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THE LAST CALL

WHEN the white-clad waiter from the dining-car goes through a train with his warning cry, "Last call for dinner," the summons rarely goes unheeded. We do not know whether some travellers deliberately await the last call in the hope of working up a better appetite or whether their delay springs from the natural human tendency to put off even the inevitable and necessary acts that everyone realizes must be done and fully intends to do. Whatever the cause may be, the last call is often answered by the largest number of persons who are, perhaps, also the hungriest ones.

We hope that this last call which we now make to subscribers and readers to respond to the Editor's Annual Letter will be the most fruitful of all those which have gone out in the past five or six weeks. A large number of friends have already responded and that right liberally. To them we wish to express our sincere and hearty thanks, for without their aid it would be impossible to continue the publication of this paper. We are sure that others intend to do likewise but for one reason or another have not yet sent in their contribution. As the financial year of *The Gospel Witness* ends with the thirty-first of this month, we wish to remind all such that the time is short if they wish their gifts to help us balance our books for this twelve-month period.

We do not mean to imply that our needs will automatically cease with the coming of April 1, but we are most anxious to close our books now on the right side in order that we may face the burdens of the coming year with renewed confidence and free hands. For the Lord's "Hitherto" we give humble and hearty thanks, and we dare to believe that His "Henceforth" will be laden with even greater opportunities and richer blessings.

If you have not already done so, we would ask you to sit down **NOW** and send your gift to this enterprise which is a printed missionary that in a literal way fulfills the Great Commission to go into all the world and preach the Gospel. A convenient reply form will be found on the back page of this issue. May we hear from you?

GREETINGS FROM DR. SHIELDS IN FLORIDA

EASTER SUNDAY in Toronto was cold and windy but there were fine companies at both services in Jarvis Street Church and reports of much blessing under the ministry of Rev. Geoffrey Adams in the morning and Rev. H. C. Slade in the evening. The following wire from Dr. and Mrs. Shields and Dr. McCaul was read at both services:

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

HEARTIEST GREETINGS TO CHURCH AND SCHOOL FROM THE THREE OF US. CAR WINDS DOWN; COATS OFF; SUMMER TEMPERATURE. ALL NATURE WEARING HER BEST SPRING CLOTHES WITH FLOWERS EVERYWHERE. WE ALL FEEL BETTER IN HEALTH FOR THE CHANGE AND ARE GRATEFUL THE OPPORTUNITY OF COMING TO MEET THE SPRING. YOU MAY ANNOUNCE I WILL PREACH EVENING OF EIGHTH. MUST BE AWAY SUNDAY FIFTEENTH AND TWENTY-SECOND, KENTUCKY, FILLING ENGAGEMENT MADE SOME TIME AGO. LOVE TO ALL, T. T. SHIELDS

A hundred miles north of Toronto in Harriston where the writer preached last Sunday there was a violent snow storm and some would-be worshippers were snowed in. It was enough to make us long for the "purple seas" and the mild climate of the south. But spring is just around the corner, we hope!

A QUEBEC MONOPOLY

From *The Winnipeg Free Press*

The following editorial from a Winnipeg paper does not name, but it describes, the Roman Catholic scheme of "corporatism", a kind of revival of the medieval guild system, by which the clergy are to be given a strangle hold on industry.—Note of G.W.

ANOTHER example of the tight little closed corporations, various professional and business groups are setting up to restrict competition in their fields is to be found in a bill being introduced in the Quebec legislature. It would permit the bread, baking and confectionery industry to form its own association of regulation and control.

Its wording throws up the usual smoke screen about concern for the public interest. The purpose, says the bill, is "to maintain, improve, and increase the proficiency and ability of its members so as to assure to the consumer greater security and better protection from the viewpoints of hygiene and health." But a further section of the bill reveals its real purpose. It says:

"No one may carry on the trade or industry of baking or confectionery in the province of Quebec unless he is a member of the association in good standing under its by-laws.

"The association is authorized to define, by by-laws, the acts and practices considered as derogatory to the honour, interest and welfare of the association in general."

For simplicity and effectiveness the foregoing is hard to beat. It would most effectively remove the likelihood of any merchant remaining in good standing under the association's by-laws while providing anything like real and effective competition with others in the trade.

The appearance of this Bakery bill in Quebec is a development logically to be expected after the spate of statutes that have been enacted in the provinces setting up associations and societies in the professions, and in busi-

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

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nesses. By this means special interests are protected by statutory powers which are in the interests solely of the group concerned. In no sense do they bring any benefit to the public.

On the contrary, the public always pays through the nose as a result. These associations by restricting entry into the professions, preventing competition in business, and other self-protective devices, simply restrict service to the public and make it more costly.

That members of legislative bodies, elected by the public, should enact such legislation against the interests of the general public is an interesting commentary on human conduct.

NONE OTHER LAMB

None other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee.

My faith burns low, my hope burns low,
Only my heart's desire cries out in me,
By the deep thunder of its want and woe
Cries out to Thee.

Lord, Thou art Life tho' I be dead,
Love's Fire Thou art, however cold I be:
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE SHORTER CATECHISM

Question 14—What is sin?

ANSWER—Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God.

Question 33—What is justification?

ANSWER—Justification is an act of God's free grace, wherein he pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in his sight, only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us, and received by faith alone.

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

A Strange But Eloquent Memorial

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, February 4th, 1951

(Electrically Recorded)

"This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me."—1 Cor. 11:25.

WE READ in the Word of God of the woman of Samaria coming to Jacob's well, of which, she observed, "Jacob . . . drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle." It was a very old well, but it was still full of water. We have come to this text, and kindred texts, many times, but it is not possible to exhaust the spiritual suggestiveness of words like these. On one occasion when the Samaritan woman came she found a Stranger sitting at the well-side, and of all her visits to that well of water, none had been so richly rewarding as that one when, at the well, she met with the Lord Jesus.

So is it when we turn to the Word of God; it is always fresh and full. But if it be so that, in His grace, He meets with us to open to us the Scripture, then we shall still more abundantly be refreshed by our meditation.

The world is full of memorials. It would appear that men do not like to be forgotten. Absalom; you remember, said, "I have no son to keep my name in remembrance," and so he reared a pillar of stone called "Absalom's Pillar". He was remembered only by the stones which he had piled. People are remembered for many different things, but few people like the idea of being forgotten. Experiment some time when greeting someone whose name you may be supposed to remember, and whom you ought to know, but if name and features have slipped your memory, and you have to ask for a second introduction, you may be prepared to hear that the one you greeted was somewhat offended, because on the first occasion he or she had not made sufficient impression upon you for you to remember.

The World Is Full of Memorials

I say the world is full of memorials. There are plenty of them in this city; you see them scattered about on the grounds of Queen's Park and elsewhere. There are great memorials, like the Washington Memorial, and the Lincoln Memorial, and others, in the United States. Britain is full of them everywhere; you can scarcely turn in old London without seeing a memorial statue of some man of distinction, who had made some contribution to the Empire's weal. Westminster Abbey is a collection of memorials, hundreds of them. There are tablets to remind us of the poets and the authors, and other men of distinguished service; heroic statues of Pitt and Chatham and Gladstone and Beaconsfield, and others. Too great for the place, in my judgment. But there they are. In St. Paul's there is a collection of memorials to the military heroes of the Empire—the equestrian statue to the Duke of Wellington in the crypt, and the great catafalque that was built of guns which he had captured in his

military exploits. They are there to remind us of what it has cost to obtain such freedom as now we enjoy.

The same is true of all countries. There are many in Paris. Of course the most conspicuous in London is that magnificent column capped by the statue of Nelson in Trafalgar Square. In Paris there is the tomb of the great Napoleon, and many others. I have seen perhaps the most magnificent of all the memorials in the world—in Agra, India, the Taj Mahal, erected by a rich maharaja in memory of his favourite wife, erected to the memory of an undying love.

Few Men Erect Memorials to Themselves

These have their place I suppose, and it is well to remember that wisdom, courage, and ability in general was common in the world before our arrival on this planet. But few men have erected memorials to themselves. I heard of a college President in the South who left the sum of five thousand dollars in his will to be spent on a monument in the cemetery to remind the people of his greatness. But usually they are erected by other people, to keep us in memory of the debts we owe.

Here is One who proposed a memorial for Himself, a most unusual thing, but He Himself proposed a means by which His people should hold Him in perpetual remembrance. I wonder why? Why should He, the Incarnate God, care whether we remember Him or not? What profit could He derive from our remembrance? What loss could He sustain were we utterly to forget Him? And yet, the Scripture tells us that even God will not allow Himself to be forgotten. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." God would have us keep Him in remembrance.

A Strange Memorial

But what a strange memorial He ordained! No great dome, supported by sculptured columns, no noble marble creation to keep Him in memory. A very simple one—some broken bread, and a cup of wine. If He would be remembered at all why should He choose to be remembered in so strange a way as this? "Take this bread; drink this wine; this do in remembrance of me." Surely He desired that He should be remembered in that special character and ministry which these symbols portray. He would have us remember Him. O yes, we may remember Him as the Creator—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." But that is not what is here. Rather would He be remembered as a Redeemer, as One Who came down from Heaven to earth to die. Let us see if we can find a pitcher of water or so at this deep well.

