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"THE CLOUDY AND DARK DAY"

HOW is the weather where you live? What would these often-vacuous minds of ours find to talk about if we could not talk about the weather? And on that plane of cogitation, how really silly much of our conversation is! We are not condemning—the most erudite philosopher is justified in being silly occasionally.

Someone started out in the morning, when the sky was blue and cloudless. But soon the clouds came up, and the pedestrian, unprepared, was caught in a deluge, until he was dripping like the proverbial drowned rat. He meets a supposedly intelligent friend, who quite seriously remarks, "Rather a wet day, is it not?"

But that kind of experience, and that sort of conversation, have their counterpart in the more serious concerns of life. Who of us has not experienced the "cloudy and dark day"? Perhaps, after all, we were wrong in making light of remarks about the weather. Psychologically, the weather becomes part of us; and when the clouds hang low, our spirits often become correspondingly low; and perhaps amid such conditions, remarks, which to the critical seem inane, rather resemble the cry of a child with a toothache, or of a child with almost frozen hands.

We rather fear we shall have to admit that we are not independent of our circumstances; and the general atmosphere of life, misty and cloudy, by reason of the contact of opposing temperatures of experience, often occasion that mental and spiritual condition described in Holy Writ as being "cast down", and the soul "disquieted within", us.

Was it Mark Twain who remarked that everyone seemed to complain about the weather, but no one did anything about it? We suppose that is true.

We have long been interested in the study of meteorology, and our rather much-flying has intensified that interest; for in that sphere of human experience, there are many illustrations which may help us to smile a little on the cloudy and dark day.

We have known occasions when round about this editorial office the rain has come down in proverbial "sheets", and the sky was completely overcast. And yet we have found, on returning home, three or more miles away, there had not been a drop of rain, nor a cloud in the sky.

Perhaps most of our readers have some idea of how our friend the Weather-man arrives at his "probabilities". It is like this: he has telegraphic communication with meteorological stations all over the continent; and his telegrams from east and west, and north and south, tell him the temperature, the density of the atmosphere, that is the barometric reading, and the direction of the wind. When he puts all these before him on his weather map, either on his desk, or in his head, since nature abhors a vacuum, he knows that winds will blow in the direction of the nearest low pressure region. The wind will look for "a better 'ole", and then "go to it". And the air currents, with their varying temperatures, will create certain atmospheric conditions in temperature, and density, and so the meteorological prognosticator will tell you what the weather in a given district is likely to be.

He is wise in speaking only of probabilities, for there may be many "better 'oles", and some in regions unreported. Thus, the wind may change its course, and the weather in a particular place turn out to be other than was predicted. Notwithstanding, this Editor is profoundly grateful for the "probabilities".

Why carry an umbrella if you don't need one? Why wear a heavy coat when a lighter one would be more comfortable? Why prepare to shut yourself within a frozen cabin, when you might be basking in the sunshine?

The principle and value of weather forecasting is that it gives one some idea what the weather is somewhere else than where we live, and enables us to enjoy, in anticipation, the better weather that is likely to come to-morrow.

But the weather-man does very much more than tell the prospective picnicker whether it is worth while for him to pack his basket. His predictions are invaluable to the mariner. His storm-signals are often life-savers. And on the simple commercial plane, it is of inestimable assistance to the whole world of business.

But what about those cloudy and dark days which belong wholly to the mental and spiritual spheres of human existence? They may, perhaps, in part be circumstantially produced, but they cannot be circumstan-

tially dissipated completely. Is there any spiritual meteorological office? Is there any weather-man who can guide, and comfort, us in things of the spirit? Is there any one who can tell us whether the cloudy and dark day will stretch itself into a week or a month, or a year, or longer, or whether, perchance, the producing cause is only local and temporary?

Yes, there is, with this difference: the predictions are not mere probabilities, nor even possibilities, but positive certainties. There is One Who has a weather map of your life—the mountains, the lesser hills, the valleys, the plains, the fever temperatures, and the consequent air-conditions, and currents, which encompass you.

This writer does not like cold weather: If duty permitted it, he would make his residence in some temperate zone where the mercury never touches freezing, where the snow obligingly confines its visitations to the mountain tops. But duty will not always allow us to escape bad weather: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap". Therefore, we must find, somehow, sustaining strength to carry us through the cloudy and dark day.

The inspired Word will furnish us, not with probabilities, but certainties, and listening to Heaven's broadcast, we may form some idea of what our condition will be on the morrow, or on other days to come.

Sometimes the very promises of God may prove a means of transportation to carry us through various atmospheric strata until we reach the sunshine.

One day we boarded a plane in Winnipeg. It was a cloudy and dark day, and a drizzling rain was falling. There was not a break in the clouds above. To make matters worse the rain was freezing as it fell, and huge tarpaulins were spread over the wings of the great liner to prevent the accumulation of ice before taking off. Visibility was very poor, and the ceiling very low.

Presently the tarpaulins were removed and the engines started. We moved down the runway, and the engines were warmed up, and then at last took off. In less than five minutes we were above the clouds. The sun shone gloriously, and as far as the eye could reach in every direction God's sky was blue.

So sometimes, as we wait upon the Lord, the promises lift us above our circumstances, and we mount up with wings as eagles into another state of weather entirely.

But that is not always possible. Sometimes we learn from our great Weather-Book what weather is to be found elsewhere; sometimes a word of direction through the valley, up the foothills, and even, perhaps, some fair distance up the mountainside, where if we do not leave the clouds behind us, we leave them beneath us. Or, if we must stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, we may find the promise of a change of wind direction. Or, indeed, some obscure cloud may be blown away, and, like Elisha's servant, we may see the mountains filled with horses and chariots of fire roundabout.

We distinctly recall an occasion when the Editor, in company with Rev. H. C. Slade, flew from Winnipeg to Regina, to fill an important appointment. But Regina was wrapped in a dense fog, and we could not come down. They carried us on to Swift Current three hundred miles beyond. There we rested for some hours in a hotel, and the next morning, by another plane, started back toward Regina in the best and clearest of weather. But a few miles west of the Saskatchewan capital, we ran into fog once more and were told there was a dense fog bank a

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and

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

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mile deep over the city. We went through it, and over it, and round it, but we could not get under it. So we turned back once more to Swift Current. There a train was held for us, and we reached Regina about ten o'clock at night, instead of in time for an evening meeting.

Sometimes we must fly about in life like that, and find ourselves encompassed with fog, and have to retrace our steps, only to discover at last that when one means of transportation fails, there is generally another, and so He bringeth us to our desired haven.

This has been a rambling talk about the weather, but if it helps somebody to remember the One Who makes the weather, and, Mark Twain notwithstanding, is always able, if His wisdom so directs, to "do something about it", this mental meandering will not have been in vain.

BE SHORT

Dr. Cotton Mather wrote over his study-door in large letters, BE SHORT. Callers upon ministers will please make a note of this; as also brethren who are lengthy at the prayer-meeting; Sunday-school teachers, in all their devotional exercises and addresses; speakers at public meetings who have nothing to say; and ministers who are given to prosi-ness.—C. H. SPURGEON.

THE EDITOR'S ANNUAL LETTER

The Editor's Annual Letter to *THE GOSPEL WITNESS* Family was mailed two weeks ago. Our readers will have received their copy by the time this *Witness* reaches them. We have already received many generous responses but are eagerly anticipating many others. Have you answered?

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

"The Word of the Lord Endureth For Ever"

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, February 25th, 1951
(Electrically Recorded)

"For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away:

"But the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."—1 Peter 1:24, 25.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON

Thou hast taught us, O Lord, in respect to our physical requirements, to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." Thou hast promised us only our daily supply. And so in spiritual things Thou dost not give us a portion of goods a second time that we may take our journey into a far country, but Thou dost make us sit at Thy table to receive of the provisions of Thy grace day by day as our need may arise.

We thank Thee this evening that we are able to recall, every one of us, many an occasion when out of Thy full storehouses Thou hast enriched us. Thou hast again and again poured light upon the sacred page; Thou hast led us sometimes into the secrets of words that were obscure and difficult, but Thou hast ever taught us in Thy ways.

And so this evening we come as rather backward and dull pupils. We desire to sit at the feet of the divine Teacher. We are as slow to learn as were the disciples, who enjoyed the special privilege of Thy personal ministry in the days of Thy flesh. We remember it was said that "as yet they knew not the scripture, that (Christ) must rise again from the dead," and how slow of heart are we also to believe all that the prophets have spoken. We pray Thee to grant us this evening that divine illumination subjectively and objectively, that will help us to understand something of that which is written. May Thy Word discover the hearts and consciences of us all this evening, for the enrichment of Thy people, for the establishment of any who may be faint and wavering, and for the salvation of any who have not yet known the luxury of trusting the Lord Jesus.

So do Thou bless us every one, for Thy Name's sake, Amen.

I HAVE admired, but have never attempted to emulate, the intrepidity of the Alpine climber who endeavours to scale such heights as hitherto have defied the daring of the most aspiring Alpinist. I have been filled with an awesome wonder by the daring of the deep-sea diver, who, unafraid, explores the hidden wealth and wonders of the deep. And as I see, as I have often seen, the pilots proceed to the great air-liner to take their places at the controls to guide that mighty-pinioned eagle in its flight over islands and continents and oceans, and far above the loftiest mountain peaks, until they seem almost to keep company with Him "who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind," I am constrained, I say, when I see them to regard them as a species of super-men who, as McCrae expressed it, have "slipped the surly bonds of earth," and have learned to defy all limitations of time and space.

Notwithstanding these challenging exploits, the work of the true expositor of Scripture requires the exercise of all such skills intellectually and spiritually, for such are the immeasurable dimensions, the depth and height

and length and breadth of the word of God which endureth forever.

