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The Jarvis Street Pulpit

MORNING AND EVENING IN JARVIS STREET CHURCH, SUNDAY JUNE 25, 1950.

"MEN OUGHT ALWAYS TO PRAY, AND NOT TO FAINT"

The Morning Sermon by the Pastor
(Stenographically Reported)

"And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray,
and not to faint."—Luke 18:1.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON

Lord, we would not presume to open Thy Book with any expectation of understanding it, without petitioning Thy throne, and seeking the illumination and enlightenment of the Holy Ghost. We are here this morning as a company of Thy people. We all need special grace for every day's experience. Thou hast been with us, and we are all able to say because Thou hast been our help, therefore under the shadow of Thy wings will we rejoice. Notwithstanding, even under the shadow of Thy wings, we need special grace.

It may be that some have come this morning who are subject to some peculiar distress. It may be there are some desponding hearts, some who are finding the contrary winds almost too strong for them to advance against them. We pray that Thou wilt draw very near to us this morning. Open our understandings to Thy word, and send us away from this place girded with strength for the battle, stronger because we have waited for Thee.

Perhaps some here this morning are not Thine. We pray that they may learn to pray the publican's prayer, which we read this morning. Some, perhaps, have got out of fellowship with Thee, and though they be Thy children, they are not able to rejoice this morning. Recall any such to a life of communion with Thee.

Now we give ourselves to Thee. We pray that the Spirit of God may preside over this meeting this morning, to the glory of the name of our Lord Jesus, and for His sake, Amen.

DURING the first war I preached for a few nights in Kingston. During that time a soldier came to me, and asked if he might come to my hotel. He wanted to talk with me. He came, and related to me some of his experiences. Among other things he said, "I lived in Toronto, and I used to go to hear a certain minister. He was a very eloquent preacher, and very popular; but for some reason or other, he could not help me. As I thought

about it, I decided it was because he had not had the experience in life that would enable him to understand my problems. He seemed to be a man who had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth; a man who had lived a sheltered life, and who knew nothing about scaling the mountains, nor standing where the storms raged."

I knew the preacher of whom he spoke, and it was really an exact description of him. I don't suppose that minister, himself, knew it, but this man felt that the preacher had never been over his road.

Now among all the preachers and prophets who ever lived, there never was one who had such a thorough understanding of the limitations of human nature, and of all the circumstantial difficulties to which men and women are exposed, as our Lord Jesus. He was in very truth an High Priest Who was "touched with the feelings of our infirmities". He took upon Him our flesh; He lived our life; He knew what it was to be poor; to be hungry and thirsty; he knew what it was to be lonely. He entered into all the experiences of human life, and on—I had almost said—the natural side, for what we now call, perhaps, psychological reasons, the multitude always felt that He was one of themselves, and yet above them, a Man speaking "with authority", and "the common people heard him gladly".

That, my dear friends is characteristic of the word of God everywhere. It is the word of God, but it is the word of God spoken to us through men, and through men who were as Elijah was, men of like passions with ourselves, men who knew all about the difficulties of life. I suppose that is one of the reasons why the Psalms of David are so popular. Whenever you turn to one of

David's Psalms, you say, "Here is a man who understands, who knows all about the rough places in life."

I.

Well, our Lord spake a parable to this end "that men ought always to pray, and not to faint". So you see HE RECOGNIZED THE DANGER OF FAINTING, THE TEMPTATION TO GIVE UP, the disposition to yield too readily to difficulties, to allow one's self to feel that the road is altogether too rough, and too steep, and that we may as well abandon the effort to traverse it further.

I am sure there is not one here this morning who has not felt sometimes like fainting. Of course I know that young people sometimes imagine that they are immune to the difficulties of which they have heard their elders speak. But remember the Preacher's admonition: "If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many." You may have an even road, favourable circumstances, and a wind that helps you on the way. But before you get to the end of the journey you are likely to find a few hills, a few steep places to climb, and you get out of breath sometimes, and are disposed to faint.

Now it is well to recognize that our Lord understands all that. When you go to the doctor he asks you many questions. He wants to know the history of your case. But when you go to the Lord Jesus, you may be sure that He knows in advance. He does not need to ask you any questions. He knows what is in you, and He knows what is *not in you*. He knows the measure of your strength, and "there hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it."

That is the general tenor of scripture. We must recognize the danger of fainting.

Last week I was motoring, with Mr. Slade and some others, to Ottawa. Then again on Friday I had to take a journey, and in the course of that trip we had a long hill to climb. It was not so very steep, but it was very long. Just ahead of us there was a heavily-laden transport. Evidently it had a powerful engine, and as it made the grade it was going at a good speed, and it was not necessary for us to slow down. But the further up the hill it went, the slower it went. It was losing speed all the way, and as it was nearing the crest one wondered whether that powerful engine was going to be able to make it. But it did. They managed to get over the crest of the hill, and on to the level, and very soon it picked up speed again, and rolled along as though there were no difficulties in life at all. We had to slow down too, because we could not pass that transport on the hill, and we came at last almost to a crawling pace.

That is a parable of life. We have to meet the hills, so that we may be thankful for the level stretches, and the well-paved roads; for when we come to the hills we shall be disposed to faint. Circumstances sometimes are very trying. We find ourselves in narrow quarters, everything seems to have gone awry, everything is against us. We all have days like that. There were circumstantial difficulties that baffled you, and at every turn you made things seemed to go wrong. Before the day was over, you felt almost like throwing up your hands, and saying, "What is the use of anything!"

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Editor

T. T. SHIELDS

Associate Editors

W. S. WHITCOMBE, M.A. (Tor.)

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

S. S. Lesson and Exchanges

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

Address Correspondence:

THE GOSPEL WITNESS

130 Gerrard Street East, Toronto 2, Canada

Telephone RAndolph 7415

Registered Cable Address: Jarwitsem, Canada

That is sometimes true *in the long road of life*. There are people who seem to be chosen in the furnace of affliction. The scripture says, "man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." We may not always see it, but I think it is generally true. There is a pretty fair average maintained in most human lives, and though we may be exempt to-day, the storms may break to-morrow. But if you take life on the whole, some people seem to have more hills than level roads. They seem always to be in difficulty. I have known not a few like this widow, without a husband to stand beside her. She is a poor lonely woman, and it seems as though she is in the midst of a cruel world and she has an adversary who would take advantage of her loneliness, and helplessness. Life becomes extremely hard for her.

I have wondered sometimes how some people have survived. I remember a husband and wife who were members of this church years ago. The husband was afflicted with dropsy. He had a long, painful, illness, and it seemed as though he would never die. They were not people of substance, and so his wife was his only nurse. She had to nurse him day and night. I sometimes feared more for her than I did for him. I began to fear at one time that he would outlive her, and that she would have to give up in the effort to minister to her husband.

One day I said to her, "How do you manage it? How do you manage to keep up?" She said, "Pastor, I don't know. Some days it seems as though it must be the last; that I cannot go on. But the Lord gives me strength, and so far I have managed, and I believe He will help me through to the end." So He did.

I wonder if there is anyone here like that this morning. You look about, and see other people in more favoured circumstances, and you say, "So-and-So is no better than I. And yet everything seems to fall into their lap. Everything they touch prospers. They have no ill-health, no difficulty in making ends meet. They have ample resources. It seems as though the sun were always shining for them. Theirs is just the reverse of my case, and sometimes I feel that I cannot go on longer."

I am not saying anything new this morning: I just

remind you of these common experiences of life. I have had many of them. Many a time I have felt like saying, "What is the use?" You try — and try — and try, and you endeavour to stand for things which are right; but the storms seem never to cease. It is just one storm after another. I can assure you the Pastor has often felt like giving up — I say he has *felt* like giving up. It is not a sin to feel like giving up, as I shall show you presently. But it is a sin to give up. It is not a sin to feel like fainting; but it is a sin to faint. So the Lord does not blame us in these days of extreme weakness, and distress when one feels as though almost the last hour of life has come. So in the battles we must needs have for righteousness, we never get to the end of them.

You remember there was war in Philistia, and again there was war at Geshur; and again there was war at Gath, where there was a man of measure—war again—and again—and again.

A year or so ago a man came to me, and said, "I am tired of all this conflict." He was one of the notorious forty-nine. I said, "You have been in it with us, have you not?" "Yes." "There was so and so. How did you stand then?" "I stood with you, voted with you." "Well, why are you blaming me now? You approved then." "Oh, well, you can have too much, and I am tired of it. I am not going to do any more fighting." And he is not. He is drifting with the world, the flesh, and the devil. He has given it up. He is pastor of a church, but he has fainted in the battle for truth and righteousness.

Well, it is not a battle—it is a war, and the victor is the one who wins the last battle. It used to be said of Britain that in nearly every war into which she was forced, she was defeated half the way through; but somehow or another she always managed to gather up her strength, and win the last battle.

My dear friends, that is true of life everywhere. We may be often beaten, but it is the last stand which means success, and ultimate victory. So do not think that it is unusual if you find yourself disposed to faint.

That is true of the *hum-drum affairs of life*. Did you ever get tired of the kitchen? Did you ever get tired of the shop? Though you love your children very much, have they not almost worn you to death sometimes? In a home where I was entertained once, they had a lovely little girl of about three years. We were great friends. I said to her mother once, "How much would you sell her for?" She said, "You could not have her for a million to-day; but sometimes a penny would do."

These things are not written in books. A man would not sit down and write a book to help you get through a morning's work in the kitchen. No; it would have to be some great heroic matter. But after all it is in these hard places that victories are won, if they are won at all, in the hum-drum everyday affairs of life, when oftentimes you feel like giving up. But remember this text is for you: "He spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

Perhaps someone here this morning has had a battle against sin. I have known people who have battled against alcohol, battled against a bad temper, battled, perhaps, against some other habit that they felt was injurious to them, a handicap to their Christian life. So they set the battle in array, and began to fight, and they fought well for a time; but it was a war that had too many battles; and after a while they became weary, and

they just surrendered—gave up. They said, "What is the use? I am a victim of this. I may as well give up."

