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PATIENT WAITING

EVERY one must spend much of his time in waiting. We wait sometimes for better weather. Sometimes difficulties of all sorts stand in our way, like a traffic jam at the rush hour, in a big city. There is nothing one can do but wait till the traffic thins out, and it becomes possible for you to proceed on your way. Sometimes we must wait for trains, and not infrequently, as we have reason to know, for planes. Again, we wait for other people. When they are going out together occasionally a man may have to wait for his wife. More frequently the wife will have to wait for her husband. Mishaps occur on every hand, which interfere with the regular schedules of life, and, throwing things out of joint, they compel us to spend time waiting.

Of course, this is also true of other than purely material concerns, like the husbandman, who sows his field, and must wait for the fruit of his labour. There are a hundred situations in life when the only thing we can do is just wait.

It is easily possible to wait impatiently. Most of us show but little patience while waiting. We complain of the circumstances which shut us in, because certain help does not come at the moment expected; because someone, supposedly dependable, has failed to fulfil his promise; because a debtor does not pay when his obligation matures; because—because—because! Oh, it would be a task interminable were we to attempt to specify the reasons why, through the dilatoriness of others, through our own mistakes, or because circumstances are untoward, we must wait. And very often we wait not only impatiently, but angrily and complainingly. We wait unwillingly, and only because we must.

Such waiting in respect to the expectations of any plane of life, is bound to be wearing to the spirit, to provide occasions for increasing irritations, and have a tendency to develop a chronic irascible temper, which, in turn, makes a man a burden to himself, and to everybody else, and only ensures that no one will ever wait for him, unless it be for him to get out of the way.

But since we must all wait in one way or another, it is part of the art of living to learn to wait patiently. We remember a story of the late Dr. P. S. Henson, the great Baptist preacher of a couple of generations ago. He was seen standing in a departmental store, disengaged, merely standing at a counter. An acquaintance

approaching him, said, "Why, Dr. Henson, what are you doing here?" Quite unperturbed he said, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait—till my change come"! It was an admirable mixture of a little religious humour with his waiting.

Most of us are inclined to be wilful, and to resent the necessity of submission to any other time-schedule than our own. We must wait for the sun to rise and set; but we would not wait if we could help it. We must learn, however, in these matters to let patience have her perfect work, if we would maintain a spirit of meekness and sweetness toward the affairs of life generally. We must remember that it is beyond our powers to wind the clock of the universe, or to set its hands forward or backward at our pleasure. And if we fail thus to do, we should be fretful and impatient in most of the circumstances of life.

We know of only one way whereby we can escape the inevitable irritability which flows from reluctant and impatient waiting: "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." He is well worth waiting for. He has promised: "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me." Better await His time than insist upon our own.

Perhaps some hard-pressed preacher, or housewife, or teacher, or business man, or some person concerned in other matters, will read these words, and even as they read them, they will be sitting on the edge of a chair impatiently waiting for some door to open for them to spring into action. We had better await God's time.

Elijah had a serious nervous reaction from his years of concentration after the victory of Carmel, and the rain which followed, so that he suffered something like a nervous collapse under the juniper tree.

Our danger is that we may wait our three and a half years of revealed divine design, and in our place fulfil the purpose of the long waiting, and then, when the blessing waited for has really come, our tense, and troubled nervous system may so give way as to make it almost impossible to wait another hour, and hence we may think with Elijah that we have lived long enough, and that it were well if now our life were taken away. But better wait a little, brother! Wait a little longer. The chariots of God will soon be on their way to carry you home to glory: "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."

TWELVE DAYS IN KENTUCKY

THE Editor returned Saturday, April 28th, from a twelve-day preaching mission in Kentucky. He was from Sunday, April 15th, to Tuesday, April 24th, in Marion, Ky., the guest of Rev. J. C. Lilly, who has been Pastor of the First Baptist Church for twenty-five years; and the two following days, Wednesday and Thursday, in Mortons Gap, the guest of Rev. C. D. Cole, of First Baptist Church, Mortons Gap.

Mr. Lilly and his church are unique among modern churches. In England he would be called, we are inclined to think, a "strict-and-particular" Baptist. He is a man who has been through the fires for the truth's sake. His church is made up of a body of well-instructed people. Any Biblical preacher would recognize it at the first service.

The meetings were not designed precisely as an evangelistic mission, but rather as a series of expository addresses. Ministerial and other visitors came from many towns and cities near Marion, but some came from great distances. There were many visitors from Paducah, about 42 miles away. Others came to the Marion services from Mortons Gap, 55 miles away, from Madisonville, Owensboro, and many other places. Two enthusiastic brethren, who seemed to be of a very solid character, drove over 400 miles from somewhere in Missouri. Another fine young Pastor, whose church was about a stone's throw from Memphis, Tenn., after attending for the week, left with his wife after the Saturday night service, to drive 175 miles, and preach twice on Sunday. Having done so, he started back through the night, and was on hand for the 10.30 service Monday morning!

It was really refreshing to minister to such hungry people, hungry not because they had not been fed, but hungry because an abundance of good food had made them spiritually healthy, and, like Oliver Twist, they wanted more.

One extraordinary feature of the meetings was the generous hospitality extended to everyone. Visitors were told that homes were open for everyone. There were beds for those who would stay over night, and abundance of food at the different homes for those who had come only for the day. Each day an announcement was made of a particular home where all the preachers would be entertained; and of all the homes, none of them were more generally made use of than that of Mr. and Mrs. Lilly. They have nine children. One is married; three are away from home in business; but they all came home. All the children were kept out of school for the duration of the meetings, and were at every service. This is the rule, then they go back and overtake everybody, and come out on top.

We frequently remarked to Mrs. Lilly that it was a mystery how she was able to stand up to it all. She insisted that it was not difficult because it was so delightful.

Another feature of the work is that no collections are taken, and no reference is made to money. The work is supported by the offerings put into boxes at the door.

The Pastor's son, whom everyone calls "Billy" is quite an unusual character. He had been one Sunday in Jarvis Street last fall, and went home overflowing with enthusiasm. He is a fine young man, occupying a good position in the town. He informed his employer that he must have the time of the meetings off. They feared they could not fill his place for a brief period. He said,

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

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"That is all right. Do what you like. I cannot miss one of these meetings." Nor did he. Of course they will want him back; but he took the risk, as did one of his sisters, who, in a good position, being told that it was against the rules to be absent so long, expressed her regret at the rules, but said that in a like emergency she would have to be present at all the meetings regardless of consequences.

With such a spirit of devotion humbly manifested by the Pastor and his family, it is not much wonder that the church at Marion accomplishes so much.

On the insistence of Mr. Cole, at Mortons Gap, we extended our stay by two days, and drove there each morning 55 miles, and 55 miles back at night.

In both places the attendances were large; at the first evening meeting here twenty-four were present from Marion; but the last night in Mortons Gap it was virtually a capacity house.

We cannot recall in many a day away from home having had the privilege of ministering to people who, obviously, had such a passion for the word of God. The meetings were called an "Institute", and the atonement and other great verities of the Christian faith, were dealt with.

We were there twelve days, and gave thirty-four addresses, none of them less than an hour, and most of them more! The first Sunday the afternoon service was omitted so as not to conflict with another afternoon service, and on the Saturday the morning service was omitted to give the housewives time to attend to their household duties. But apart from these two occasions the meetings were at 10.30 in the morning, 2.00 in the afternoon, and 7.30 at night daily.

Mr. Cole, of Mortons Gap, is a man of very fine spiritual quality. It was a real luxury to hear him pray.

Altogether the Editor can describe his visit to Kentucky as twelve very happy days in the fellowship of the gospel with people who know the joyful sound.

Almost as a postscript to the above, certainly as an

afterthought, we are inclined to record one sweetly amusing observation of our visit to Marion. Perhaps it is a Southern practice, but we confess we rather liked it. It was interesting to hear a little tot, of about five years of age, say "How ya' Brother Lilly?" The children, as well as their elders, call everybody "Brother". It sounded natural enough on the lips of adults, but as we have said, it was sweetly amusing on the lips of little children. I rather enjoyed the children's calling me, "Brother Shields". Try it out, and see how it sounds!

A GREAT STALWART STRICKEN

In a long pastoral experience one of the greatest men we have ever met is Mr. J. E. Jennings, a Deacon of Jarvis Street Church.

Mr. Jennings was taken very seriously ill this morning—Tuesday, May 1st—and we pray most earnestly that it may please God to spare him to us.

We can look back over the procession of men whom we have known as a Pastor through the years, and who were really pillars in the House of the Lord, and give thanks for every one of them. But as we write, we cannot think of one whose spiritual stature, and general symmetrical Christian character excelled that of Mr. Jennings. We saw him converted and baptized. We saw him grow up into Christ. We observed how he developed a real passion for grace, and gloried in the salvation that was by grace alone. He is a Bible Christian. From the beginning of his Christian life, he has been a diligent student of the Word of God, and how he revels in it! While having a capacity to receive and appreciate the deep things of God's Word, he could happily enjoy any discourse, so long as it was Biblical and gracious, and exalted Jesus Christ.

We have had the greatest admiration for his sanctified common sense, and his spiritual sagacity through the years. We have remarked privately that had he been so trained in the beginning, and so desired, in Canada he could easily have been Prime Minister, or, in the United States, President. And by that we mean by other standards than those set by the present occupant of the White House.

Mr. Jennings has long been a tower of strength to his Pastor and the church as a whole. We earnestly pray that God may be pleased to give him a quick and complete recovery.