When I was in Egypt not so very long ago I did not climb the outer steepes of the Great Pyramid, as I saw a marvellously agile native do; I stood rather upon the sands surrounding, and gazed with deepening humility upon its noble proportions. But I did climb the interior, up narrow ramps and steps and ladders, to the height of about two hundred and twenty-five feet, to the burial chamber of the kings. But in these ageless and indestructible pyramids of Revelation there are lesser explorations possible than the measuring of their inaccessible summits, albeit there are no burial chambers within, but palaces of delight, and royal audience-chambers where the Lord of life and light awaits the enquiries of all who would grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

So may we, stooping often, as one must do when entering and exploring the pyramid, often creeping, but always climbing—so may we by faith behold the wealth and wisdom of this treasury of truth, the Bible. Oh, how often I marvel at the presumption, almost the impudence of people, who profess to know all that is written! And now, to change my metaphor, though we may not fathom the depth of the Edenic river Pison "which compasseth," the old Book says, "the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold," we may paddle a little in the shallows, and find in its golden sands enough of what miners call "pay-dirt" to make us all rich forever more.

I wish I could convey to you what this text conveys to me before I attempt to say anything about it. I ask you to listen to the limpid, weird, and mystic music of it, swelling at last into an exultant paean of jubilation: "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."

I.

Our text speaks of THE MORTALITY AND CORRUPTIBILITY OF EVERYTHING THAT IS HUMAN. It begins with the most commonplace observation. There isn't one here who has not observed that "All flesh is as grass." And yet, although that is universally apparent, the commonplaces of life, though they speak to us with authoritative warnings and appraisals and prophecies, usually fall on deaf ears. We do not hear them any more than we hear the

ticking of the clock. Just because these things are commonplace we grow used to them. "All flesh is as grass." Of course it is. You see the undertakers' processions every day; you read the long columns of death notices in the newspapers every day; you read of accidents on the sea and in the air and on the road and on the rails—everywhere death holding high carnival. Yes, of course. "All flesh is as grass." And yet, we do not actually believe that that is true of *all* flesh — it is true of some flesh, but not of mine, nor of yours. I have seen the fond parent, for instance, looking with loving, and almost worshipping eyes, upon that precious babe—the only one, of course—in all the rest of the world beside, the most priceless possession, so priceless that that babe is sometimes allowed to usurp the place of God in the parents' life. The bridegroom, who assumes that his bride's loveliness is the ultimate of immortality. She will always look like that. Will she? She will always be just as beautiful. Don't you believe it. You had better marry for something other than that, if it is to last. The athlete—I saw the people last night by the thousands round about this place, men sounding their horns and crowding others off the street. The worst crowd come to a hockey match to be found anywhere! They behave as though one had no right on the highway. They seem to think that every other man's car is the puck, and they are already in the game. How fond and proud he is of his achievement—knocking a bit of rubber about. He does not know, nor stops to consider that the evanescent notoriety of his prowess, which he fondly calls fame, will last but a year or two. The swimmer and the runner and the hockey player, and all the rest of them, are done. "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." They don't last very long. A man is just seven-eighths of a fool to give himself to it for any length of time. Or there is the man of business whose body is just a money-making machine. He is proud of it, and he plays golf, he says, for exercise. He thinks this machine is a long-wearing affair, but it doesn't last very long; and the trouble is that when it wears out he cannot get any new parts, as he may for his car. It is gone. "All flesh is as grass." The artist, and the author, the scientist, and the professional man, the soldier, and the statesman, and every other sort of man who makes brains his capital — he is aggressive, and achieving, and vigorous and victorious, widely acclaimed—for a little while, as a successful man, and then he discovers that even his flesh is as grass. You remember Byron:

"Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect as in age, years steal
Fire from the mind, and vigour from the limb,
And life's enchanted cup but
Sparkles near the brim."

"The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away."

The glory of man—what is it? After the Lord had laid the foundations of the earth, and piled the mountains, and flung the stars into space, and gathered the sea together, and given to the sea His decree that the waters should not pass His commandment; when He had carpeted the earth with flowers, filled the storehouses, and made it bright and active with a myriad forms of animal life, as the last and greatest of His acts He made man in His own image and likeness. The glory of man! He is a glorious creature. Yes, he has much to his credit. I admire even his physical qualities, and I am not over-

valuing them. I like to see a well-proportioned, healthy man, a man of exuberant health, in the prime of his manhood, challenging the world. It is a fine sight to see a real man in his physical glory. I remember sitting in a hotel in London years ago, during the first war. Across the table was my great friend, the late Dr. A. C. Dixon. He was about six feet four, his hair was graying a little (it used to be black as the raven's wing), his eyes were like flames of fire, his features perfect, and when he stood there was not a stoop—a magnificent specimen of a man. I sat as his guest, and I looked across the table at him. I didn't say it to him—I would like to have said it to his wife—but I said to myself, "If God ever made a handsomer thing than you I wonder what he would be like." But he is gone now. "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away."

And I like to see the machine inside work, don't you? A man of mental capacity, a man of trained intellect, an educated man, at home anywhere in the world, and to see him lay hold of almost insoluble problems, and by almost super-human wisdom solve them. I have known a few such, and have stood in awe of them. Men of achievement too, men who have done things, and around whose active and creative life great institutions in business, in education, in religion, and in other things, have grown up. Just the enlargement of one man's life. I think of my friend, Dr. Conwell, and of others whom I have known. Just to have seen them, and to have touched them, to have seen the glory of their achievements, was an inspiration. But alas, it doesn't last long.

Nor does his reputation. I remember during the first war going along Carlton St. and getting a paper. Across the top in big headlines I read, "Lord Kitchener dead." I said, "What!" I read how the battleship in which he had been travelling to Russia had been torpedoed, and he had gone down into the deep, and I said, "What shall we do now? Kitchener is gone." The next day the world had all but forgotten all about it. We read in the paper, "President Roosevelt dead." How could we get on? I don't know. It was a loss. But ah, these are only illustrations of this common observation that "all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass." It doesn't last.

I met a man, a handsome fellow, good to look at; I didn't wonder that his wife admired him. It's fine to have a vital picture like that at the table. Then I didn't see him for many years, and one day I met a stranger. "How are you?" I looked again — "How are you?" "What! not So-and-So?" "The same." The face was wrinkled, the eye was not so bright, the shoulders were stooped a little. Yes, the grass was withering, and the flower was falling away. He is gone now. So must it be with all of us. A Hitler, a Mussolini, a Stalin—make the world to tremble for a little while. If you can stand it and wait long enough he soon will bother you no more. Or there is a great public benefactor of some sort, whom all the world acclaims—and then he is gone too, and the world has to get along without him. Some giant, some inventive genius — and yet he falls away, like Sennacherib's army.

"Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host with their banners, at sunset is seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn."

What a lot of nobodies we are! Of what may we justly be proud?

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave."

"The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away."

II.

IN CONTRAST WE ARE SHOWN SOMETHING OF THE ETERNAL WORD, the opposite of all that we are: "But the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

Flesh perishes because its breath is in its nostrils; the word endureth because it is inbreathed by the breath of God, eternal, as He is eternal, enduring forever.

It survives the ravages of age. Have you noticed how books become out of date? A text-book on any branch of science five years old is without authority today; history must be revised; dictionaries must be enlarged and re-illustrated; geographers must draw their maps over again. I do not know how many Atlases I have, and I do not think I have one up to date, and I have one that is not very old. Why? Because the boundaries of nations the world over have changed. But the word of God in Genesis is the word of God in Revelation; its precepts and principles and promises are ageless. The word of the Lord does not change, it abideth forever.

I delight to remember that this Book has survived, and will survive all the attacks of its enemies. Satan led the attack in the Garden of Eden, and denied the truth of God's word, and every generation of Lilliputians since have followed in his train, denying the word of God. They have swarmed to the attack. You know in this place we are very old fashioned. A lot of students come here, and many go to hear the supposedly intellectual professors, but like Nebuchadnezzar's image, they have feet of clay without the head of gold. Many people sit with open mouths, and listen to their dissemination of doubt and unbelief. Students are provided with such religious pabulum in most of the theological colleges. There are some who seem to have contracted a kind of Bibliophobia, which has made them into Biblioclasts. They invoke every variety of fancied authority as justification for attacking the Word of God. Young men are told that if they want to be intellectual, if they want to keep up with the times, they must not be like that old fashioned preacher in Jarvis Street who still believes the Bible. That would never do.

Hence the enemies of the Bible swarm to the attack as historians. "Now we have it, it is historically inaccurate." By and by the archaeologist comes along with his spade and he digs up something, and makes a hole into which the critics fall. Then some other investigator discovers a new graph or a new manuscript, the critics run for cover like the black bugs under a flat stone when it is turned over and the sunlight pours in upon them. It is a good thing to live a few years, and observe how absurd hypotheses are disproved.

An army of scientists, falsely so-called, attack. Why, my dear friends, it was not so very long ago since the evolutionists were "riding high". Evolutionism is not a science, it is a philosophy, and I can spell the evolutionary philosopher with four letters, two of them alike. We were told about sociological evolution, the nations were evolving, we were getting every day in every way better and better. No man is foolish enough to talk like that nowadays, is he? And the zoologist and the geologist, and all the other ists and isms, have come proudly to the

field of battle with banners waving, and their newly fashioned weapons "at the ready"; but their weapons are blunted and broken when they touch, what the great Gladstone called the "impregnable rock of Holy Scripture."