No my friend, sin in any form has been too much for you, and it has been too much for all of us. Sometimes it may almost overwhelm us; but our Lord comes to us, and says, "I understand all about it. You have My deepest sympathy. I had to have somebody help Me carry the cross, because I went down beneath the weight of it; I know what it is. But still I say to you, you must not faint."

Well, then, if that be true, it means that *the will has something to do with this matter of not fainting*. We may resolve that we will not give in, and give up.

Ask the physician what is his greatest difficulty with some patients. This time last year I had two broken arms. I was amazed one day when I went to see my surgeon. He said, "I want to thank you, Dr. Shields, for your co-operation." I said, "My co-operation! I don't know what you mean! These are my arms. Why should I not co-operate." Yes; but any physician or surgeon will tell you that it is half the battle to secure the full co-operation of the patient. Sometimes they seem to think the doctor has to do it all, and they just give up, and don't help one little bit. In other cases we have known physicians say, "Well, they have great courage. They are making a great fight, and with such a spirit, and such a will, they must pull through." Yes; that is fine up to a point. The will is good up to a point. I can say "I will not surrender, but will carry on the fight." But that has its limitations.

Very often in these ordinary affairs of which I have been speaking, you can take yourself to task, and say, "Now, look here, this is your job. This is your load. It is your hill. You must not faint. Stand up to it." The will has some place. I could labour that on the natural ground. There are strong-willed people, who,

"Laugh at impossibilities,
And cry, 'It shall be done!'"

You have seen them, persevering people, who simply will not allow themselves to be defeated. Where other men will give up, they keep at it.

You have seen a man splitting wood. Some is straight grained. A man touches it with his axe, and it falls apart. Then one piece has some great knots in it. The man strikes it, and in disgust throws it aside. Another comes along, braces himself, seizes his axe, and he works at it until at last the knot gives way, and the difficult task is overcome. It is a good thing to cultivate a strong will, and not to run away from difficulties. Climb the hills, determined that you will finish the job. But that also goes only so far. There is a limit, and our wills at last must give way. The physician says, "There is a good strong heart there," but at last the battle is too much, and the patient is defeated.

II.

Is that how we are to fight? Just to resolve that we shall win? No! Jesus said, "You need help. You will never win by yourself. If you depend on yourself you will find you will go down: "MEN OUGHT ALWAYS TO PRAY, AND NOT TO FAINT." Faith is the preventive of fainting. We must lay hold of higher powers than our own, or we shall not live victoriously.

I am not a perfectionist. I don't believe in human perfection. I wish I could. I have known some people who have claimed to be perfect, but I could not agree

with their judgment. I have often quoted Mr. Spurgeon who said, "My experience with perfect people has been most unfortunate." So has mine. Some of those who claim perfection are often the most imperfect. No; we are not perfect, and we have to fight; and we are tempted to faint. But my point is, we need not faint. We must not faint. Our Lord says it is a sin to faint. There is a cure; there is a way out: "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." "Always to pray!" "Always! for every little thing?" "Yes, for the smallest things." Very often it is the smallest thing that stands in the way of victory. You must learn to overcome that little thing in the kitchen, in the workshop,—everywhere "Men ought always to pray". Pray without ceasing.

In other words, we are to maintain an unbroken commerce with heaven. We are to keep the power on, and see to it that we do not depend on ourselves for anything, but depend on Someone else to keep us from fainting. "Men ought always to pray."

Why did our Lord speak such a parable as this about a widow, and an adversary, and an unjust judge? He is not an unjust Judge. Why did He use that simile? I will tell you. *Because there are circumstances in life which sometimes make it appear that God is unjust.* There is not one of you who has not complained against God: "Why did He permit that? Why does He not help me? Why must I wait? Why can I not have immediate help?" It looks as though He were unjust; and it is in such circumstances that we are most disposed to faint, because we misjudge the only Source of help. We say, "What is the use? God is not helping me. I may as well give up." But that is when we must not give up, when it seems as though God has forsaken us.

Our Lord entered into such an experience. What did He do? He did not faint: He prayed, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" He did not faint until the last penny of our indebtedness was paid. Then He yielded up the ghost.

So if this morning there is someone here who says, "It is all very well to talk about praying, but I have prayed for a long time. I have prayed for my husband, and he is no better. He is still unsaved, still as inconsiderate. I have prayed for my children, and they seem to be no better. I don't understand why God has not heard me." You mean you have not yet seen His answer. Remember He hears you. Your prayers are registered on high.

Sometimes it may be that we smart under a sense of injustice, just like this poor widow. She asked to be avenged of her adversary. She wanted the balances adjusted; and so she came to the unjust judge again—and again—and again, until he became in greater danger of fainting than she did. He said, "This woman is never going to give up. She troubles me all the time. I had better hear her, and get through with the thing,

lest by her continual coming she weary me." So we are to keep on praying.

You have heard of George Muller, the great man of prayer, whom God mightily used to help tens of thousands of orphans. Often he had hundreds of children on his hands without bread. Then he and his helpers betook themselves to prayer. They never asked anyone but God—and always the answer came.

He told a friend once that he was specially happy that day, because a prayer he had offered continuously every day for sixty years had just been answered. He lived to be over ninety. He said to his friend, "There are two men for whose salvation I began to pray sixty years ago, and without fail I have mentioned their names before the throne every day for sixty years, and to-day I got word of the conversion of one of them, an old man like myself."

Who knows but that by George Muller's prayer that man's life had been prolonged that he might have a chance to repent?

However, the other man was not converted. He was at the graveside when George Muller was buried in Arno's Vale Cemetery, in Bristol—a place I know very well. When the casket was lowered into the deep dark grave, that old man's heart broke, and standing by Muller's open grave he let the Lord Jesus in. A long time to wait, was it not? But "men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Keep on praying until the answer comes, for though the vision tarry, wait for it, for it will surely come, and it will not tarry. Some day you will rejoice in the answer to your prayer: "Men ought always to pray."

"But that is not my trouble. I am smarting just now under a sense of injustice. I have suffered a most unfair experience." I, too, have had lots of experiences such as that. So have you; and there is nothing we can do, but just pray about it. We did not seem to get any answer at once, but at last it came.

So will God avenge His own elect who cry unto Him day and night. He will answer your prayer at last: "Wisdom is justified of her children." "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass, and he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon day. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." Leave it to Him. He has not forgotten; He cannot forget. Whatever the circumstances, whatever the difficulty, whatever the thing that brings you to the limit of your strength, and you feel you cannot go on another moment—then pray: "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Don't give up.

As for you who are not converted, you say, "I have tried, and tried, and tried." I got a letter a little while ago from a man, which rejoiced me greatly. He had often come to me seeking help. He was a man in a good position, but a victim of alcohol. He seemed to have no strength to resist it. He has come here at night to my office, when he could scarcely stagger in, and we have knelt together, and prayed, and even while he was drunk I have heard him call mightily upon God to give him help. I have heard him speak of these "hell holes" around Jarvis St., as he called them—a temptation to every man who has an appetite for drink. But it seemed to do no good. Again and again he went down.

I got a letter from him recently saying, "I wanted to come to see you, but I thought I would wait. I am writing now to tell you that the Lord at last has given

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The Gospel Witness

130 Gerrard Street East, Toronto 2 - Canada

me the victory. Now for three years continuously I have been preaching every Sunday morning, conducting a mission, and God has greatly blessed us. The Lord has heard my prayer at last."

So if you are just at the end of things, as that poor man was, don't stop praying. Always pray, and not faint:

"Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

"This is the victory that overcometh the world—even our faith."

Let us pray:

We thank Thee, Lord, for the promise of ultimate triumph in Christ. We thank Thee for enduring grace which sustains us while the battle is prolonged. We pray Thee to help us all, this morning.

May this simple meditation be used of the Spirit of God to bring new courage, and new resolution, to some almost fainting hearts, and so cause such an one, and all of us, always to triumph in Christ Jesus, Amen.

Am I a soldier of the Cross—
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

SOME CHRISTIANS NEED TO BE SHAKEN

My watch stops. Something is broken in it. I take it to the watchmaker, and he puts in a new mainspring. I do not know anything about it, except that he does it. And, when it is repaired he lays it aside. Presently I go for my watch, and ask him if it is done. "Oh yes," he says, "but I do not know that it is going." And he takes it, and finding that it does not go, he winds it up. And then it does not go, perhaps; but he gives it a little turning shake, and it commences ticking and keeping time.

I know many persons who have a mainspring in them, and have been wound up, for that matter, but who have not been shaken yet! And there they are. If somebody would only take them up and whirl them around a few times, and say to them, "You are Christians; tick! TICK! they would commence keeping time and go on again, keeping time.—BEECHER.

ONCE AGAIN, REGINA, THANK YOU!

This time for your most generous gift of \$100.00 toward the work.

We are most grateful for the continued support of our Regina anonymous friends, and are happy to write this note of appreciation.

"PUT . . . SHOES ON HIS FEET"

The Evening Sermon by the Pastor, Sunday June 25, 1950

(Stenographically Reported)

"Put . . . shoes on his feet."—Luke 15:22.

A COUPLE of weeks ago I spoke to you from this verse, on the words, "Put a ring on his hand." But that was not all: "And shoes on his feet."

Every word of this incomparable parable is full of spiritual truth. Charles Dickens, one of the great masters of English literature, was once asked what in his judgment was the finest passage in all the realm of English literature. He answered that in his judgment without doubt it was the parable of the prodigal son. Nothing is omitted from this inspired picture. So we shall look at these words this evening: "And shoes on his feet."

