisible, He walks these unfrequented solitudes, and with ineffable complacency looks on this little flower as his own mighty work, and as a mirror of his infinite perfections. “God,” it is said, “shall rejoice in his work.” “He made all things for Himself—even the wicked for the day of wrath.”

“He Delighteth in Mercy”

The minnow plays in a shallow pool, and leviathan cleaves the depths of ocean—winged insects sport in a sunbeam, and winged angels sing before the throne; and whether we fix our eye on the one or the other, the whole fabric of creation appears to prove that Jehovah delights in the evolution of his powers, in the display of his wisdom, love, and goodness; and, just as it is to the delight which God enjoys in the exercise of them that we owe this beautiful creation, so it is in his delight in the exercise of his pity, love, and mercy, that we owe salvation, with all its blessings. Let us be

humble and thankful. Man had as little to do with saving as with making himself; the creation of Eden and the cross of Calvary are equally the work of God; and Jehovah stands forth before the universe as not by one tittle less the Saviour than the Creator of the world. To display his glory in radiant effulgence—to blaze it out on the eyes of delighted and adoring angels—to evoke the hidden attribute of mercy—to give expression to his love and pity—God resolved to save, and, in saving man, to turn this world into a theatre for the most affecting tragedy and amazing love.

Salvation is finished. It is offered. Shall it be rejected? Take the good of it, and give Him the glory. “He is the God of salvation,” “in his name we will set up our banners.” In that ladder whereby faith climbs her way aloft to heaven, there is not a round that we can call our own. In this ark which, with open door, offers an asylum in the coming storm, a refuge in the rising flood—from stem to stern and keel to deck there is neither nail, nor plank, nor beam, that we can claim as ours. The plan of redemption was the design of infinite wisdom; its execution was left to dying love; and it is Mercy, generous Mercy, whose fair form stands in the open door, bidding, entreating, beseeching you all to come in. Listen to the voice of Jesus, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” And let his mother teach you how to speak, and learn from angels how to sing. With her—the casket of a divine jewel, who held the babe yet unborn in her virgin womb—with Mary say, “My soul doth magnify the Lord; my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour; for He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is his name.” Or, hark to the angels’ song! glowing with seraphic fire, borrow seraphic words; and sing with them, ere they wheel their bright ranks for upward flight, “Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace and good will to men.”

HOW TO PREACH

Advice from a Great Preacher

If you wish to preach, go to God and say: “Dear God, I wish to preach to thy glory, to speak of Thee, to praise Thee, and to show forth Thy name, though I cannot do so as I would.” Do not look to Philip, to me, or to any learned man, but be sure that you are best taught when you speak of God in the pulpit. I have never troubled myself with fears about not preaching well, but I have often been troubled and terrified that I must stand in God’s presence and speak of His great majesty and glorious nature. Therefore, only be strong and pray.—MARTIN LUTHER.

BOOKS AND BOOKLETS

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The Gospel Witness

130 Gerrard Street East, Toronto 2

Canada

AUSTRALIAN PARTY IN JARVIS STREET SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, JULY 15 AND 16

Dr. F. C. Schwarz, B.A., B.Sc., M.B., B.S.,
Mrs. F. C. Schwarz, and Mrs. Clarice Inglis,
Gospel Soloist.

WHEN Dr. Carl McIntire and the Editor were in Australia, and New Zealand, they were most cordially welcomed, and hospitably treated by the saints of those countries. Among those whom we met, and of whose fellowship we have the most delightful recollection, are Dr. F. C. and Mrs. Schwarz, and Mrs. Clarice Inglis. Dr. Schwarz is a prominent physician of Sydney, and Mrs. Inglis a very widely known gospel singer. Mr. Inglis is a prominent Sydney business man.

These three friends are now on the American continent, having arrived about June 1st. They are presently touring the United States, and will come to Jarvis Street on the dates named above, July 15th and 16th. All three are on their way to the International Council of Christian Churches in Geneva.

Following are some particulars of this Australian party:

Some people are born fighters. Such a one is Dr. Schwarz. His friendly smile and engaging personality might seem at first to belie this, but to see him in action as he addresses a gospel gathering and takes his place to debate against such anti-Christian concepts as that of communism is to become aware of the outstanding fighter.