Then, too, there are the moralists, men who would not read some passages of the Old Testament to their children. They do not believe in the atonement, because the vicarious principle is immoral, etc., etc. They are like Jehoiakim, when Jehudi brought him the roll, and in the roll certain judgments were predicted. Jehoiakim was sitting in his winterhouse by the fire, when Jehudi had read "three or four leaves", he took his penknife and cut it and threw it in the fire. As though he would say, "That is what I think of the roll of God." And the Lord came to Jeremiah and told him all about it, and said, "Get another roll, and write in it all the former words that were in the first roll, and add thereto certain other words." And Jeremiah came and told him that in spite of his cutting up the roll the king of Babylon would come and take him and all his people away. And so he did.

One says, "I reject the Bible because I don't believe in Hell." The gentleman says it is a horribly immoral doctrine! For myself if I could not believe in Hell I could not believe in the moral government of the universe. Surely, surely this world has seen men who were such fiendish monsters, that if there were not a Hell a special Hell would have to be created for them. Whether you believe it or not the word of the Lord endureth for ever; and this among other Scriptures, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God," whether men like it or not.

One of the great miracles is that the word of God has survived the maltreatment of its friends. Many of the worst enemies of the Gospel are to be found among those who preach in the name of Christ, and call their preaching, "Christianity". Not all intend to be its enemies, but we live in a day when religious charlatanry abounds on every hand, and some men of impenetrable, impervious ignorance, shake their Bibles, and say, "I believe it from cover to cover," while many of them know but little of what is contained between the covers. You see it everywhere: isms almost innumerable. No book that ever was written has been so outrageously treated as this Bible. If it were not the word of God that endureth forever it would long since have been destroyed in the house of its professed friends.

Attack has succeeded attack, but when the earthquake has subsided, and a few people have come to their senses, and the prison doors are wide open in which the enemy thought to shackle and confine the word of God, like the prisoners in the Philippian jail, you may hear all the Books of the Bible, from Genesis right through to Revelation, saying to the penitent jailor, "Do thyself no harm, we are all here." And so they are. Not one jot or a tittle, in spite of all the attacks, has failed.

III.

HERE THE ETERNAL WORD IS IDENTIFIED. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever." What word of the Lord, what is it?—"And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."

The Word that was in the mind of the Eternal before the worlds were made; the Word that in due time, as we read this evening, "was made flesh and dwelt among us," of Whom it is said, "All things were made by him; and

without him was not any thing made that was made." The Word that became flesh and fulfilled all the requirements of His own word by the life of righteousness He lived. The Word, who gave His life to atone for our sins; the Word that it was not possible for death to hold, though they tried to imprison Him. They did with the Word made flesh what they had done, or tried to do with the written word—to crucify it and bury it. They crucified Him, and buried Him, and set a seal upon the grave, but "it was not possible that he should be holden of death". And so the Word appeared again among men, that is the Word which imparts eternal life to every one who will receive it. Born again, not of corruptible seed, such as we—death-stricken, mortal from birth, beginning to die as soon as we are born because we are born of corruptible seed—but believers are born again of incorruptible seed, "by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." The very life of God is infused into the believer.

So, my dear friends, the Word which spake all worlds from naught will create a new Heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. You know the story in these concluding chapters, of how all Creation shall sing "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever," and when He shall have finished that work of re-creation, and the New Jerusalem shall come down from God out of Heaven, there will be a new city, and the kings of the earth, and the nations of them that are saved, shall bring their glory and their honour into it. The sun will have burned itself out, and the myriad stars will need no longer to give their light, though they may still twinkle yonder. But in that Eternal City the light of that City will be the Lamb, the story of Whose birth, life, and death and resurrection, is the whole Gospel, the word of the Lord that endureth forever.

Can you not trust it? Nay, can you not trust Him? Can you not commit your little life to that sure word of promise, and rest your soul for time and for eternity upon a "Thus saith the Lord", upon the word of the Infinite? He upholdeth all things by the word of His power. Can He not uphold you? Believe me, it is the Word that will create that—a new Heaven and a new earth; the Word that will accomplish that—the triumph of God at last over all evil, the Word that will perpetuate that,—that Word endureth for ever! "And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."

O ageless Word, in thought complete
Before the worlds were called to be,
Or ever angel eye did see
Or ever human heart did beat;

Creation's wonders, still concealed
Lay cradled in the Creative Word,
Till by the fiat of the Lord
Creation's glories stood revealed.

His power and Godhead were made clear
By every thing His word had made;
While with the world's foundations laid
Redemption's promise did appear.

Then, through unfolding ages, spake
By prophets, sages, seers and kings,
Unchanged by nations, men, or things,
That Word which all things made did make.

That Word, which conquered death and hell,
And opened Heaven's gate to us,
Imputes His self-wrought righteousness,
And through His blood doth faith compel;

That Word forever shall endure,
That Gospel unamended be,
The Covenant's divine decree
Hath ordered all things and is sure.

Rage ye, ye fiends of darkness, rave!
Fight ye, ye unregenerate men!
Bring to the Cross the Word again,
And hide in a scholastic grave;

T'Incarinate Word, with iron rod,
Shall break the powers of Earth and Hell;
While multitudes; redeemed, extol
The saving, sovereign Word of God.

May the Holy Spirit help us now to believe for His Name's sake. Amen.

COMMUNIST SLAVE CAMPS

From *The Irish Evangelical* of Belfast

THE daily press has given fairly full particulars of the recent Concentration Camps case in Paris. M. Rousset, a left-wing French intellectual, accused two Communists, named Morgan and Daix, director and editor respectively of a French weekly Communist newspaper, of libelling him by stating that he misrepresented the Soviet penal code. The case was heard amid much tumult and damages were awarded to M. Rousset. The outcome will mean nothing to the millions still in the Soviet camps, but it does at least proclaim before the world the iniquity of the Soviet taskmasters who, without fair trial or reason, hold millions in places of "slow death".

One of the witnesses, a 38-year-old Swiss woman, Mme. Elinor Lipper, decided as a Communist of 25 to live in Russia (in 1937). To her then it seemed the only land of freedom. She obtained work in a publisher's office in Moscow, but in less than six months she was arrested by the secret police for "counter-revolutionary activities." She spent 11 years in camps and prisons of north-east Siberia, passing altogether through 14 camps and 10 prisons. "The inhabitants of these camps," she asserted, "cease to be human beings. They are just animals thinking of the next piece of bread." Her figure for the constant population of the camps, allowing for the annual mortality rate—in the case of men 30 per cent—was twelve million.

A still more remarkable witness was General El Campesino, chief of the Communist shock brigade which defended Madrid during the Spanish civil war. He was wounded eleven times in the fighting against Franco. He told how he escaped to Russia when Franco won. At first he was well received. Stalin himself congratulated him on his record in Spain. But he was too much of an individualist to satisfy Soviet bureaucracy. Eight years in Soviet concentration camps followed, including a spell in Siberia. He declared that he had escaped from a Soviet camp during an earthquake in November 1948, making his way to Persia. "I do not regret having given my blood to fight Spanish and international Fascism," he declared, "but I regret with all my soul having tried to impose Communist domination on the Spanish people."

The Psalmist cried out to God because the dark places of the earth were full of the habitations of cruelty (Psalm 74:20). Well may we cry out. The horror-chambers of the Spanish Inquisition seem dwarfed by these colossal death-traps of our day.

THE SECOND MILE

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

(See Explanatory Letter at end.)

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."—Matthew 5:41.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON

On this Thy holy day, O Lord, we would worship toward Thy holy temple, and praise Thy name for Thy lovingkindness and for Thy truth; for Thou hast magnified Thy word above all Thy name. In the day when we cried, Thou answeredst us, and strengthenedst us with strength in our souls. All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of Thy mouth. Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord. Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly: but the proud He knoweth afar off.

We thank Thee that Thou hast made Thy Word intelligible to us, that it was made flesh, and dwelt among us:

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

We thank Thee that ere He died at the place called Calvary, to give His life a ransom for many, the Lord Jesus went about doing good; thus leaving us an example that we should follow His steps. Help us to begin with Him at the only place where any man may begin, as a sinner at the mercy-seat; and there obtaining forgiveness, give us grace to run in the way of Thy commandments as Thou dost enlarge our hearts. So help us, like Abraham, to walk before Thee, until Thou shalt bring us through the gates into the City, to go out no more for ever.

For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

AS THE Roman soldiers were escorting Jesus to Calvary, "they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to bear His cross." It is to this Roman custom of compelling whomsoever Caesar's officers chanced to meet to do menial military service, the Saviour alludes in our text. When speaking from the mount He anticipated the hour when He would leave Pilate's hall in His journey to Golgotha. All the circumstances of that great tragedy were ever present to His view. The whole scene to Him would be prophetic of the attitude of different classes of men, and of the world generally, toward Himself. Every person gathered about that cross was representative of other persons who, in succeeding generations, would, of necessity, give some answer to the proclamation of Pilate's decision to crucify Him; and would elect what attitude he would assume towards the Crucified.

There is Simon—compelled to go a mile, bearing His cross; and our Lord sees him from the mount, even as He saw us. In this text, if I may be allowed to paraphrase it, Jesus Christ is saying to us today: "When my cross is laid upon you, and you are compelled to bear it; when its influence has so permeated society that many of the principles of My teaching have become crystallized into custom, and others into statutory requirements, so that the carrying of My cross, in its practical bearing, becomes a social or legal obligation, from which you cannot escape; then, when you have trodden the mile you are compelled to go, and the law releases its grip, and gives you permission to lay down the cross on the top of the hill—show that you are My disciple by volunteering for the second mile. Identify yourself with the cross, and with Him Who died thereon, and walk with

Him the second mile, which stretches away from Golgotha to beyond the gates of pearl."

