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## Dr. Shields' Forty-first Anniversary

The Following Address Was Read at Last Sunday Morning's Service

By Deacon Harold B. Maw

Dear Pastor:

Ofttimes we find that language is totally inadequate to express the deep feelings of our hearts. We are thus handicapped to-day as we come to another milestone in your long and fruitful ministry as Pastor of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, yet we experience a spontaneous expression from our innermost beings: "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

We praise the Lord for your pastoral care, and sincerely thank you for your rich ministry. As we have sat at your feet learning more and more of Jesus Christ from His precious Word, truly we have plumbed to great depths, and climbed to sublime heights, learning more and more of the riches of His grace and the boundless love of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Well do we remember the great service last New Year's morning. At that time you gave to us the motto of the year "JESUS ONLY", and suggested then that we have mottos hung in various places about the Church. Better still in the quiet spiritual grandeur of that meeting, the Holy Spirit of God wrote that motto on the fleshly tablets of our hearts.

Jarvis Street is known as a Family Church. Father, mother, and the children regularly are in attendance. How thankful we are that our children are brought up in a place of worship where our Pastor stands four-square for the great doctrines of the Christian faith, unswervingly true, and outstandingly courageous as a defender of "the faith which was once delivered unto the saints"!

This great throng of young folk from our Sunday School, many of whom have been found of Jesus Christ in their tender years, and who are a living testimony to the honour of His great Name, join in expressing their love for their Pastor.

We are indeed happy that your ministry is not just a local one, but is shared by many thousands through the medium of the printed page. We are sure that they rejoice with us to-day, and were it in their power, they, too, would join us in expressing their appreciation of your ministry and their love to a true brother in Christ.

Once more the Toronto Baptist Seminary, of which you were the founder, has completed its term year. What a great year it has been! Our hearts beat with holy pride when we see these consecrated young folk going out into their summer fields, to put into experimental practice what they have learned through their academic studies. Our whole church participates in the support of this great Institution, and we are thankful to our Heavenly Father because He used you to bring into being this Christian Seminary, which is ever faithful to the cause of Jesus Christ.

Generally in the case of one who takes a prominent place in life, there is one in the background silently performing their duty yet wholly indispensable. To you, Mrs. Shields, we must be ever thankful, for we know your constant care of our Pastor has contributed immeasurably to his fruitful ministry.

So, Pastor, we look into the future with the eyes of faith, knowing that He Who hath begun a good work in us, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ, and confident that many mercies shall fall from His good hand in the days that lie ahead.

On behalf of the Deacons' Board, and the Church membership.

May 13, 1951.

HAROLD B. MAW

## DR. SHIELDS' FORTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY AS PASTOR

By W. S. Whitcombe

ON SUNDAY, May 13, Jarvis Street Baptist Church celebrated the forty-first anniversary of Dr. Shields' coming as its pastor. As THE GOSPEL WITNESS is in some sort a printed extension of this great church, and as many of our readers think of it as their second spiritual home, we venture to believe that they will welcome an opportunity of sharing the joy of the church family in this celebration. The various documents found in this edition will help them to do so, though it is difficult, if not impossible, to convey adequately the cordial spirit of sincere rejoicing so evident in the great services on Sunday and in the family gathering of Monday evening.

So cordial and personal were the feelings of joy on the part of the members and friends that it almost seemed as if they were celebrating their own anniversary instead of the Pastor's. Comparatively few of the present membership were here when Dr. Shields came to this church more than a generation ago. To many of them the Pastor is the one under whose ministry they came to a knowledge of the Saviour. No one can think of him apart from his long and fruitful ministry, nor can any of us think of the church apart from Dr. Shields. For that reason we all felt that this was our own anniversary occasion and we rejoiced in the goodness of God in giving such a faithful pastor and leader to us and in continuing the Divine blessing upon him and upon us down through the years.