I.

I begin by saying that THE FIGURE SUGGESTS THAT CHRISTIANITY IS A UTILITARIAN RELIGION, a very practical religion, not a mere metaphysic, not a vague philosophical abstraction, but a religion designed to be reduced to practice in human life, and to become incarnate in human character.

What more familiar figure could be suggested than that of the text? We all know what it means. Even the youngest child could understand it: Put "shoes on his feet".

That is part of the equipment of divine grace, what God does to the returning sinner. He welcomes him to his heart, and to his home, and gives instructions that he shall be appropriately shod: Put "shoes on his feet".

There are many forms of religion which are utterly useless. They accomplish nothing. They are very often a libel upon God, as though the Maker of the sun, Who ruleth a million stars, were interested in candles; as though He Who carpeteth the earth with flowers, and filled the air with a thousand perfumes, should be interested in mere incense! What possible good could be accomplished by religions which teach all kinds of self-mortification. No! Christianity is designed to be worn, to be used every day. It is like a pair of shoes: "shoes on his feet". That is to say, its principles and precepts are all practical.

I remember one Sunday morning talking with a certain business man, whom I had previously known as a very devoted Christian; and, indeed, so far as I know, he still is; but he had prospered much in business, and had become the head, for a large part of this continent, of this corporation. He said to me, "After all, do you think these things are practicable? Do you think in the office, in the market place, it is possible for us diligently, faithfully, generally, to apply the principles of the Christian gospel?" I said, "I have not the slightest doubt of their practicability. By the grace and power of the divine Spirit everything that is required of a Christian is made possible:

"All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you —
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

And I would remind you that the gospel of the Lord Jesus, with its pattern of life, with its philosophy of

goodness, is not something to be hung upon the wall as a motto: but something to be taken home to heart and conscience, and every day reduced to practice. If we have been received into the Father's house, made partakers of His lavish, His unlimited, hospitality, then there is a pair of shoes for our feet, and they are intended to be worn, and to be worn every day. The programme for every one of us who is a Christian is to wear the shoes divinely provided.

II.

I would remind you of a further principle. It is suggestive of the fact that THE GOSPEL PROVIDES A SUBJECTIVE EQUIPMENT.

The gospel is a record of what God in the infinitude of His love and mercy has done for us all: "Christ died for our sins, according to the scripture". Yes; we may well glory in the cross objectively, because our sins were laid upon Him Who died there.

But the gospel promises that God not only tells us that He has done something *for* us, but that He is ready to do something *in* us: He gives us shoes for our feet, makes them ours, part of our equipment for the treading of life's pathway.

Many religions are concerned in our day with the efforts to make new roads. Well, I am for that, if you can do it. I suppose Socialism is one of them. It is a kind of religion. The fact is, it seems to me, that the modern church is chiefly engaged, as I have before said to you, in trying to get the prodigal a better job in the far country; trying to make the far country more habitable, more pleasurable—schools, playgrounds, and all the rest of it. Long ago Whittier wrote, and it is more emphatically true to-day than it was then:

"The church, to place and power the door,
Rebukes the sin of the world no more:
Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor.
Everywhere is the grasping hand,
The eager adding of land to land;
And earth, which seemed to the fathers meant
But as a pilgrim's wayside tent,
A nightly shelter to fold away,
When the Lord should call at the break of day,
Solid and steadfast seems to be;
And Time has forgotten Eternity."

There are religious organizations that seem to be chiefly engaged in making machinery. They have all kinds of bulldozers, and paving equipment, and they are going to make life so easy and comfortable that we shall be able to walk with bare feet. Don't you believe it! With all their efforts, as I said to you this morning, there will still be rough roads, and we need, all of us, a subjective work of grace, something done in us to make us superior to our circumstances.

The design of Christianity is so to equip us, by divine grace, that we shall be able to take life as we find it, and not be baffled, and battered, and beaten, by all its intricacies. No, No! Put "shoes on his feet". Fit him out so that he can walk about his father's estate. For the father has a large estate. There are wide acres to care for, many errands to run. He has not come home to be ensconced in an easy chair. We sang this morning:

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?"

No; there are no flowery beds of ease to get you to heaven. There is no royal road to learning: each letter, and each word, and each principle, must be painstakingly

learned and mastered. So there is no easy road to heaven. There is a road—thank God. There is One Who said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life", but it is a road that requires much walking: "Walk before me" said God to Abraham, "and be thou perfect".

So, my dear friends, we need to avail ourselves of this provision of divine grace, and put on the shoes that the Lord has provided.

III.

I think, too, there is a suggestion here of THE PROVIDENTIAL ANTICIPATION OF ALL THE HARD PLACES IN LIFE.

It is not easy to pack for a long journey, to anticipate everything you need. I found a good deal of difficulty when I was planning a trip around the world. My difficulty was not to decide what to take, but what to leave at home. I was just allowed eighty-eight pounds. You have to travel light. You cannot carry with you as many changes of raiment as you would like. If you are going by ship, you can take your whole wardrobe with you if you want to. But you have to travel light when you "mount up with wings as eagles".

But the grace of God anticipates all our requirements. We need a pair of good stout shoes, and so grace has provided them. Mr. Slade quoted a text this evening in his prayer: Paul said to the Philippians, "As ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but how much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Is that all! No, no! "for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." His grace and power comes to us to enable us to work out our own salvation; and we shall just have to walk to heaven. I don't know any other way. I don't think you will find even the privilege of a hitch-hiker, unless you climb on someone's back, for the people who are heavenward-bound are pedestrians, wearing the shoes that grace has provided.

IV.

Let me say further that it is suggestive of the truth that Christianity is designed TO BE A RELIGION OF COMFORT. Were you ever in what we used to call in England, "shoemaker's prison"? Did you ever have a pair of shoes that did not fit you? You said, "They cost too much to throw them away, so I must wear them." You wore them, painfully, and with great discomfort, and did yourself, perhaps, more harm than if you had thrown the things away. I saw an advertisement once that was very much to my mind. It asked a question: "What is the use of a million dollars if your feet hurt?" Can you tell me that? What is the use of anything if your feet hurt? Have you shoes that do not fit?

In His great storehouse the Father, Who awaits the return of the prodigal, has all sizes of shoes, and there is one size to fit you.

I have often said to you that I find great difficulty in getting things ready-made, that is, as to my ordinary apparel. But I never have any difficulty in getting shoes, because I have only ordinary feet. I knew a preacher years ago, not a Baptist, who could not sit at any ordinary table, because he could not get his legs under the table. But his shoes were an enormous size. I got a pair of shoes once which were too large for me. My wife called them the Queen Mary, and the Queen Elizabeth. At last I abandoned them because they were too roomy. This man of whom I speak, had enormous

feet. I am sure that he could not get a pair of shoes ready-made. He would have to have a shoemaker make him a pair. They used to do that. One had to be measured for a pair of shoes. But now most of us can get them ready-made. But if you happen to be a little peculiar, and if your feet are a little larger or a little smaller than the average, and you, perhaps, have fallen arches, or some other kind of foot trouble, you will find our Lord an expert Shoemaker. When he gives an order to put "shoes on his feet", and you slip your feet into those shoes, I am sure you will say, "They are the most comfortable shoes I ever wore."

Yes; the gospel ministers to our comfort; "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sin." It is a blessing to be comfortably shod, so that shoes do not pinch at all—they don't trouble you.

Well the provisions of grace are such that they will meet your every requirement. When the Spirit of God puts shoes on your feet, you will find you are well equipped for traversing any road.

V.

They are all-purpose shoes: they will do for any occasion.

Two years ago I was in Holland. I saw a little of it in some parts of Amsterdam; but we went to the Isle of Mark where we saw Hollanders as they really are, in their quaint dress, and their wooden shoes. I noticed that as the men and women got to the door of their house, they just slipped their feet out of their shoes, and walked into the house unshod. The road might be muddy, and the shoes muddy. They came clattering along the street. As you passed the houses you could see outside the doors sometimes one pair, and sometimes several pairs of shoes. They were all removed before they went into the house, because, as you know, the Dutch people are very particular, and everything shines like a new pin.

Well now, we have not to leave these shoes outside. They are good for the road—all kinds of roads, but you can wear them at home. You can wear them in the kitchen. You can wear them in the parlour. You can wear them anywhere, and they will not be out of place. You will always find that the shoes are appropriate and becoming.

I was once travelling in England, and I talked with an Englishman about shoes. He had on a pair of shoes wider at the toe than at the heel, and the toe curled upward. I thought they were about the ugliest things I had ever seen. But he put out his foot, and said, "I don't like American shoes. They have no style." I said, "Frankly, I admit they have not your style, and if you won't be offended, I am not sorry."

Well, there is a lot in having properly styled shoes. And these shoes are styled for all occasions.

Once I went to help a minister in evangelistic services whose church was in the country, and all roads approaching it were very muddy. It was in the springtime. One could pick his way along the side by the fences, with great difficulty. I wore overshoes, for I knew I would not be presentable otherwise when I got to church. The minister wore rubber boots up to his knees; and, covered with mud, he tramped up into the pulpit. Even the farmers, who did the same thing themselves, said, "We

wish the Pastor would not do that. We don't like those muddy shoes in the pulpit." Neither did I.

But these shoes are just like those muddy rubber shoes. You can wear them in the mud, and down in the ditch, when you have to go down and help someone else. Yet, strangely enough, when you get off the muddy road, and you come to the Father's house, and you are ready to enter in to the most select company, you will find your shoes in the latest style, and you won't be uncomfortable.