I shall try, therefore, to show you that the atmosphere of heaven, the "heavenly places", the companionship of angels, the fellowship of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all lie beyond the limit of the first mile; that heaven is a fraction over a mile away from the place where a man begins to walk the mile of duty imposed by law.

I.

THE FIRST MILE IS A COMMON TRACK, for it is not uncommon for men to do such things as they are compelled to do.

Many yield to the compulsion of the first mile *in family life*. There are husbands who are faultlessly attentive, but not considerate; who are scrupulously polite, but never manifestly affectionate. There may be wives who publicly are apparently proud and fond of their husbands, who privately are only civil; who are too polite to be petulant, but too selfish to be kind. There are parents who are respectably provident of everything but sympathy, and strictly just in dispensing to their children everything but gentleness. There are children who are respectfully obedient to their parents' express commands, but are not thoughtfully serviceable; who are civil to each other, but seldom unselfishly helpful and kind. But someone will ask: "What keeps such families together?" Merely the law of respectability. By that law they are compelled to go a mile.

Some people yield to the compulsion of the first mile *in social life, outside the family circle*. How many walk the paper-flowered mile, and wear the smile by law established, while they leave their hearts at home! Many of the accepted customs and habits of life in refined circles, so-called, do not at all express the tastes or characters of those who observe them. They are only the particular dress required by the king of fashion's court; and men and women conform to them because they are compelled. The same principle holds in our wider social relations. There are many who are no better than self-interest and public opinion make them. Many enjoy a reputation for beneficence who are about as much entitled to it as a man would be who gives up his money when he feels a revolver at his head.

This same compulsion operates *in commercial life*. The measure of some men's honesty is the measure of this first mile. It is amazing that men should boast of their honesty because they pay one hundred cents on the dollar, and give sixteen ounces to the pound; that they should strut around as a species of unfledged angels, because, forsooth, they owe no man anything! As though the rest of us were unaware that there are prisons and other uncomfortable things for those who give only ninety-nine cents and fifteen ounces. There are many in business today who never overstep by so much as an inch the honest mile they are compelled to go.

The principle of the first mile determines too often *the relation of employer and employee*. There are employers with whom it is a fixed rule to make no concessions to their work-people unless they are compelled. In wages, time, and conditions of labour, they show no consideration for anyone but themselves. There are workers also who are not one whit better. Apparently they have no conscience. They would accept a full day's pay for two hours' work if they could compel their employer to give it; and failing that, it is their rule to give the minimum of service for the maximum wage. In quantity and quality of labour they keep strictly to the

first mile; and when the whistle blows at the mile limit they are on the street before it has finished its blast. It is impossible that differences between Capital and Labour should be amicably settled within the first mile.

The compulsion of this first mile, moreover, determines for many the length of their Sabbath day's journey; or, in other words, *its limits are the exact measure of their religious life*. In all their religious exercises they do no more, they go no farther, than they are compelled. They have never outgrown the question, "What must I do to be saved?" That is a good and important question for a convicted sinner; but it is a lamentably low standard for a Christian bought with blood. Yet there are many who never weary asking, "What must I do to be saved?" They will do no more than they judge is necessary to save their own selfish, shrivelled, little souls. These are they who pick and choose between Christ's commandments. They label some as "non-essentials", and with these they will have nothing to do, because they may, as they think, be saved without them. They read as much of the Bible as may be necessary for them to know, "What must I do to be saved?" Beyond that it is convenient for them to be ignorant of its teaching. They would cross the continent on their knees if that were made a condition of salvation; they would pray night and day; they would give not one-tenth, but nine-tenths of their income, or even ten-tenths, if that were necessary to save the wretched, selfish, contracted, infinitesimal fragment of what God meant to be a soul. They are resolved to save that.

Ah, Simon! thou dost not volunteer to lift so much as an ounce from the shoulders of the "Man of Sorrows"; thou seest no cross until the strong hand of the law impresses thee, and lays the cross upon thee. Yes, that is Christ's cross thou bearest; but thou art carrying it to save thyself, not to save Him; it will crucify Him, but not thee. Ah, Simon! There is no blood on the cross which needs compulsion to bear it. Thou wilt lay it down on the top of the hill; and when thou hast seen it crimsoned with thy Saviour's blood, then, perhaps, thou wilt volunteer to carry it another mile.

Is Simon a Christian? Hush! "Judge not, that ye be not judged." It is something to have come to Calvary, even though driven there by Sinai. The first mile is not far from the second. Perhaps Simon will see the blood and understand. Only let no one presume. There is no heaven within the limits of the first mile. "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." A man may carry His cross but never touch the Crucified. One may profess the name without possessing the nature of the Son of God. God's true children are not under the law of the first mile, but under the free grace of the second.

II.

Let us now look at THE TRANSCENDENT COURSE OF THE SECOND MILE. Naturally *it lies just beyond the first*. Shall I show it to you in the home, in society, in business, in religion? It is not the affection you feel for your wife, but that which makes itself felt in a hundred unrequested little ministries. Your wife's second mile is not her well-ordered home; it is the atmosphere which is as inseparable from her presence as fragrance from a flower; it is that mysterious something which makes home "sweet home". And you children, listen: Your

second mile is the thing you do for mother which she did not ask you to do; but which you know she would be pleased to have done. For that is the very heart of the text: not the service commanded, but that which is volunteered; not civility, but kindness; not the conventional "thank you", but the warm appreciative smile which accompanies it. The second mile is your attitude toward the amusement in which you could indulge without harm to yourself, but with which you will have nothing to do because your example might work injury to another.

In business, behind the counter, it is the extra half-ounce to the pound, the extra inch to the yard—by God's measurement, that inch is one full mile. It is, the merchant's frank description of an inferior article; his refusal to take advantage of his customer's ignorance. You say that is not business—I did not say it was. Nearly all business-houses are built within the limits of the first mile. But there are vacant lots for sale on the second. There is valuable real estate to be had there. There are good sites for factories, warehouses, stores, and offices; and a garden where flowers bloom and birds sing, goes with every lot. There are none too many stores on the second mile, and competition is not particularly keen. But many a disappointed soul, ready to be convinced of the existence of human honesty and unselfishness, waits to profit the man who will open a store on that unfrequented street. You may walk the second mile outside the counter of a little corner store. It is the customer's consideration—her remembrance that the merchant's time is money. This unpopular mile is that lady's refusal to let the shopman send a man and horse and wagon or car, a mile, with a parcel weighing less than half a pound. It is the path she walks while carrying it herself.

You may walk the second mile *from pole to pole—on a telephone wire*. What a nerve-wracking business telephone-operating must be! The first mile will demand nerves of steel and the promptness and accuracy of a machine on the part of the operator, and will scold in pitiless tones if these are not forthcoming. I read of a telephone operator, after a day of trying to satisfy first-mile scolds, who instead of going home committed suicide. Ah! the first mile leads always to crucifixion, and has driven many a weary soul to death. I heard of another telephone girl who turned to a fellow-operator and said, "He's a patient man. I was flustered and gave him the wrong number four times, and he said so kindly, 'You gave me the wrong number four times, operator. Try once again.' I'd like to meet that man." The other enquired, "What is his number?" When she was told, she said, "I know him; he is my minister." "Then", said the other, "I'm going to hear him preach next Sunday." Oh yes! The second mile, if practised generally, would fill all our churches with happy, grateful worshippers; and would speedily make up the total of the multitude which no man can number before the throne where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The employer's second mile is the voluntary increase in wages, the spontaneous recognition of the worker's worth. The employee's second mile is the conscience he puts into his work, his readiness to consult his employer's interests as well as his own. If Capital would erect its factories, and Labour establish its unions, on Second Mile Road, strikes would be unknown; and both would go picknicking together.

But what is the second mile religiously? Ah, that is

the charm of it! It is all religious. It is sacred, there is not a secular inch in the entire mile. It is essentially a Christian mile; it runs through all a Christian's domestic, social, and business relations. He walks it on Monday, as well as on Sunday. It is the substitution of the Christian's, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" for the sinner's, "What must I do to be saved?" The first mile is Martha's wearisome kitchen, where service cumbered because it is compelled; the second is Mary's alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, whose odour carries the silent message of Christ's presence through all the rooms of the house, and is wafted away by the wind of the Spirit to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The second mile is where we demonstrate that we are Christians: "If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners to receive as much again. And if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?" That is the measure of our witnessing for Christ, *what we do more than others*. Publicans and sinners, the world, the flesh, and the devil, in Sunday clothes, will bear us company when one compels us to go a mile; but they will all stop at the mile limit, and we shall begin to show that we are Christians when we "go with him twain."

But we shall go in better company. We shall join hands with all the holy prophets. There we shall be in the goodly fellowship of the apostles, we shall walk in step with the noble army of martyrs, and with the holy church throughout all ages. This second mile lies beyond the wilderness, across the Jordan. It is the promised land, and flows with milk and honey. Here are the restful pastures of tender grass, and the waters of quietness. This is the path of righteousness, wherein we are led for Christ's name's sake, that He may be glorified in us. Here angels spread dainties for weary Elijahs, and come to minister to such as have been tempted of the devil. The wilderness and the solitary place are made glad for all who walk in it; and for their sakes the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose.

But whose hands removed the stones, and plucked the thorns? Whose feet were they that first explored this holy, happy, second mile? From the place where God made man in His own image, and put him in the garden to dress it and to keep it: to where "he drove out the man, and placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life"—that was God's first mile, the thing which, in simple justice, He was compelled to do. But raise thine eyes! Look! look! Yonder that mysterious track from gates of pearl to Bethlehem, stretching away through Egypt, Nazareth, and Capernaum, to Jerusalem, and anon to Calvary through the grave, and up yonder to the everlasting doors—that blood-marked track which, in the giving of His all, our blest Redeemer trod—that is God's second mile! I charge you to pray for the cleansing of His blood, to receive His Spirit, to take up His cross, and go with Him twain—to glory.