I.

Why remember Him? Well, my dear friends, THERE IS NOTHING ELSE, AND NO ONE ELSE WHO IS WORTH LONG REMEMBERING. I know we have met worthy men and women, of whom we can say that we give thanks to God at every remembrance of them, but even their memories fade away and fail at last. As for ourselves, it would be well if we could dwell in self-forgetfulness. What is there in your record or in mine that is worth a moment's reflection, unless it be to bring us to a deeper repentance? What have we ever done that we could be proud of? Even the noblest record that men can write is but like the footprints on the seashore, washed out by the first waves of the incoming tide; for men pass away and are forgotten. As you and I view our lives in retrospect, if we have any spiritual discernment at all, I am sure that we can conclude that there is not much there worth thinking of.

"Forgetting those things which are behind." What reason we all have to be forgetful of our own record, of anything and everything that we have done. When we reach the end of life there will not be anything to comfort us then in any recollection of anything we have ever accomplished. Nor are men and women, the best of them, worth remembering perpetually. There are good things, I hope, in many, some inspiration we may derive from their character and conduct, and perhaps from their service, but oh, how very often the good has been spoiled by union with something that was other than good.

I read a strange thing last week in one of the columns of the morning paper about Ireland. I was not surprised. "Ireland stumbling", Ireland upside down, and struggling, all in confusion—a Government made up of six different parties, held together by what do you suppose? A common hatred of de Valera, of all things! There would not have been any Southern Ireland if it had not been for de Valera — I do not like him, and never did, — at the same time it was he who won them a separate existence — I would not call it independence. Now they join together in some kind of a Government mainly occupied in hating the man who gave them all they have. That is human nature. It isn't worth while thinking about it; it isn't worth while remembering it. There is nothing here that we have done, or that anybody else has done.

II.

Why remember this One? I will tell you. HE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO TOOK MY SIN UPON HIM.

Have you noticed how some people find comfort in blaming someone else? I suppose that is one of the advantages of being married. "What did you do with that?" "I didn't do anything with it." "Where is it?" "I don't know; very probably where you put it." "Somebody must have moved it." "Somebody didn't move it." What would life be if we were all alone, and had to take upon our own shoulders the responsibility for all our blunders? Life is full of that. "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she . . ." It has been so ever since, and will be to the end of the chapter. There is only One Who took my blame upon Himself; took the burden of my sin, and all my blunders, as well as all my wickednesses, upon Himself. There is only One Who ever died for me. Do you know of anybody else who ever did that for you? I do not. "This do in remembrance of me." We may well remember Him. I wanted to sing this hymn

tonight, but it isn't in the book we use—that hymn of Krishnu Pal, the first Hindu convert. I think:

"O Thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore:
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget Him not.

"Jesus for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging 'all thy dreadful debt;
And canst thou e'er such love forget?"

"Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief;
Nor Him forget who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.

"Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?"

"Ah! no: till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisp'ing this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

"Ah! no: when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live."

On that account, for our sakes, not for His, but for our sakes we must remember Him; we cannot afford to forget Him, whatever else we forget.

III.

But, my dear friends, JESUS CHRIST WAS MORE THAN OUR SUBSTITUTE. He was that primarily, basically, fundamentally—always remember that, but He came also, "Leaving us an example, that (we) should follow his steps." We have met some good people, notwithstanding what I said just now, people who have been good occasionally, good in some aspect of their character, inspiring in some ways, and yet, it is not safe to follow them altogether. I think of some men I have met. I used to know the great Russell Conwell quite intimately. I used to love to be, whenever I could be, where he was. For some reason or another his presence, his personality, inspired me. When I was with him I used to feel that nothing is impossible now, when I thought of his achievements. Mr. Slade and I went into his great Temple in Philadelphia a couple of years ago; it has nearly five thousand seats, but there are not five thousand people any more. Down in the basement they were building a triple altar on a revolving stand. Since Conwell's day it has drifted. One side was for Protestants, you turn it around and another side of the triangle was for Roman Catholics, and you give it another turn and the third was for the Jews. Nothing mattered any more. I was rather glad that Dr. Conwell was not alive to see it. I think of him before that wicked nonsense found fixture there, and he had nothing to do with it; he preached the Gospel of the grace of God. But, my dear friends, there is always something to dampen our enthusiasm when we look to human sources as examples and inspiration. "He is a great man, but . . . I wish he wouldn't do that." They say that of you. I mostly get the "buts"; I have ceased to expect anything else! What does it matter? People ought not to follow us. But there is One Whom we must always remember. What a Servant of God He was! That is what He was; that is what He is called in the Old

Testament. "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." And yet He served as a servant among men. "I am among you as he that serveth." "(He) came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Oh, would you like to be a servant like Jesus? Would you like to do your work as He did it? Somebody says, "I don't want to do somebody else's work; I will do my share." You are no good to anybody if that is your spirit. The Lord Jesus came to do your share, as well as mine, and as well as His own. What an example! What an Exemplar of all the principles He taught! How perfectly He incarnated in His own incomparable character all the principles of this Gospel! He left us an example, and we should try to copy Him. "He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked." We are to do as He did, first of all delighting in the profit of what He did for us which we could not do for ourselves—His death remember. But after that He is our example. No eight-hour day for the Lord Jesus. "Every man went unto his own house. Jesus went unto the mount of Olives." All the night long, in fellowship with His Father. Always at it, never ceasing.

"Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey . . ." I am glad He was weary, because I know He understands me. "Being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the wall." Can't you see Him, as tired and outworn He sits thus on the stones about the well? "There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water." He was manifestly a Jew; she manifestly a Samaritan. He could have said, "I am very tired, I won't speak to her; I will let her fill her pitcher and go away with it." But weary as He was He turned to her and said, "Give me to drink." You know the story. "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? And He said, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." It was her turn to be tired now, and she said, "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." "I get so tired of coming all the way up from the city to draw water; relieve me of my weariness." Then he said something startling to her: "Go, call thy husband, and come hither." She said, "I have no husband." He said, "I know. For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that saidst thou truly." "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet. Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." I say again, you know the story, how she ran away into the city. Ran? Yes, she left her water-pot. Did you ever notice that? She wanted nothing to impede her progress, and with all speed she went into the city, saying, "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" Then there came out the whole city to this tired Man, and when He had preached to them they said to the woman, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." That sermon which Jesus preached, first the one to the Samaritan woman, and then to the whole city of Samaria, He preached after He was

tired, when He was so weary that He had to rest. But He kept on. Oh, read the story of His life—always ministering, always helping, always going about doing good. Thronged with the multitude He said, "Who touched me?" "Master, the multitude throng thee and press thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?" "Somebody hath touched me: for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." Virtue was always going out of Him; He was always giving of His strength to others. He said He would go to Jerusalem, and they said, "The Jews of late sought to stone thee; and goest thou thither again?" "O yes," He said, "I must go. For it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." And He set His face,—He made adamant of His face — "set His face to go to Jerusalem". He went, and oh, we know the story. This is part of it—"This do in remembrance of me." But He never laid down His task; never ceased from His labour, until at last triumphantly He cried, "It is finished," and bowed His head and gave up the ghost.

Do you want an example, an inspiring example that will make you work, and work, and work? "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." He had no time to rest. Jesus had no pastimes; He was always at it. Let us study Him; let us keep Him in remembrance, and never forget that He did not fail in one solitary item to fulfil His Father's will until the day was done, and the sun had gone down.

Yes, we must remember Him as our Saviour, we must remember Him as our Example, but, my dear friends, we must remember Him in another way than that. Over and above all that. I said just now that it was strange that He should take the bread and the wine and say, "This do in remembrance of me."

IV.

Why does He want to be remembered in that character? BECAUSE THAT REPRESENTED THE WORK WHICH WAS TO YIELD TO HIM THE GREATEST REVENUE OF GLORY. Oh, I wish I had time to talk to you about the glories of God in nature—"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork." Everywhere in this great world, filled with the goodness of God, a myriad voices proclaim the wisdom of God, and the wonder of it all. And in it all He is glorified. Not only in this planet—this is only a little speck. Ah, the immeasurable universe, with its myriad worlds that came into being by His almighty fiat, and every one of them declare the glory of God. But that is not His greatest glory. No, the glory of creation is great, but the glory of redemption is greater.