THE JARVIS STREET CHURCH ANNUAL MEETING

The Auditors are busy auditing the books, and as soon as they have completed their audit so that the treasurer's report can be printed, the Annual Meeting will be announced.

WILL ONTARIO LEGALIZE GAMBLING?

THE Senate committee investigating crime in the United States served to focus public attention on the ramifications of systematic murder and all other crimes springing out of organized gambling. Close on the heels of the sensational revelations of this committee, the Ontario government announced the setting up of a legislative committee to investigate the administration of justice in Ontario. The move was a timely one, for we on this side of the line have little reason to strike a holier-than-thou pose. Thus far the Ontario committee has done nothing more startling in the way of house-cleaning than to suggest that Toronto lacks adequate court rooms and that the local jail is outmoded—the latter observation about our octogenarian jail house emanated from this legislative committee, if we are not mistaken. But our Ontario investigators did manage to make the front page headlines by a plea uttered before them by no less a personage than the deputy attorney-general, Mr. Clifford Magone, who lamented that he was not able to permit charitable organizations to hold lotteries and therefore felt obliged, according to *The Star's* report, to advocate that "legislation prohibiting gambling and games of chance should be amended to permit lotteries for religious and charitable purposes."

What Religion Sponsors Gambling?

We do not know what religious affiliations the deputy attorney-general of Ontario professes, nor do we know what charitable or spiritual motives impelled him to make such a suggestion. We do know that several Protestant bodies immediately voiced their strong disapproval of his suggestion and that, so far as we have noticed, not a single Roman Catholic spokesman has peeped, though they are invariably most loquacious when their interests are touched even remotely. As we pointed out in a recent number (see issue of March 22, 1951), Rome condones gambling when she does not actually exploit it for her financial profit. One of the largest Roman Catholic churches in downtown Toronto has a large sign board outside its parish hall announcing in giant letters, "Bingo To-night". No wonder they build palatial buildings when they have such springs to tap! The "Moral" Theologians of Rome teach that gaming and wagering contracts are not forbidden by the moral law (of Rome). Little wonder that so many under-world "bosses" are Roman Catholics!

A Political Kite Sent Up?

It is inconceivable that one of the highest civil servants in the employ of the Provincial government should make such a revolutionary statement without strong reasons. *The Toronto Star* wonders in an editorial on the subject if he were flying a kite to gauge public opinion on this controversial subject. We are happy to note that his chief, Mr. Dana Porter, the elected representative of the people, hastened to assure the press that since he assumed office the question has not arisen and that his deputy was referring to correspondence carried on with the federal government before his term of office. This is somewhat reassuring, though we wish, with *The Toronto Star*, that Mr. Porter would follow up this good beginning with a positive statement of policy to the effect that his government is opposed to legalized lotteries.

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

Will Ontario's Top-Notch Bartender Take Up Gambling?

The government of Mr. Frost, respectable citizen and good churchman that he is reputed to be, has managed to sell more liquor than ever before in the history of this province; Mr. Frost hastened to ditch, with scant attention, the Hope Commission Report on Schools to appease the R.C. Hierarchy. Is this churchman, whose government has become the friend of priests and the top-notch bartender of our history about to woo the underworld of gambling, with its eye still fixed on the priests who are eager to enter the bingo business on a still larger scale than before? We wonder! If Mr. Frost wishes to escape such a reputation he ought not only to repudiate the suggestion of one of the leading civil servants but also to rebuke him in no uncertain terms.

The United States crime commission shone the light of public opinion on the hidden creatures of darkness. Up to the present, Mr. Frost's committee has succeeded in being the sounding board for the underworld's plea for increased privileges. It is an inauspicious beginning indeed.

\$30,000 Worth of Orchids for Gangster in R.C. Church

Last week a notorious gambler was buried from a Roman Catholic church in Brooklyn, and *The New York Herald Tribune* reported that the casket was blanketed with \$30,000 worth of orchids! We wonder how many thousands of dollars the priests accepted from the rewards of iniquity to pray his sinful soul out of purgatory! Much more than the price of the floral tributes we may be sure! This is the practical outcome of the Church of Rome's permission of gambling. It casts about the life and death of such gangsters not only an air of respectability but of religion.

It is dishonouring to the name of religion in general, and of Christianity in particular, even to have the suggestion made that churches are dependent for financial support upon games of chance and all the crimes associated with them. We are sending a copy of this article to Mr. Magone and to the legislative crime committee in order that they may know where we stand on this question. To open the way for churches to conduct lotteries is to set an example for every other to follow, and in a short time it would be utterly impossible, logically and practically, to refuse the same permission to organized gambling. This is but the opening wedge for the "big time" interests.

We are aware that the present federal law concerning lotteries is unsatisfactory, but it should not be relaxed but tightened up. To allow churches and charities to hold lotteries for objects having a value of less than fifty dollars, is similar to granting such organizations the right to rob banks, provided that they do not take more than fifty dollars at a time. Protestants at least hold that the end never justifies the means, nor does the usefulness of the profits sanctify the immorality of gambling.—W.S.W.

"The Lord help me to hold on and hold out unto the end. I dread the thoughts of flagging in the latter stages of my road. Jesus is able to keep me from being either weary or faint in my mind; in Him, and in Him alone, is all my strength found."—GEORGE WHITEFIELD

NATIONALIZED GAMBLING?

From *The Toronto Daily Star*, April 26

Clifford Magone, Ontario's deputy attorney-general has joined Premier Duplessis in advocating the legalization of lotteries for church and charitable purposes. He announces that it is the view of his department that the law should be changed to permit these. He regrets that he has had to tell a number of charitable organizations that it is not within his power to grant permission as the law now stands. That is the case because the federal parliament, which has jurisdiction, has defeated lottery proposals whenever they have come before it. And would, we hope, do so again.

One of the occasions was in 1934, when a bill which had been presented in the previous year was reintroduced—a bill to permit the legalization of lotteries for hospital purposes by provincial attorneys-general. The vote at that time is of particular interest because the party leaders told their followers to vote according to their individual preferences. The result was the "six months hoist" of the measure (parliamentary rejection) by 105 votes to 57, or, almost two to one. The debate was marked by a number of outright declarations. Hon. Hugh Guthrie declared lotteries "economically unsound and in their operation degrading to the community." Prime Minister Bennett took a strong stand against them, and said in part:

"When I am asked to exercise my vote as a member of the House of Commons of Canada to say that we shall legalize that which has brought the misery to the human race that games of chance and lotteries have brought, I propose to exercise my vote against any such thing. I cannot throw the weight, the prestige and the power of the state into legalizing these lotteries. If I were to sit upon a jury, I would have to find that the evidence against lotteries far outweighs any support that can be found either in the past or the present."

Mr. King, then leader of the opposition, declared:

"I find myself in entire agreement with the right honorable the prime minister (Mr. Bennett). My convictions in the matter are quite as firm, as profound and sincere as his own. I believe that, in private, gambling should not be encouraged between individuals, and I hold there are very strong reasons why those who have to do with the shaping of public opinion should not further or countenance any measure which, by statute, would publicly encourage gambling."

A New York Times editorial deals with another aspect of lotteries:

"The bulk of the participants in lotteries, it has been shown, are invariably persons in the lower income classes. This means that the lottery constitutes a highly regressive form of taxation. By holding out to the underprivileged person the hope that it may improve his position by simply waiting for luck to come his way, it tends to undermine his will to achieve this by the more arduous processes of hard work and thrift. It means shifting the burden to the very class of the electorate least able to bear it."

The Magone-Duplessis idea that lotteries should be legalized is founded upon the old error that the end justifies the means. As Matthew Prior wrote more than two centuries ago:

"The end must justify the means.

He only sins who sin intends.

Since, therefore, 'tis to combat evil

'Tis lawful to employ the devil."

The fact is, of course, that the end does not justify the means. Money raised by a lottery may be used for a good purpose but that does not justify this wrong means of raising it. That it is an easy means of raising money, and therefore favored by some organizations, does not justify it either. Easy ways are not always the best ways; certainly in this instance not even a good way. For while there may be some immediate apparent benefit to good causes, a resort to lotteries tends to dry up the fountains of voluntary giving. Let people get the idea that they should expect a chance at a prize with every gift for good purposes, and gifts without such an incentive will fall off.

Gambling has ever brought misery in its train. For Canada to encourage it by legalization of lotteries via permits from provincial attorneys-general or in any other way would indeed be a retrograde step.

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

The Power of An Indissoluble Life

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, April 29th, 1951
(Electrically Recorded)

"Who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life."—Hebrews 7:16.

THERE is no subject that can engage the thought of men comparable in value to a meditation upon the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ. I hope all who are here this evening can sing,

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

What else has any minister of the New Testament to speak about but the glories of our Lord Jesus Christ? Oh that we had the mind and the tongue of angels, that we could worthily extol Him, and represent Him as He really is!

At some time, I do not remember when, I feel sure I preached from this text. I believe it was published, but I am not sure. I did not take the pains to discover whether it was or not, nor what on that occasion I may have said. But I ask you this evening to view this text with me by a different approach. You may take a photograph of some great castle, some magnificent palace, from a dozen different angles, representing many different aspects of it, each of them different, yet no one of them contradicting, or in any way disagreeing with the symmetry of the whole. And so, without in any sense contradicting what may have been said before. I think we may look at this great text and find some new truth herein.