The following letter will explain the publication of the sermon on *The Second Mile* above.

EXPLANATORY

February 15, 1951

Dear Dr. Shields:

Enclosed find a personal cheque for \$6.00 for which please send me: THE GOSPEL WITNESS AND PROTESTANT ADVOCATE (52 issues) plus the premium book, *The Prodigal and His Brother*. In addition, I want a copy each of the following at \$1.00: Blakeney's *Manual of Romish Controversy*; *Popery in Its Social Aspects*, by R. P. Blakeney; *The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional*, by Father Chiniquy.

Incidentally, prior to coming to last October, it was my privilege to pastor the First Baptist Church of Texas for four and one-half years. Not once, but many times in my pastoral visits was I told of the great blessings you brought the people when you visited that church along with Dr. W. B. Riley and others back in the early 1920's. If I am not mistaken, you preached a sermon at that time entitled, *The Second Mile*. If so, and if the sermon is in print in pamphlet form I would greatly appreciate receiving a copy of it. It is really something when numbers of people remember and appreciate a single message after 25 years! Blessings on you in your great work, not only at Jarvis Street Church, but all about through personal and written ministry. Many of us who are but young Timothys need the help and inspiration of the spiritual Pauls. God has raised up in our day.

Yours in Him,

LETTERS FROM SUBSCRIBERS

Toronto, Ontario

Dear Friends:

Sorry I am a little late, but would you please renew my subscription for THE GOSPEL WITNESS for 1951, for which I enclose a cheque for ten dollars. Once again I thank and praise the Lord for making it possible to have the WITNESS. May He bless you for your faithfulness to His word and work. I receive so much blessing from it. Wishing you all a very Happy New Year. The Lord bless you abundantly and give you grace and strength to carry on.

Yours, gratefully,

St. Catharines, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

Please, keep on sending me THE GOSPEL WITNESS, as I just look for it like a letter from home. Also send me the book, *The Prodigal's Brother*. Also I would like to have one of Dr. Shields' photos. I am sending Five Dollars. I will try and do better next time. I am getting the old-age pension now, but I don't feel 70.

The Secretary,
THE GOSPEL WITNESS,
Toronto, Ont.

Tunbridge Wells,
Kent, England;

Dear Sir:

Please receive the enclosed \$3.00 in renewal of my subscription for THE GOSPEL WITNESS for 1951.

Please thank the dear Doctor and his colleagues for THE GOSPEL WITNESS AND PROTESTANT ADVOCATE which comes regularly and is a real spiritual help to myself and my dear wife and to others, too.

With best wishes for the coming year.

Yours sincerely,

THE GOSPEL WITNESS,
130 Gerrard Street East,
Toronto, Ontario.

Rimbey, Alberta,

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find a Postal Note for Five Dollars to apply to our subscription to your paper. We were figuring on letting this paper go, we get so many papers we find it difficult to read them all; but I was enjoying some of the sermons from the Old Testament, even if I didn't get it all read. I decided to have it keep coming for a while.

Yours truly,

THE CIGARETTE PROBLEM

The Evils of Cigarette Smoking Discussed in the House of Commons, Ottawa

From *Hansard* of February 19, 1951, we publish the following extracts from speeches delivered by Mr. Dan McIvor, M.P., Fort William, and from Mr. E. G. Hansell, M.P., Macleod. The proposed motion was negatived by a vote of 98 against 42, though no member of the House ventured to argue against the motion.

MR. DANIEL McIVOR (Fort William) moved:

That, in the opinion of this house, early consideration should be given to the advisability of appointing a special committee of the house to consider the entire cigarette problem; its effect on moral, mental and physical health, especially teenagers and unborn children; fire hazard and other related details.

He said: Mr. Speaker, it is not my purpose today to tell any man or woman, boy or girl, that he or she may not smoke. It is my purpose to show what tobacco will do to the human mind and body, and as most Canadians are intelligent people I shall allow them to decide the question for themselves . . .

The government spends a great deal of money and time, and uses a great deal of manpower, in striving to improve the agricultural conditions of our country; to grow better grain, grasses, fruits and vegetables. In the field of animal husbandry the government spends much money in order that we may have better horses, cattle, sheep and "porkers", and also spends money that we may have better flowers. With so much money spent on the animal kingdom and on material things, why should the government of Canada not spend something more on the development of our young people? Somebody has said that a fence at the top of a hill is better than an ambulance down in the valley. During my brief life I must say I have come in contact with certain things that lead me to believe the youth of Canada would be well served if they smoked less, or smoked not at all. Of course we expect grown men to have more intelligence, because they learn from experience. . . .

I am going to treat this question under three heads. When addressing an intelligent congregation it is my custom to use a text, and today I am going to use the words of Paul to the Philippian jailer: "Do thyself no harm." I repeat those words to all who are listening to me and to those who may read my remarks: "Do thyself no harm."

The first head is what the doctors think about it. The doctors believe it harms the throat. Dr. J. L. Myers of Kansas City says:

Nicotine irritates the mucuous membranes of the respiratory tract. Tobacco tar injures those membranes.

Therefore it is not a question whether smoking injures the throat, but how much it injures it. Anyone could enlarge on that. I could give the name of doctor after doctor to prove that cigarettes injure the throat.

The second point is that smoking destroys the appetite. Those who use cigarettes will know that if they have a hungry feeling, when they smoke a cigarette it takes away the nip of hunger. Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, a specialist with the Mayo clinic, says:

When a man smokes excessively he is less likely to eat well.

Smoking can cause gastritis and ulcers of the stomach. The Ochsner clinic in New Orleans refuses to treat a

patient for ulcers unless he stops smoking. Again I could enlarge upon that and quote the same opinion expressed by many doctors.

It does harm the chance for a long life. I am quoting Dr. Pearl when I say that those who die suddenly are heavy smokers. He says:

The heavy smoker pays with 34.6 minutes of life for each cigarette he smokes. The pack-a-day smoker pays with 11.5 hours for each pack he smokes.

If Dr. Pearl is right, this means that the more one smokes the more harmful each cigarette is, and the more it decreases the smoker's life expectancy. I do not think any man who smokes heavily believes he is cutting down his life span, but it is true. We have to face the facts.

I shall turn now to educationists. Principal Bancroft, of Phillip Andover academy, says that tobacco is the bane of schools and colleges, and is increasingly so. Under its use boys go down in scholarships, self-respect and self-control. Listen to a statement of peculiar interest. Dr. Lewis said that in fifty years a tobacco user never took first honours at Harvard. Dr. J. W. Seaver, of Yale, says that out of the highest scholarship men only a small percentage, perhaps five per cent, use tobacco, while of the men who do not get appointments about sixty per cent are tobacco users.

Let us turn to the magistrates' courts. Magistrate Crane, of New York City, has said that ninety-nine out of one hundred between the ages of ten and seventeen, who appear before him charged with crime, have fingers stained with nicotine. There is something in the poison of the cigarette that seems to get into the system of the boy and destroy all normal fibre. Judge Ben B. Lindsay, the famous judge of the juvenile court at Denver, says that he has been in a juvenile court for nearly ten years, and in all that time has had to deal with thousands of boys who disgraced their parents and brought sorrow and misery into their lives. He says he does not know of any one habit that is more responsible for the trouble in which these boys find themselves than the vile cigarette habit.

MR. E. G. HANSELL (Macleod):

I wish to refer here to just one or two authorities who, I believe, speak because they are in possession of the facts. In my hand I have a list of quotations from various people respecting what they believe is wrong with the cigarette habit. Here is a quotation from Luther Burbank, the scientist who died not so long ago. Luther Burbank says:

No boy living would commence the use of cigarettes if he knew what a useless, soulless, worthless thing they would make of him.

Hon. F. Choquet, judge of the Montreal juvenile court, said:

I have dealt with over three thousand boys and I regret to say at least ninety-five per cent of these boys smoked cigarettes.

Judge Crane, magistrate of New York City, said:

Cigarettes are ruining our children, endangering their lives, dwarfing their intellects, and making them criminals fast. I am not a crank on this subject; but it is my opinion that cigarettes will do more than liquor to ruin boys. There is something in a cigarette that seems to get into the system of a boy, which destroys all moral fibre.

If a committee is set up, this is something that I believe should be gone into: I refer to the radio advertising that comes over the air, from all sources. Every kind of cigarette and tobacco is advertised in the cleverest and most subtle fashion. Sometimes there are read over the air certain testimonials purporting to be from physicians. When the testimonial is read, the voice changes. The voice is now that of some person you can imagine as being the family physician. Great cleverness is shown in selecting the proper type and tone of voice. The advertisement comes over the air almost as though cigarettes are a good thing for the health. That is a subtle thing and should be examined, I think. If the committee discovers that cigarettes are not conducive to good health, some modified type of regulation could be made with regard to radio advertising for cigarettes. We have regulations in connection with liquor, because we know it is not advertised over the radio in Canada. I should like to compliment the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation upon their regulations in that respect.

Advertising however does not always come over the air. Sometimes it is in magazines, and it is just as subtle when it appears in that form. . . . I see an advertisement for cigarettes. . . . I have clipped this one out however, because the advertisement contains the photograph of a very beautiful young girl . . . who, one might judge, would be in her late teens or early twenties. She is shown as holding a cigarette in her dainty, well-groomed fingers. I would ask hon. members to note that the cigarette is not in her mouth—and in these advertisements it never is, because that would not sell the cigarette. This indicates the degree of subtlety with which these advertisements are framed.