What a world this is we live in! Can you in your wildest imagination picture anybody able to restore it to a normal life? I have been about a little, and I am sure never in the lifetime of any now living will some of those ancient cities be restored—Cologne, Berlin, Rotterdam, Coventry, old Bristol, London—Oh, I know kindly nature covers some of these scars of war with a green camouflage. I went to Rotterdam to look at the centre of the city, which had been blotted out, the business centre of the city. Just a few foundations left—bombed and burned and destroyed, and yet, over the wreck and ruin the grass was beginning to grow. I suppose no one will ever restore it; it will not be restored in our time. But the moral wreck and ruin of this world is worse. How can this dreadful thing we call human nature be tamed? How can the brute, the beast, nay, the devil that

is in man be curbed, and the image and likeness of God be restored in him? I do not know. The United Nations will never do it; it will not be done educationally; it will not be done economically, the Marshall Plan notwithstanding. I said to some people in Rotterdam, "When are you going to begin to build?" They said, "We are waiting for the Marshall Plan." All the world waiting for something or somebody to come and heal the ravages of war, and instead of healing, now we are trembling on the brink of another, and afraid that the third will be worse than the second or the first. It is a bad world, isn't it? And yet, it is God's world. Who is going to restore it?

It will be restored. The Word of God says, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." Can't you hear it groaning and travailing in pain together until now, "waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body?" It says that "the whole creation" not just the human creatures, but "the whole creation" is to be delivered into "the glorious liberty of the children of God." Yes, there is something good before us. We must remember Him; for no one else can ever bring it to pass.

Let me quote two or three passages before I close. "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Restore Berlin? Restore Rotterdam? Restore London? Rebuild Jerusalem? Rebuild the temple? *There is something better than that, my dear friends, far better than that:* "And I saw, a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea." "Do you think the Creator of all worlds will be bothered patching up London, or Jerusalem? My service station agent said to me, "I just had three days in Detroit. My," he said, "they do not bother repairing cars there; if anything happens they throw them on the junk heap, and go and buy a new one." Do you suppose God will be bothered repairing this old world? "A new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven." That is where we shall get the new Jerusalem; that is

the kind of Jerusalem I am looking for—prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." Read the twenty-first and the twenty-second chapters of Revelation, the final consummation of things, when God shall arise and take to Himself His great power, and implement all the promises and prophecies and principles inherent in this great transaction, symbolized by the bread and wine, when He said, "This do in remembrance of me." Remember that is my supreme achievement—more than the creation of sun and stars, and a myriad worlds—making a new heaven and a new earth, and a new race, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

I read somewhere of an artist who was very celebrated for many things that he had done. But he had set his mind on the production of a picture which was to be his great masterpiece, and by which he hoped that his name would be held in everlasting remembrance. He had worked on the picture for years, and much of it was completed, but for weary months he had been trying to find an appropriate background for his picture. He had tried every conceivable combination of colours, but he could not satisfy himself at all. So one day, being weary, he put down his brushes, his palette was right beside the easel, and he put down his brushes, got up, and walked out of the studio, just for a change.

His little boy, three or four years of age, was in the care of a nurse, and he got away from her, as little boys will sometimes. He toddled along the hallway, and looked into his father's workshop, but his father was not there. He went in, and stood before the easel; he had seen his father do it, so he took up a brush, dipped it in some paint and worked it around, then got some more paint and worked that around, and then he began plastering it on the picture. His nurse went to look for him, and when she found him, there he was with the brush, daubing his paint on the picture at a wholesale rate. The nurse was horror-stricken, for she knew what that picture meant. She cried out, "Master, master, baby has spoiled your picture." The artist came running to his studio door, and when he got to the door he stood as one transfixed—and let the baby paint on! Still he dipped, and plastered the paint on, and at last the great artist said, "Just what I have been looking for." He stepped in softly, took the little boy by the shoulders, gave him a fatherly kiss, and put him aside. Then he took the brush from the baby's hand into his own master hand, and with a few deft strokes he brought order out of confusion, and used the baby's blunder to achieve an everlasting fame.

My dear friends, against the background of the world's darkness and sin, the greatest of all Masters came to achieve His masterpiece. That is why He took the bread and wine, and said, "This do in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come." "And when I come all will be well, and I shall be remembered by my redeemed people, by the angels, by the whole creation, for this great accomplishment, the redemption of mankind." Let us pray.

O Lord, these things are quite beyond our understanding. We receive them, as facts because they are objectively

recorded in Thy word, and as realities of Christian experience because Thou hast brought us into union with Thyself. As we come to Thy table this evening we pray that we may come with renewed interest and with renewed gratitude, as we remember Thee, our crucified and risen Lord. Amen.

R.C. DICTATOR DESTROYS A FREE PRESS IN ARGENTINA

FREEDOM of the press, of speech and of religious worship are regarded by most Protestants in Anglo-Saxon lands as so well-established as to be taken for granted and hence beyond the need of discussion or defense. They too often suppose that those of us who dare to sound a warning note concerning the enemy within our gates are merely seeking to amuse ourselves at their expense by crying, "Wolf, wolf," when there is no wolf. Such complacent persons should be shocked, if not stabbed awake, by the news that Dictator Perón has at last succeeded in suppressing Argentina's great liberal newspaper *La Prensa*. The story of the Roman Catholic dictator's manoeuvres to accomplish his purpose in silencing this free voice raised in criticism of him and his government, constitutes a valuable lesson for all who rightly value their liberty. In Argentina there is set before our eyes an actual object lesson from real life on how the Roman Catholic dogma of intolerance works when it is unhampered by a strong Protestant conscience.

Commenting on this incident, *The New York Times* of March 24 says editorially:

But since we have freedom of the press and of discussion in this country, President Perón might as well resign himself to bitter criticism from the citizens of this and other countries who dislike to see fascism sprouting in this hemisphere. That "peronism" is actually a derivative of fascism there can be no doubt whatever. Events have made this fact plain. . . . the suppression of *La Prensa* is part of a campaign against all formerly free newspapers in Argentina.

General Perón shares with General Franco the questionable distinction of being the last of the dictators. Like his fellows, Hitler, Mussolini and Franco, he is a Roman Catholic. Both he and the Spanish dictator are subservient to clerical direction, and both gained political power by means of clerical support. Both of them seek to set up states modelled after Roman Catholic ideals, in which free speech and free press and freedom of worship are denied to all except those who form part and parcel of the state and of the state church.

A somewhat novel face is given to the Argentine situation by the part which labour unions play in this matter. General Perón has managed to court the labouring classes by posing as their friend, in proof of which some social legislation has been passed. Six years ago he compelled newspapers to pay certain minimum wages which were higher than those paid by *La Prensa* and other members of the liberal press. Despite this clever manoeuvre the staff of *La Prensa* remained loyal to their paper. Now Perón has handed over the actual suppressing of this great paper to the labour union movement. Little does this dictator care for the welfare of the working classes apart from using them as convenient weapons by which he may work his will upon a free press or upon any other critic of his tyranny. In the end, men of this sort will exploit labouring men more ruthlessly than the capitalistic régimes ever did.

Labour men are apt to assume that anyone who presses for increased wages in their name is actually a true

friend. They should learn the truth of the old saying about fearing the Greeks even when they come bearing gifts. Wage increases gained at the expense of decreases in liberty are nothing but a chain fastened on the common people by their supposed friends. Labour unions on this continent are being continually exhorted to clean house by purging the red elements out of their ranks. They also need to be reminded that there is danger of another fifth column in their ranks, one that is black not red, and that would deliver the labour union movement into the hands of the same clerical dictators who bought Mussolini, engineered Hitler and are now backing both Franco and Perón. Let them not be misled by fair speeches and fine words, let them examine the record of their supposed friends. In Quebec, labour unions are "national", which is to say they are racially French and religiously Roman Catholic, with the real purpose of putting into effect the blue prints for economic change designed in the Vatican at Rome. And where the formation of such unions is not feasible, that is in the rest of Canada and of the United States, Roman Catholics are expressly told by their priests to join the labour organization in order to control it, so far as they can, for the Roman Catholic Church.

We are very happy to learn that the editor of *La Prensa* has made good his escape from Argentina but alas, he leaves behind him a shackled, controlled press, which means that the people of this great South American country are at the mercy of the propaganda machines of the dictator and his clerical allies. This week's events in Latin America ought to remind Protestants in North America that their hemisphere is no more exempt from the onslaughts of Romanist dictatorship than are Italy, Germany, or Spain.

—W.S.W.

A PARABLE

Listen to a parable:—A certain young man traded, and in all things he prospered for a while. In all his dealings he was wise and prudent, and none were able to overreach him. The cause of his wisdom was that he had a father, a man of singular knowledge, of great experience, of large wealth, and great influence. His son never entered upon a transaction without consulting his father. Whenever he felt himself at all in difficulty, he hastened to ask counsel of his father. Whenever he needed money to meet a sudden demand he drew upon his father. Their love to each other was more and more manifest as the one trusted and the other helped. Does anybody wonder that the young man grew rich? But after a while the son grew cold towards his father, and seldom advised with him. There was no quarrel, but the young man was growing independent of his father, and preferred to act upon his own judgment. He failed to ask and to receive substantial help, which would have been freely given; and he fell into great losses, which might readily have been avoided. The young man became weak as others; he was the prey of deceivers; he spent labor and thought and substance upon matters which ended in failure; he grew poorer and poorer, till he trembled on the verge of bankruptcy. Do you wonder? Do you pity him? Do you see in him your own portrait? If so, change it all, and say of your heavenly Father: He is my friend and counselor, and to him I do continually resort. This will be your wisdom, your strength, your happiness, and your spiritual wealth.