The whole argument, as you know, of the Epistle to the Hebrews is to establish the pre-eminence, the eternal pre-eminence of Jesus Christ; and in the immediate context He is contrasted with other priests, and the superiority and absolute finality of the priesthood of Jesus Christ is in view. The text contrasts His essential qualities and His qualifications with all others, and notes this one distinguishing characteristic—that He was not made or appointed or ordained after the law of a carnal or fleshly commandment, that is, by the order of men, or of any kind of ecclesiastical authority; He is not made a Priest after the law of a carnal commandment, but "after the power of an indissoluble life". He becomes a Priest because of what He inherently is in Himself, without any human selection whatsoever.

I.

Let us look then for a few minutes, for our instruction, at THE PRIESTHOODS WHO ARE SUBJECT TO CARNAL LIMITATION. The earth abounds with priests of one sort and another, of religious leaders or intermediaries, or mediators, who profess to stand between God and men, and minister to men of the things of God. Some of them may have

their place, but of necessity they must be subject to carnal limitations, to the limitations of all men who are in the flesh.

They are *subject, for instance, to the moral defects which are common to our fallen humanity*. There was no perfection by the law, although the law was holy, and the commandment holy, just and good. It was always "weak through the flesh," that is to say, weak through the limitations of those who even sincerely endeavoured to obey its precepts. Now any priest was in those days of the Levitical priesthood subject to moral limitations. No man is perfect, no matter what office he may hold. His office does not make him a perfect man, even though he be chosen to a position of religious leadership, and though he may be endowed with the dignity of ecclesiastical ordination. He is still a man in the flesh; he is still numbered among those who have fallen, and still fall, short of the Divine glory. Hence, in the nature of the case, he must be devoid of the authority of precept and example which would be inherent in one who was perfect; but because he is a man in the flesh, whoever would follow him, however grateful they may be for his imperfect and partial ministry, must recognize his limitations, and say that he is only a man after all.

Such a priest would be subject also to *the defects of knowledge common to all men in the flesh*. No matter what a man's erudition may be, how vast soever the scope of his knowledge, there are great fields that are beyond his ken, and he is bound to say of a hundred things, "I do not know." The pope to the contrary notwithstanding, no man can be regarded as infallible in respect to the knowledge he possesses. He is bound to be subject to the common limitations of men of his kind. And of course that would correspondingly limit the faith of all who would look to him for a helpful ministry. They would have to accept what he says with some inevitable deductions, or at least reservations; they could not accept his word on anything as being a word of finality. You will bear me witness I know that as often as I speak to you I exhort you not to depend upon my unaided guidance. Search the Scriptures, and find some infallible source of knowledge for the confirmation of your faith, and do not be bound to the train of any uninspired man, whoever he may be. It follows, therefore, that there can be no finality, no real and abiding rest of heart and intellect, so long as we are dependent upon a fallible man. Oh, how little we know!

I heard of a young student who appeared before the college President when he applied for enrollment, and the President said to him, "Tell me, young man, what do you know?" He said, "I'm afraid, sir, I do not

know anything." "Well," he said, "what have you read?" "I am afraid I shall have to acknowledge I have read nothing." "O surely," the President said, "you have read something." "Yes," he said, "I have read a few books, I have studied a little, but what I know is out of all proportion to what I ought to know, and what I may know, and I came here, Sir, not because I know anything, but because I do not know anything, and I came here in order that I might learn." The President extended his hand, and he said, "Young man, you are at least four or five years in advance of the average student, for it takes the average man at least as long as that to discover something of his limitations."

I do not know whether I told you, but when my wife and I were in the southland a few years ago there was a certain lady in the church where I had preached who was insistent upon my going to a certain Southern city and making the acquaintance of her aunt, whom she said was a great woman, and a great Christian. She said, "She has a fine house, and she always has a vacant room which she calls the Prophet's Chamber." I must confess that I have avoided the Prophet's Chamber as often as I possibly could, but however, this lady was insistent, and in order to insure that there should be no mistake in the program, she said she should like to visit her aunt, and should like to ride in our car for the purpose. Well, we had a passenger, and what else could we do but go?

So we arrived at last in this place, I will not name the city, in North Carolina, and we called at this lady's home and were introduced to her. She immediately began to discourse upon all the great "Bible teachers" that she had been privileged to entertain. What great teachers they were, and what great crowds they attracted! They were altogether very wonderful men, and speaking of one she said, "There was such a multitude that I stayed home in order to leave room for somebody else. I felt that I didn't need it as some others did, because you see," she said with much assurance, "I was already in the truth, and some others were not."

The next morning at breakfast I saw opposite me, covering the full length of the large dining-room, a chart, in which the word of the Infinite was reduced to the dimensions of rule and compass; everything to the last detail was charted. I did not say anything to her, but to myself I said, "And so that is what it means, does it, to be in the truth?" How little she knew, and how little she knew of how little she knew! She supposed she had arrived at finality, and no one could teach her any more. Oh, that is the folly of the carnal mind, allowing self to imagine that it has attained equality with the mind of the Infinite. How great are our defects of knowledge! How little any of us know! How diligent soever you may be as a student of the word of God, I am sure that you do not know very much as yet. I have confidence that through grace some day I shall get to heaven, and my passage there will be but a mere and narrow matriculation where we may hope to begin to learn something. And in all the ages to come He is to show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus. I should like to be an apt scholar in His school, but pray constantly to be preserved from the presumption of assuming that as yet we know anything at all.

Such a priest, made after the law of a carnal com-

mandment, by carnal appointment, *would also of necessity be subject to diminishing values and diminishing powers.* I grant you that from youth forward we may develop a little, and we may learn a little more as we arrive at maturity, and perhaps with certain years of experience behind us we may by and by be of a little greater value than we were in our youth, but it lasts but a little time. How full the Old Testament is of that principle, as for example when Jehoiada the faithful priest assembled the people of Judah and made a covenant with them, and set Joash up to be king. Joash, young in years, proved to be a good king, and all the years of Jehoiada the priest Joash walked in the ways of the Lord: "And Joash did that which was right in the sight of the Lord all the days of Jehoiada the priest." But Jehoiada, like all mortals, grew old at last: "Jehoiada waxed old, and was full of days when he died; an hundred and thirty years old was he when he died." "And they buried him in the city of David among the kings, because he had done good in Israel, both toward God, and toward his house."

But as soon as Jehoiada was dead the people began to depart from the Lord, and even Joash the king, to whom Jehoiada had shown such extravagant kindness, forgot all about it, and went with the people in ways of idolatry. But Jehoiada diminished in power at last, and the people were left without the guidance of a holy and experienced priest, because of his failing years and his failing powers, and his ministry terminated at last in weakness and death. So is it dear friends. I have seen it a hundred times. A man appeared to be a godly man as long as his wife lived, but when she departed he turned away from the ways of the Lord. I have seen it sometimes on the other side of the house, where the woman seemed to walk with God as long as her husband lived, but when he was removed she lost all spiritual interest. The same is true of children. While parents live they seek to obey them, and to profit by their example, but when they are gone the children too often forsake the Lord. Oh, how we need a Priest that will abide with us! How we need a helper that will never leave us!

Of course priests thus made after the law of a carnal commandment are *subject of necessity to mortality.* They cannot live always, and even the strongest must one of these days submit to the great conqueror. And then people must look somewhere else for guidance than to him.

At best, therefore, priests made after the law of a carnal commandment *exercise only a temporary ministry.* I remember when I used to go to Spurgeon's Tabernacle, which was destroyed in the war, and the thousands assembled. Some little man said to me, "I think it was a mistake ever to build a place like that, because there was only one man who could fill it." "Well," I said, "he filled it for thirty-eight years, and that was pretty well worthwhile." But at last he went, and so did all the great prophets of his day, until we have come to a day when there is a famine of hearing the word of the Lord. I am not under-valuing human ministries; I am not suggesting that we can easily do without them. All I am pointing out to you is that at the best they are of a temporary character. Just as under the law it was necessary that there should arise another priest, so it is necessary that you and I should know Someone else than our minister, or our teacher, or any godly man or

woman who may influence us in the right direction. One of these days they will all leave us. That is rather a sad reflection, isn't it?

II.

But now let us turn to the other side of the picture, and think for a few moments of THE POTENTIALITIES OF AN INDISSOLUBLE LIFE, and consider what we have in a Priest, made after the order of Melchisedec, a Priest forever.