On the first page of this issue will be found the fine address read to the Pastor at the Sunday services by Deacon Harold B. Maw, accompanying which there was a substantial cheque as a love gift. The two great messages brought by Dr. McCaul are also found in this issue, and from the numerous telegrams and cables of congratulations and good wishes received from many pastors and friends, we have selected that sent by Dr. John Wilmot of Highgate Road Chapel, London, England. Dr. Wilmot's cable will be found on this page.

On Monday evening a large congregation of members and friends gathered in Greenway Hall, but finding even the spacious quarters there too straight, they adjourned to the church auditorium where Rev. H. C. Slade presided over a happy informal gathering that heard greetings expressed by a number of church officers and pastors. Deacon Paul Bauman spoke for the Deacons' Board, Mr. Ted Kinsinger for the Sunday School, and brief messages were given by Rev. W. N. Charlton of Mt. Pleasant Road Church, Rev. John Byers of Victoria Avenue Church, Hamilton, Dr. O. L. Clark of the Seminary faculty. The writer also spoke and Dr. McCaul concluded with a brief and bright word. Dr. Shields replied felicitously referring to the successive generations of faithful workers who had stood with him loyally throughout his ministry and, humanly speaking, rendered it possible. Despite the lateness of the hour, almost the entire company adjourned to the lower hall to enjoy a further time of fellowship in a social cup of tea and all the usual accompaniments tastily and bountifully prepared by the ladies of the church.

The entire church family together with a great host of others who have been touched by Dr. Shields' unique

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and

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

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ministry, join with us in giving God thanks for such a man as this and in praying that his bow may long abide in strength.

### CABLE FROM DR. WILMOT

The following cable was received from Dr. John Wilmot of Highgate Road Chapel, London, England

WITH AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM I JOIN IN ANNIVERSARY FELICITATIONS. DR. MCINTIRE IS HERE, OR I MIGHT VENTURE A FLIGHT TO JARVIS ST. IN THE MOUTH OF THREE WITNESSES—"JAR", "WIT"; "SEM"—EVERY WORD IS ESTABLISHED. ENEMIES THEMSELVES ALSO BEING JUDGES THAT FORTY-ONE YEARS CONTEMPORARILY UNMATCHED IN CHAMPIONING BIBLE, EXPOUNDING THE GOSPEL, MAGNIFYING THE SAVIOUR'S ACHIEVEMENTS, EDIFYING THE SAINTS UNTO WHOLESOME SANCTIFICATION, EXPOSING EVILS IN COMMUNITY AND STATE, PLANTING CHURCHES, PREPARING FRESH SOLDIERS FOR HOLY WAR, ENHEARTENING CHRIST'S LOYAL, AND CONSEQUENTLY LONELY AMBASSADORS THE WORLD OVER. WHAT SHALL I MORE SAY? TIME WOULD FAIL ME. LITTLE CHILDREN LOVE YOU. TRUTH'S FOES FEAR YOU. CHRISTIANS OF UNDERSTANDING GLORIFY GOD IN YOU. WITHAL YOUR MAGNANIMOUS AND HOSPITABLE FRIENDLINESS QUICKENS GRATITUDE. ALL GRACE ABOUND TOWARD YOU.

JOHN WILMOT

## DR. SHIELDS' REPLY TO ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS

In reply to the address read by Deacon Maw (see page 1), the Pastor spoke as follows:

Mr. Maw, and Christian friends:

If, as Mr. Maw says, you find language inadequate with which to express yourselves, that is equally true in my case. Forty-one years is a long time. There are not very many periods of forty-one years in one life-time. Naturally I have been thinking this morning of forty-one years ago. It was a day something like this, but many hundreds of those who were here then are now with Christ, which is far better. The whole world has changed in those forty-one years. We have, as has been suggested, had to contend for the faith; and in that time, also, we have come through two world wars—forty-one names are over there belonging to the first war—we passed through the great depression, we survived a great fire. THE GOSPEL WITNESS, as has been said, has come into being, and it is now this month twenty-nine years old. The Seminary has done a good work, and its graduates are in almost every part of the world to-day.