MR. DANIEL MCIVOR (Fort William): Mr. Speaker, it would have been easier to speak at greater length to show the destruction of homes, timber and bush through the use of cigarettes. One of the saddest things is the injury done to unborn children. A child born in the west was treated for nicotine poisoning for fourteen days, and the doctors say that he will never be free of it.

STARVING THE SHEEP

"Many of our Calvinistic preachers do not feed God's people. They believe in election, but they do not preach it. They think particular redemption true, but they look upon it in the chest of their creed, and never bring it out in their ministry. They hold final perseverance, but they persevere in keeping quiet about it. They think there is such a thing as effectual calling, but they do not think they are called effectually to preach it. The great fault we find with many is, that they do not speak right out what they do believe. You could not know if you heard them fifty times what were the doctrines of the gospel, or what was their system of salvation. And hence God's people get starved."—C. H. SPURGEON.

A MINISTER'S RESPONSIBILITIES

May your mind be solemnized, my dear friend, by the thought that we are ministers but for a time; that the Master may summon us to retire into silence, or may call us to the temple above; or the midnight cry of the great Bridegroom may break suddenly on our ears. Blessed is the servant that is found waiting! Make all your services tell for eternity; speak what you can look back upon with comfort when you must be silent.

—ROBERT MURRAY MCCHEYNE

U.S. SUPREME COURT RULES FOR FREEDOM OF SPEECH

An Interesting Decision of the Supreme Court of U.S.A.
As Reported in *The Christian Beacon*

THE Supreme Court on January 15 handed down an eight-to-one decision against a New York City ordinance which required police permits for religious services to be held on the streets. The decision was made on the ground of freedom of speech. Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson wrote the majority decision.

The Chief Justice declared that the Supreme Court in all cases similar to the case in New York City had condemned statutes and ordinances requiring permits from local officials on the ground that "a license requirement constituted a prior restraint on freedom of speech, press, and religion, and, in the absence of narrowly drawn, reasonable, and definite standards for the officials to follow, must be invalid."

This New York decision reversed the conviction of the Rev. Carl Jacob Kunz, a Baptist minister, for holding a street service without a permit. Mr. Kunz told officials he felt it to be his mission to go out into the highways and byways and preach the Gospel. At one time Mr. Kunz had held a permit to preach in the streets, but in 1946 it was revoked by the Police Commissioner after a hearing in which the Commissioner was led to believe that Kunz had ridiculed and denounced other religious beliefs in his meetings. He was arrested in 1948 for preaching without a permit and fined \$10.

The dissenting vote in the Supreme Court's eight-to-one decision in this case was cast by Justice Robert H. Jackson. Justice Jackson dissented from the majority opinion because he believed Mr. Kunz was prohibited street preaching privileges only after he had made "scurrilous attacks on Catholics and Jews."

Chief Justice Vinson said that the lower courts which had upheld Mr. Kunz' arrest did so in the belief that his meetings had been disorderly, but that they were mistaken in this belief. He stated in this connection that a community had a right to punish disturbers of the peace, but that this case was concerned with suppression of free speech, not punishment for disorder.

Two other decisions on similar cases were handed down by the Supreme Court on the same day.

One had to do with the ruling of the City Council of Havre de Grace, Md., in denying the use of a city park to Jehovah's Witnesses for a religious meeting. The Court ruled unanimously that the Havre de Grace Council's decision was unconstitutional and the Council was censured for arresting the two leaders of the sect who held their meeting anyway.

The third case a majority of six Justices declared to be different, holding that the evidence in this case made it clear that the individual arrested was guilty of disorderly conduct. Last March in Syracuse, N.Y., a Syracuse University student, Irving Feiner, was arrested for "incitement to riot" of a group he was addressing on a political question on a street corner. Justices Hugo L. Black, William O. Douglas, and Sherman Minton dissented sharply from the majority opinion in this case, stating that they believed the evidence proved that Feiner was convicted for his views and not because he was inciting to riot.

In all three cases the Supreme Court upheld the right of freedom of speech, but made it clear that such freedom did not include incitement to disorderly conduct.

Bible School Lesson Outline

Vol. 16 First Quarter Lesson, 10 March 11, 1951

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

MELCHIZEDEK BLESSES ABRAM

Lesson Text: Genesis 14:8—15:1.

Golden Text: "And being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him; called of God an high priest after the order of Melchizedek."—Hebrews 5:9, 10.

I. The Battle: Gen. 14:8-16.

The Scriptural principle that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, was abundantly exemplified in the lives of Abram and Lot. Abram generously allowed his nephew Lot the first choice of location, when it became apparent that separation was wise and necessary (Gen. 13:8). Content with the land which Lot had, despised, Abram continued to dwell in fellowship with God at Bethel (Gen. 13:1-4). There God renewed His promises (Gen. 13:14-17), thus signifying His approval of spiritual Abram's separation from Lot with his worldly ambitions (2 Cor. 6:14-7:1). When Abram removed his tent from Bethel, which is north of Jerusalem, to Hebron to the south of Jerusalem, he again erected an altar to the Lord (Gen. 13:18). Every home, as well as every life, needs an altar, and should be a sanctuary where God is honoured and worshipped.

Lot, meanwhile, with his eyes upon his own material advantage, chose the well-watered plain of Jordan, and commenced his downward course. He journeyed east, dwelt in the cities of the plain, pitched his tent toward Sodom, and finally went to dwell in that wicked city (Gen. 13:10-13; 14:12). Abram sowed to the Spirit, reaping spiritual blessing; whereas Lot sowed to the flesh, reaping corruption (Gal. 6:7, 8).

Sodom might seem a desirable city to carnally-minded Lot, but it became in reality a place of danger, physical as well as spiritual. Four Eastern kings from Mesopotamia invaded the plain of Jordan, soundly defeating the five kings of that district, who had combined to protect their land (Gen. 14:1-9). The ungodly, idolatrous kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled, but were trapped in the slimy clay pits, where was found the bituminous material used for mortar by the people in building (Gen. 11:3; Exod. 2:3). Surely their fate was appropriate: sinners walk in slippery places and perish, bogged down by defeat and degradation (Psa. 73:18; Prov. 11:3; 13:15).

Lot could not escape the results of his folly and compromise; he was involved in the general confusion and destruction. We next see him a prisoner in the hands of the conquerors. Whosoever committeth sin becomes the slave of sin (John 8:34).

Hearing that Lot and his family were in captivity, Abram showed no bitterness because of the ingratitude of his nephew, but remembered that he was his brother's keeper (Gen. 4:9). Because the patriarch had continued to abide in fellowship with God, he was given strength and wisdom to defeat the invaders (Gal. 6:1). Accordingly, Lot was reclaimed and restored—his person, his people, and his possessions.

II. The Blessing: Gen. 14:17—15:1.

Abram was congratulated by the grateful King of Sodom, who went out to meet the returning champion. Presumably this is the same king, Bera, mentioned as being stuck fast in the mire (vv. 2, 10). If so, he had perhaps escaped when Abram chased away the marauders. It may be, however, that the first king had perished in the slime pits, and that it was his successor who honoured Abram.

The honours accorded by the wicked King of Sodom meant very little to Abram in comparison with the blessing bestowed upon him by the great Melchizedek, the King of Salem or Jerusalem. This mysterious personage suddenly appears in the sacred record. He is declared in Scripture to be "made like unto the Son of God" (Heb. 7:1-3). Hence, he is at least a type of Christ, and is regarded by some as being Christ Himself appearing in human form to Abram (Gen. 18:1-3, 22, 33).

Melchizedek was like Christ in his origin, there being no record of his ancestors, family, birth or death, so that as

far as we have any knowledge, he was without recorded beginning or ending (Heb. 7:3). Christ, the Son of God, was eternal, without beginning or end of days (John 1:1; 8:35, 58; Heb. 7:16, 25). Melchizedek resembled Christ in his name, which means "King of Righteousness" and in His position as King of Salem, meaning "King of Peace". Christ came as the Author of righteousness and peace (Heb. 7:1, 2). He was a type of Christ also in his office as priest of the most high God (Psa. 110:4; Heb. 5:6-10; 7:11-17).

Melchizedek met Abram, offering the patriarch bread and wine, reminding us of the communion of the body and blood of Christ which the bread and wine signify (1 Cor. 11:23-26). Christ, our High Priest, shed His blood for us all. The priestly king came to Abram in the name of the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth. Our Saviour and Redeemer came to earth in the name of His Father, Who sent Him (John 5:43; 20:21).

Abram acknowledged the superiority of Melchizedek by freely offering to this representative of his Lord a tithe of all his possessions (Heb. 7:4-8). Thus, even before the law, the principle of tithing was recognized and established (Gen. 28:22; Lev. 27:30; Numb. 18:21, 24; Mal. 3:8, 10).

So anxious was Abram that God should have all the glory and honour attached to the recent victory, that he refused to make profit for himself as a result of the service he had rendered, lest he should put himself under obligation to the heathen King of Sodom. Abram was not dazzled, as was Lot, by the glare and gold of Sodom. The servant of the Lord should be free from compromising alliances with the ungodly.

God promised that He Himself would be a shield to protect Abram, so that he need not depend upon the patronage of the King of Sodom (Psa. 3:3; 18:2; 119:114). No real harm can come to the child of God who seeks shelter in the presence of his all-powerful Protector (Psa. 84:11; Rom. 8:31).