Think, for example; first of all, of *the atoning value of His life*. Other priests of necessity had to offer sacrifices, first for themselves, and after that for the people, but this Man offered but one sacrifice, and this He did, the chapter Mr. Whitcombe read tells us—"This he did once, when he offered up himself." Because He was made after the power of an indissoluble life—not only "endless": the idea of endlessness is unmistakably there, but it was more than an endless life, it was a life that in its very nature and essence was indissoluble, that could not be dissolved or destroyed. He Himself said, "No man taketh (my life) from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received (not of men, but) of my Father." And when He laid down His life it was not like the blood of bulls and of goats, whose frequent offering involved a continual remembrance of sin. "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." How could He do it? My dear friends, if it were conceivable that there could have been found one man, one mortal man, who was absolutely flawless, free from all moral taint, perfect in the sight of God as God required him to be perfect—if such an one could ever have been found I say, it is conceivable that he might have died for some one other man. But the value of his death would have been limited. Of course there was no such man discoverable, but if there had been, the value of his death would be limited to the value of his life—a single life. But you see, the value of the life of Jesus was commensurate with the value of the life of the inhabitants of all worlds. Made "after the power of an endless life," the moral and spiritual potentials of such a life were adequate to pay the price of the redemption of humankind. Oh how strange it is that men would try to do without Jesus! On St. Clair Avenue they are building a Unitarian Church. I never cease to wonder why Unitarians should need a church. Unitarians, you know, deny the pre-existence and the essential Deity of Jesus Christ. They declare that He was nothing more than a man. If that be so, dear friends, then you and I are without a Priest who can offer an atonement adequate to the requirement of our souls. But this Priest of ours was made after the power of an indissoluble life. The powers of earth and of hell were not sufficient to destroy Him; His life was indestructible, commensurate with the life of God Himself, for the reason that He was God manifest in the flesh, and the life that was in Him was an everlasting life, and that, with all its incalculable, infinite potentials, was laid down as a price of our redemption. We may well wonder how anyone should ever be so foolish as to suppose that he could by any means add to that infinite sacrifice. Like a little boy or girl catching water in their little tin pail from some spring, or dipping it up from a pool, to add to the fulness of the ocean; like a man who kindles a light of some sort, however bright

it may be, to add to the effulgence of the sun! Can anybody conceive of such folly as that? Why then would you bring your little pennies to add to the price of your redemption? Made "after the power of an endless life," He laid that life of incomparable value down for your redemption and mine.

But, my dear friends, that is not all. Here too is *the Source of all moral perfection*. It is not enough that you and I should have our sins forgiven; it is not enough that we should escape the punishment our sins so richly merit; it is not enough that we should be saved from hell. We must be saved to heaven. And we must be endowed with such moral perfections as are required for residence in the Holy City. Oh, we haven't any of ourselves, have we? I like to think of Barzillai in contrast. When David came back after Absalom's rebellion had been quelled, he met Barzillai, who in the days of adversity had brought him lentiles and wheat and cakes and so on to minister to the king of his sustenance. When David came back he met the king, and David said, "Now it is my turn Barzillai, Come thou over with me, and I will feed thee with me in Jerusalem." But Barzillai said, "It is too late. I am this day fourscore years old: and can I discern between good and evil? can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? wherefore then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king?" He said, "I should not be at home in the royal court. Better to let me go back and die among my people." But, my dear friends, when Jesus comes, and He bids us come with Him to dwell in Jerusalem, we must not be like Barzillai, and tell Him we have no appetite for the fare of the royal table, that we have no ear for the heavenly harmony that will ring through the Eternal City, and that even if we were to go we would only be in the way, and a burden to our Lord. Oh no, dear friends. This Priest of whom I speak lives in order that He may fit us for that Heavenly City. In Him all moral perfections reside, and of His fulness have we all received, and grace for grace always, until by and by when the discipline of grace is complete, and when God has polished the jewels of His purchase, ready for their golden setting, we shall find that this Priest, made for ever a Priest after the order of Melchisedec, as He has sustained us here, He will accompany us yonder, and we shall be at last, by His good grace, without fault before the throne of God. You and I need something to be prepared for that heavenly home.

In Him also is *an infinity of wisdom and knowledge*. I like to be among men who have done a little thinking, and who can still think. I frankly confess that I enjoy the converse and fellowship of men whose minds are not empty, but richly furnished, more richly furnished than mine. I like to borrow from them, and to talk with them about things of common interest. It is a very unhappy thing when one's lot is cast—do not misunderstand me—among intellectual and mental inferiors, among people who do not know anything, and who do not want to know anything—little people, with little minds, little appetites for spiritual things, and no appropriation because no appreciation of the treasures of wisdom and knowledge that are in Christ. It will not do for us to go to heaven like that, dear friends. One of the joys of heaven, I am sure, will be to converse with the Prince of Glory, and converse too with that great army of princes who are made equal to the angels. What a joy

it will be to share the converse of men who have walked with God, and have learned whatsoever a poor limited mortal may learn in this life. This Priest of ours is full of wisdom and knowledge. "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." I do not know very much, but I have often been in the company of men where some subject, not particularly abstruse, has been suggested, and after the exchange of a few sentences I have said to myself, "It is not a bit of use to talk to this man. He hasn't been there; he doesn't know anything at all about it." Better talk about the weather, or talk about some simple superficial thing; that is all he knows anyhow. And say good-bye to him just as soon as you can."

I believe in heaven, do you? I am looking forward to it. I hope to be there one of these days. Do you believe in heaven? Do you believe in the communion of saints? Do you believe the day will come when we shall mingle with the vast multitude of the redeemed, and when we shall have all eternity in which to exchange experiences; and individually and jointly just to laud and extol our glorious Lord? When we get to heaven we shall not have anything else to talk about. I am sure there will be nothing in the celestial city that can challenge the absolute and eternal supremacy of the Lord Jesus Christ, full of the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. What an High Priest is He, and will be, not to the end of the chapter, but all through the chapter which has no end.

I do not know whether it would be lawful to say it or not, but there is a passage I do not understand; it is entirely beyond my comprehension. I think of the Lord Jesus as the embodiment of omniscience—He knows everything—full of wisdom and of knowledge. But if I might without irreverence speak of His long ages of experience, how He appeared in the Old Testament and all down through the unfolding ages, till at last He made Himself known among men in the days of Herod the king—I say here is a passage I do not know anything about, where the Scripture speaks of our increasing "with the increase of God." How is it possible for the Infinite to increase? I do not know, but I do know that we are to be so related to Him that in the eternal ages to come we are everlastingly to go on with Him to richer and higher and deeper experiences. What a day it will be when all the children are gathered home!

You will readily see that this great High Priest is the source of eternal life. I said something when I was in Kentucky last week, and a lot of the preachers strangely enough said, "I never thought of it before." I told them that eternal life was eternal in its nature and essence; it was not merely a life that had in it the quality of endlessness, but it was a life that in itself was eternal, it was the very life of God. I said, "You may speak sometimes of a young lady twenty-one maybe—'O she is just a young girl.' She is developing into womanhood, about twenty-one, and she is just old enough not to want to be any older." Then I read somewhere of a man who has an extraordinary horse, and "the poor old thing" is twenty-one years old. Don't you call that young lady "a poor old thing." She is just as old as the horse. What is the difference? Twenty-one years in that girl is only just the beginning of life, but by the very nature of the life that is in that animal it is old at twenty-one. It may outlive it, but still it is old. And think of the

ages of some other animals and birds; parrots and eagles live to great ages. Why? Not because they are not subject to all the hazards of life as other living creatures are, but because it is of the very nature of the life that is in them to live on and on. Nobody knows how old an elephant may live to be. I read a story of the great Jumbo, that when the Barnum and Bailey circus was in St. Thomas, Ontario, many years ago, they were going down the main street and a New York Central train at a crossing struck Jumbo and killed him. Many years later the same circus was in St. Thomas, and paraded down that same street, and when Jumbo's mate came to the railway crossing where her mate had been killed, she stopped, raised her trunk, and trumpeted her great grief.

What is the difference? All I am trying to say is the difference in the quality of life. It is of the very essence that some creatures should live on; it is of the essence of the ephemera, for instance, that they should die at the end of twenty-four hours. You see the same thing in plant life. Some we call perennials; some we call annuals, and when the autumn time comes they fade as a leaf and die, while others live on through the winter. In Florida a few weeks ago we went to see a tree which is still flourishing, a Cyprus tree, which scientists say is three thousand, five hundred years old. It has a great trunk, and the leaves were flourishing on the top. A great gale had cut off about fifty feet of it a few years ago, but the tree was there defying the ravages of time, while other trees died off. What does it mean when it speaks of Jesus being made after the power of an indissoluble life? Why it means that He must live on and on forever, as God lives on forever, and that out of that font of eternal life He is able to say to you, "And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."

Hence, we need none of us fail, as Joash did, because we have a Priest who will never die, and as He has helped us so far, He will help us still. John Newton said,

"His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to see me quite through.

Determined to save He watched o'er my path
When Satan's blind slave I sported with wrath;
And can He have taught me to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?"

O no, dear friends. We have an High Priest that will have no successor. He will never fail. He will be always with us.

And so I may leave you this promise: "The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. We are on the way to the Eternal City, and the gates will some day swing wide to welcome us, and to give us an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Hallelujah, what a Saviour! Let us pray.

O Lord, we cannot understand these things. In the greatness of Thy mercy Thou dost give us a glimpse, yea glimpses of the eternal. Some days we feel as though Thou hast parted the skies to let a little light of the Eternal City fall upon our gloomy and darkened pathway. We thank Thee for Him who is the Light of the world, whose we are by His grace, and whom we serve. If there

is one here this evening who feels deeply the need of some strong and abiding Helper, Someone who will never leave or forsake him, we pray that they might get a view, even through these poor words of ours, of the Sovereign everlasting Saviour, and trusting Him find eternal life. We ask it for Thy Name's sake, Amen.

And now let us sing our great Jarvis Street hymn:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?"

"Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to its foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavour to shake—
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

TWO SECRET DISCIPLES

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto,
Sunday Morning, April 29th, 1951

(Electrically Recorded)

"And after this Joseph of Arimathea, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore, and took the body of Jesus.

"And there came also Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight."—John 19:38-39.

MY ADDRESS this morning will be an exhortation rather than a careful exposition. These two verses tell the story of two men, men of considerable prominence, who in their hearts were disciples of Jesus, but who kept their discipleship secret for fear of the Jews.