We are grateful for what we have seen of God's mercies. The younger members of this congregation would find it very difficult to visualize the church and neighbourhood of forty-one years ago. Jarvis Street used to be one of the principal residential streets of the city. They used to say that it had three sections: the lower part of it was *Jervis*, the middle was *Jarvis*, and the upper part was *Jawvis*.

When I came here there were but few motor cars anywhere in the world. I think there were about two or three connected with this congregation. But as one of the Negro spirituals says, now-a-days, "All God's chillen have cars."

I remember when I came here they told me that this could never again be a family church. We could not have a Sunday School, because we were hopelessly down town. It might be, and ought to be, a preaching centre, but it could not be a family church. It is more of a family church to-day than it ever was in its history; and we are happy to see young men finding their wives in this congregation, and women finding their husbands, or rather being found of their future husbands. But it is a very happy circumstance that is so manifestly true, and that is just as it ought to be.

When I came here we had a good many members of this church who were people of substance. Some were quite rich, and many were well to do. I remember seeing myself written up in *Toronto Saturday Night* not long after I came here, and I was named as one of the four most prominent clergymen in the city. The paper told what the different churches were noted for, and this church was noted for the dignity of its social standing, and for its music. I do not think the minister counted for very much. My predecessor was a handsome man, and he at least was an ornament; but after that I do not know what the minister was supposed to be for.

However, having obtained help of God, we have continued until this day. Someone said to me last week, "When I read your accounts of your goings abroad you make it so interesting that I wish we could be there." Well, I wish you could be there, too; I wish you could have been with me in Kentucky, and to have seen that

group of ministers from far and near, some of them driving four hundred miles, and many of them lesser distances than that, and all of them members of our GOSPEL WITNESS family. Since that time I have received letters from Kentucky rather criticizing me that I did not mention the place where I was to preach, because within a hundred miles there were those who would gladly have been there had they known about the services.

So, as Mr. Maw said, this is not a local congregation. It spreads its influence to the uttermost parts of the earth.

I am grateful to you all for your kindness. I see some here this morning — I am not going to tell you who they are, or how many, but I see some here this morning — you will not mind if I mention Brother Elliott. He is one of the old standbys, and he was here forty-one years ago. How many years before that I do not suppose he would even like to tell you, but he was not a new member even then.—There are others here this morning who were here forty-one years ago, but I suppose the majority present this morning had not yet arrived on this planet forty-one years ago. More than one generation has since arisen, but comparatively few know anything about what it costs to maintain a fortress like this. I confess I had no idea in the beginning what it was going to cost. I think it was a great mercy that the Lord did not let me see it. You have spoken about "courage". Well, I do not know that I have any; for I am afraid that if I could have seen the end from the beginning it would have been too much for me. However, the Lord leads us on step by step, and gives us grace to meet the emergency when it arises. How many more anniversary services we shall have I do not know, but I am minded to pass on to you a word I heard about our dear Brother, Dr. Philpott. I have a long, long way to go to catch up with him. He has been preaching in his old church in Hamilton for four Sundays recently, and I heard that he told them that next Fall he hoped to celebrate his eighty-sixth birthday and in the interim he had several engagements which he hoped to fill; but he thought that after his eighty-sixth birthday he would retire, and begin to have a little fun! But Dr. Philpott will never retire. As for myself, I shall have to wait a good while for my fun, if I wait as long as he.

However, there is great fun in the Lord's work. If serving the Lord were an irksome task I am sure we should all of us soon grow weary, but the joy of the Lord is our strength; and I can say to you boys, and you young men here that, notwithstanding all the battles and all the burdens, I think that if I had my life to live over again, in fact I am sure, that if I had to make choice of my vocation, I would still choose to be a minister of Christ. When I first announced my intention of becoming a minister a good friend wrote me, somewhat facetiously, I think, saying, "In view of the fact that you are a minister's son, you ought to know better; but I suppose you have quite deliberately made up your mind to become one of God's fools." Well yes, and yet after all, in the day of reckoning,—it will not be very long and all of those things that so many people live for will be of no value — and in the day of reckoning if we have done one little bit, if we have even given a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, we shall not lose our reward.