Dr. F. C. Schwarz

Of brilliant intellectual capacity he fought his way up in the academic world. Graduating Bachelor of Science from the Queensland University, he studied at evening until he gained his Bachelor of Arts degree. From being a high school teacher he moved up and became an evening lecturer at the Teacher's Training College. While doing this he turned his versatile mind to medicine and graduated Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery.

While this multiplicity of activity was taking place Dr. Schwarz was conducting a vigorous Christian minis-

try, organizing a preaching group which made a strong impact for the gospel of Christ.

Moving to Sydney, the largest city in Australia, Dr. Schwarz soon built up a flourishing medical practice, and crowded waiting rooms of people seeking interviews gave mute and often vocal evidence of his medical skill.

Success in medicine did not in any way dampen his ardour for Christian enterprise, however, and he was soon flying all over the Commonwealth of Australia to address gatherings and conduct evangelistic missions. He has done an outstanding work among University students and is well fitted to deal with their particular intellectual problems. Added to this he is Vice-Chairman of the Department of Evangelism of the Baptist Union and in this department's interests has travelled many miles over New South Wales' great open spaces.

Dr. Schwarz is an outstanding preacher. He is not tied to notes and gives an enthusiastic straight-from-the-shoulder message. His enthusiasm is contagious, and to sit under his ministry and listen to his brilliant speaking carried along by his obvious sincerity coupled with a keen sense of humour is an experience that few would care to miss.

The Australian party is made up of Dr. Schwarz, his wife Mrs. F. C. Schwarz, and Mrs. Clarice Inglis, Sydney's outstanding gospel singer. Mrs. Inglis has a wide popularity in Australia as a gospel singer. Her radio and recording work is well known.

Dr. Schwarz is an outstanding Baptist layman. He is the Vice-Chairman of the Department of Evangelism of the Baptist Union and a recognized Australian authority on communism. He has lectured on the subject of communism at Universities Queensland, Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide and at More Theological College.

AUSTRALIAN VISITORS WELCOMED IN HAWAII

The Rev. B. D. Booné, chairman of the Honolulu Committee for the reception of the Australian team, Dr. and Mrs. Fred C. Schwarz and Mrs. Clarice Inglis, has written (May 29) the following concerning their visit in Honolulu:

"Dr. Schwarz truly was a great blessing to the Kaimuki Community Church. Sunday morning the place was filled. Sunday night he spoke on 'Communism' at the First Baptist Church (Northern Convention), and a very fine crowd turned out. He is a wonderful speaker and is going to be a credit to the I.C.C.C.

"Mrs. Inglis' Gospel songs are sung in such a way one can never forget them."

TRUTH

Most of the grand truths of God have to be learned by trouble; they must be burned into us with the hot iron of affliction, otherwise we shall not truly receive them. No man is competent to judge in matters of the kingdom, until first he has been tried; since there are many things to be learned in the depths which we can never know in the heights. We discover many secrets in the caverns of the ocean, which, though we have soared to heaven, we never could have known. He shall best know the wants of God's people as a preacher who has had those wants himself; he shall best comfort God's Israel who has needed comfort; and he shall best preach salvation who has felt his own need of it.

REV. J. R. BOYD CELEBRATES FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

REV. J. R. BOYD reached another milestone in his unique ministry at Sudbury when on Sunday, June 4th, he celebrated his Fourteenth Anniversary. According to Charles Haddon Spurgeon's estimation of the gospel ministry, Mr. Boyd must be classed among those who have done "best of all". Mr. Spurgeon said, "Anyone who can take over the leadership of a thriving work and be successful in maintaining its progress does well. If he should be called to a dead Church and be used of the Lord to revive it, he does better; but if he enters a field where there is no testimony and establishes a new cause, he does best of all."

It is well known to most of our readers that John Boyd left Toronto fourteen years ago where he had been studying at Toronto Baptist Seminary and travelled north to meet the challenge of the great mining centre of Sudbury. He drove up in an old Ford car, had a Bible in his hand and only \$10.00 in his pocket. With the exception of two very faithful Christians, Mr. and Mrs. Grigg, who might well be named Aquila and Priscilla, Mr. Boyd undertook the mighty task of establishing a New Testament Church in this city absolutely alone.