—SPURGEON

HOW TO STOP GAMBLING

LAST week we discussed in these columns the ecclesiastical gambling schools in Quebec Roman Catholic churches, pointing out that they were seed-beds of organized gambling and all that goes with it. Unfortunately, it is not only in Quebec that Roman Catholic churches lend an air of respectability, not to say of ecclesiastical sanctity, to the corruptions of gambling. Romanism everywhere through its official teachers condones betting, and in many, many places the priests exploit it as an easy means of raising ready cash in large quantities. Apropos of these practices we call attention to several statements made last week before the Senate crime investigating committee which has been uncovering some of the evil ramifications of gambling that are blighting political life in the United States with their cancerous growth.

J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, told the Senate crime probers that organized gambling could be wiped out anywhere in the United States, and he might have added in Canada also, within forty-eight hours if state and local laws were strictly enforced. That throws a great burden of responsibility on the police and other law enforcement officers. Still another witness, a well-known judge, testified that gamblers pay up to \$25,000,000 a year in "protection" to crooked members of the New York City Police Force. Mr. Hoover is also reported as making an important statement which places the final responsibility on the public and those who inform them and shape their thinking. When we read Mr. Hoover's statement we thought not only of our newspapers but also of such institutions as the Roman Catholic Church which actually exploits gambling rackets for its own benefit. Mr. Hoover said:

"One vigorous, crusading newspaper which does not pull its punches can do more to build up a will to enforce existing laws than the enactment of new laws, which shift responsibility from local authorities and provide an alibi for their failures."

Of similar importance in the same connection is the further assertion by the chief counsel for the crime committee, who is reported as follows:

Rudolph Halley, the crime committee's chief counsel, suggested to Leibowitz that the hearing gave him an opportunity to emphasize the man who could do the most to halt gambling syndicates is the man who "bets \$2 on a horse or 5 cents on a number."

Leibowitz, agreeing, said a man who gives \$2 to the man behind a candy store counter and asks him to place \$2 on "Faltering Filly" or "Stumbling Stallion" does not feel he is doing anything wrong as long as others can go to a track and bet.

What this person loses sight of, Leibowitz went on, is that his \$2 bill, multiplied by thousands and even millions, "makes a Costello or an Erickson possible." His reference was to Frank Erickson, a big-time book-maker now serving a sentence in New York.

It is a sordid story that the Senate Crime Committee has unearthed, and it is to be hoped that it will not be allowed to die without having taken steps to deal with this growing threat not only to democracy but to decency. But for the ordinary man, the lesson is clear: murder, crime and all the varieties of gangsterism stem out of gambling, and gambling in turn feeds upon small bettors and upon public indifference. Roman Catholicism has a great burden upon its conscience, if indeed it has one, in this matter. And likewise, Protestantism ought to

awaken from its carelessness and inform and warn its people. One of the members of the Crime Committee well remarked that we stand in crying need of a revival of morals and of religion on this continent.

—W.S.W.

SEMINARY ACTIVITIES

By W. S. Whitcombe

Seminary Sunday at Essex

A week ago, the Seminary quartette, together with Rev. Geoffrey Adams, one of last year's graduates, took the services at the Essex Church, of which Rev. B. Oatley-Willis is pastor. Mr. Etienne Huser, student-professor of French in the Seminary, preached at one service and Mr. Adams at the other. This quartette provides the music, in French, for the regular broadcast in that language directed by Mr. Boyd under the sponsorship of the Missionary Committee. Altogether it was a day of rich fellowship and blessing. The Essex Church took up a fine offering for the work of Toronto Baptist Seminary.

Baptisms at Courtland Church

On Good Friday a number of churches were represented at a great gathering in the Essex Church, which included a baptismal service for three young people from the Courtland Church, of which the student-pastor is Rev. Samuel Dempster. From all accounts the day was one of those refreshing seasons of which the hymn speaks:

And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

In view of their plans to move a church building into Delhi for the new work there, the Courtland friends also visited the building of the Tilbury Church which was moved and renewed under the able direction of Rev. Clifford Rogers.

The French Gospel Service

The Easter service in French proved to be a time of profit, particularly because of the presence of several new French-speaking Roman Catholic visitors. We are happy to know that these services have been instrumental in reaching some who would not otherwise hear the Gospel preached in a language which they can understand.

WHY MEN DESERT THE CHURCH

I do not wonder at the world having left the pulpit. The pulpit is being left more and more, and will soon be invested with the dignity of solo singing to unheeding emptiness. The sooner the day shall come the better, if it has to be that the world is invited to listen to some man's doubts and momentary feelings; if the world is to be taken into the confidence of some diarist, who writes down from day to day the impossibilities with which he has been struggling. But a Bible ministry will never be deserted, a Bible-loving Church will be a growing quantity; the minister that tells, in the language of to-day, what was written by the Lord, as from eternal ages, will be recognized as a man who has come from the inner sanctuary with messages that he simply delivers, and with messages that startle and surprise himself with holy amazement.

—JOSEPH PARKER

NOT THE OUTWARD APPEARANCE, BUT THE HEART

A Sermon by Rev. W. S. Whitcombe

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto,
Sunday Morning, March 18th, 1951

(Electrically Recorded)

"But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."—1 Samuel 16:7.

OUR text enunciates an essential principle of all right thinking and right living. The story in which it is found illustrates its meaning. Samuel the prophet was commanded to go down to the house of Jesse at Bethlehem to find among his sons a successor for Saul. When he arrived at Bethlehem, he had all Jesse's sons pass before him. When he looked upon the eldest, a fine, tall man, he said in his heart, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before him." But the Lord rebuked Samuel and said, "Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Then the next came before him, Abinadab, and the Lord said, "Neither hath the Lord chosen this." Then Shamamah passed by, but again it was said, "Neither hath the Lord chosen this." And they all passed before him, until Samuel said to Jesse, "Are here all thy children?" "Oh," said Jesse, "there is one little fellow, the youngest. All he is good for are the ordinary chores, the unimportant tasks. He is in the wilderness keeping a few sheep." "Well," said Samuel, "we will not sit down until he come. Call him." So they brought David in haste. He was just a lad, but when Samuel looked on him, the Spirit of the Lord said, "Arise, anoint him: for this is he."

Every day, and every moment of every day, we are continually called upon to form judgments, to make decisions, to weigh the evidence, to measure, to compare, to contrast. When you go to the store, you say, "This is a better buy than that." As you wait on the street corner in the morning you have to decide which car you will take to get you to work. You have to make up your mind which dealer you will deal with, which person you will employ. Every moment we face decisions, and blessed is the man who has some principle of judgment that enables him to see down into the heart of things, and so to arrive at the truth. That is of supreme importance in spiritual matters.

Things Are Not What They Seem

It may seem at first sight as though the principle of our text runs contrary to what is called common sense and ordinary observation. We are so used to depending upon the evidence of our five senses that we have learned to judge almost everything by the sight of our eyes and the hearing of our ears. We forget that even ordinary observation needs to be interpreted, that mere sense-perception cannot be trusted. But you say, "I am from Missouri: I believe what I see and what I hear." Well, you will believe some very strange things if you believe what you hear; you will accept some very strange ideas if you accept everything that your eyes tell you. You say, "My eyes are good." Perhaps they are, but that is

not enough. For instance, take a glass of water and a pencil. Put the pencil in the glass of water, and what happens to it? Why, it is bent, isn't it? Or is it? It seems to be bent, doesn't it? But of course, you have learned to look at it from another angle, to take it out and test it. It is just as straight as it was before, but put it in and it seems to be bent. The scientist comes along and talks learnedly about the laws of refraction; it just seems to be bent, but actually it isn't. In other words, you cannot trust your eyes.

The courts of the land tell us that we cannot trust our ears. Every judge and jury that tries a case attempts to arrive at a fair conclusion. The evidence is sifted, one man's testimony is weighed against another man's; not only are the statutes taken into account, and the experiences of the past, but the laws of evidence play their part. There is an accepted maxim of jurisprudence that the benefit of the doubt must always be given to the accused, which means, in effect, that the judge on the bench, and the jury, and all the laws, confess they are not infallible, that they may make a mistake. It is better that many guilty men should go unpunished than that one innocent man should suffer unjustly.

The Microscope and the Telescope

The same principle is seen in the world of science. Gaze at a drop of water through a microscope and this particle of matter that seemed to be clear and transparent as crystal, suddenly becomes alive with crawling things. I heard of a missionary in India, or some Eastern land, who attempted to demonstrate to the natives that when they drank water from their well they were drinking impurities and germs and poisoning themselves. So he brought a microscope and took a drop of water from their well, put it on the plate and allowed the natives to gaze through the lens and see these wriggling, crawling, squirming things that they had been drinking. And the natives were converted at once—they smashed the microscope, and went on drinking the water. But that didn't stop the germ growth; that didn't kill the bacteria and all the rest of these hidden things. They were still there.