I am sure there are many still who may be classed as disciples of Jesus, whose hearts have been opened to the reception of the truth respecting Him, who have recognized Him as their Saviour and Lord, and cherish in their hearts a hope that in His great day they will not be denied recognition. But in the meantime they keep their faith a secret; they do not proclaim their allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ. There may be some here this morning, some who come regularly, some who yield assent to the truth, some indeed who would perhaps themselves acknowledge to themselves their discipleship, but no one else knows where to place them. We do not know whether they are Christians or not, because they keep their hope secret.

I.

I want you to think for a minute or two of **THE EFFECT THAT SECRECY MUST HAVE UPON THE DISCIPLE HIMSELF.** There is no doubt whatever that Joseph of Arimathea in his measure was not only a believer in, but a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ. Nicodemus, a ruler among the Jews, had gone to Jesus by night, and as a result of that interview we have one of our Lord's greatest discourses in the third chapter of John. But he went by night, because he was afraid to go by day. He too kept his attitude toward, and his regard for the Lord Jesus a secret.

The man or woman who keeps his faith a secret *must suffer in himself by that fact.* A man must lose in some

respect at least a measure of his self-respect. He knows what he believes, he knows what he ought to do, he knows what the Lord Himself requires of him, and yet he maintains silence in respect to that deepest experience of his life. He must surely feel a sense of default and deficiency; he must surely feel that he is living far below his privileges. The secret disciple moreover is *in danger of dimming and dulling his own sense of assurance.* The man of real conviction, whose heart is aflame with truth, will desire to give expression to the faith that is in him, and every expression he gives will serve as a confirmation of his faith, and a deepening of his assurance. But if he keeps that faith to himself, passing among men as one who is not numbered with the disciples of Christ, a decent moral-living man, a man of good conduct and of excellent character — all that may be, but while he withholds his testimony to Jesus Christ, he must in seasons of stress and trial stop to ask how real his hope is. He has never shared it with another, he has never found confirmation of his faith in another's experience, he has kept this secret to himself, and surely he is bound some time to ask whether there is any reality in his faith; and when he ought to be able to say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day," he may find himself questioning his faith, and his mind beclouded with doubt. It is necessary, dear friends, for the confirmation of faith, for our own reassurance, that we should take our faith out into the open, and that we should boldly avow our allegiance to Jesus Christ.

Then furthermore; *his secrecy must at times interfere with his devotional life.* "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." How can a man secretly alone with God revel in the luxuries of Divine grace when his faith has not been sufficiently strong to compel his acknowledgment of Jesus Christ before others? I do not believe a secret disciple can possibly grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as he would if indeed he were openly and avowedly a disciple of Jesus, a subject of the King of Kings. And as he bows in prayer there must come over him a sense of unworthiness and unfaithfulness, and in his study of the word of God, and in his secret prayer, he must be penalized every day he lives for his foolish secrecy.

Let me say another thing. *The secret disciple not only does an injustice and an injury to his own spiritual life, but he does an equal injustice to others.* Put in trust with the gospel, knowing God's remedy for sin, believing in his salvation, he does nothing to propagate that truth; he does not share his spiritual wealth with others. When the lepers, you remember, before the gates of the famine-stricken Samaria, discovered that the Syrian host, fancying they had heard a noise, had taken flight in great haste, leaving all their belongings behind them — when they came upon the rich spoil, the abundance of food and of treasure, the four lepers who had been excluded from the city because of their leprosy, conferred among themselves, and they said, "We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace . . . now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household." "We have no right to take advantage of this abundance while others are starving for bread." And we ought to learn of those lepers that being entrusted with the gospel a solemn obligation rests upon us to share that sacred secret with all who stand in

urgent need of the salvation that is in Christ Jesus. And so I say that they do an injustice to others.

They fail too in the fellowship of others. Surrounded it may be with others who are Christians, they might have the most delightful fellowship with each other in the things of God, but their secrecy erects a barrier between them and all others, and other Christians do not know that they are saved. And so there is no fellowship between them. They not only have a duty to the unconverted, but they have a duty to their fellow-Christians. If I know anything of Christ at all I ought to share it with the unsaved, but I ought also to share it with other Christians who may not have been similarly instructed. If it lies within my power to be a medium of blessing to others I do them a grave injustice if by my secrecy I withhold the good tidings which I might communicate to them.

Yes, such secrecy deprives them, or *prevents them at least from taking advantage of many an opportunity to do good.* What a blessing it is when we are permitted to be God's instrument to bring blessing to somebody else; when someone else is lifted just a little nearer to God because of our testimony. What a high and holy privilege is ours to be instrumental in such elevation and progress in another's life. That is the opportunity which faces every one of us. We may be helping other people all the time. Our Lord Jesus did not keep the good news He had in His heart to Himself, He shared it with the world who needed it; He spent His life on this earth going about doing good. So ought we to do, and that opportunity presents itself in the simplest testimony which any believer may be able to give respecting the Saviourhood and the Divine faithfulness of our Lord Jesus Christ.

What a pity it was that these two influential men, one a very rich man who might have consecrated his wealth to the service of Christ; the other a man of position and influence among his fellows as a ruler of the Jews — if they had cast in their lot openly with the Man of Nazareth, if they had boldly declared, "Count me a disciple of Jesus," what good they might have accomplished in their day. But instead, they passed without leaving blessing with others, because they were secret disciples.

And they were secret disciples "for fear of the Jews". I suppose it is some kind of fear which silences our tongues and suppresses our testimony always. What a cowardly lot we are after all! How few there are who have really the courage of their convictions everywhere and anywhere, as the Spirit of God may direct them, to give their testimony boldly for Christ. I do not suggest our making ourselves a nuisance, as some people do, that cheap kind of advertising our religion — I do not mean that. But I mean an expression of the heart's deep conviction, which will carry conviction to others when they know that we really mean business. How much we lose because we are afraid of something or somebody, and really there is nothing to be afraid of. We are afraid of shadows, afraid of people around us, afraid of our social status, afraid that somebody will boycott us. What if they do? It is really a blessing to go without the camp with Jesus. It is really a blessing when you are cut off from those who are not whole-heartedly on the Lord's side. Why should we be afraid? What is there to be afraid of? I have been threatened a hundred times with physical violence, with death, with all kinds

of things. I never believed it; I never told anybody about it. I didn't do like some of these politicians when they get an anonymous letter calling them names, and saying they had better be careful, and immediately advise the police. I would keep the police busy if I did that. Why bother about it? What is there to be afraid of? I tell you my dear friends if we fear God we need fear no one else on earth. "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." Let the Jews, ancient or modern, rave as they will, let us ourselves be wisely courageous and bold for the Lord Jesus Christ.

How pathetic it was, wasn't it? *when Jesus was dead they mustered up courage*, one to beg the body of Jesus, and the other to ask permission to embalm it. They knew that the Jews would not trouble them if they offered their ministrations to a dead man. The Jews were not afraid of a dead man, but of a living Prophet. "Now that He is dead do as you like with Him. If you want His body, have it," said Pilate. "Do what you like with it." And so they came with their spices and their ministrations, and wound the precious body of Jesus in linen clothes, and laid it in a new grave, an action that was almost contemptible, wasn't it?

I remember some years ago a woman who was a member of this church, who was a very poor woman. She had had a horror of dying and having no money to leave for her burial, and so with the greatest difficulty through many years she had paid in some little amount for a small insurance that, as she said, would be "just enough to put me under." She handed the insurance policy to me, and she said, "Now Pastor when I am gone I want you to look after my funeral. I do not want the church to pay for it. I want to have such a funeral, and make such provision as that amount of insurance will pay for." So I carried out her wishes when she was dead.

When I visited her in the hospital she told me of her children. She said, "They never come to see me. I do not believe one of them would trouble to make me a cup of tea if I needed it. I haven't seen them for a long time." And they didn't go to see her until after she was dead. Then they went to the undertaker's parlour. We had ordered her a respectable casket; it was not a pauper's funeral. But after she was dead the children came to the undertaker's parlour, and they threw themselves over the casket, made a great ado, and wept copiously, and talked about their "dear, darling mother." Then they looked at the casket and decided it was not half good enough for their dear mother, and they insisted that she must be buried in a more expensive casket. I told the undertaker what my instructions had been from this good woman, that she specially wanted to maintain her independence, and did not want the church or anybody to contribute anything to her burial expenses. She had laboured for years just to have that little comfort in her dying moments. The undertaker said to me, "What shall I do?" I said, "Do what you like. Let them have the most expensive casket in your establishment, only you see that they pay for it. Let them pay for it." But when they were faced with that they did not want to pay for it. O no. They made a great ado about "dear mother", whom they had neglected until she was dead.

Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus might frequently have been a comfort even to the Son of God. Certainly by their presence and testimony they might have rein-

forced many of the disciples. But they did not do so. One of them did in the Sanhedrin — he refused to vote for the condemnation of Jesus. But that was all. It was purely a negative matter, and it was not until He was dead that one provided Him with a grave, and the other brought spices and myrrh to embalm His body.

Ah, we cannot do that now; we cannot do that now because He does not need it. I commend to you the example of Mary who came with her precious box of ointment of spikenard worth more than three hundred pence, and she anointed Him with that, and wiped His feet with the hair of her head, and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment. And when Judas criticized the expenditure which had been lavished solely upon Christ, Jesus said, "Let her alone . . . She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying." I believe Mary had somehow come to understand, I believe she was the only one who did understand in advance, that Jesus was going to die. While He was still living she brought her precious spikenard and poured it upon the Saviour she loved so well, and everybody knew that Mary was a disciple of Jesus Christ.