So all I can say is just once again, I do not know whether for the forty-first time or not, but with all my heart thank you every one.

# The Jarvis Street Pulpit

## Seizing the Everlasting Prize

A Sermon by Dr. Robert McCaul

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, May 13th, 1951  
(Electrically Recorded)

"By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw he was a proper child; and they were not afraid of the king's commandment.

"By faith, Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter;

"Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season:

"Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward."—Hebrews 11:23-26.

IT IS indeed a great joy to be present on this more than ordinarily happy occasion. I have listened with intense interest to the messages contained in these telegrams, so utterly sincere, and so felicitously expressed. They are but a cross section of a great deal of sentiment that will be in the bosoms of people near and far, who have read or will read that this is the occasion of the forty-first anniversary of the Pastor. I said this morning that I was sorry I could not have prepared something that was somewhat similar to that beautiful expression of Dr. Wilmot of London, England. I want to assure Dr. Shields that, while it is not put in that literary form, the felicitations from our modest church in Brooklyn are equally sincere and warm-hearted.

It is often discussed whether New York or London is the greatest city. I must concede tonight after listening to the Wilmot cablegram that whatever may be the answer on the matter of population in the matter of literary expression, London still seems to hold the palm. (Dr. Shields: And London has the larger population, too). I will concede that also, although New York is coming to be quite a village, too.

It is really wonderful to have come, in the Providence of God, to the forty-first commemoration of the notable pastorate of this historic church. It is remarkable, when there are so many allurements beckoning to people from nature on this glorious Spring day, and when evening audiences are not usually popular, to see this splendid congregation. It must bring a great deal of satisfaction to the heart of your Pastor. One thinks of the inscription you find in more than one place in St. Paul's Cathedral which refers to Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of that great structure: "If you seek a monument, look about you." I am sure that as we look over the congregations of this morning and this evening, made up of young and old, and people of middle life, it is indeed a very great tribute to the faithful service that has been rendered in the last forty-one years.

Many different themes come crowding into one's mind on an occasion like this, but it would seem to be in accord with the spirit and purpose of this commemoration, this red letter day in the history of the church, to consider together a theme that has in some respects at least an analogy to the controlling principles of the forty-one years' ministry we are tonight commemorating.

We will avoid the tedium of pointing out wherein these analogies are apparent. You can make your own application as we go along.

### Israel in Egypt

There is no need to retrace the steps by which the people of Israel were brought down into Egypt.

How dramatic is the story of Jacob holding in his trembling hands the coat of many colors he had given to his favorite son Joseph which the envious brothers to deceive their father had dipped in the blood of a kid. How the sight of it had brought from Jacob the wail: "It is my son's coat, an evil beast has devoured him. Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces . . . I will go down to the grave unto my son mourning." Then later the amazing news comes that Joseph is not dead but alive and is in fact Prime Minister of Egypt. Wagons of the Egyptian government appear at the door of Jacob's tent at the sight of which his long drooping spirit revives. He exclaims with ecstasy: "It is enough Joseph my son is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

So we see the old man with his sons invited to and introduced at the Egyptian court, given the land of Goshen, then prospering and multiplying, until they become a considerable nation. But there is nothing permanent in this world. Good fortune comes one day and departs another. So it was with the family of the patriarchs. There came a day when the Egyptian dynasty, that welcomed them to Goshen, came to an end. It would seem that an invasion had swept them away. The dethroned dynasty were spoken of as "The Shepherd Kings". As such they would naturally be sympathetic with the people of Israel, who were also shepherds. When this dynasty was supplanted by another it was only natural that the new one should look with suspicion upon those who had been the friends of the preceding regime, and a shepherd people would be suspected of sympathy with the shepherd dynasty, and so would come in for the wrath of the new regime. The new dynasty described as one "that knew not Joseph" undertook to suppress the children of Israel, to break their spirit, and to make them a nation of slaves, in order that they might not at any crisis rise up to overthrow the new dynasty that had come into power, and as yet felt itself none too secure. When these rigors put upon them to break their

spirit at hard labor were not sufficient, finally the terrible edict was issued that called for the destruction of every male child that was born to an Israelite. If it was a man child he should be thrown into the waters, not even buried, lest perhaps the sight of the graves might arouse the indignation of this suppressed people of the Hebrew midnight.