Look at the stars, and even with the naked eye you can see more than you can possibly count. But look at them through the telescope, and they are multiplied and transformed. Suddenly, countless other thousands spring into view. Instead of imagining that they wander through space at random, as the ancients thought, men of acute reasoning powers have discovered that they follow well-ordered laws, and that a perfect time-table of their march can be constructed hundreds of years in advance.

Our language has many maxims that remind us that things are not what they seem. Up North there is what they call "fools' gold." A man goes out in the rocky wilderness and finds a rock, and he says, "Ah, I have got some gold. See, there it is." It glitters and it looks like gold, but take it to the assay office and the assayer laughs at you, and says, "Yes, that is fools' gold!" But you cannot get anything for it in the market. It isn't really gold, it just seems to be.

"All That Glitters Is Not Gold"

In no realm of life can we take the mere report of eye and of ear. We must interpret them; we must look down beneath the surface of things really to understand them. And that is precisely what this text means.

The principle is set forth many many times in Scripture, and how we all need to be reminded of that simple fundamental truth, that all that glitters is not gold. Boys and girls need to be reminded of it. They are apt to think that the person who has the best clothes, or drives the biggest car, or lives in the largest house, or has the most money, is the best man. A boy is apt to take as his hero some great giant of a man who has thwews like Samson, and who can fight everybody else. But with a little bit more maturity he discovers that his giant's skull is empty though his biceps are strong, and hence he is no proper hero to follow. The man who swaggers and boasts may attract a boy's admiration, but when he grows up and is able to reflect on such things, the lad may discover that the man is no hero, but a craven coward.

Not only children need to be reminded of that. Men and women also need the warning. Adults are prone to judge people, often unconsciously, by the size of their bank account or by the wealth they have. We say a man is "worth" a million dollars or a hundred thousand dollars. That is the common expression, but don't use it, for it is not true. The world may value a man at a million dollars, but in the sight of God he may not be worth one red cent. Before those all-seeing eyes, the rich man may be nothing but a cheat and a rogue, he may be a slacker and a coward, nothing but a parasite who feeds on the weakness of others and exploits their basest appetites. No, what a man is worth according to the bank's books may be quite different from what he is worth to society and in the eyes of God.

The Outward Shows of Things

When little children go to see the Christmas parade, I have noticed that the smaller ones are often frightened by those great monsters fifteen feet high that stalk along the street with giant steps. Even the likeness of genial old Santa Claus is sometimes the signal for tears for he is so immense, and his voice is so loud and raucous that instead of being pleased, as they are supposed to be, the little ones bury their heads in their mothers' skirts or hide them in their fathers' shoulders and weep. They are terrified at the huge shapes and the blare of noise because they do not know that the voice is just a loud-speaker and the immense form is just an inflated balloon or canvas and paint and tinsel, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

We men, you know, go to the tailor's, and it is amazing how much they pad us out on the shoulders to refashion us in the accepted style. If the average man takes his coat off and is measured, you will find that he droops on one side. Our text might also be written over the cosmetic counters, because that whole industry is concerned wholly and entirely with the outward appearance. Beauty, they say, is only skin deep, and sometimes it is not even as profound as that! You might apply our text to the matter of new Easter bonnets, and that might be a gain both religiously and economically!

Walk down Yonge Street and you will see some splendid palaces, all shining and gilded on the front. What are they? "Whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness" (Matt. 23:27). Oh, there is so much in life that swaggers like Eliab, that makes fun of poor little David, that boasts with a big voice like Goliath the giant, that is high in stature with a goodly countenance, but within it is hollow, wicked and corrupt.

How the Bible Applies the Principle

Now let us see how the Bible applies this principle. In the first place our Lord taught that it is true of human sin. The world says that sin is what you do; the Lord Jesus says that sin is what you think and what you are. That is the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount: murder, for example, is not only the outward act that lifts its hand to strike down a brother, it is hatred in the heart that says "Thou fool!" The evil look, the inward thought, the desire of our hearts—these are all "naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do." The world listens to the Pharisee who prays, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are," and it never fails to pronounce that he is a good man, an exemplary Christian and an upright citizen. But look at the poor sinner who doesn't dare to lift up his eyes unto heaven but smites himself upon the breast as he says, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Of him the Master says, "I tell you this man went down to his house justified rather than the other." The people watched the rich men casting in their gifts to the temple treasury, and I suppose they put down in the tablets of their mind a rating of each one's generosity according to the amount he gave. But the Lord Jesus looked on the poor widow with her mean offering of two mites, the smallest coins of the realm, that she cast in tremblingly. And He said, "Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all" (Luke 21:3). That is a standard of judgment that reverses all tradition, that changes all our accepted ways of thinking. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." The heathen think they shall be heard for their much speaking, but the Lord of glory hears the man who closes the door of his room, and who prays in secret to his Father in Heaven. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

The All-Seeing Eye

Have you ever looked through a fluoroscope? I have on several occasions. I once went with a good friend of mine to a medical doctor after he had had a bout with pneumonia, because the doctor wanted to see his lungs. So he set him up in front of a fluoroscope, and he turned on the power, and he said, "Now look at him." I said to him afterwards, "I always suspected that you had no heart, but I saw it today." There it was, fluttering, expanding, contracting ceaselessly. I could look right through him, quite literally, and see everything that was within him. Remember that God can look down into the depths of our hearts. I do not think there are any of us here this morning that would want our innermost thoughts broadcast. I heard of a radio station in the United States from which some technicians were dismissed because they were carrying on their ordinary conversation in the studio without realizing that the switch was open, and that what they were saying was being broadcast. And their ordinary conversation was so offensive that the management of the station had no alternative but to dismiss them instantly in order to protect its own good name. I am afraid there is a good deal of conversation that is as filthy as that, and there are a great many more thoughts of our hearts that, if they were being broadcast or recorded, would cause us to blush with shame. Yet the Holy One knows every thought that is in your heart. He desires truth in the

inward parts: and in the hidden part He shall make us to know wisdom.

True Worship

Then this principle applies to worship, indeed it is the very essential of it. You remember that when the Lord Jesus talked to the Samaritan woman by the well, He probed down deep into her heart, and told her all things she had ever done, and she writhed under the Master's penetrating knowledge and sought, as any sinner does, to turn aside the conversation. She even talked about theology, to escape from the scrutinizing gaze of the Lord Jesus. She said, "Now I perceive that you are a prophet. Will you answer a question for me?" That is what people always say to a preacher: "Will you answer a question for me?" They are sure that if they can get him off in an argument that he won't probe down too deep. She said, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." She wanted to discuss tradition and custom and liturgy, whether to kneel or whether to stand, whether you read your prayers or whether you say them extemporaneously. Oh, these outward mechanical appurtenances of religious worship! She wanted to stay in the outward show of things, and there are so many people like her in our day. They will talk about churches and denominations, and even about religion; but they do not want to have the finger of the Master touch the sore spot. The Lord Jesus swept away all the outward, mechanical things as He said, "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. . . . For the Father seeketh such to worship him." Genuine adoration is not captured by long prayers, but by the simplicity of the child who looks up into the Father's face, and says, "Our Father, which art in Heaven." Not the long self-righteous prayer of the Pharisee, but the simple word of petition and confession of the publican—"God be merciful to me, a sinner." The woman who crept near and touched just the hem of His garment was heard. It is not what we say, it is not the church we pray in, the posture we take, the form we have—it is the inner meaning of our hearts that counts in the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.

Why the World Fails to See Christ's Beauty

The principle of our text determines what men think of Christ. Great artists who have tried to represent the Master, often put a halo about His head. They give an unearthly glow to His face that marks Him off, and makes Him stand out from all the others. I do not see that in the Gospel story. His likeness was described even before He was born, and there it was foretold by divine inspiration: "For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form, nor comeliness: and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not" (Isaiah 53:2). As a child He went back to Nazareth and was subject to His parents in all things. There were no special garments to distinguish Him; He didn't wear any hood about His shoulders; He carried no certificate in His hand from the college of priests to certify and authenticate Him. One of the first disciples said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" And another

answered, "Come and see." He hungered; He sat down in weariness on the edge of the well, He wept, and when the soldiers wanted to identify Him they had to hire a traitor, so that they might not mistake which one to take. The beauty of Jesus was not simply in His outer form. It was not in His robes or in some office He occupied. His authority did not come from schools or from some hoary establishment, it came from the depths of His moral being, from the truth He spoke and the purity He exemplified. Many men looked on Him and didn't see who He was; many heard His voice, and said, "He is a glutton and a winebibber." They looked on the outside, but they didn't look down into the depths of His soul.

That is true today. Men talk about accepting the teaching of Christ; they talk about Him as a good Man, but they have never really seen Him. They judge Him as the world judges its heroes, as a teacher, as a philosopher, as a leader of men, but they fail to hear the voice of the Master, and from the depths of their soul to say, "My Lord and my God." It is still true that "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner."