That, my dear friends, is the better way. Indeed I am on solid ground when I say that, for Jesus said, "Mary hath chosen the better part which shall not be taken away from her." I wish that we could each of us conceive such a love for the Lord Jesus, and be so completely devoted to Him that we would have to tell everybody about Him.

Years ago a young man called to see me, and he became my guest for overnight. After dinner we went to my study, and after a little desultory talk he at last gravitated to that which was uppermost in his mind, and he told me of a certain young lady somewhere who was the only one upon whom the sun shone. I knew it was not a time for me to talk. There is a time to keep silent and a time to speak, and this was a time to keep silent and let him do the speaking. And I did so until I was called to breakfast the next morning, for all night long he expatiated on the incomparable excellencies of this wonderful woman, who later became his wife. And I was glad he felt like that. That is how a man ought to feel, and that is how you and I ought to feel about the Lord Jesus.

For, ah, the Master is so fair
So sweet His smile on banished men,
That they who meet Him unaware
Can never rest on earth again;

And they who see Him risen afar
On God's right hand to welcome them,
Forgetful stand of home and land,
Desiring fair Jerusalem.

If it is an effort for you to speak for Jesus, go and talk it over with Him secretly, and get to know Him so well that you will be compelled to speak. May the Lord bless this simple exhortation for His Name's sake. Let us pray.

O Lord our God, we are unworthy to be called Thy disciples. We have read this morning the standards of discipleship, and how Thou hast said that if we fail in this and that particular we are not worthy of Thee. None of us are worthy of Thee, but we do pray that Thou wouldst make us worthier. O do Thou so dawn upon our consciousness, so disclose Thyself to us, that we shall love Thee more and more, and be unable to hold our peace, but be compelled to tell to all around what a dear Saviour we have found, for Thy Name's sake, Amen.

THE SEMINARY COMPLETES ANOTHER YEAR

By W. S. Whitcombe

IN PLACE of the usual academic gathering associated with the close of the school year when gowns and hoods are much in evidence, Toronto Baptist Seminary celebrated the end of another term in an unusual fashion last Thursday evening. In the absence of Dr. Shields in Marion, Kentucky, the writer turned over the entire evening to the students in order that the whole Jarvis Street and Seminary family might share with the student body the joy and blessing of the traditional farewell chapel service as described in these pages last week. One by one those who have spent the year in our classes rose to give a testimony or to speak of the vision for future work. It was a time spent in the heavenlies that served to bring home in a new way that the Seminary is not merely a school of learning but primarily a missionary undertaking. A great many of those present expressed to the writer their delight with the evening and assured us that they will remember these student workers in their summer fields and as they return to us next fall.

The first two men to speak were introduced as our Seminary "babes in Christ". They accompanied Rev. Samuel Dempster to Toronto Baptist Seminary only a few months after they had been converted through his ministry in Manitoba. It is not our usual practice to accept students with so little Christian experience as these men had, but their pastor and spiritual progenitor pleaded for them on the grounds that without proper nurture and shepherding they stood in danger of spiritual retrogression. It has been a blessing for all of us to rejoice with them in their new-found joy in Christ, and to see their growth in grace.

It would take too long to tell in detail of each student and of what he or she said. Suffice it to say that all emphasized not merely the "hard work" academically but their deeper appreciation of the things of God and of His Word. Of their growing scholastic attainments our Seminary records speak eloquently, and of their consecrated virile manhood and womanhood their brief words were equally convincing. We are proud of every one of them and pray, as we know a great host of our readers also do, that their words will not fall to the ground because they are in accord with the Word of the Most High.

The final speaker of the evening was Rev. Samuel Dempster, student-pastor of the Delhi-Courtland field, and even those who do not share his good fortune in being Irish recognized that there is a man among us. Brother Dempster's field will be taken by another student this summer while his lot is to be one such as Milton described in his famous line:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

We pray that his summer's experience may also bring to him and his wife a new and deeper appreciation of the Saviour's presence to bless and to heal.

Student Field

Following this is given a list as supplied by Mr. Slade, of the students who are now hard at work on their summer fields or in process of preparing to go. The others who are taking up secular tasks are none the less engaged in the work of the Lord and have already

plans for definite Christian service in addition to their secular employments.

Mr. Kenneth C. Burton, Iron Bridge, Ontario.
 Mr. Russell L. Cherry, Mitchell Square, Ontario.
 Mr. Etienne Huser, French Work, with Mr. Boyd.
 Mr. Donald Melville, Kirkland Lake, with Mr. Aceti.
 Mr. Marshall Parker, Churchill, Ontario.
 Mr. Clifford Schenk, Milliken, Ontario.
 Mr. A. John Jones, Delhi-Courtland, Ontario.
 Rev. Samuel Dempster, Delhi-Courtland, Ontario.
 Miss Doris Orrett, Sudbury, Ontario.
 Miss June Armstrong, French Work, N. Ont. and Que.
 Miss Fay Whittaker, French Work, N. Ont. and Que.
 Miss E. Rosene, D.V.B.S.
 Miss Florence Walker, D.V.B.S.

SOWING THE GOOD SEED

From *The Seminarian*

AFTER spending a summer in a pastoral charge, it is often the student's joy and privilege to continue his labours throughout the school term. This he accomplishes by periodical week-end visits to his pastorate. Although the student will not nor cannot deny that this week-end ministry is a source of added physical strain, yet that aspect fades into insignificance when he views it as springs of spiritual refreshing.

How our hearts are gladdened when having learned something more of our Saviour through His Word, we are able to share the new found treasure with our people.

Our churches are not large, and some may be composed of only a handful of the Lord's children. Yet the presence of the Lord is guaranteed to even two or three gathered in His name. Often we have been conscious of His closeness as we have sought faithfully, and with all that is within us, to glorify His holy name.

Some of us are looking forward to returning for another summer to our fields. We go back wiser, having learned by our previous experiences, more confident, knowing more of Him who is our strength, and we trust better fitted to stand before the people as ambassadors of Jesus Christ.

Of no less importance is the work of our lady-students. They may not stand in pulpit, yet they sow the seed by other means.

Throughout the Seminary term in Jarvis Street Bible School they shepherd their little flock, seeking ever to persuade the little lambs to commit themselves into the hands of the Good Shepherd.

When the Seminary doors close, some go into the French work, to toil courageously in the labour of house-to-house visitation. The work is not easy and the Lord has not promised that it will be so, but they press onward knowing that their labour is not in vain in the Lord.

During the summer, others are engaged in Daily Vacation Bible School work. What a busy life our DVBS girls lead as they hurry from one church to the next. Anyone who has had anything to do with DVBS knows too well what labour is involved. They may see fruit for their labour among the little ones, but if not they rest in the knowledge that in due time the quickening rays of the Sun of righteousness will cause the seed which has been sown in the hearts of the children to spring forth into life eternal.

As we go forth into the fields we would beseech you to pray for us that our service this summer will be acceptable to the Lord.

TORONTO BAPTIST SEMINARY

THOSE of us who know Toronto Baptist Seminary best are most strongly convinced that it has "come to the kingdom for such a time as this." Long experience in Christian work deepens the conviction that the future of the cause of the Gospel depends, humanly speaking, on the sort of workers who are to assume the burden of leadership. In training the pastors and missionaries of to-morrow, Toronto Baptist Seminary is a genuinely missionary institution whose influence has already been felt unto the ends of the world. Ours is a great Gospel and a great fellowship. God's gracious "Hitherto's" have enabled us to continue unto this day and we dare to pray that they will be surpassed by his "Henceforth's".

The educational ideal of the Seminary was set forth in these words by its founder and president, Dr. T. T. Shields, when we first opened our doors a quarter of a century ago: "We believe that this represents the Christian ideal of education: Christ must be put first; the end of all education must be to know Him better. If we study languages, mathematics, literature, history, or any of the sciences, it must be with a view to obtaining a better knowledge of Christ." We thank God for the measure in which this high ideal has been realized in actual practice, and it is our earnest prayer that we shall see it embodied in more and more consecrated pastors and missionaries in a still deeper sense.

As a small sample of our missionary undertaking in the Seminary we are borrowing from the pages of our distinguished contemporary, *The Seminarian*, several fine articles. The following, written by Dr. McCaul, describes the Seminary as seen from the faculty side of the professors' rostrum, while in the other article our student-editor gives his view of the practical side of school life. Those who wish to obtain this fine illustrated number may do so by writing to *The Seminarian*, 337 Jarvis Street, Toronto, and enclosing ten cents, the modest price for this fine illustrated number. The subscription for the entire year is only 75 cents.—W.S.W.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SEMINARY

By Dr. Robert McCaul

Wordsworth has reminded us that "Yarrow visited is different from Yarrow unvisited." I have long had some impressions of Toronto Baptist Seminary as viewed from a distance, but during the last two years there has been ample opportunity to see it from within. A few of the resulting impressions are here set forth.

Institutions generally, and for a time at least, bear the impress and reflect the personality of their founders. Even after 150 years the stamp of the original settlers may be seen and felt in the various states along the Atlantic seaboard. Toronto Baptist Seminary has upon it the stamp of its founder, Dr. T. T. Shields, and is fortunate in still having him as President to direct its affairs. The Seminary is the continual beneficiary of his ample mind, wide contacts and wealth of experience. It is headed by one who is not only the equal of the best professional educator but who has himself done on a great scale what he would teach others to do. One would travel a long way before he would find under the roof of any place of learning such a comprehensive compendium of theological information geared to practi-

cal issues as is to be found in the accumulated pages of THE GOSPEL WITNESS.