Abram's rejection of the reward offered by the King of Sodom opened the way for him to accept the reward offered by Jehovah Himself. God will Himself be "the exceeding great reward" of those who seek only His glory. God will not be debtor to any man, and the one who makes the interests of the Lord his main concern will find his reward, either here or hereafter. This principle may be illustrated by reference to Daniel in the den of lions or the three Hebrew youths in the fiery furnace (Dan. 3, 6).

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

- Mar. 5—A Friend in Need
Prov. 17:7; Gal. 6:10; John 15:13-15.
- Mar. 6—Christ, a Priest after the Order of Melchizedek
Psa. 110:1-4; Heb. 5:6, 10.
- Mar. 7—Christ's Everlasting Priesthood
Heb. 7:1-3, 15-17, 24-27.
- Mar. 8—Christ a Sinless High Priest
Heb. 7:26-28; 9:7-14.
- Mar. 9—Christ, High Priest in the Heavenly Sanctuary
Heb. 8:1-5; 9:23, 24.
- Mar. 10—Christ, High Priest, Offered One Sacrifice
Forever
Heb. 9:25-28; 10:1-14.
- Mar. 11—Christ, Mediator of a Better Covenant
Heb. 8:6-13; 9:15-23.

SUGGESTED HYMNS

Christ has for sin atonement made. Not all the blood of beasts. I am Thine, O Lord! Take my life, and let it be. Blessed be the fountain of blood. Just as I am.

PREACHING BEFORE THE KING OF KINGS

Latimer, while preaching one day before Henry VIII, stood up in the pulpit, and seeing the king, addressed himself in a kind of soliloquy thus: "Latimer, Latimer, Latimer, take care of what you say, for the great King Henry VIII is here." Then he paused, and proceeded: "Latimer, Latimer, Latimer, take care what you say, for the great king of kings is here."

While the going up of Elias may be compared to the flight of a bird which none can follow, the ascension of Christ is, as it were, a bridge between heaven and earth, laid down for all who are drawn to Him by His earthly existence.—BAUMGARTEN.

DOUGHT WE TO SEGREGATE ROMAN CATHOLICS?

OUR answer to the question in the title is an emphatic "No!" The Hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church would answer an equally emphatic "Yes!" Such is their response as given in their insistent demand for separate Roman Catholic Schools. In Quebec they demand separate Labour Unions as well as a separate Roman Catholic language. Now from Ottawa comes the further demand that Roman Catholic children be not exposed to the dangers of mixing with little non-Roman Catholic children on public playgrounds. In Montreal there has already been a battle royal over the demand for religious playgrounds under the surveillance of priests.

We reprint herewith a paragraph from *Le Droit*, the French-language paper of Ottawa, in which it comments on the establishment of Community Centres:

It is time to recall that in a city like Ottawa, we must consider the special circumstances involved. Organized recreation cannot defeat the work of the school in which they are the continuation in more than one sphere. But experience proves that they are not without danger, in particular they lead to many mixed marriages, those unions that are so often unhappy. If occasional contacts between youths of different religion do not cause concern, the same cannot be said of relationships which favour intimacy.

Before requesting other Community Centres, the associations concerned should therefore take certain precautions.

Commenting on the vicious principle of religious segregation, which in Ottawa is almost synonymous with racial segregation, *The Ottawa Citizen* has the following editorial comment to make:

Le Droit . . . sees the community centres only as an instrument for accentuating religious differences.

Le Droit notes the absence of a centre in Ottawa and By Wards, but suggests that such a centre might lead to "mixed marriages," unless "precautions" are taken. Presumably what *Le Droit* is driving at is that persons of Roman Catholic faith should not mix during their leisure hours with persons of other faiths. The inference is, therefore, that it would approve a community centre to serve Ottawa and By Wards only if all but Roman Catholics were excluded. This must be the "precaution" *Le Droit* has in mind.

But community centres are supported by the taxpayers as a whole. They are dispersed according to convenient geographical boundaries, but for no other reason. If a special centre were set up for Roman Catholics, adherents of other creeds in Ottawa would be entitled to special centres, from each of which all other faiths would be excluded. The ORC might then have to operate two or three centres in one block. The community centres would then become an instrument for setting up divisions between the various religious denominations in Ottawa, instead of bringing people together in an amicable way. The centres would narrow, rather than widen the opportunities available to young people to learn to live and play together and become good citizens. Ottawa and By Wards no doubt need a community centre. But the centre should be open to everyone, without religious discrimination. It should be used to teach people to live together, rather than to create new tensions.

It would only be a step farther to carry the principle of separation to the point where the Roman Catholic Hierarchy would demand separate street cars for Roman Catholics, if not separate tracks for them to travel on; then, it would be necessary, according to the same line of reasoning, to have separate Roman Catholic shops, stores and factories, as well as separate residential districts and finally, even a separate world. This is the

sort of thing that grows out of the vicious and wicked assumption of Rome that outside of its particular religious organization there is no salvation. In the Dark Ages the desired unity was obtained by forcing everyone to accept the papal creed and to bow in submission to the papal yoke. In Canada, in this year of grace, the danger of contamination by non-Romanist elements is to be obtained by as complete a segregation as may be practical in school and even in playgrounds—always, it is understood, at the expense of the non-Romanist part of the population. We may well ask where Romish intolerance will end.—W.S.W.

A SUBSCRIBER SUGGESTS

University, Connecticut
Department of English

18 February, 1951.

My Dear Doctor Shields:

I have been a reader of THE GOSPEL WITNESS ever since I reached these shores in 1927 from the Old Sod. In all those years I have never been disappointed in a single page of that remarkable commentary on contemporary evangelical Christianity and authentic Protestantism; I have turned again and again from the grave(yard) pages of the experts and the national figures to refresh myself in the cold-water showers of your unequivocal witness for our blessed Lord.

That is not flattery, but a preamble to a suggestion. As far back as I can remember, your printed sermons are preceded by a stenographic report of the "prayer before the sermon." Has it ever occurred to you that there are probably thousands of ministers and lay Christians who would give four or five dollars for a copy of a book containing a generous reproduction of those prayers? I offer the suggestion as a possible means of relieving the terrific burden that must be yours in finding money to cover the Seminary expenses. If you think the suggestion has merit, it is yours to proceed upon.

Fraternally yours in Christ,

GREATEST GIFT OF GOD

Greatest gift of God! eternal life is deliverance from eternal death, the curse of a broken law, and the doom of a burning hell. Eternal life is eternal blessedness—the pardon of sin's guilt, and freedom from its tyrannous power; the pleasures of a pure heart, and the enjoyment of peace with God; joy without any bitter admixture, and riches without wings; health that never sickens, life that never dies, and a glory hereafter that never fades away; perfect holiness in the likeness, and perfect happiness in the bosom of God. These are what we need.

—DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE.

BOOKS AND BOOKLETS

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- "Other Little Ships" \$2:00
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- "Russellism or Rutherfordism", 71 pages25
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- "The Christian Attitude Toward Amusements"05
- "The God of All Comfort"05

The Gospel Witness

130 Gerrard Street East, Toronto 2 - Canada

ILLUMINATING ITEMS FROM A SOUTH AFRICAN PUBLICATION

WE publish below several items from *Protestant Re-veille*, Cape Town, South Africa, Rev. A. H. Jeffree James, Editor.

From the article "Our Infallible Press" we may learn that the Press of South Africa is no more accurate than the Canadian Press. In this country they send experts to report a political meeting, or even a baseball or football match, but anyone will do to report a religious meeting—and often, though the reporter does as well as he knows how to do, the report is hopelessly erroneous.

The article on Colombia is a sufficient answer to those who so glibly talk about "Tolerance".

OUR INFALLIBLE PRESS

OF the making of infallibles there is no end. In Romanism we have a self-styled infallible religious system, in Communism, an infallible political system, and in South Africa, we have an infallible Press.

One mark of infallibility is the aptitude for changing doctrine and policy and indulging in a whole series of blunders without blushing. It is in this last respect that certain sections of the English South African Press set a shining example to all would-be infallibles when they reported the recent Pretoria Protestant Conference.

In the first instance the Press associated with the Conference a number of Protestant Churches which were not officially represented. A few simple enquiries would have gained for the reporters all the information necessary to correct a mistaken impression. But, of course, infallibles are notoriously partial to impressions rather than facts.

That was not all. They proceeded to splash headlines of the most extreme nature based upon resolutions which the reporter later admitted were not formally put to the Conference or adopted by it. It cannot be too clearly stated that the Conference did not pass any resolution calling for a total ban on Roman Catholic immigration, although, in view of their denial of religious liberty in lands they dominate, Romanists are the least desirable of immigrants.

The immediate result of all this was a series of pontifical editorials in *The Star* and *The Rand Daily Mail* and a number of the lesser fry.

The Star went into pious hysterics in criticism of resolutions which were not passed by the Conference anyway.

The Rand Daily Mail sought to excuse its reports by placing the responsibility for the confusion upon the shoulders of the organisers. Evidently they should have corrected the wrong impressions of the reporters without knowing what they were until they saw them in print. The editor thereupon referred in disapproval to "an important official of the Presbyterian Church" who occupied the chair when the Secretary of the Protestant Association addressed the Conference. The fact that his own paper had previously described that same minister as the chief Methodist representative in Pretoria, accurately, for a change, did not seem to worry him at all. We can only conclude that an editor who does not read his own paper without squinting is hardly the person to

criticise the organisers of a conference which was called to consider subjects about which, in our opinion, he knows nothing at all. But, of course, that is the way of infallibility.

Space does not permit a detailed examination of the outpourings of the lesser fry. It is amusing, for example, to read the *East London Dispatch's* description of the open criticism of the Roman Church which was a feature of the Conference as "a stab in the back". The editor ought to purchase another book of stock phrases! Nor need we deal with the attitude of *The Friend* which refused to publish a fully documented account of Roman Catholic persecution of Plymouth Brethren in Quebec on the ground that "no good purpose can be served by recounting excesses." Yet a great deal of space was given to the inaccurate reports of the Pretoria Conference. That was not an excess!