A Source of Comfort

But there is also comfort in the principle of our text. If the world fails to see the truth of the matter, if men judge us wrongly, we can be perfectly sure that there is one place we shall never be misunderstood or wrongly judged, and that place is the very final court of appeal in the courts of Heaven. The Judge Himself never makes a mistake. There is no place where earth's sorrows are more felt than up in Heaven; there is no place where earth's failings have such kindly judgment given. Oh, how glorious that is. Men may misunderstand. David's father thought that he was good for nothing but minding a few sheep. Samuel did not consider him and so left him out of the company. But God didn't forget him. Eliab rebuked him when he went down, a raw youth, to see the battle, and like any older brother said, "With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart." But God didn't rebuke him. Great swaggering Goliath scorned him; the people did not understand who he was in the wilderness hold, but God never left him nor forsook him.

If the world fails to understand, don't worry about it. Men are only human, and human opinion is not the final court of appeal. Remember that God sees, and God knows. Men may judge you by the size of your pocket-book, and by the amount of money you have in the bank, by your outward appearance, or by your position. But God knows the slightest desire of your heart, God understands the secret longing of your soul. He knows what you wanted to be and couldn't, and gives you credit for it. That is always a great comfort to those who, like Browning, have discovered the harshness of the world's blundering judgments:

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.
Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work", must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind; could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
amount:

All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

That always appeals to me as one of the most comforting thoughts to be found in Browning, and, best of all, it is found in the Bible: "Man looketh on the outward appearance but God looketh on the heart." Do not worry about man; let him say what he wants to say, because the all-searching eye of Deity sees our inmost being. And if it is terrifying to think that our holy and just God knows the hidden secrets of your heart, knows every sin, well, remember too, that when you cry to Him, even though it is faint and weak as a babe's voice, He hears and understands.

How Easy It Is to Come to Christ

This simplifies our coming to the Lord Jesus Christ. The poor afflicted woman said in her heart, "If I can but touch the hem of His garment I shall be made whole." So she came in fear and trembling, and waited until there was an opening in the crowd and made her way through it, and touched His garment. And the Lord turned and said, "Who touched me?" The disciples laughed Him to scorn. "Who touched you?" Why that was like asking who touched you when you were trying to get on a crowded street car in the five o'clock rush. But He knew that someone had touched Him with a different touch from that of all the others. On another occasion the Lord Jesus saw down into the depths of the sinful woman's heart when she came with the jar of alabaster filled with precious ointment. The disciples said, "This might have been sold for much, and given to the poor," but the Lord Jesus didn't value it in dollars and cents. He saw the woman's motive, and He said, "Whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

Oh, you may not be able to sing in the choir. But if you have not a magnificent voice, you can still sing God's praises. You may not be able to preach, but the Lord knows what you would like to say. You may not be able to give magnificent expositions in logical order of all the great doctrines of the faith, but the Lord looks down in your heart, and knows what you believe. He said to Peter, "Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" And Peter said, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Oh, if we cannot say what we want to say, if we cannot do what we want to do, the Lord Jesus understands it all. He knows what you mean; He hears not only what you say, but what you mean to say. The blind men cried out, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on us." And the company of bystanders tried to hush them up, but they cried the more, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on us," and the Lord turned aside and granted their petition. He heard the voices of the mothers who were being chased away by the stern disciples, and He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." And so the Lord says to every one of us.

God Knows Our Hearts

I cannot read your thoughts, and you cannot read mine; we must judge very largely by the hearing of the ears, and the seeing of the eyes. But we deal with One before whose eyes all things are naked and open. He knows every thought that is within us before we utter it; He knows our down-sittings and our uprisings. You do not need to tell God anything—He knows. And if you want to come to Him, just the faintest cry—not even the lifting of the hand, not even the speaking of a voice, but just the movement of the heart. "Lord Jesus I come." "When Thou comest into Thy kingdom, Lord Jesus remember me." To all such the Lord says, "This day shalt thou be with me." Let us all pray.

We bow before Thee, O Lord, with the glad assurance that Thou knowest all about us. Thou dost understand the secret longings and desires of our hearts. Teach us to worship Thee in Spirit and in truth. Teach us our own sin and need, that we may say, "Woe is me, for I am undone." Grant unto us the spirit of faith, which shall touch but the hem of Thy garment; which shall say, "Lord look upon me." Thou understandest every thought that is within us. Solemnize our heart in this consciousness, that we may believe in Jesus Christ, Who died for us and Who rose again. In His name we ask it, Amen.

Bible School Lesson Outline

Vol. 16 Second Quarter Lesson 2 April 8, 1951

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

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON SODOM

Lesson Text: Genesis 19:12-29.

Golden Text: "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."—Rev. 18:4.

I. The Deliverance of Lot: verses 12-22.

The record of the life of Lot may be considered as the unfolding of the successive scenes of a tragedy. In the last scene Abraham was depicted as pleading for Lot before the angel of the Lord, the pre-incarnate Christ, Who had disclosed to him God's plan to destroy the cities of the plain (Gen. 18:16-33). Meanwhile, the other two angels, sent from heaven to carry out the Lord's purposes, reached the doomed city of Sodom (Gen. 19:1).

The scene now shifts to the careless, worldly Lot, who was dwelling in the midst of carnality of the worst sort. His selfish, foolish, evil choice of the rich plain of Jordan led him downward step by step till at last we see him entrapped in the wickedness of Sodom. He had become a man of influence in the city, but he was in a position of extreme danger physically, morally and spiritually. Had the sacred record not described him as "just Lot" and as a "righteous man — vexed from day to day with their unlawful deeds" (2 Pet. 2:7, 8), we never would have imagined that he was

GOSPEL WITNESS PUBLICATIONS

(Reprints)

"The Antichrist—His Portrait and History", By Baron Porcelli	50
"The Greatest Fight in the World", by C. H. Spurgeon, 64 pages	25
"The Prodigal and His Brother, or The Adventures of a Modern Young Man"	1.00
"Blakeney's Popery in Its Social Aspect", 312 pages	1.00

The Gospel Witness

130 Gerrard Street East, Toronto 2 - Canada

a saved man. It is an evil and bitter thing for a Christian to forsake the Lord (Jer. 2:19).

Lest Lot perish in the destruction of Sodom, the Lord sent His angels to deliver him, and these angels came right to the place where Lot was (Gen. 19:2). This whole incident illustrates the Gospel. So did our Saviour stoop and come down from heaven to earth, where we dwell in the midst of sin and in danger of eternal death (Gen. 18:21; Exod. 3:7, 8; Phil. 2:5-8; Heb. 2:9).

Lot was thus, like Noah, warned of the coming destruction (v. 13; Gen. 6:13-17; Heb. 11:7). He was awakened to a sense of his peril. God's word is full of solemn warnings of the awful consequences of sin (Gen. 2:17; Ezek. 18:20; Rom. 6:23). Time after time we are told to flee from the wrath to come (Matt. 3:7; Rom. 5:9; 1 Thess. 2:16).

Abraham's nephew was advised to seek salvation not merely for himself, but he was commanded to relay the warning to his loved ones, that they, too, might be saved (Gen. 7:1; Isa. 54:13; Acts 2:39; 11:14; 16:31). We are God's watchmen, charged with the responsibility of informing others of their danger and of urging them to flee to Christ for refuge (Ezek. 3:17-21; Acts 20:31).

In forsaking the path of obedience and rectitude Lot had lost his testimony, so that when he pleaded with his sons-in-law to arise from the place, for the Lord would destroy it, he seemed to them as one that mocked. The world will not heed the testimony of those who compromise.

In the morning the angels pressed for decision. Lot was told to arise (Isa. 60:1, 2; Jonah 1:6; Eph. 5:14), and take with him his wife and daughters. He must decide to leave, and then act upon his resolution (Gen. 24:58, 61; Lk. 15:18, 20). Faith involves a choice of the intellect and a definite decision of the will.

We read that Lot lingered. He seemed loath to leave the city with its allurements (Exod. 16:2, 3). Perhaps he was not fully awakened to his imminent danger, for sin dulls the perception of men. The natural man prefers to sleep; he hates to be awakened from his sense of security, even though it be a false notion. Lot must be brought out of the city, however, and it was necessary for the heavenly messengers to lay hold upon his hand and upon the hand of his wife and daughters, and then bring them out of the city. So does the Holy Spirit constrain the soul that hesitates to leave the City of Destruction and set out for the Eternal City (Lk. 14:23).

Lot was saved, the Lord being merciful unto him. It is of the Lord's mercy that we are not consumed (Lam. 3:22; Mal. 3:6). If we are saved at all, it must be by grace, for not one of us is worthy to receive eternal life (Rom. 11:6; Eph. 2:4, 5).

Once outside the city, Lot was commanded to escape for his life to the mountains, nor cast a look behind. Does this not remind us of the fact that the Lord would have His children, who have escaped from the condemnation of sin, advance to higher ground, and live on a higher plane (Tit. 2:11-14)? He would have us go on from strength to strength (Phil. 3:12-16; Heb. 6:1, 2; 2 Pet. 1:5-7). But Lot did not attain the heights, because of lack of faith: he feared the dangers of the journey, forgetting that God's commands are always enablings (Numb. 13:26-33; Heb. 3:19). Lot was content to dwell in the little city of Zoar ("Smallness"), that was spared for his sake, rather than upon the lofty heights, which stand for security, vision and the presence of God (Numb. 23:9; Psa. 61:2; 113:5; 121:1, 2; Isa. 57:15).