In this connection one cannot but be impressed with the decided advantage of having the Seminary connected with a great church such as Jarvis Street is known to be. Students are thus furnished with a field at their door in which they can get a rich and varied experience in practical work. One of the latest ideas in theological education is being worked out at the Colgate-Rochester Divinity school. It is being effected to meet a felt need that graduates should have a period of practical training after graduation before assuming a pastorate. They aim to do this by keeping the student another year or two in practical training, something after the plan of graduates in medical schools being given an internship in a hospital to get practical experience before they set up their own practice. Toronto Baptist Seminary through its connection with Jarvis Street offers this training contemporaneously with the regular course. Much poor theology would be unloaded if tested always in such a clinic and the graduates be delivered consequently from being impractical theorists.

There is another distinguishing feature about Toronto Baptist Seminary which gives it a unique position in its field. This has to do with its freedom from theological vagaries and fantasies. It is well known that most of the older theological institutions have gone over to Modernism. This has turned many serious-minded young men and women to attend Bible Schools, happily uninfluenced by this blight. But here the subtlety of the adversary is being displayed in pervading these institutions with an extreme Dispensationalism which will yet prove, though at present not apparent to many devout souls as damaging as Modernism itself, affirming that the Gospel of Matthew is for the Jews, the Sermon on the Mt. for a future kingdom age, the Great Commission for future Tribulation saints and an unending stream of other notions foreign to the teaching of the New Testament. It vigorously affirms faith in the entire Word of God but divides up the documents as disastrously as the Modernism it opposes. Toronto Baptist Seminary has steered its course between this Scylla and Charybdis keeping to sound historic principles of interpretation that saves its students from being lost in a maze of fruitless speculation, mistakenly claiming the Bible for their authority. Had Toronto Baptist Seminary nothing more to offer than this, its existence would be justified ten-fold.

It may also be observed that the institution, while old enough to be well seasoned and stabilized, is also young enough to be in its full vigor and as yet unweakened by some of the influences that often come along with increasing years. It is at its best and although the student body is not large, it offers on this account more individual attention to the needs of each student. A young man who wondered whether he should go to Yale or to his own smaller denominational college was advised by a wise pastor to choose the latter as he remarked that if he went to Yale, doubtless he would go through more college, but if he went to the smaller institution more college would go through him.

"The Church's cause is commonly more or less successful according as the Church's friends are more or less strong in faith and fervent in prayer."

—MATTHEW HENRY

Bible School Lesson Outline

Vol. 16 Second Quarter Lesson 7 May 13, 1951

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

JACOB'S NEW NAME

Lesson Text: Genesis 32:9-12, 24-31.

Golden Text: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and on the stone a new name written."—Rev. 2:17.

I. Jacob the Suppliant: verses 9-12.

The angels of God met Jacob on his way, when he was walking in the path of obedience (vv. 1, 2). At the command of God (Gen. 31:11-13), Jacob was making his way back home after spending twenty-one years in Haran (Gen. 29:20, 27, 30). He had been harassed with troubled memories of the past, and with anxious forebodings as to the future, but he was comforted by the assurance of the support of the heavenly hosts, and of the Lord of hosts (Josh. 5:14; Psa. 46:11; Rom. 8:31; 1 John 4:4).

Jacob sent messengers to the land of Edom where Esau dwelt (Gen. 36:8, 9), to pave the way for meeting him personally (verse 3). He apologized for his absence from the land, and tactfully reminded Esau of his own wealth and strength. But Jacob's attempt to get the better of his brother by diplomacy failed, so far as his own peace of mind was concerned. His fears increased. So is it when we look only at outward circumstances, and plan for ourselves. Jacob's very need compelled him to look to the Lord in prayer.

The ground of Jacob's prayer should be noticed. He appealed to God's faithfulness to Abraham and Isaac (Psa. 105:5, 6), to God's command to him (Gen. 31:3, 13), and to God's promise (vv. 9, 12; Gen. 28:13-15).

Jacob showed an appropriate attitude in prayer. He exhibited humility (Gen. 18:27), and thanksgiving in view of the Lord's mercy and faithfulness (Phil. 4:6). He realized his own unworthiness (Lk. 7:6, 7).

His petition was brief, pointed and definite: "Deliver me from the hand of Esau" (Compare Neh. 1:11; Matt. 8:25; 14:30; 15:25). God answered the prayer of His servant (Gen. 33:4).

However, Jacob's heart was not yet disciplined so that he would rely wholly upon God. It was as yet second nature to him to scheme and plan in his own interests. His servants were given detailed instructions as to the number of animals to be sent as a present to Esau, their order and arrangement, and also the mode of procedure to be followed. Under the guise of a big display Jacob attempted to hide his fear. His evil conscience, smiting him for the way in which he had treated his brother (Gen. 27:36), made a coward of him.

Time proved that Jacob's preparations to appease his brother before seeing him were entirely unnecessary; he need not have doubted Esau's acceptance of him. There are those who misjudge our God, thinking that they must bring Him an offering of good works (Tit. 3:5). He will accept only those who come on the basis of the work of Christ (Eph. 1:6).

Jacob made preparations, not merely to appease his brother, but also to meet him in the safest way possible. He had organized his company into two bands for protection (vv. 7, 10). During the night he caused all to pass over the brook Jabbok (Deut. 2:37). When he actually met Esau, Jacob took his proper place at the head of his people (Gen. 33:3).

II. Israel the Prince: verses 24-31.

When Jacob was alone, separated from the crowd, God met him and had dealings with him (Exod. 3:1; 1 Kings 19:9; Gal. 1:16, 17). It is at such times, when other voices are silent, that God can speak to us.

The one who wrestled with Jacob was God manifest in human form (vv. 28, 30). At Bethel he had a vision of God, at Peniel a manifestation of God. The heavenly visitor began the contest, not Jacob (Gen. 22:1).

The Lord let Jacob struggle until he was at the end of his strength, then with the touch of His finger subdued him, that he might realize his own utter helplessness and also the mighty power of God (Exod. 8:19; Lk. 11:20). When

Jacob seemed to be weak he was in reality strong, for he had come to realize that his sufficiency was entirely of God (Isa. 40:29; 2 Cor. 3:5; 12:9).

The touch of God will mean the conquest of the flesh. The sentence of death must be passed upon the flesh with its deeds (Gal. 2:20; 5:24; Col. 3:5). Before Jacob met God at Peniel, he might be described as a carnal man, but after that experience, as a spiritual man.

Jacob's holy importunity was commendable (Lk. 18:1). He was no longer struggling against the Lord, but clinging to Him with tears and supplications (Gen. 27:38; Hos. 12:3, 4). The same One Who had conquered him, must now raise him (Dan. 10:16-18).

When Jacob was ready to acknowledge that he deserved the name "Jacob" ("Supplanter"), he was given his new name "Israel" ("Prince with God" or "Prince of God"). To all human appearances it looked as though he had been defeated in the contest, but in the eyes of the Lord he had come through to victory.

"Make me a captive, Lord,
And then I shall be free:
Force me to render up my sword,
And I shall conqueror be."

The heavenly One had already revealed His identity (v. 28), but He blessed Jacob when the submissive man asked the name of his conqueror. The one who desires to know more about God will not be disappointed (2 Pet. 3:18).

Peniel means "Face of God". Jacob had seen God in the person of the Divine Man who had wrestled with him, although he had not seen Him in His essential image (Exod. 33:20; Deut. 34:10; Judg. 13:22, 23; Isa. 6:5; John 1:18).

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

May 7—Abram's New Name	Gen. 17:1-8
May 8—Sarai's New Name	Gen. 17:15-19
May 9—Ben-oni's New Name	Gen. 35:11-20
May 10—Daniel's New Name	Dan. 1:1-7
May 11—Simon's New Name	Matt. 16:13-20
May 12—Saul's New Name	Acts 13:1-13
May 13—Israel's New Name	Isa. 62:1-12

SUGGESTED HYMNS

Make me a captive, Lord. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing. My glorious Victor, Prince Divine. Dying with Jesus. Thou sweet beloved will of God. Show me Thy face.

A MODERN ILLUSTRATION OF AN ANCIENT BIBLICAL TEXT

THE following news dispatch from Haifa, Israel, which appeared in our daily press on a recent date, must have originated with a newspaper correspondent who has not only a keen scent for a story but also a fine sense of humour together with a knowledge of the Bible:

Policeman, Donkey, Bible Solve Smuggling Case

Haifa, Israel, April 22 (AP).—And it came to pass that a policeman in Haifa, while reading the Holy Scriptures, came upon the very words which led him to solve a nettling crime.

Authorities had apprehended a caravan of asses, laden with contraband from the unfriendly lands of the Arabs across the River Jordan. But those who did own the asses and did smuggle the contraband had slipped away in the night and were not known.

A wise policeman read the words of the Prophet Isaiah, and in the third verse of the first chapter beheld words which gave him an idea.

The asses were held for several days without food, and then were allowed to wander from the police crib. The starved and braying beasts led the policemen to the den of the culprits in an Arab frontier village.

The culprits were sore amazed, as were the village folks and admiring fellow policemen.

So it was that the inspired policeman read them this message:

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib."

The text from the Bible to which reference is made is found in the first chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah:

"Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel does not know, my people doth not consider" (Is. 1:2, 3).