Such is the course of infallibility, and the amusing aspect of it all is that infallibles never love each other for long. The very church whose activities against human liberty and freedom are shielded from publicity by the South African Press, is as resolutely opposed to a Free Press in theory and in practice as is Communism. Her official Catechism *Nuevo Ripalda* includes freedom of the press among the "pernicious evils" of modern democracy.

Our own reaction to this outburst of Press infallibility is to ask the question: If this is the type of reporting to which a predominantly Afrikaans Church gathering is subjected, what kind of reporting of Afrikaans political gatherings can be expected?

ROMAN CATHOLIC TYRANNY IN COLOMBIA IN 1950

23 Protestant Chapels Burned—5 Confiscated—8 Bombed Or Damaged—2 Mission-Station Forcibly Closed—3 Cemeteries Violated—Pastors Murdered

DR. CLYDE W. TAYLOR, Executive Secretary of the Evangelical Foreign Missions Association, Washington, has compiled the following incomplete list of papist outrages in Colombia since November 1st 1949:

CHAPELS BURNED

Chapels were burned in almost every case by the national or local police, generally with the public approval or presence of the local Roman Catholic priest, as follows:

In the DEPARTMENT (state) OF EL VALLE: 1) Andinapolis, 2) Betania, 3) Dovio, 4) Ceilan, 5) La Tulia, 6) Primavera, 7) Restrepo, 8) Sabaletas, 9) Santa Maria, 10) Naranjal, 11) Coloradas (and school building), 12) El Castillo, 13) El Pinal, 14) San Francisco (and school).

DEPARTMENT OF CAUCA: 15) Caldone (and school), 16) Inza, 17) Las Aguaras, 18) Taqueyo (and school building).

DEPARTMENT OF BOYACA: 19) Sant@ Ana, 20) Betel (and all neighbouring houses).

DEPARTMENT OF SANTANDER: 21) Enciso (mission building housing chapel and school building).

DEPARTMENT OF ANTIOQUIA: 22) Zaragoza (including whole mission).

DEPARTMENT OF NARINO: 23) Zion.

This list is known to be incomplete; reports in the last few days advise of another chapel burned in Tolima and two national preachers murdered.

CHAPELS CONFISCATED

1. Canada (Narino) by local priest who operates a school in property. Took local cemetery, where for ten years evangelicals have buried dead; burials of Protestants now prohibited.
2. Cornejo (Santander del Norte) Roman Catholics using it for mass.
3. La Donjuana (San del N.) Chapel taken by priest, held mass, later wrecked by police.
4. Obando (Valle) in hands of secret police.
5. Salazar (San. del N.) in hands of local priest (missionary compelled to flee).

CHAPELS BOMBED OR DAMAGED

1. Dabeiba (Ant.), Dynamited twice, (mayor and priest present).
2. Genova (Caldas), Dynamited twice, attempted to burn it.
3. La Meseta (Cauca), Partially burned.
4. Llanitos (Valle), Partially destroyed.
5. Piedecuesta (Sant.), Interior wrecked, Bibles burned.
6. Yopal (Boyoca), Shot up building, broke in the roof.
7. Cunday (Tolima), Interior completely wrecked.
8. Dagua (Valle), Dynamited and Bibles burned.

MISSIONS CLOSED BY FORCE

1. La Aguada (Casanare), Church school and mission closed by Prefect, possessions of fleeing missionary confiscated.
2. Fonseca (Magdalena), Closed by mayor under order of local Roman Catholic Bishop and Apostolic Vicar of the Goajira, in spite of contrary orders by civil authorities.

CEMETERIES DESECRATED

Cemeteries are not "political", yet the following Protestant cemeteries have either been seized or violated in these places: 1) Cunday (Tol.); 2) El Canada (Nar.); 3) Santa Barbara (Ant.).

REMEMBER THE SEMINARY IN YOUR WILL

We suggest that our friends should remember Toronto Baptist Seminary in their wills. The proper form for this is: "I give, devise and bequeath the sum of _____ to Toronto Baptist Seminary, 337 Jarvis Street, Toronto 2, Canada, associated with Jarvis St. Baptist Church." We are laying foundations for the future, and we are determined to make it as impossible as it is within human power to do, that one dollar given to Toronto Baptist Seminary shall be used for anything but the propagation of the gospel. No amount would be too large, and certainly no amount would be too small. We earnestly solicit the gifts of those who believe in ministerial and missionary education.

ARCHANGEL WANTED

No irreverence is intended to angels and archangels *per se*.

By an Anonymous Correspondent

IT IS to be hoped that the Pope has exercised all reasonable care in appointing an Archangel of the Annunciation and Protector of Radio Communications. His field of choice is somewhat limited, there being only seven archangels, most of whom were pre-empted by the Hebrews long before the Roman Catholic Church came into existence. Gabriel, said to be the Pope's choice of Archangel of the Annunciation, is the Angel of Death for the Israelites and according to the Talmud he is prince of fire who presides over thunder and the ripening of fruits. The Mohammedans also keep him fairly well employed. Has the Pope fully considered how these duties have qualified Gabriel for his new tasks? Is Gabriel prepared to walk in a new path? Can he combine the new role with the old? Will he agree to do so? After all, the Pope can hardly excommunicate an archangel! Or can't he?

As you state, there is no evidence that Gabriel was consulted by the Pope before having thrust upon him the widely varied tasks of the Annunciation and Protector of Radio Communications. In our opinion, the honour of the new appointment should have been thrown open to competition, not merely among the seven archangels but including those of the angels whose long and honourable service of the Roman Hierarchy entitles them to a share of the popish plums. Surely the correct procedure would have been to run a classified advertisement in the leading Roman Catholic papers—so assiduously read in Heaven!—that would have produced a wealth of responses. A careful sifting and study of these replies would have absolved the Pope from all suspicion of hasty choice or favouritism. A simple and no doubt successful "classified" could have read:—

WANTED—AN ARCHANGEL

Applications for the post of Archangel of the Annunciation are requested from qualified angels. Archangel experience an advantage but not essential. Consideration will be given to candidates who have rendered signal service to Holy Mother Church and her (authentic) Popes during the past 2,000 years.

The appointment will include the post of Protector of Radio Communications to the discharge of whose duties the successful applicant must be prepared to devote a considerable portion of his time. Expert knowledge of radio and television not required as all directives will be issued from the Vatican.

Any applicant attempting to bring outside influence upon His Holiness will be disqualified.

All applications will be treated in strict confidence and must be addressed marked "Personal" to the Pope, Vatican, Rome.

It may be that this suggestion comes too late and Gabriel has thrown off his allegiance to the Israelites and the Mohammedans. If not, may we suggest that it be cabled to the Pope without delay?

Some of his (Whitefield's) hearers, who were Papists, said if he would stay they would leave their priests;—easier said than done; so at least thought one who once heard John Wesley preach at Wexford, and afterwards said to him: "I would fain be with you, but dare not; for now I have all my sins forgiven for four shillings a year, and this could not be in your Church."

—Life of George Whitefield

THE GLORY OF CHRIST

Accustomed from childhood to see the starry host come forth, night by night, to march in silent grandeur above our heads, the scene attracts little attention; many walking beneath that spangled dome, nor ever, the whole year through, turning a look of wonder on it. And thus also, in those who have been born and bred up by its shores, familiarity with the ocean, whether its waves sleep in summer sunshine or foam and rage in wintry tempests, breeds a measure of indifference.

But who, for the first time, has seen the Almighty's hand in the snowy Alps, or heard His voice in the thunders of Niagara, without dumb surprise? Our emotions are strange, new, and inexpressible; and we pronounce such sublime and surpassing grandeur to be beyond the power of words to describe; of colours to paint; of fancy to imagine. To appreciate, you must see them. And if the brightest colours of prose, or of poetry's glowing fancy, do no justice to such scenes, what words can set forth the graces and matchless merits of the Saviour? Put an angel—a seraph in the pulpit; and give him Christ for his theme! The subject is greater than his powers; the flight beyond his wing; the song above his compass. He were the first to say, when called to describe the glories and beauty, the majesty and mercy, that meet in Jesus, Who is sufficient for these things? To appreciate him you must see and know him. Yes. You might sit there, and listen all your life long to no other theme, you might hear every sermon that had been preached, you might read every hymn that had been sung, you might study every book that had been written about Christ and after all, on arriving in heaven, you would stand before the throne to lift your hands in rapt, mute astonishment—on recovering speech, to exclaim

with Sheba's queen, "I had heard of thee in mine own land, of thy acts, and of thy wisdom; howbeit the half was not told me. Happy are thy men; happy thy servants"—and happy I to be allowed to take rank with them.

Any view of Christ which the greatest preacher in the highest flight of genius ever set before his audience, must be feeble compared with the reality. Paint and canvas cannot give the hues of the rainbow, or the beams of the sun—unless by representations so poor as in many instances to excite contempt, and in all astonishment, that any artist could attempt what so far exceeds the powers of cold, dull paint. No more can words describe the Saviour's glory. Nay, what is the most glowing and ecstatic view of that the highest faith of a soul, hovering on the borders of another world, ever obtained of Christ, compared with the reality? It is like the sun changed by a frosty fog-bank into a dull, red, copper ball—shorn of the splendours that no mortal's eyes can look on.—DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE.

FOR TORONTO READERS

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All but "The Prodigal and His Brother" were out of print and unobtainable and were republished by THE GOSPEL WITNESS.

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