II. Destruction of Sodom: verses 23-29.

Judgment upon Sodom was suspended until God's purpose of mercy for Lot was carried out (Numb. 16:21, 24, 26, 45; Jer. 51:6; Rev. 18:4). In a similar manner, the flood was not poured out upon the earth until Noah and his family were safe in the ark (Gen. 7:7-10). The Lord waits that He may be gracious (Isa. 30:18; Ezek. 18:32; 33:11; 2 Pet. 3:9).

Punishment came to Sodom, even as the Lord had said (Isa. 13:19; Jer. 20:16; 50:40; 2 Pet. 2:6). The cities and the surrounding territory were burned by fire which came down from the Lord out of heaven. The destruction was sure, swift and complete: all the cities, inhabitants and plants were consumed.

Such destruction of evil is wise and salutary, for sin is a moral plague which increases and grows more deadly, unless its spread be stopped by cleansing fire. Sin is like a cancerous disease which the surgeon must treat lest the person die.

God's true and righteous judgments bring forth the praises "Amen" and "Hallelujah" from the courts of heaven (Rev. 19:1-4). Moreover, this destruction was permitted as an evidence that the Lord can deliver the godly out of temptation and can reserve the ungodly unto the day of judgment to be punished (2 Pet. 2:6).

Again, the destruction of these cities served as an example to those who would refuse to receive the warnings of our Saviour (Amos 4:11; Matt. 10:15). The conditions in Lot's time are typical of the conditions which will prevail before the Lord comes to judge the world (Lk. 17:28-32). Men may scoff at the idea of eternal punishment, but the Scriptures plainly declare that there will be a last judgment (Psa. 9:17; Rev. 20:11-15).

Lot's wife looked back (Lk. 9:62), an evidence of the fact that her heart's desire was to remain in Sodom (1 John 2:15-17). Her action may have been a token of her unbelief: she perhaps did not believe that the city would actually be destroyed. Then, she disobeyed the explicit command of the angel of the Lord (v. 17). She became a pillar of salt, a perpetual reminder to others of her great sin (Lk. 17:32).

Lot was delivered, not for his own sake, but for the sake of Abraham, the friend of God (v. 29). We, too, have been saved for Christ's sake (Eph. 1:6; 2:4-7).

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

April 2—A Warning Given	Gen. 6
April 3—A Warning Heeded	Gen. 8
April 4—The Earth Destined for Destruction	2 Pet. 3
April 5—Babylon To Be Overthrown as Sodom	Isa. 13
April 6—Remember the Judgment upon Sodom,	Matt. 10:1-15
April 7—Remember Lot's Wife	Lk. 17:20-37
April 8—Just Lot Delivered	2 Pet. 2:1-10

SUGGESTED HYMNS

Redemption! Oh, wonderful story. Where will you spend eternity? Life at best is very brief. Will your anchor hold? Have you any room for Jesus? Almost persuaded.

C.C.F. ALSO APPEASES R.C. HIERARCHY ON SCHOOL QUESTION

ONTARIO'S two major political parties have already bowed in humble and humiliating submission to the dictates of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy by hastily disavowing any intention of implementing the Hope Commission Report. Now comes word that the third minority party in Ontario, the socialistic C.C.F. Party, has also climbed on Rome's bandwagon with a pious resolution, passed at their convention last week, to the effect that it supports "the established rights of separate school supporters". One of the members of the provincial legislature is credited with the following observation: "We're handling a hot potato that someone else has thrown in the fire. No matter what stand we take, it is going to be wrong." He asked for a discussion of this thorny question "in camera".

The Canadian public is, alas, only too habituated to seeing professional politicians side step issues or meekly drift with the stream of political expediency. Canadians might have been led to expect something different from this third party since it boasts of being a people's party, untrammelled by obsequious deference to big business; it prides itself, if we are not mistaken, on possessing a remedy for the ills of the times based on a clearer understanding of the roots from which they spring and on a high and noble determination to follow the dictates of right reason. High principles have a strong appeal to a public that is weary of the pussy-footing tactics of vote-seeking party politicians who are ruled by nothing higher than "ballot-box expediency"—the phrase is from the provincial leader of the C.C.F. Of the economic theories of this third party we have had little opportunity

to judge, but in this school issue where a clear matter of principle emerges, it has left much to be desired. According to its own political profession, this party ought to have followed the dictates of right reason, it ought to be beholden to no man or institution but to follow right in scorn of consequence. But what do we find it doing? Just what the older parties have always done, and what the newer party criticizes them for doing! The C.C.F., like the older parties, frankly and unashamedly follows the line of least resistance, it too demonstrates that in an important matter of this sort it is governed, no less than Liberals and Conservatives, by "ballot-box expediency".

Further, if the strength of C.C.F. logic is to be judged by this resolution, we fear that it is in as deplorable a state as its political principles. The C.C.F. convention speaks of the "established rights of separate school supporters". Since when did state support of religious institutions become a right in this country? We are not in Spain or in the Russia of the Czars. There is no state church in Canada outside of Quebec. Are C.C.F.'ers so feeble in logic as to confuse "rights" with "privileges"? A privilege is literally a "private law", it is a special concession or grant made to an individual or group, or a peculiar exemption from responsibilities to which others are subject. Since when did it become a right to tax Protestants and Jews and all other non-Romanists for the support of separate, sectarian, confessional schools which priests admit are their most effective missionary weapon in their race for power?

For the sake of peace in past days special concessions were made to Roman Catholic tax-payers as a "final" settlement of a thorny question. They were to be granted exemption from the general school rates and allowed to divert their taxes for the support of their own denominational schools. But the "final" settlement was not allowed by the priests to be final; they have systematically stirred up strife and played politics through the years in order to add to their already great privileges, still other concessions, until the Separate Roman Catholic schools are now supported not only by taxation from Roman Catholics but even more largely from general taxes paid by all alike, Protestants included. And still the Roman Catholic Hierarchy is not satisfied; still it utters its greedy cry of "More, more, more!" And this is the sort of thing to which the C.C.F. gives its benediction by misnaming it a "right" and assuring the Hierarchy that it will not lift its hand against them, which is another way of saying that the C.C.F. will support the greater demands made by the priests for their schools.

If the C.C.F. convention is so befuddled in its thinking as to confuse rights with privileges, then we have little confidence in their complex and complicated reasonings as to the proper remedy to apply to our present economic ills.

It is ironical that if this minority party had been willing to follow right reason and good conscience rather than mere political expediency it would have gained the votes of many Protestants who are disgusted with the major political parties. Downright honesty on the school issue would have forfeited them few Roman Catholic votes, we venture to think, and would have attracted great hosts of convinced friends of the public schools. We think that the C.C.F. party has not only lost its own soul by dancing attendance on the Cardinal-archbishop but it has also failed to gain any advantage.—W.S.W.

WHO IS GUILTY OF BREEDING BIGOTRY?

By W. S. Whitcombe

A NUMBER of Roman Catholic readers have taken the trouble to send us an article from the *R.C. Canadian Register* which discusses the editors of THE GOSPEL WITNESS. The article is entitled "Lies to Little Children Breed Bigotry". The first paragraph deals with Dr. Shields and the rest of it is devoted to the present writer. We are sincerely grateful to these Roman Catholic friends for drawing our attention to this article. Apparently they regard it as a masterpiece which completely demolishes us and our position. It lays two charges at our door: First, we are associated with the "notorious Rev. Dr. Shields". This we would not deny for it is a privilege to be associated with a great and good man of God who is set for the defense of the Gospel, which he has preached in this one church for forty years with divine seal of approval manifestly resting upon it. The second charge is that we are guilty of uttering deliberate lies. This is not supported by anything better than shifting evasions of what we said in commenting on the Hope Commission Report in the special edition of THE GOSPEL WITNESS. Actually the only new thing in the Roman Catholic article is that it is not aimed singly at Dr. Shields but that Mr. Whitcombe's name is joined to his. On many occasions the official Roman Catholic papers have discussed Dr. Shields and THE GOSPEL WITNESS in their most vituperative fashion, but they have made it a settled matter of policy never to mention anyone else's name, as if they sought to give their readers the impression that Dr. Shields was alone in his stand for the truth of the Gospel.