It was the high privilege of this writer to be with Mr. Boyd and his people on this Anniversary occasion and he counts it as one of the most thrilling experiences of his ministerial life. The Church, we found, to be a veritable beehive for activity without a drone in it. So far as we could see, apart from the Anniversary Supper when arrangements had to be made for two sittings, there was nothing unusual about the services of the day. Beginning with the morning Bible School, which has a very healthy attendance, we went on into the regular morning service. Then there was a rush to reach the Radio Station in time for the noon Broadcast. From there, the pastor and his workers went to The Minnow Lake Church, where both a Sunday School and afternoon service were held. The day ended with a great evangelistic meeting held at night. Just when this pastor takes time off to eat and rest during the day, we are unable to say.

Of course what we have just described only represents the local part of Mr. Boyd's ministry. He conducts Radio Broadcasts over no fewer than five Stations each week from which the Gospel goes out over the Air in both English and French. Without any exaggeration it can be said of the Berean Baptist Church at Sudbury as it was said of the Church at Thessalonica, "For from you sounded out the word of the Lord not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place your faith to God-ward is spread abroad; so that we need not to speak any thing."

The Anniversary celebrations brought people in from as far as sixty miles to the services. Besides the preaching, time was given to hear testimonies from those who had come to know Jesus Christ through the faithful ministry of this man of God during the last fourteen years. To us, this was the crowning part of the whole day's celebrations. People of many nationalities were present and along with the pastor could not let the day pass without giving God thanks and expressing their indebtedness to Him for His abounding mercy in saving their souls. Each one had his own peculiar story to tell of the means used by God in bringing him or her to a saving knowledge of the Saviour. Some testified to the

fact that they first heard the Gospel in their own homes by means of the radio. Others were contacted through visitation work, while still others were quickened by the Holy Spirit while hearing the Gospel preached at the regular services. But all witnessed to the possession of the same faith and with hearts aglow magnified the same glorious Saviour. Both morning and evening services were well attended. At the evening service it was necessary to bring in extra chairs and place planks around the walls of the hall to accommodate the crowd which gathered.

This Fourteenth Anniversary at Berean Baptist Church, Sudbury, was indeed a memorable occasion, and as we heard the glowing testimonies of these converts, we were given fresh evidence of what God is able to do through one man utterly surrendered to Jesus Christ.

Sister Churches which have had some part in supporting Mr. Boyd during these years in his vast ministry among both French and English, will, we are sure, greatly rejoice in this mighty achievement and we trust resolve to do more than ever to help further the Gospel in all such needy centres.

—H.C.S.

WE AGREE

What Duke Could Say

From *The Globe and Mail*, June 9, 1950

PROPOS of certain current writings, the Duke of Windsor could make a statement which would meet with general acceptance in all the countries of the Commonwealth, and, probably, in other far reaches of the world: He could say that his revered father, King George V, was very popular with his people; that he recognized the importance and dignity of his vocation as being a representative, in a peculiar and unique sense, of 400,000,000 of people; that throughout his career he addressed himself most assiduously to the duties of his high office; that, as far as we know, he maintained his life in decency and honour, and that he left the Throne with undiminished prestige, and passed the Crown unsullied to his son.

Niagara Falls, Ont.

E. E. Shields.

Bible School Lesson Outline

Vol. 15 Second Quarter Lesson 13 June 25, 1950

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

TEMPERANCE LESSON

Lesson Text: 1 Corinthians 8.

Golden Text: "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."—1 Cor. 8:13.

In modern times the increase in the consumption of intoxicating drinks is such that young people everywhere must be warned against this sinful and devastating practice (Prov. 21:7; 23:31; Eph. 5:18). Teachers should take every opportunity to point out the harmful effects of the drink habit upon the individual, the home, society and the nation (Isa. 5:11-14; 28:7). It destroys a man physically, mentally, morally and spiritually.

Some may think that they can partake of wines and spirits in moderation without suffering evil results. These should understand that drink creates an appetite for itself,

and although in the initial stages a man may be master of his desires, yet in the end he may be mastered by them (John 8:34; Rom. 6:13-16; 1 Cor. 6:12).

The word of God clearly teaches the results of living on the fleshly plane. To be governed by fleshly appetite means to live in such a way as will result in corruption and death (Rom. 8:5-8; 1 Cor. 6:13-20; Gal. 6:7, 8). The body is to be kept in subjection, while the mental and spiritual elements of personality are to be strengthened (1 Cor. 9:27). All that we do is to be done to the glory of God (1 Cor. 10:31; Col. 3:17).