I heard a story once of a rather illiterate man, who was asked to lead in prayer in some religious service. He prayed that God would send down the heavenly "Jews". He meant the heavenly dewes. Some rather critical minister on the platform whispered to the man next to him: "I hope when the heavenly 'Jews' come down, they won't wear hob-nailed shoes." Do you know what these hob nailed boots are? You don't see them in this country; but they still wear them in some places, colliers, and others. The shoes have hob nails, with a little round head, and they are put close together, and when they walk in them, they make a tremendous noise going along the street. Well they are made for some kinds of travel.

When you need them, you will find that these shoes are hob-nailed boots. They will carry you through. They will not let you down.

But if you need a pair of patent leather shoes, when you have to go into very select company, you may still wear the same shoes, and they will still be in good style. They will harmonize with what you ladies call your "ensemble" — you have to have the hat, and dress, and shoes, and all the rest of it to harmonize. They are all to be in keeping. You will find that is true, when you are fitted out from the divine wardrobe.

We used to have a lady here, now gone to heaven—a finely cultured woman. I have seen her in all classes of society. She would adorn the drawingroom of a king, and she could enter the simplest cottage without condescension. She had so much of the Spirit of God that she was at home everywhere, and made everyone else feel at home. She was always so perfectly dressed, spiritually, that you felt she was to the manner born, whatever the occasion.

Yes; we may wear these shoes in the slums, and when we walk the golden streets. We may wear them when ministering to the poorest, and humblest of sinners, and we may still wear them with grace and appropriateness in the many mansions in our Father's house.

Would you like a pair of shoes like that? Do you need such a new pair of shoes? Did you ever admire someone else's shoes? Perhaps if it was someone with whom you were intimate, you asked where he or she obtained them; and then, perhaps, greatly daring, you said, "Are they very expensive?" When you learned how much they cost, you said, "Oh, I rather think I must postpone the purchase."

I remember when you could get the finest pair of shoes for three dollars. When I once got a little proud, and ventured to spend five dollars on a pair of shoes, I thought the whole town would notice them. Those days are gone!

I want to sell you a pair of shoes to-night, if I can. I should like to be a shoe salesman tonight, and obey the Lord's orders to put shoes on his feet. I will tell you at the outset *they are very costly*. Never a pair of shoes cost so much as these. You say, "What is there about them?" Oh, in the process of manufacture they

cost even much blood. There is a fortune in one pair of shoes. You could not buy them for a million dollars. They are not on sale in any store; they are not for sale anywhere: but you may have a pair for nothing — nothing at all.

When I was in France two years ago, and visited the churches of our French Bible Mission, I met a lot of fine French women. They were not indigents, much less mendicants. But after the war they came to the time when they could not buy anything, there was nothing to be bought. I have told you about it. I never was so justly proud as when these women came up to me, and said, "See this dress! I got it from Jarvis Street." "See this coat!" "This dress!" "Jarvis Street!" "See these shoes — Jarvis Street!"

Oh, I hope to get to heaven some day, and when I get there, I hope to meet a lot of people who will say, "See this dress!" "See these shoes!" "They were all God's gift to me, and they came to me through Jarvis St."

You may have them for nothing. The Lord gives them away.

I read a story of a little girl who was passing a beautiful garden. She could see through the iron railings the flowers, every variety of flower in full bloom. In the garden she saw a young lady, with a pair of scissors, carefully selecting the finest blooms in the rose garden, cutting them, and putting them together making a gorgeous bouquet of roses. The little girl, watching, attracted the young lady's attention. She came a little nearer, and said, "If you please would you sell me a few flowers? My mummy is very sick. She lives upstairs in an attic, and there are no flowers there. I would love to take a bunch of flowers home to her." The young lady signalled to the gardener, who was not very far away, and told him to open the gate, and she invited the little girl in. She showed her the bunch of exquisite roses she had just cut, and said, "Would you like to have these?" "Oh, yes; but I could not pay for those." "Never mind about that. My father is the king. He does not sell his roses, but he loves to give them away, and I am sure he would like me to give you these in his name." So she sent her away rich with the king's gift.

My dear friends, you cannot buy these shoes. They can be obtained only at the king's palace. He does not sell them: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." No; you cannot even pay a penny toward the cost, but you may have them without money, and without price.

How do you put them on? Well I hardly know whether they are laced, or buttoned, or zippered; but I do know that they are put on by faith: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." That means that you will get the best robe, and the ring, and you will also have shoes for your feet. You will be equipped for the road, and able to go on in the name of the Lord Jesus, wearing these shoes; and being justified by faith, and having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, you will find you are on the path of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Listen: Heaven is speaking to you: Put "shoes on his feet"!

Let us pray:

Thou art very gracious to us O Lord. Thy grace is amazing to us. We have no line to sound its depths, no ladder to scale its height, no measure of any kind to esti-

mate its length and breadth. Thy grace is like Thyself—infinite!

Lord, we would come, all of us, as poor sinners, to Thy feet. Enrich us all, for Thy name's sake, Amen.

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore;
Let angel minds enquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above—
So free, so infinite His grace—
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me!

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine.
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

WILL THE U.N. FIREMEN LOCALIZE THE BLAZE IN KOREA?

ONCE again our newspapers have carried in banner headlines the heavy news that great armies are on the march. And the dispatches bear an ominous similarity to those others still fresh in our minds which told us that Mussolini had invaded Abyssinia, and Hitler the Sudetenland. Those fateful, unchecked attacks marked the real beginning of the Second World War, this latest blow of the Russian bear's paw may, if not parried at once, be the signal for the outbreak of still another World War.

It is clear that the aggression in Korea is a test of the United Nations, and it is no doubt intended to be such by the master minds who are directing it. A sudden outbreak of fire in a highly inflammable district is always fraught with danger. It is not a question of the value or importance merely of the place where the flames begin their destructive work, that may perhaps be in a building of no greater size than a woodshed or a garage, but a little fire may kindle a great matter, as the Scripture reminds us, may, indeed, even set the world on fire! If the firemen get there soon enough and put the blaze out speedily, it will be restrained and confined and do comparatively little damage. But if it is allowed to take its course unchecked, there is no telling what eventual toll it may exact before it is extinguished.

President Truman has said that the United States will send any aid short of men. The Korean President is on record as saying that his country is faced with another example of "too little and too late." Certain it is that even the best of firefighting equipment is as useless at the scene of fire as it is standing in the firehall, unless there is sufficient crew to man it.

The eyes of the world are upon Korea and the United Nations.

Since the above note was written, we read in today's headlines, with a sense of relief, that "U.S. Is In It". Our hope and prayer are that this incendiary blaze may be promptly localized.

A UNIQUE ORDINATION SERVICE

ON WEDNESDAY, June 21st, at the call of Calvary Baptist Church, Ottawa, delegates from about eighteen churches met and formed a Council to consider the matter of setting apart the Pastor, Rev. George Olley, to the Gospel ministry. In view of the fact that Mr. Olley was not a novice but before coming to Canada last fall had held several pastorates in Ireland, the last of which covered a period of eighteen years, some of the items usually connected with an ordination service were waived. It is only because Baptists in Ireland do not practise ordination that Mr. Olley was not ordained earlier in his Christian ministry. In Canada, in order that a pastor of a Baptist Church or any other Church for that matter might be given legal status for the purpose of performing marriage ceremonies, etc., ordination is necessary. It was keenly felt by all pastors present that very few sitting on the Council, which was composed chiefly of younger preachers were at all qualified to give a charge to a man of Mr. Olley's rich experience and high standing as a minister of Christ. The charge to the Church was also eliminated. Calvary Church, as Dr. Shields expressed it, has been known far and wide for its steadfastness in the faith, and has for more than forty years stood as a Gospel lighthouse in the Capital City of our Dominion. Therefore, a charge by any of the preachers to this body of stalwarts was considered absolutely unnecessary.

The candidate was presented to the Council by the Chairman of the Deacons' Board, Mr. John Fraser. Mr. Fraser spoke of his new Pastor in endearing terms. He referred to Mr. Olley as a man of God and told us of the special blessing of God which has attended his ministry since coming to Ottawa.

Mr. Olley spoke briefly of his conversion to Jesus Christ. God spoke to him when he was yet a boy, showed him his immediate need of salvation and while young revealed the Lord Jesus Christ to his soul. As for his call to the Christian ministry, it was purely a matter of being thrust out into the work by the Lord Himself. No sooner had he begun to bear witness for Christ than God set His seal upon him, giving repentance to many who sat under his ministry. Feeling the same constraint which forced the Apostle Paul to say, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel", there was nothing to do but continue to preach. Mr. Olley's primary desire was to become a full time evangelist but God has ordained otherwise and called him to the pastorate where he can not only do the work of an evangelist but feed His sheep as well. The hearts of all present were deeply moved as this devoted servant of God vividly related the goings of God upon his soul. There was not the least difficulty in fellowshipping Mr. Olley in his doctrinal statement. He gave every evidence of being one with us in his belief of the truth as revealed to us in God's Son and all felt that in every way he was, as they say in the South, "one of our sort".

The women of Calvary were well prepared for those who had come from outside the city. Besides billeting all who came from a distance, a sumptuous dinner was served in the newly renovated basement of the Church. This, of course, provided an occasion for profitable fellowship.

Long before it was time to begin the evening service, the auditorium of the Church was packed to utmost capacity. As in the afternoon, the meeting at night was in charge of the elected moderator, Rev. W. N. Charlton, pastor of Mount Pleasant Baptist Church, Toronto, who made an able Chairman. Mr. Charlton's wise leadership in the

proceedings contributed much to the great success of the day. The Ordination prayer was delivered by Rev. J. R. Boyd of Sudbury and the right hand of fellowship was given to the candidate by the pastor of Bethel Baptist Church, Orillia.