This is the condition to which the people of Israel have come when Stephen tells us that in such a dark period Moses was born, reminding us that God is not without His resource, even at what we may come to consider the darkest days of civilization; that He is still upon His throne, and that very frequently it darkens toward the dawn, and in a moment when humanity is most likely to give way to despair, if we only knew what was before us we would have the greatest occasion for rejoicing.

#### Moses Is Born

So it was in the days of the birth of Moses. It has been spoken of as "The Hebrew midnight", and as artists, when they wish to bring out some prominent feature in their picture, first paint in a very dark background, in order that the brilliant colors may stand out in more striking relief, so Stephen paints with colors taken from this Hebrew midnight, and against it flashes the wonderful announcement: In which time Moses was born.

#### Deliverance Is Born in Faith

The Scriptures in giving us a description of the way in which the infant's life was preserved, ascribe everything to the operation of faith on the part of those who had the care of this little child. Faith directed the great battle that Jochebed, along with her husband, had to fight, when they became aware of the edict, that the child just born into their home was doomed to die. They set about, as parents would under those conditions, to devise every means possible for the preservation of this precious treasure that had come into their home. They would think of nothing except of means by which they might outwit the edict of the King. The Scriptures tell us that it was an act of faith. I do not know that we would have discovered that if it had not been given to us by revelation, which tells us that faith was born when they looked upon the child, and saw how fair he was to look upon (fair to God, the margin has it). The parents, somehow or another, as they gazed upon him, seem to have had an intimation of his destiny. Something about this child was connected with the plans and purposes of God, and they exercised faith concerning him as soon as they gazed upon his lovely and beautiful countenance. Is it possible, I wonder, that even in childhood God, by His Sovereign grace and power, gives intimations sometimes of what the life and the character is to be afterwards? It very frequently I think so happens, and probably those parents saw upon the face of this little child, in his infancy something of the same sheen and glory that was afterwards to reside on his countenance when he stood upon the sacred Mount at Sinai, and received the Law which he was to impart to his people. We are told that when he came down from the Mount his face so shone that the people were unable to look at it, and even in childhood this Sovereign God was preparing this child for the great work in which he was afterwards to engage. It is sometimes no doubt the case. Ruskin tells us that he wrote a little piece of poetry when he was only three years of age. It seems

to us incredible; how precocious he must have been to be the author of a little verse, however simple, when only three years old. Then when he was fifty-three he read that verse over again, and meditated upon it, and declared that he could discover in the verse which he wrote at three practically everything, in germ at least, that he sought to be and do when he was fifty-three. God sometimes writes in the early constitution of those whom He sends into the world to be His instruments a sort of intimation of their destiny. The mother is always the best judge of the child, and can see in it what nobody else can possibly see.

So she went about to preserve this child, feeling that in some way or another he was connected with the destiny of their nation, and as an act of faith she resorted to every device for the protection of this little infant.