The strength of influence has a bearing upon this subject: we are responsible to God, not merely for our own actions, but also to a certain extent for the actions of those who follow our example. The strong man may be able to do something without harm to himself, but, if his example would put a stumbling-block in the way of a brother who may have an inherited weakness, the strong man must curb his own desires, for the sake of his brother. By precept and example we are to help others, but never to harm, discourage or ensnare them (Rom. 14:13-23). Some Christians are selfish and self-centred, seeking their own advancement, rather than the blessing of others. Anything which we might do without harm to ourselves, but which would hinder another's progress, cause him to stumble, or wound his conscience, must be avoided.

In explaining the principle that Christian liberty is determined by the law of love toward the brethren, the Apostle Paul mentions the practice of eating meat obtained from animals which had been slain in connection with heathen sacrifices to idols (1 Cor. 10:23-33).

The Corinthians, like other ancient Greeks, were idolators (Acts 17:16; 1 Cor. 6:10, 14), but when the Gospel was preached in their city, many turned from their idols to serve the living and the true God (Acts 18:8; 1 Thess. 1:9). These Christians were convinced that there were not many gods, but one God (Eph. 4:5, 6), and that an idol had no power, being but an image made by a mortal man (Isa. 40:19, 20; 41:24; 45:20; 46:6). Among them, however, might be some who were not proof against the associations of the old life. To them, meat obtained from an animal slaughtered in the heathen sacrifices was not ordinary meat (1 Tim. 4:4, 5), and to partake of it would mean complicity with idolatry, from which they had been redeemed. If by the example of one brother, another brother would be encouraged to eat the meat to the detriment of his Christian testimony, the stronger brother must refrain from eating it. To sin against

a brother is to sin against Christ (Matt. 25:40).

Teachers of younger scholars might like to illustrate the principle of this passage by a story such as the following. In far-away Africa there lived a boy, John, whose father was a missionary. John's chum was a little black boy, Sammy, who had formerly worshipped idols, but hearing of Christ, had believed on Him, become a Christian and given up his idols. One day some natives brought the carcass of a sheep to the missionary, and Sammy was staying for tea that evening with his chum. As the meat was brought to the table, the native servant told the family that this was one of many sheep which had been offered in sacrifice to the heathen gods the previous night. Sammy shivered. If he ate the meat, it would seem to him as though he were again in the power of those gods, and that he was once more bowing down to the images, or dancing around the altar in the wild, weird, native fashion to the beating of drums, as the priests killed the animals for sacrifice. He looked at John to see what his friend would do. John knew that there was only one God, and that he would be able to eat the meat without any such distressed feeling about it as was manifest in Sammy's face. But he also knew how terrible it would be if Sammy should be tempted to worship idols again, so he said, "Mother, for Sammy's sake I do not want to eat this mutton. Will you please let us have some of that cold beef which is in the cupboard?"

The conduct of the Christian is to be governed by the law of love—love toward God and love toward his fellow-men. Since we are one with Christ, we must seek in all things to glorify Him (Matt. 5:16; John 15:8; 1 Cor. 6:20; 1 Pet. 4:11). Since we are united by spiritual ties to other believers, we must seek their good (Rom. 15:1-3).

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

- June 19—God Forbids Drunkenness Eph. 5:1-21.
- June 20—Christ Cautions Against It Luke 21:34-38.
- June 21—Drunkenness a Work of the Flesh Gal. 5:13-21.
- June 22—Drunkenness Is Debasing Isa. 28:1-8.
- June 23—Drunkenness Insures Poverty Prov. 21:17; 23:19-35.
- June 24—Drunkenness Excludes Christian Fellowship 1 Cor. 5:1-13.
- June 25—Drunkenness Bars One from Heaven 1 Cor. 6:9-20.

SUGGESTED HYMNS

Standing by a purpose firm. Christian, seek not yet repose. Onward, Christian soldiers! Sound the battle-cry! Yield not to temptation. Oft in sorrow, oft in woe.

THE GOSPEL WITNESS,
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- 1. *The Papacy, in the Light of Scripture*, by Dr. T. T. Shields.
- 2. *The Greatest Fight in the World*, by Rev. Chas. H. Spurgeon.
- 3. *Russellism, or Rutherfordism (Jehovah's Witnesses)*, by Dr. T. T. Shields.

NOTE:—If cheque is used other than drawn on a Toronto Bank, 15c exchange should be added. U.S.A. subscribers kindly do not use Postal Notes.