With all other matters attended to, everything was made ready for the Ordination sermon which was delivered upon special request from Mr. Olley himself, by Dr. T. T. Shields. Throughout all the proceedings, the Divine presence was most manifest, but it seemed to this writer and many others with whom he conversed, that from the very moment that Dr. Shields began to preach, the Holy Ghost was in full charge of the meeting. Personally, we have heard Dr. Shields preach on numerous occasions and under many different circumstances and we have heard him as he exalted Christ soar as on eagle's wings but as he preached last Wednesday evening in Ottawa and unfolded the person and work of our great high priest and mediator, he not only soared but carried us all with him into the very heavenlies themselves. At the close of the address, one preacher, whom we have always considered to be one with large appreciation for the truth of God remarked, "That was the greatest sermon I ever heard." As is usual at the close of all Ordination Services, Mr. Olley, the candidate, pronounced the benediction, which brought to a close a great day in Zion.

Mr. Olley is much beloved by every member of his Church, and we do not wonder that they have resolved to keep him at Calvary Church for life.—H.C.S.

NEWS FROM WINNIPEG

FROM Mr. E. Claydon of Winnipeg, a recent visitor at Jarvis Street Church, we have received a very interesting note concerning the work of Bethany Church in that city. We are happy to note that God is blessing the work in the new building, which, as our correspondent notes, is located on the corner of Portage and Ingersoll Avenues, the latter an unusual name to connect with a Baptist Church! Mr. Claydon includes in his letter this glowing description of the building from the pen of a former pastor, Rev. John Cunningham of Calgary, Alberta:

For many, especially the older members of the congregation, it was the realization of a dream long cherished in their hearts that they would have a house worthy of the Lord and dedicated to the preservation and propagation of those historic principles and doctrines for which Baptists have stood through the centuries was the heart's desire.

It is rather hard to describe the building. It is different in architectural design from any other church we have ever seen, but it is not too conspicuous; it is attractively designed, although not pretentious. In it are blended together, architecturally, dignity, beauty, warmth and usefulness. Its design is modernistic, without losing that dignity which should characterize the house of the Lord. Outside, its appearance is home-like and inviting; inside, it is well appointed, convenient and artistically furnished. The careful planning of the Building Committee is everywhere evident, and they have succeeded in utilizing every inch of space, without sacrificing the architectural beauty of the building. The church is fully equipped, even to its automatic oil burning unit. It is the only Regular Baptist Church with a "Bawl" room, where mothers may take their children, and see and hear the service without disturbing it.

The church itself is well located. Without moving from the district in which it has always been located, it is now on Portage Avenue, one of the main streets in the city, and is well served by street cars. A better location could not have been found.

—W.S.W.

WHY DO INTELLIGENT CATHOLICS TOLERATE IT?

THE letter that follows was received from Mr. Stephen Schofield of *The Porcupine Advance*, Timmins, Ontario, and we print it here with his permission for the sake of the interesting questions it asks. In our opinion, Mr. Schofield has hit upon the only possible solution to the problem he poses, apart from a flat assertion that Romanism like all other irrational things cannot be rationally explained. There is in all error an inherent self-contradiction that bears witness, to men of insight, of its essential falsity. We think that the translation from *Le Droit*, Roman Catholic organ of Ottawa, following this letter is also an indication of the mentality that has directed the thinking of French-Canadians.

A Question

Rev. W. S. Whitcombe,
THE GOSPEL WITNESS,
130 Gerrard Street East,
Toronto.

Timmins, Ont.
4:6:50.

Dear Mr. Whitcombe:

That letter you wrote last week, in last week's WITNESS, in reply to the Shawinigan mayor, was, if I may say so, a corker, a magnificent job, absolutely polite, but rigid as iron. That's the stuff. I am most interested to see what transpires.

One other question, please: this one really baffles me. I can quite understand the poor Roman Catholics, the uneducated, the multiplying, so to speak, the masses of them, for I know many throughout Quebec—I can quite understand their being led to believe—well, you know what, much better than I do, Mr. Whitcombe. But what I cannot understand is why the well off, the influential, the really intelligent Roman Catholics, who can unquestionably see and appreciate the preposterous illiteracy of their own masses, their impeded education, their infant mortality rate, and so on—why is it that they, the intelligent ones, tolerate it? It is their ruin, their funeral, just as obvious as a tree against the sky. They must see it. They must see how their own people suffer and die for it (highest infant mortality rate), and how they are so pathetically uneducated.

Well, why do they tolerate it? Pierre Gauthier, M.P., for instance, who seems to me to be extremely intelligent in other ways. They must see their own people multiplying like rabbits, working hard all their lives, never getting anywhere, never achieving much—or very rarely, a small proportion—for themselves or their country. Many seem to try to twist figures and force themselves to believe that they are doing "all right." But in their hearts they must know otherwise. Why, oh, why is it that the intelligent Catholic men tolerate it?

Could it possibly be that they think that they, and their families, the few well off and prosperous, form a sort of aristocracy, a ruling class, which will "look after and guide" the masses?

Surely intelligent Catholics know that primarily democracy is the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people; that if we throw wide the doors so that all the boys and girls can bring out the best that is in them, we will get amazing results from unlikely sources. Beethoven was the son of a consumptive mother, herself the daughter of a cook and a drunken father. Shakespeare was the son of a bankrupt butcher and a woman who could not write her name. Schubert was the son of a peasant father and a mother who had once been in domestic service. Faraday, one of the greatest experimenters of all time, was born over a stable, his father an invalid blacksmith, and his mother a common drudge. Such facts as these underlie democracy. Surely intelligent Roman Catholics know that. And yet they allow their own people to be the most backward, the most impeded in education, the most illiterate, the last to enforce compulsory education. Why, sir, oh, why is it?

Go ahead and use this letter if you wish. I don't care.

All I want is an answer. They baffle me completely. I cannot make them out.

Sincerely,

(Signed) STEPHEN SCHOFIELD, Ed.

"The Revenge of the Cradles"

The following extract is translated from *Le Droit* of Ottawa to indicate the line of teaching and preaching to which the priests of Rome subject their French-Canadian flock. The domination of Canada by a majority of French-Canadian Roman Catholics is commonly referred to in the press of Quebec as "The Revenge of the Cradles". With such sentiments as these expressed in official Romanist papers, it is difficult to accept at their face value assurances from the same sources of a sincere desire for national unity and good will. *Le Droit* says:

In short, we must go back to the considerable difference in the population between French-Canadians and English-Canadians in order to explain the difficulties that our racial group has in defending its culture, the bilingual character of the country, the rights of the French minorities in English-Canadian provinces, in obtaining a fair share of employment in the Civil Service, in preserving the autonomy of the Province of Quebec in the face of the tendency to centralization of the English-Canadian population. Numbers are not everything, but they are a necessity. For, in the end, people are not made for institutions but institutions for people.

If, instead of forming 30 per cent. of the population of Canada we were to constitute 40 to 50 per cent. it would not only be very much easier to settle all the problems that are raised by the topics mentioned above, but the influence of French Canada would be much greater in shaping the general policy of the country, both internal and external.

The above statement is tantamount to a declaration of war between the two principal races of Canada, a war that begins with a race of babies and threatens to end up with a struggle to the death between French and English. For our part, we are constrained to repeat the question: "If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" If with something less than a third of the total population French-Canadians are able to impose their will upon successive governments at Ottawa, as they now do, what will they do in the way of domineering dictatorship when they reach the proportion of one half or more of the total population?—W.S.W.

OFFICIAL OPENING

of

Harriston Church Building

and

ORDINATION COUNCIL

for

Pastor Geoffrey Adams

in

HARRISTON BAPTIST CHURCH

Wednesday, July 5, 1950

2 p.m. and 8 p.m. (D.S.T.)

All are welcome. Plan to attend.

"WE HAVE HEARD HIM OURSELVES AND KNOW!"

THE Ontario Department of Highways has blazoned across this province an arresting and suggestive slogan: "An Accident Is Just a Word — Until YOU Have One!" This article is not a homily on safe driving, important as that is, but is devoted to the train of thought that the safety slogan started off in our mind when we first saw it. The picture it suggests is a startling one, if we allow ourselves to follow it out to its conclusion: An accident has taken place, a serious one perhaps, judging by appearances. By the side of the highway lies a wrecked car, surrounded by shattered glass and ghastly rivulets of blood; in the heap of wreckage is a battered human figure, lying ominously still. The crowd of curious spectators grows with each car that comes along and stops, until a police car draws up with screeching tires and sounding siren, and the circle parts to make way for the representative of the law. Our curiosity is aroused for a moment and we join the company until the police officer disperses the crowd lest another worse accident should result from the obstruction to traffic thus created. We make our way from the place with heavy hearts, inwardly grateful that we ourselves have escaped such a mishap. All this is a too common drama that unhappily is enacted on our highways many times each year, the heavy toll that our civilization pays for its mania for speed.

But now, suggests our slogan, the scene changes: It is the same, yet different; the same, perhaps, as to outward circumstances — the wrecked car, the mangled body, the gathering crowd, the anxious police officer, but this time there is a difference; we do not leave the accident with light hearts, we are not able to do so for the wrecked car that lies there in the ditch is our own car, and it is ourselves that we see pictured lying there in a pool of blood. In such a case, the slogan warns us, an accident is no longer just a word.

This is a dreadful suggestion, one that we recoil from because we recognize its truth, but happily the principle of our slogan is also applicable to more joyous experiences in life. Take, for instance, the pleasing picture of a young man, who, emulating the example of all his forebears since Adam in the Garden, has in his turn fallen in love with some fair daughter of Eve. The young man, and of course his beloved also, is utterly unaware of what is patent to all others, namely, that he is but following in the traces of those who have gone before and is passing through an ordinary every-day experience that is as old as the world and as common as the sunrise. So completely taken up with each other are the happy lovers, perhaps so wholly in love with love, that they are quite persuaded that never in all the long story of the human family has such an experience ever come to any other pair. The illusion is a harmless one, and as the world loves a lover it is ready to pardon their ignorance. Indeed, all who have passed that way themselves recognize that in a very real sense, their feeling in the matter is no illusion but a sober fact. Love too, is just a word, until it happens to YOU!