#### Faith Is Inventive

There is something very ingenious and inventive in the act of Jochebed in making for Moses this little ark of bulrushes, made out of a plant then prevalent in Egypt, the papyrus, the word from which we get our word paper, and Biblos, the Greek word from which we get Bible—taking this material which was at hand, and making out of it a little ark, in which she was to place her charge. Mr. Spurgeon says that she was imitating what had already been done before, when Noah made his ark; she was proceeding upon Biblical principles; she was imitating something she already found in the Bible, for there is nothing so inventive or ingenious as faith, and you are never so certain to be on sure ground as you follow a precedent in the Scriptures. You cannot afford to be an imitator of anybody else; you will only become an echo, and as we say in Homiletics, you should always keep before you the two principal notes in music. C sharp and B natural, and Dr. Shields says keep "B flat" out. Many a man has weakened his life in seeking to imitate somebody else, but you are always safe in doing over again that which was done before in Holy Writ, if the Spirit is in the action. Spurgeon says that this woman Jochebed, in making that ark, is making a little replica of the ark of which she had heard. She did not have a Bible, but she had tradition. She was told about how precious truth had been preserved by God before, and the one who preserved it was instructed to make an ark that would float upon the top of the billows. She did not know what else to do, and she did the best that she could. So she made an ark in which to preserve her own little child.

#### Jochebed's Place in the New Testament Hall of Fame

Is there anything very wonderful about what she did? Well it is recorded among the deeds that are considered to be such in the eleventh Chapter of Hebrews—she takes her place among men who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of aliens and among women who brought their dead to life. All sorts of great achievements are catalogued here, and embedded in the midst of them is this act of these parents acting by faith to preserve the life of Moses. There must have been plenty of heart agony back of it, anxiety would take possession of that home when they heard that the little child was to be taken — if any parent here tonight has ever gone through the experience in which they knew that their little child was to be removed from them, you

will recall that there was no sacrifice too great to try to prevent that hour coming upon you—the sleeplessness of it, the tears held back or shed, the anxiety, the suspense, the invisible, the agonizing prayer that it might be postponed or prevented. How Jochebed and Amram would be anxious at every moment lest the secret might be let out, that the babe might cry, that somebody passing on the street who represented Pharaoh might hear it; that some prying neighbour might come in and ask all sorts of questions, then peddle it as she went out and came in contact with the officials of Pharaoh; the danger of the two children, Miriam and Aaron, chatting together with playmates—it would be pretty hard, would it not for children to keep the secret of the coming of the other little child into the home since the edict? How many points had to be guarded! How many ordinary and extraordinary things had to be done in order to preserve this little child, things that we would call very commonplace, and yet what vast interests hinged upon it.

#### How Faith Transfigures the Commonplace

How much these parents were doing when they were doing what would seem to be the ordinary duty that was appointed them under God, not taking their place out in the forefront, not being chronicled yet among the great people of the earth, but discharging their homely duty, and preserving this child who was to give the initial impulse to civilization, the one of whom Stanley said that "History never really began in this world until the night when Moses led the people of Israel out of the land of bondage;" the one who led more people across the wilderness than any military General has ever conducted over a like territory; one who was a poet, the like of which had never sung before; undoubtedly the author of the Ninetieth Psalm, with its awe-struck majesty; the one who was ordained of God to lay the foundations of Holy Writ; the one who is the most gigantic figure that strides across the pages of the Old Testament and projects his shadow into the New Testament; the one who spoke words that became the criterion for every prophet who would succeed him, of whom it was said that "Never earth's philosopher traced with his golden pen on the deathless page truths half so sage as he wrote down for men." This was involved in the discharge of their homely duties under God, in preserving this child. Yea, even the coming of the Babe of Bethlehem, in a certain sense, was wrapped up in the preservation of this babe who was to be called Moses. Let us never be weary in the discharge of ordinary homely duties, the thing that God for the moment has put us to do at the place of duty. Who can tell what may hinge upon it? Who can tell what is small and what is great? Let us be faithful at the post where God has put us for some great issue that we cannot see may hang upon it.

"We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great,  
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm  
of fate."