Anger Instead of Reason

It would appear that something the present writer said in his address stung the priests to the quick for they pour out the vials of their wrath in this article directed against him. We find it rather amusing to see them so angry for it is evident that their wrath is explained by the fewness and the feebleness of their arguments. The address to which they took such strong abjection was a plea to Roman Catholics to refrain from demanding that non-Romanists should pay for Separate Roman Catholic schools. That address quoted from The Code of Canon Law, the pope's official law, to prove that the "religious", that is teaching brothers and nuns in Ontario's publicly supported Separate Schools, were under the orders of the pope. That address also referred to the Hope Commission Report on Education in proof of the assertion that many of these "religious" signed no contract with the school boards which employed them, this in contravention of the Statutes of Ontario, and that further, many of them are not required to pay income tax, in proof of which a government letter was reproduced in facsimile. All these reasonable and fair arguments, together with their fully documented proofs, the *Register* priests passed over in complete silence in order to call this editor a bigot and a liar. They were so successful in misleading a number of Roman Catholic readers, that they sent to the writer bemoaning his ignorance of Roman Catholicism and even enclosing propaganda literature explaining the system to prospective converts. We should like to show such persons our copy of *Codex juris canonici* in Latin—the Code of Canon Law

—with various comments thereupon, together with volumes of their so-called "Moral Theology", some fifteen volumes or more of *The Catholic Encyclopedia*; and various other works of theology by Roman Catholic authors, all furnished with the *imprimatur* and the *nihil obstat* of the ecclesiastical authorities. We do not reject Romanism because we are ignorant of it, but rather because we know its fallacies and its hollowness. We cannot be prevailed upon to accept the ministrations of those priests who stand "daily ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins" (Hebrews 10:11), for we have read of another who, "after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God" (Hebrews 10:12). And, knowing that One Mediator between God and man as our personal Saviour, we need not the proffered services of those "many priests . . . which have infirmity" (Hebrews 7:23ff).

Whom Do Nuns Obey?

The Roman priests take particular umbrage at what we said concerning the submission of nuns to the pope. They write: "It would be true to say, and Mr. Whitcombe knows it, that they have consecrated their lives exclusively to the service of Jesus Christ and in this sense they have taken Jesus Christ as their spouse." We agree that nuns devote their lives to the service of the Roman Church, and for that very reason we contend that they have no moral right to demand support from the state for their activities in sectarian schools. But we do not identify Jesus Christ with the Roman Church, as do the priests. Rome keeps the Bible from its people, makes much of the sacrifice of the altar in order to make little of the sacrifice of Our Lord on the Cross of Calvary, and such a system cannot in any sense be identified with Jesus Christ. The nuns are doubtless servants of the Church of Rome but not therefore of Christ and His Gospel. When the priests assert that the nuns have taken Christ as their Spouse, they actually mean that they have taken the Church of Rome as their Spouse. That church is headed up and recapitulated in the pope of Rome. The Roman Catholic view of the church is not that it is "in the bishop" as an early church Father wrote, but that the church is in the pope of Rome. When a priest says that a nun has taken Christ as her Spouse, he really means that she promised absolute obedience to the Church of Rome and its pope. This was our meaning, as any intelligent reading of the context shows, but the controversialists of the *R.C. Register* have sought to evade the obvious point we made.

As to the bland denial of the priests that their church does not consign to eternal torments all who are without its pale, we have only to ask them if they have annulled the celebrated dictum that "Outside of the Church (of Rome) there is no salvation". Are they so ashamed of their own teaching that they would attempt, at least in Protestant lands, to make it seem less offensive? It is instructive to observe the extreme sensitivity of the Roman Catholic priests to the Hope Report or to anything else that presents a threat to the special privileges it enjoys in Separate Schools. In spite of the craven fear of Mr. Frost in attempting to bury the report deep in oblivion, we may be sure that the last of it has not yet been heard.

He who does not take Christ as King, has never taken Him as Prophet or Priest. —DR. W. S. PLUMER.

"GREAT PULPIT MASTERS"

A Review of Three Volumes of Sermons

GREAT PULPIT MASTERS: VOL. III, R. A. TORREY; VOL. IV, SAM JONES; VOL. V, J. H. JOWETT. Fleming H. Revell, New York. Price in U.S.A., \$2.25 per volume.

The mere act of seeing the names of these three preachers together reminds us of the diversity of gifts that the Great Head of the Church has bestowed upon His servants. A greater contrast could scarcely be imagined than the studied precision of Jowett's elegance placed beside the rough and tumble homespun of Sam Jones. Yet we do not think the sermons will quarrel on a minister's bookshelf any more than their authors do in the glory; for both of them, in their own way proclaimed the wonder of God's grace. Torrey is different from each of them, and yet in his own sphere was mightily used of God.

These three volumes form part of a series of which we have already reviewed two, namely, those by Spurgeon and Moody. A year or so ago we also noted the appearance of *The Best of Jowett* in another series. Those who appreciate great sermons, and what true preacher does not?, will welcome all these publications.

R. A. Torrey belongs to the school of Moody, whose successor he was, in the fervour of his evangelistic appeal. If he is more scholarly and more theological than his great master, he is not less direct and earnest in urging men to decide for Christ now.

Sam Jones, the great Southern Methodist evangelist, is an almost legendary figure for the present generation of preachers who know him chiefly through a few commonly quoted sayings of his. For that reason they ought to welcome a direct introduction to his method of preaching. His racy, biting aphorisms were so many burrs designed to make the Gospel stick in his hearers' minds and they often proved to be the Spirit's barbs to prick their hearts. This volume would be worth its price if for no other reason than the humour it contains, though there is much else besides. (See "Wit and Wisdom from Sam Jones" printed below.)

We have already said that Jowett's style of preaching is of a different order yet his literary craftsmanship never obscures his intense wonder at the marvel of God's grace or his sense of the glory of the ministry of reconciliation. Each in their own way, these great pulpit masters made a contribution to the progress of the Gospel, and through these pages they yet speak for the profit and inspiration of those in our day who have rediscovered for themselves that a Biblical ministry is still the only lasting and solid attraction. —W.S.W.

WIT AND WISDOM FROM SAM JONES

When I started preaching I was afraid I would hurt somebody's feelings; now I am afraid I won't.

What is culture worth if it is but whitewash on a rascal? I would rather be in heaven learning my ABC's than sitting in hell reading Greek.

It ain't only the rich that run after this world. There's many a poor fellow running after this world in this life and never gets any of it. I'm sorry for that sort of fellow. There's many a fellow out here on a farm with nothing but forty acres of poor land and an old stiff-eared mule; yet he stays right there and goes to hell for love of the world and love of money! He never has the money, but he loves it intensely. I use this old world and

what it has got in it just like I would use a walking-stick—to help me along to where I am going, and that is the only use I have got for it.

The devil has no better servant than a preacher who is laying feather-beds for fallen Christians to light on.

Many a man imagines he has religion when he only has a liver complaint.

Josh Billings says the old miser that has accumulated his millions and then sits down with his millions at last, without any capacity for enjoying it, reminds him of a fly that has fallen into a half-barrel of molasses. There you've got the picture just as complete as Josh Billings ever drew a picture.

SATAN'S STRATEGY

Take heed to yourselves, because the tempter will more ply you with his temptations than other men. If you will be the leaders against the prince of darkness, he will spare you no further than God restraineth him. He beareth the greatest malice to those that are engaged to do him the greatest mischief. As he hateth Christ more than any of us, because he is the General of the field,—the Captain of our salvation,—and doth more than all the world besides against his kingdom, so doth he hate the leaders under him, more than the common soldiers: he knows what a rout he may make among them, if the leaders fall before their eyes. He hath long tried that way of fighting, neither against great or small comparatively but of smiting the shepherds, that he may scatter the flock: and so great hath been his success this way, that he will continue to follow it as far as he is able. Take heed, therefore, brethren, for the enemy hath a special eye upon you. You shall have his most subtle insinuations, and incessant solicitations, and violent assaults. As wise and learned as you are, take heed to yourselves, lest he outwit you. The devil is a greater scholar than you, and a nimbler disputant: he can transform himself into an angel of light to deceive: he will get within you, and trip up your heels before you are aware: he will play the juggler with you undiscerned, and cheat you of your faith or innocency, and you shall not

FOR TORONTO READERS

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7 p.m. — REV. W. S. WHITCOMBE

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SATURDAY PAPERS

know that you have lost it; nay, he will make you believe it is multiplied or increased, when it is lost. You shall see neither hook nor line, much less the subtle angler himself, while he is offering you his bait. And his bait shall be so fitted to your temper and disposition, that he will be sure to find advantages within you, and make your own principles and inclination betray you; and whenever he ruineth you, he will make you the instruments of ruin to others. Oh what a conquest will he think he hath got, if he can make a minister lazy and unfaithful—if he can tempt a minister into covetousness or scandal! He will glory against the church, and say, "These are your holy preachers! See what their preciseness is, and whither it brings them." He will glory against Jesus Christ himself, and say, "These are thy champions! I can make thy chiefest servants abuse thee; I can make the stewards of thy house unfaithful." If he did so insult God upon a false surmise, and tell him he could make Job curse him to his face, what will he do if he should prevail against you? And at last he will insult as much over you, that he could draw you to be false to your great trust, and to blemish your holy profession, and to do so much service to him that was your enemy. Oh, do not so far gratify Satan—do not make him so much sport: suffer him not to use you as the Philistines did Samson—first to deprive you of your strength, and then to put out your eyes, and so to make you the matter of his triumph and derision.

—RICHARD BAXTER

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