There are many things in life; the best things and also the worst, of which the same principle holds good. Of the most joyful experiences of life as well as of the saddest, it must be said that they are but words, until they come to our door and to our bosom. A good friend who had himself passed through the deep waters, re-

cently remarked to us that when neighbours and friends suffered the loss of a dear one, people went as a matter of course to pay their respects and offer their condolences. But he added, as one who knew from personal knowledge, when the king of terrors comes to one's own home and takes a dear one from our side, we began to understand the meaning of death.

Oftentimes we allow ourselves to believe that we know certain truths because we have thought about them, talked of them, reasoned of them, perhaps have taught them or preached them to others. And then those truths descend upon us, leap out of the realm of abstract thought into the everyday realm of hard experience to be written on our bodies and our hearts, and we discover that until then we knew nothing but a kind of pale imitation of the real thing itself, that we had dealt merely with words and ideas but not with reality. Or, more happily, there is granted to us the blessedness of seeing our theory transformed into joyous certainty that brings a new appreciation of old truths as the knowledge acquired from a guide book is identified with the deeper, surer knowledge gained from actually passing over the road. When Job was called upon to go through the depths of affliction, his friends accused him of failing to live up to the sage advice that he had once dispensed to others: "Thy words," said Eliphaz, "have uphelden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees. But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; it touchest thee and thou art troubled." (4:2). The final conclusion of that epic story makes it evident that Job's miserable comforters were not justified in thus accusing him, but it is certain that the same charge maybe justly laid at the doors of many others. It is one thing to pronounce words, good, sound true, words, but quite another thing to know their power and truth in our own souls. Our Lord said that many who called Him "Lord, Lord," He would disown in that day when the books are opened. Let us beware of mistaking words for the realities of which they are but the signs and symbols.

It is the part of wisdom to escape this personal knowledge of evil things by taking heed to the warning of others, and above all to the more sure word of prophecy which warns us to flee from the wrath to come. As children, my brother and I used to visit an old great-uncle, who on one occasion asked us to read to him from the Bible, perhaps because of his failing eyesight, as we then thought, or more probably because the venerable old man wished to encourage us to read for ourselves in the Book of Books. In the course of our reading, we came upon a passage which speaks of the fearful judgment of the wicked, and the old man interrupted with the remark: "You may pass over that for it does not concern me, I shall not be there." Without fully understanding it, the remark stuck in our memory. It is not wise to skip over any parts of Scripture, but in principle the old man was right: there are some parts of God's word of which we may say reverently and with godly wonder, "It does not apply to me!" "Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation." (Ps. 91:8, 9).

On the other hand we ought to make sure that we have made our own those gracious promises freely offered in Christ. A child may be able to repeat the gracious words of the well-known verse: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," but

the very jingle-jangle tone with which he pronounces them betrays his failure to grasp their true meaning. A man may repeat the Creed, with the utmost sincerity, but without knowing the power of Him concerning whom he speaks. "O taste and see that the Lord is good," exclaims the Psalmist. Taste cannot be described to another, or recorded in such a way as to make it real. It must be tasted to be known. It is impossible to paint a sunset for a blind man; there is no substitute for seeing. Mere head-knowledge, assent to a form of doctrine, empty repetition of a creed, or even an intellectual conviction of the truths of the great doctrines of grace, can never take the place of this personal "tasting and seeing" of which the Psalmist speaks. Like the Apostle, every true believer can say, "I know whom I have believed." Faith in Christ is a personal act, it is a tasting and a seeing, an individual knowledge, a thing that has happened to us, not just a word. Yet it is unspeakably sad that there are multitudes of those who profess and call themselves Christians who have never met the Lord. They have heard of Him, they think of Him, take His holy name on their lips and perhaps address to Him their petitions, but He remains nothing but a name to them, a personage in history or perhaps in the Bible, but Him they see not for their eyes are holden.

When the Samaritan woman talked with Christ and discovered who He was, she went back into her city and brought the men to see this Great Stranger for themselves. The Evangelist records the story in these words: "And many more believed because of his own word; and said unto the woman, Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." (John 4:41f.) That is the purpose of all true preaching: to introduce men to the Saviour so that for themselves they may see and hear Him, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

—W.S.W.

THE REV. JOHN CARDMAKER AND JOHN WARNE

MAY 30, 1555, the Rev. John Cardmaker, otherwise called Taylor, prebendary of the church of Wells, and John Warne, upholsterer, of St. John's, Wallbrook, suffered together in Smithfield. Mr. Cardmaker, who first was an observant friar before the dissolution of the abbey, afterwards was a married minister, and in King Edward's time appointed to be a reader in St. Paul's; being apprehended in the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, with Dr. Barlow, bishop of Bath, he was brought to London, and put in the fleet prison, King Edward's laws being yet in force. In Mary's reign, when brought before the bishop of Winchester, the latter offered them the Queen's mercy, if they would recant.

Articles having been preferred against Mr. John Warne, he was examined upon them by Bonner, who earnestly exhorted him to recant his opinions, to whom he answered, "I am persuaded that I am in the right opinion, and I see no cause to recant; for all the filthiness and idolatry lies in the Church of Rome."

The bishop then seeing that all his fair promises and terrible threatenings could not prevail, pronounced the definite sentence of condemnation, and ordered May 30, 1555 for the execution of John Cardmaker and John

Warne, who were brought by the sheriffs to Smithfield. Being come to the stake, the sheriffs called Mr. Cardmaker aside, and talked with him secretly, during which Mr. Warne prayed, was chained to the stake, and had wood and reeds set about him.

The people were greatly afflicted, thinking that Mr. Cardmaker would recant at the burning of Mr. Warne. At length Mr. Cardmaker departed from the sheriffs, and came towards the stake, knelt down, and made a long prayer in silence to himself. He then arose up, put off his clothes to his shirt, and went with a bold courage unto the stake and kissed it; and taking Mr. Warne by the hand, he heartily comforted him, and was bound to the stake rejoicing. The people seeing this so suddenly done, contrary to their previous expectation, cried out, "God be praised! the Lord strengthen thee, Cardmaker! the Lord Jesus receive thy spirit!" And this continued while the executioner put fire to them, and both passed through the fire to the blessed rest and peace among God's holy saints and martyrs, to enjoy the crown of triumph and victory prepared for the elect soldiers and warriors of Christ Jesus in His blessed Kingdom, to whom be glory and majesty forever. Amen.—Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE CITIES OF ST. PAUL, by Sir William Ramsay, *The Baker Book House, Grand Rapids, Mich., U.S.A. Price: \$4.00 in U.S.A.*

This book is a reprint of another classic that has been long unobtainable. Originally published in 1907, it is still recognized by scholars as an authoritative work, and like its companion piece, *St. Paul, the Traveller and the Roman Citizen*, sheds the light of history on the background of the Acts and Epistles. The cities whose influence on the life and thought of Paul is here discussed are Tarsus, Antioch, Iconium, Derbe and Lystra. Invaluable for scholars, this work will also provide a most fruitful field of study for preachers and teachers who wish to understand the ministry and teaching of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. There are many rich suggestions thrown off incidentally that will perhaps offer the richest treasure for the latter class of readers, for instance, the discussions of Paul's philosophy of history, his conception of freedom, or the choice his preaching placed before the Roman Empire of Christ or auto-cracy, regeneration or degeneration. There are many other similarly enlightening and suggestive comments throughout the book.

THE EPISTLE OF ST. PAUL TO THE GALATIANS, by J. B. Lightfoot. *Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Price in U.S.A.: \$3.50.*

This is another standard work, which is a prerequisite to careful, scholarly study of Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. It too is a reprint of a work that is old but not outdated. For an unabridged commentary of this calibre, the price is very modest indeed as books sell nowadays, and it is surprising how rare great commentaries are. My old professor of Greek long since told me of three great commentators: Ellicott, Westcott, and Lightfoot, all Anglicans, all bishops, and all great scholars. While this work was written primarily for scholars, any who wish to make a detailed study of the text will find much profit here.

—W.S.W.

A WARNING

Apart from the perpetual miracle of God's grace, nothing can keep us from declension, apostasy, and spiritual death. "Oh, but I spend my time," one may say, "I spend my time wholly in the service of God! I go from door to door seeking the lost souls of men, as a city missionary"; or, "I conduct a large class in the school, and I have brought many to the Saviour." All this is good; but if thou trustest in it for thy standing before God it will certainly fail thee. If any one of us were to say, "But I am a minister, called to offer prayer, and to preach the precious word: my engagements are so sanctified, they bring me into such hallowed fellowship with holy things, that it is not possible that I should fall"—this would be the height of folly. We need not go beyond the pale of professed ministers of Christ to find specimens of every infamy of which man is capable. After having preached to others there is great cause for trembling lest we be castaways ourselves. No, there is nothing in the most sacred office in the Church to preserve us or our characters. Office, if we trust in it, may even become, as in the case of Judas, a Tarpeian rock, from which we may be cast down to our destruction; for the angelic office in heaven did not keep the angels from being hurled over the battlements of glory when once they dared to sin. Let not the angels of the churches hope to be kept from falling unless he that beareth the seven stars in his right hand shall keep them even to the end . . .