#### A Human Story

How very human are these stories! Moses is put in this ark of bulrushes, and little Miriam is standing tense at the side to see what is going to happen to her little baby brother. I was in Brother Whitcombe's home the other night and saw a modern edition of this beautiful story of Moses and Miriam. I looked at the latest arrival in that home. It seemed to me as soon as I looked at

him that I could discern the brow of a philosopher. I trembled, like Pharaoh, for fear I would finally lose my chair in Systematic Theology; I am not sure but what his father will too. He seems to be a born theologian as we might expect. When his little sister Beth came in, probably two and a half years old, I saw all over again the love between Miriam and Moses. I saw Miriam's love in little Beth; I was not there to see how Moses reacted, but I can guess how he did when a little older, after I saw how this boy reacted. He pulled himself up to his full height, affection oozing from every pore, and the little girl acting already like a mother, acted the perfect nurse. The little fellow seemed to say to me, "You do not know what kind of a sister I have got; she is simply wonderful." He seemed to want to act his very best in her presence. Moses was pretty safe with Miriam alright. How human these things are. I can see Miriam standing there holding her breath, wondering what is going to happen, and all that sisterly affection used of God to preserve this child. Omnipotence is back of it. It looks like an ordinary human thing; it looks like only a little domestic scene, but how transfigured it is when it is linked with faith; how faith touches everything and transfigures it, and makes it significant. And if you would make your life great, relate it in some way to faith in God. It lifts the most insignificant thing up into greatness and into lustre. It is not so much what you do as the object for which you do it.

#### Nonconformity in the House of Jochebed

That was a great battle that Jochebed had to fight against the powers of Egypt. It is forever a reminder to us of the mighty power that womanhood frequently holds. It would seem to be a very unequal conflict, for lone Jochebed had to stand up and defy the power of the Egyptian court. How hopeless unless in faith she did defy the mandates of the King. She was one of the first non-conformists. I might say that she was one of the original Baptists; for she believed in the separation of church and state. She believed that the state ought to be disobeyed whenever it interferes with any person's religion, that into that realm, and into that sacred precinct no earthly power had the right to meddle. If necessary she would take the shock in her own body, in order to resist this horrible invasion of the soul's inalienable rights. This thing that is known as the union of church and state — very few people stop to consider the awful price that has been paid to break its oppression. It is trying to come back again. You can see the shadow of it creeping up over human society, and people so utterly unconscious of all that is involved in it. How much we owe to the Jochebeds and others, who stand up, in the face of tyranny, say, "Do your worst, but we will not bow before this power." What a price has been paid!

#### Religious Liberty a Baptist Trophy

It is our distinction as Baptists to claim this great trophy in the long struggle that issued finally in the separation of church and state. It resulted in the formation of Rhode Island as the first political organization in which complete religious liberty was guaranteed to all its citizens. And afterwards the same idea was borrowed from Rhode Island to lay the foundations of the American Republic. It is a Baptist victory; it is principally a Baptist trophy. We do not forget that other Denominations since that time have become advocates



of it, but the pioneering work was done, I think it is perfectly correct to say, by the people who were called Baptists. Of the half dozen outstanding victories of Christianity, this was one of the greatest of them all, and it didn't just happen. It was bought with Baptist blood and plenty of it at that.

I was reading just a little while ago of the struggle that our Baptist forefathers went through in England in the seventeenth century, that marvellous period of the days of Bunyan, and of a man by the name of Mr. Kiffen. Mr. Kiffen was a member of the earliest Baptist church in England. He became a merchant prince in London, a man of great wealth. When King Charles wanted to borrow what would be in our money two hundred thousand dollars from him, Mr. Kiffen very cautiously said, he did not find it convenient to lend him two hundred thousand dollars at the moment, but would consider it a privilege if His Majesty would accept a gift of fifty thousand dollars. So Charles, always in need of money, graciously accepted. Mr. Kiffen chuckled and said, "I saved a hundred and fifty thousand dollars by making the gift of fifty thousand, for I knew he would never pay back the two hundred thousand anyway." He was a man of great ability, and he lived in the days when this struggle was at its zenith. Two of his grandsons were arrested, the Hewling boys. What a story it is! One of them was to be taken to execution some time after the first had suffered martyrdom. The people were gathered around weeping at the fate of so promising a young life, when Hewling said, "Do not weep. I might have apostatized; I might have gone back upon God. That would have been a far worse thing than to be put upon this sled," for it was a sled he was put on to be drawn by two horses to the place of execution. We are told that when they were ready to go, and Hewling was to give his life a martyr for this great struggle of the separation of church and state, the horses refused to move. There was nothing ahead of them, there was nothing around them that seemed to account for it, but for twenty minutes these dumb animals refused to move a foot until a brutal sheriff, with club in hand, forced them to go forward, as the women wept. How much has been paid for this tremendous struggle that has been waged in the centuries preceding us! There is something inspiring about seeing a Jochebed standing up and defying the orders of the king, with the result that Moses is preserved. When this pulpit thunders out a warning relative to the return of this menace it would be better to heed than to hiss.