For shrewd observation and keen insight into the abysmal depths of human nature, there is no book written that comes anywhere near the inspired wisdom of the Word of God. We wish it were required reading for every policeman, as well as for magistrates and judges on the bench and for kings and legislators the world over. How dark and yet how truly it paints the corruption of man's heart and yet how bright and glorious is the hope of redemption that it holds out to the son of Adam, as the same chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah puts it: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Is. 1:18).

THE HOLY YEAR AT ROME

Impressions of an Eye Witness

By Rev. J. W. Johnston, M.A., in *The Christian Irishman*

LAST summer I was one of a party who went by caravan through France, Switzerland and Italy as far south as Rome. We had abundant opportunity to observe the crowds of pilgrims journeying to Rome from all over the world, both on the road and in the city itself. Fleets of huge buses were driving furiously to and from the city; the Italian railways were bringing multitudes at 60 per cent of the usual fare. They were coming by car, bicycle, on foot and by airplane. The city was choked with this vast concourse of all nations for the whole year. They were following an ancient custom. As far back as 926 we hear of people going to Rome from the monastery of Bangor, Co. Down, on pilgrimage to venerate the relics of the saints and pray in the great churches of the centre of Christendom. But it was not until the year 1300 that the idea of the Holy Year, as it is now observed, became organized. Pope Boniface VIII then offered plenary indulgences to those who visited Rome that year. So many came, and so great was the prestige and profit which accrued to the Roman See, that from time to time other popes have proclaimed Holy Years and offered indulgences to those who made the pilgrimage to Rome.

The indulgence offered last year was particularly attractive: no less than the remission of all punishment due for sin, and the ceremonies required were much less exacting than usual. To quote the words of the Papal Bull proclaiming the Holy Year: "During this year of expiation, to all the faithful who duly confess their sins in the sacrament of penance, who receive the Holy Communion, and who visit once on that day, or on different days, in the order of their choice, the Basilica Churches of St. Peter in the Vatican, St. John Lateran, St. Paul's on the Ostian Way, St. Mary Major on the Esquiline, and will recite in each the 'Hail Mary,' 'Our Father' and 'Glory be to the Father' three times, as well as one 'Our Father,' etc., for our intentions, and will recite in each Basilica the creed once, we grant and bestow in the Lord full indulgence and pardon of all punishment

due for sins." These ceremonies could be repeated several times on a single day if one were active, and indulgence gained not only for one's self but for others also. They simply involved a confession, which was reduced to the merest form, an attendance at Mass, and Masses were being celebrated all day long in different churches, and a flying visit to each of the great basilicas named with the repetition in them of the prescribed prayers. *Thus the whole Scriptural teaching of forgiveness granted to those who genuinely repent and turn from their sins to seek God's forgiveness as Christ taught us is set aside, and forgiveness is offered to those who go through certain ritual in certain places.*

I found my way one evening into the church which houses the Holy Stair, supposed to be the stair down which Christ went from Pilate's court to Calvary. It has been a centre of pilgrimage for more than fifteen hundred years and great benefit is supposed to be derived from ascending the stair on one's knees in prayer. It was as Martin Luther, then a monk, was climbing up the stairs as a pilgrim like those about me that the conviction, "the just shall live by faith," came home to him, and on that stair, in a sense the Reformation was born. It was packed from wall to wall with people on their knees, every step covered with a human carpet, and the people were massed eight deep through the doors into the square outside. I found myself beside a group of English pilgrims, evidently people of some culture and education in contrast to most of the pilgrims, who were, as a rule, poor and simple folk. One asked the priest in charge of them: "What do we do here, Father, to gain the indulgence?" He replied in the words of a large notice fastened to the wall at the foot of the stairs: "To gain the indulgence it is only necessary to ascend the stair on your knees, think on our Lord's sufferings and say a prayer, any prayer you like," and, he added, "there is a box for your money." No word about repentance, faith, or seeking a new life. Just go through the prescribed form, and this was to people who were apparently educated and cultured. The sheer formality and primitive magic of it was the lasting impression left on me not only by this incident but by all I saw in Rome connected with the pilgrimage. I felt we were dealing here not with Christianity overlaid with some pagan abuses, but with primitive paganism overlaid with a few forms of Christianity. The more I saw of it the more vivid the impression became that we were dealing here not with anything which had to do with the religion of the prophets or the New Testament, but with the religion of Assyria and Tyre of old or the African jungle to-day.

Primitive religion, when one searches to its roots, has three characteristics:

1. God is not represented, as Christ and the Hebrew prophets taught, as righteous and concerned with righteousness in those who worship him. God, or the gods, to the primitive mind seem to have no moral qualities. You cannot understand them. They are unapproachable and vindictive and usually hostile to mankind. They can be appeased only by correct ritual and ceremonial and not by moral conduct, repentance, or casting yourself on their mercy. Therefore, to get on the right side of them you must perform the correct ritual and make the right sacrifice.

2. This brings to light the second thing in primitive religion, the importance of the priest, the person who

knows the right ceremonies to placate the unseen powers. The ordinary man does not know how to approach God, and must depend on the expert who claims to have knowledge of spiritual things. In other words, *he must depend on the priest.*

3. The third, almost universal, feature of primitive religion is the idea that God can be approached more easily in some places than in others. The groves and high places we read of in the Bible, or the oak tree at Dodona in Greece, are examples. The whole story of the Bible shows a perpetual struggle between the prophets, who demanded that men should go direct to God in penitence and faith, and the priest with his religion of law ritual and temple ceremonial. Micah put it in a sentence when he said: "Will the Lord be pleased with a thousand rams or ten thousand rivers of oil . . . He hath shown thee, O man what is good. And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." The struggle culminated, but did not end, on Calvary when the priests slew the greatest of the prophets because He proclaimed His message of direct access to God with supreme power.

So as I stood in Rome and watched the ceremonial of the pilgrimage, I felt we were back behind the Bible altogether, back to the dawn of man's religious history, to Assyria of old or the jungle to-day. These poor folk came believing God was not the Father of us all as Christ has revealed Him, but some remote being only to be approached through the Virgin Mary, the Saints, and the ritual of the Church. He could only be placated by right ceremonial prescribed by the priest, and this ceremonial was more effective in Rome than anywhere else, and there in the special churches appointed by the Pope. The whole pagan idea was there; the remote, unapproachable god concerned with ceremonial rather than conduct; the priest who knew the right ceremonial; the city with its vast shrines where the people felt the real power and presence of God was to be found.

For me it was a tragic business to go round the four churches prescribed and hear the poor people pattering their prayers and creed in each. It was such a soulless, formal business at the best. Imagine yourself in the great sunbaked space before St. Peter's. The buses are roaring up to deposit their loads of pilgrims on the steps of the church. Most of them were evidently humble folk who had spent all they had to get there. In the porch of the church they were marshalled in companies by the local clergy. If the crowd was not too great they were led through the Holy Door especially opened for this year and bricked up at other times. If there were too many they entered by other doors also. A priest went before them to show them round the various shrines and lead them in their prayers. It was like a conducted tour, only much faster than any tourist guide would proceed, for the next group of pilgrims was ever on the heels of those in front. I joined myself once to a group of country folk from some remote part of Italy. As we went round the great church, the priest in front read lists of names of saints from a book. He paused after reciting a group of five or six names and the crowd behind invoked the prayers of those saints by the monotonous cry of "Ora Pro Nobis." Their faces were a strange study. Some were obviously in a holiday mood, chattering about the rosaries and cheap jewellery they had bought from the booths outside the church. Others looked cowed and overawed by the tremendous

size and magnificence of all about them. Others looked supremely happy. Here was the goal of their saving and sacrifice. Here was Rome, the centre of religion and the home of the Pope, who had power with God. But a great many looked disillusioned and disappointed. They had come looking for something which they were not getting. This highly organized and business-like march round vast churches was not helping them to find the peace they sought. Looking into their faces I thought of Milton's words, "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." For I am convinced it was a deep hunger of the spirit, a sense of sin and need for forgiveness that brought many of them there, that very sense of sin which is so wanting in Protestantism to-day.

Most Protestants feel sin's burden so lightly that they would be persuaded with difficulty to go even from, say, Belfast to Ballymena, let alone to Rome, to seek forgiveness, could it be obtained that way. Surely we should feel sorrow for poor folk who are led to believe that they can find peace with God through mere ceremonial and not through repentance, faith and loving obedience, and we need to turn with renewed devotion to our own greater and more blessed light.

There are three choices before the soul of man to-day. There is Communism, which proclaims man has no soul at all, and his fullest needs can be met by material things. There is Rome, which draws the soul of man back into the night of primitive superstition, of priestcraft and false ideas of God from which Christ has set us free. There is Protestantism with its teaching of the Gospel, the Gospel which reduces all religion to the Good News of a Father's love for His children, and calls

us to come home to God as simply and directly as children come home. That is the heritage in which we stand. We need every one of us to ask ourselves seriously what we are doing to preserve it? This experience in Rome has convinced me that Romanism is not simply a political organization or a mistaken idea of Christianity. It is a dark and terrible thing, reaching out of the savage dawn of man's life to drag his soul back into the night of superstition, a denial of all Christ came to bring us. What sacrifices are we prepared to make to preserve the liberty and sunlight of the Gospel as He reveals it?

FOR TORONTO READERS

NEXT SUNDAY IN JARVIS STREET

DR. SHIELDS

11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

TO JARVIS STREET MEMBERS:

The Monthly Communion Service will be held Sunday evening at the close of the preaching service.

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