The most golden wages will not keep a servant loyal to the kindest of masters. The most blessed experience will not preserve a soul from sinning. You may come here and be greatly blessed under a sermon, and sweetly sing, and pray with intense fervor, and seem carried up to the gates of heaven by it; but do remember that no feelings of joy or happiness can be relied upon as sufficient holdfasts to keep us near the Lord. We have seen men drink of the cup of the Lord till they appeared to be full of love to him; and yet they have gone back to be drunken with the cup of devils. We have known men to preach the gospel, and yet afterwards blaspheme every truth of revelation, and deny the inspiration of the book of God. We have known them appear to be among the holiest and the best, and yet they have come at last to be common frequenters of the most evil haunts of the city, and to be ringleaders in folly. Is not this a dreadful thing, and should it not be a warning to every one of us? "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." There is one who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before his presence with exceeding great joy; if we do not trust in him, and abide in him, we shall perish. If we dare to confide in our position, our ability, our office, our service, or our experience, we shall, sooner or later, discover that we are prone to sin and that when we sin God will not spare us any more than he spared the angels that sinned.

—CHARLES SPURGEON.

MISSIONARIES

Describing the sort of men who were wanted for the mission field, Rowland Hill said, "We want men of good plain sense in their heads, and plenty of grace in their hearts—men who can make a good wheelbarrow, and talk to the inquisitive heathen about the love of Christ all the time they are knocking it together."

—ROWLAND HILL.

ROMANISM WITH ITS GLOVES OFF

The following account of Roman Catholic intolerance in South America has been sent to the Editor by Dr. H. Money, of Lima, Peru, Secretary of the "Concilio Nacional Evangelico del Peru" (The National Evangelical Council of Peru). With this account was included a translation of official police reports on the incident, which fully documents the statements made here. We print this report here in order to demonstrate once more that wherever Romanism is in power it always proves itself to be the same intolerant system that produced the Bloody Spanish Inquisition. It is the same today in Quebec as in South America or in Spain.

"Error Has No Rights"

THE Pucallpa Valley Presbytery of the Peruvian Evangelical Church which comprises the congregations in the vicinity of Huánuco, was scheduled to meet in the village of Cascay on April 27th. By the way of preparing the ground for a demonstration of Romish intolerance towards the Gospel, the Bishop of Huánuco went out of his way some two weeks previously to give the villagers some special instruction, the gist of which was that, since "error has no rights", and Protestants are in error, they should be treated accordingly. Having urged an appeal to violence, he assured his flock that there would be complete liberty to beat up the heretics without interference on the part of the authorities and promised, moreover, that, in the event of any of them getting into trouble, he would intercede on their behalf.

The Church Bells Ring

As is the custom in the provinces, the Sub-Prefect of the province was duly notified of the Presbytery meetings and the delegates met for the opening worship service at eight o'clock in the evening of the day appointed. Everything went off quietly and by ten o'clock all the brethren had retired to their lodgings. It was about this time that the stillness of the night was broken by the church bells loudly clanging the emergency alarm. A fanatical mob soon gathered carrying sticks, stones and fire-arms, and, to the accompaniment of revolver shots, proceeded to beat up all the Protestants they could find. The meeting house was broken into and its inmates brutally assaulted. The kitchen was ransacked and attempt made to burn the place down. Fortunately this was thwarted by the matches failing to strike.

The Mob Takes Charge

The mob then attacked the place where the provisions for the convention were stored. Although the entrance to this place was strongly barred from within, they succeeded in forcing an entrance. Among those lodged here was pastor Santiago Gómez, a graduate of the

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The Gospel Witness

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Peruvian Bible Institute. After receiving a terrible beating up, he was driven to the local jail and locked in a filthy cell into which two other believers were later thrown.

"Doing God Service"

Having been informed of the whereabouts of the pastor, priest Victoriano Huaytán hastened to the jail and recognizing señor Gómez by the light of his lantern, proceeded to thrash him most brutally. The faithful were invited to join in but they soon tired and desisted, but not so his reverence who continued his abuse till the pastor was left lying unconscious in a pool of blood.

That this outburst of priestly violence was not momentary effervescence of zeal, is clear from Huaytán's words as he showered blows upon his prostrate victim. "Wretched villain from Pachas," he muttered, "I'm your shadow. I've always followed you. I've loved you. Didn't I put a stop to your Protestant propaganda in Huariaca? Didn't I make you read the Government decree at the Police Station? Didn't I see you also at Panao? What are you doing here?"

"Out of the Depths"

When he recovered consciousness don Santiago was in a sorry plight and his companions in distress were little better. Nevertheless, as they prayed and sang praises to God, they were conscious of the presence of another with them "like unto the Son of God". It is not surprising therefore that their keepers were discomfited and one of them openly expressed his regret at having taken part in such brutal and unprovoked violence in the name of the Christian faith.

"Before They Call I Will Answer"

It was just as things reached this pass that help arrived from an unexpected quarter. Messrs. Adrian Lofsted and Fred Kowachuk, missionaries of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, stationed at Huánuco, had set out some days before in the mission pick-up for the town of Pucallpa on the River Ucayali. Finding their progress blocked by heavy rains and impassable roads, they were forced to retrace their steps and, in the good providence of God, had just reached the vicinity of Cascaj as the party of brethren who had escaped from the village struck the highway en route for Huánuco to inform the Police of the disturbance. Without any loss of time, the brethren were taken to Huánuco, the complaint lodged, and a party of six troopers under the command of a lieutenant, rushed to the scene of the trouble. Gómez and his companions were immediately released and taken to hospital, while the ringleaders of the disorders were arrested and taken to the lock-up.

Romish Mercy

Pastor Gómez was placed in hospital but since it is customary in Latin America for such institutions, even those under State auspices, to be run by religious orders, any inmates who do not see eye to eye with Rome are marked out for anything but Christian treatment. In spite of his left leg being totally disabled and seemingly fractured near the knee, señor Gómez did not receive the professional attention that his condition called for. Five days after admission his leg had not been X-rayed nor had the extent of his other injuries been determined.

Romish Justice

The Police report, which was a straight-forward ac-

count of what happened at Cascaj, was duly presented to the Court. The Bishop, however, was as good as his word. He evidently succeeded in persuading the judicial authorities to minimize the seriousness of the disturbance for, instead of proceeding with the case, the judge gave an order for the release of the accused. The latest news is that Huaytán is suing the Evangelicals for assaulting him and attacking his church.—Where Romanism prevails, Rome can do no wrong, black is white, and error has no rights!

"HANDLING THE WORD OF GOD DECEITFULLY"

If it be deemed a great wickedness to contaminate anything that is dedicated to God, he surely cannot be endured, who, with impure, or even with unprepared hands, will handle that very thing, which of all things is the most sacred on earth. It is therefore an audacity, closely allied to a sacrilege, rashly to turn Scripture in any way we please, and to indulge our fancies as in sport; which has been done by many in former times.

—JOHN CALVIN.

THE "WARK" AT CAMBUSLANG

CAMBUSLANG, on the outskirts of Glasgow, now a populous and thriving town, was in the eighteenth century, a small parish of about 900 souls. Here a memorable and far-reaching awakening took place, and its green braes are fragrant to this day with the Divine breath that breathed so sweetly there in 1742.

The work is abidingly associated with the name of William M'Culloch, minister of the Parish Church. He was not at all a "popular" preacher. His delivery was slow and cautious, but his message was intensely Biblical. He rose at five that he might revel in the riches of Divine Truth. He abounded in charity, but, above all, he was a man of prayer. He loved the secret place, and he was ever encouraging his people to unite in praying bands, and to make the chief burden of their petitions the revival of God's work.

Like Elijah's servant, he eagerly scanned the heavens for the tokens of coming blessing, and the news of the gracious movement under Wesley and Whitefield filled his soul with joy. He at once began to tell his people the story of the great revival in England and America. The church being small and in need of repair, the services were often held in a green hollow of the surrounding hills. Here, then on the Sabbath evenings, when his sermon was finished, he told his flock, little by little, the great tidings that had gladdened his own heart. His preaching, more than ever, became a solemn and awakening call. For fully a year he dwelt on the need of the new birth, and strictly kindred topics, and gradually the effect was seen, in deepening reverence and a growing hunger for prayer.

God times the movements of His obedient servants with a beautiful accuracy. He now sent Whitefield to Scotland, first of a long series of visits. In July, 1741, he commenced a truly apostolic ministry in Dunfermline. When he gave out his first text, the rustle of the leaves as the whole audience opened their Bibles, filled him with surprise and delight. He felt like Paul in Borea. The soil had been enriched by long and systematic study of the Scriptures, and the good seed at once took deep root. At Edinburgh he preached

daily, and every morning he had a "levée of wounded souls." He then turned to the West, and the vast graveyard of Glasgow's ancient Cathedral became the birthplace of a multitude of souls. When he went south in October, Whitefield had the assurance that God had visited His people in Scotland, and that greater things were in store.

In Cambuslang the work had received a new impetus. The year of grace 1742 opened with lively hope. In January a petition was presented to Mr. M'Culloch from ninety heads of families, requesting that a weekly service be held for the further ministry of the Word. Thursday was at once fixed for this purpose.

Prayer now became importunate. On Monday, February 15th, and again on Tuesday and Wednesday, a band of intercessors gathered at the manse. Next day the newly established service was held, and when the sermon closed it was evident that the great power of God had been liberated. The Word, quietly delivered, cut like a sharp sword, and when the minister retired to his house fifty people followed him in an agony of conviction. The whole night was spent by Mr. M'Culloch in the blessed labour of directing these wounded souls to Christ. The following day the Church doors were thrown open, and for twelve weeks he preached daily to a stricken people. Their deep conviction that their sins had pierced the Son of God—this was the heart of their sorrow. Now the Gospel was heard, as it were for the first time, and beholding the Lamb of God, their sorrow was turned into a joy unspeakable. Heaven seemed to come down to earth again, and the very glory of God seemed to shine on every hillside. A mighty hunger for the Word seized the new-born converts, and the old people went to school with the children that they might learn to read the Bible. The life of the community was transformed. Drunkenness and blasphemy ceased. A spirit of tenderest love filled their hearts and shone in their eyes. Faults were confessed and forgiven. Restitution to the utmost was eagerly made. Family worship was revived, and everyone sought to bring another to the Saviour.

The tidings of this gracious movement spread far and wide, and the "Wark at Cambuslang," as it is called, became the talk of Scotland. People came flocking from all parts of the land to see the grace of God, and Mr. M'Culloch now frequently ministered the Word to ten thousand. The blessing culminated in two great communions, the like of which Scotland had never seen. The first was fixed for July 11th. On the previous Tuesday, Whitefield, again in Scotland, came to Cambuslang for the first time. He preached thrice, at two, at six and at nine o'clock. The people were literally smitten down, and had to be borne into the surrounding houses. When he was exhausted, Mr. M'Culloch continued to preach until long past midnight. Through all that night the voice of prayer and praise was heard in the fields and barns of the country around. On the Sabbath, twenty thousand assembled to hear the Word, while more than 1,100 pressed to the Communion Tables, sitting down by companies upon the green grass, as in Galilee of old.

So great was the blessing that it was determined to hold a second Communion on August 15th. Many travelled from afar to the sacred feast. Old Mr. Bonar, minister of Torphichen, from whom was sprung a famous and godly seed, though very frail, was determined not to miss this crowning joy. He took three days to ride the eighteen miles that lay between, and joined White-

field and the goodly band of ministers who had come to Mr. M'Culloch's assistance. More than thirty thousand hearers assembled, and three thousand sat down to the Lord's table. The windows of Heaven were again opened above the thronging multitude, and an even richer blessing was outpoured. There was indeed no room to receive it, and again the mourning of stricken hearts mingled with the song of the redeemed throughout the night.

The "wark" was of God, and it stood the test of time. When the flood of spiritual ecstasy subsided, a rich soil remained, and a bountiful harvest was securely garnered. The movement spread quietly through the land, and not a few of the subsequent and seemingly isolated outbursts of the Holy Fire can be traced to a spark wafted from the great blaze on the hills of Cambuslang.

—*Old Time Revivals*, Pages 31-36.

Bible School Lesson Outline

Vol. 15 Third Quarter Lesson 2 July 9, 1950

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

BIRTH AND CONQUESTS OF THE KING

Lesson Text: Micah 5.

Golden Text: "But thou, Bethlehem-Ephrathah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel."—Micah 5:2.

I. The Coming of the King: verses 1-3.

The prophet Micah saw visions of judgment; judgment against the whole house of Israel (chapters 1, 2), and judgment against the princes, prophets and people of Israel and Judah (chap. 3). He saw, in the first place, the impending judgment of the captivities which would result from the sin of the people in rejecting the word of the Lord as given through His chosen prophets (2 Chron. 36:14-17; Matt. 23:29-37). In the distance Micah saw also the greater calamities which the captivities foreshadowed; the destruction of Jerusalem and the world-wide dispersion which would follow their rejection of Christ, the Divine Prophet, Priest and King (Matt. 27:25; Acts 5:28; 7:51-53).

The prophet Micah saw visions, not only of judgment, but also of hope and victory (chapp. 4, 5). He looked past the captivities, persecutions, destructions and exiles to the time when deliverance would come (chap. 4; Isa. 2:1-5). This deliverance would come through Christ, their Saviour, Redeemer and King (chap. 5).

Ere this deliverance should be accomplished, the Israelites would experience heavy calamities. It would be necessary for them to gather their forces together to resist the attacks of the enemy. The greatest of insults, smiting upon the cheek, would be inflicted upon their leaders by the foe (1 Kings 22:24; Lam. 3:30), just as the Israelites themselves would be guilty of insulting in a similar way their Messiah and Saviour, Who was also to be their Judge (Matt. 26:27; 27:30; Acts 10:42; 17:31).

The town of Bethlehem ("The House of Bread") was called Bethlehem Ephrathah or Bethlehem Judah (Gen. 48:7; Psa. 132:6), to distinguish it from Bethlehem in Zebulun. In itself Bethlehem was an insignificant place in size and population (2 Chron. 11:6), little among the tribes of Judah, but the momentous event to take place within its borders would raise it to highest fame. Christ the Saviour, the King not only of Israel but also of the whole world, would be born in Bethlehem (Matt. 2:6; Lk. 2:11; John 7:42; 18:33-37). He would come forth unto God, in fulfilment of the Father's eternal purpose (Psa. 2:7; 40:7, 8; John 4:34; Gal. 4:4). Although born in humility and obscurity, the holy Babe of Bethlehem was in reality the everlasting Son of God, Who had existed from all eternity (Psa. 90:2; Prov. 8:23; John 1:1; Heb. 1:1-5).

In consequence of His design for the purification and sal-

vation of mankind, God would seemingly give up His people Israel, that they should be subdued by their enemies and be disciplined. But this abandonment would be neither complete, nor final (Hos. 3:4, 5; Rom. 11:1-5, 25); the virgin mother would bring forth her child, according to the prophets of old (Gen. 3:15; Isa. 7:14), and this event would mean the deliverance and restoration of Israel.

Some interpret the travail and birth mentioned as referring, not to the first coming of our Lord, but to His second coming in power and glory, when Christ would come forth as the Deliverer of His people (Isa. 66:7-11; Lk. 21:24; Rom. 11:26; Rev. 12:1-6).

II. The Conquests of the King: verses 4-15.

The Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour will stand; it will endure for ever (Psa. 146:10; Dan. 2:44; 7:14, 27; Lk. 1:32, 33). He shall feed or rule His flock like a shepherd (Isa. 40:11; Mic. 7:14), receiving His strength and authority from God the Father (Psa. 110:1, 2; Zech. 9:10; John 5:22, 27), and performing every part of His ministry to the glory of the Father's name (John 17:1-6).

This King, Who would at the same time be Man, is described as "The Peace" of His people (Eph. 2:14); He is the Author of peace and victory (Isa. 26:12-14; John 14:27; 16:33). Assyria was destined to be Israel's greatest foe, the power which would overthrow her (2 Kings 17:6), but the prophet in a vision, beholds this enemy, typical of all adversaries, subdued by the coming King (Lk. 1:66-79). The seven shepherds and eight principal men (Hebrew word means "anointed" or "humble" men) may well represent such leaders as the lowly apostles, anointed by the Holy Spirit to be servants of the Lord and the instruments by whom His work would be accomplished (Acts 1:8).

As the coming King would be the source of both peace and victory, so would His faithful subjects represent peace and victory in the world. In a spiritual sense, the true remnant of grace provides quiet refreshment from the Lord to the thirsty and famine-stricken people of the world (Deut. 32:2; Psa. 110:3; Isa. 32:1, 2; 55:10, 11). Their eyes are not upon men, but upon God (Psa. 146:3-5; Isa. 2:22; Jer. 17:5, 7); and however dark the outward circumstances may be, they wait in faith and hope for the Lord to show His hand (Psa. 62:1, 5; 42:11; 130:6; Mic. 7:7). They also go forth to conquer the world, treading down all their foes. The Christian is the light of the world, and also its victor through Christ (Rom. 8:37; 1 John 4:4; 5:4).

There are those who think that the reference in these verses (7, 8) is to the position of the Jews in Gentile lands

in the times of the Messiah; that instead of being a by-word among the nations, the prophet foresees them becoming a blessing (Jer. 24:9; Zech. 8:13), and instead of captives, becoming conquerors (Isa. 26:11).

Let any should think that these conquests were to be made by human strength and ingenuity, the prophet quotes the word of the Lord, whereby He promises that He Himself will vanquish all the adversaries of His people, that He will repel all the attacks and utterly subdue the foe (vv. 10, 11; Psa. 2:1-9; Isa. 33:22; 35:4; 1 Cor. 15:24-28).

Moreover, there were enemies within that needed to be put down, grave sins which were destroying the nation. The Redeemer by His grace would purify the land and the people, putting away from their midst witchcraft (Isa. 47:9, 11-14) and idolatry (Jer. 17:1, 2), two of the sins of the people, symbolic of sin in general. The groves, sacred to the worship of foreign deities, would be cut down (Isa. 27:9), signifying that the Lord alone would be worshipped in that day (Isa. 2:6-11; 2 Cor. 10:5).

Thus, when the external and internal opposition should be overthrown, it might truly be said that the Lord had destroyed all their enemies (marginal reading for "cities" in verse 14). Judgment in full would be meted out to those nations "which hearkened not" (v. 15, Revised Version; Psa. 9:17; Prov. 1:24-27; Isa. 26:21; Mic. 7:17).

FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS:

Talk about this prophecy concerning the coming of the Saviour to Bethlehem, and show how it was fulfilled (Matt. 2:1-11). Young people would be interested in hearing facts about ancient and modern Bethlehem, its position, size, appearance, customs and importance. Discuss reasons why this small town was chosen by God to be the birth-place of Christ the Lord, rather than the sacred city of Jerusalem.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

- July 3—The King's Virgin Birth Isa. 7:10-16.
- July 4—The King's Names Isa. 9:1-7.
- July 5—The King's Righteousness Isa. 11:1-9.
- July 6—The King's Power Isa. 2.
- July 7—The King's Coronation Psa. 2.
- July 8—The King's Supremacy Rev. 19:11-21.

SUGGESTED HYMNS

O come, O come, Emmanuel! Oh, worship the King!
Lo! He comes with clouds descending. With harps and with
viols. Rejoice, the Lord is King! Come, Thou almighty
King!

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