How much there was against Jochebed; how much faith she had to exercise in order to see the realization of her hope in what she was doing. You never know, do you, what you may do when you just do something for God. No matter if the circumstances are all against you, no matter if in the natural it seems to be utterly impossible, what is the thing to do? Why do just what Jochebed did; do what you can do, and you may never know in doing that what you may link yourself with, and what other forces may be set in motion.

We have a paper in Brooklyn called the "Brooklyn Eagle". I am not ready to commend it very often, but some time ago it started a series of articles on the prevalence of crime in the United States, and the necessity of having it investigated. One of those modest reporters on the "Eagle" kept at it day after day. We did not pay too much attention to him, but a little bit later

it went into gear, and all that you have been reading about in connection with the investigation of crime on the other side seemed to have had its origin in an ordinary Brooklyn reporter starting something, doing the best he could, leaving it at that, and then somebody else taking it up. You never know what will come from doing just the thing you can do.

Jochebed did what was in her power. It might have been said of her as of Mary; "She hath done what she could."

#### Miriam's Message to Mothers

It would be gratifying if we could draw back the curtain and see what transpired between this mother and son in the days of his infancy, when he was under her care and guardianship before she surrendered him again to the Princess but a silence falls upon that period. We do not know what she did, but I think we are pretty safe in making a guess. Afterwards when Moses turned out to be the reformer that he was, from what other source could he have gotten his inspiration except from the mother whom the Princess hired as his nurse. He surely did not get it from Egyptian superstition and mythology. It would hardly come from any other source than someone like Jochebed, who knew the true religion of Israel, and who flashed into the soul of her child in those early days something that afterwards flamed forth, and resulted in the deliverance of the nation. What an inspiration it is as we reflect upon it tonight, on this Mothers' Day, reminding us of the power that mothers have in their hands.

I remember many years ago in Winnipeg in connection with some moral reform movement, they were getting together a committee to arrange for a mass meeting, and W. W. Buchanan was the chairman of the moral reform forces in Winnipeg at that time. Ralph Connor was associated with him. At this ministers' meeting they were talking about holding a mass meeting, and some thought they should make it a men's meeting entirely, have the men of Winnipeg come out in this great protest. Buchanan contended that that would be a great mistake. They would be very much lamed if they made it a men's meeting. He harked back to instances such as Jochebed, where the mother was the one that flashed the flame of indignation into the heart of her son. He said, "If I am going to address this meeting, I want the motherhood of Winnipeg here; I want their support." And Ralph Connor said, "And so do I." He recalled that that is the peculiar function of motherhood, to buckle on the armour of the soldiers that go forth, to put something into us men that makes us feel that we want to fight the battle of righteousness. That is a mother's great mission in the world. And so this woman rises up out of the past to speak to the motherhood of all the centuries. She put into Moses something that flashed forth from him, that perhaps he would not have had but for her contribution under God. Said the Greek mother in the Periclean age: "Let the Greek women scorn me if they please; I was the mother of Themistocles," and with far more justifiable pride Jochebed could rise up and say, "I was the mother of Moses; I flashed something into his soul that was stronger than the might of Egypt, that enabled him to stand in the hour of test, and to grasp the significance of his call. It is wonderful what a mother can do! And you do not have to be a mother either, do you? Any of us can do that in our own measure."

I was thrilled this morning as I saw the little ones toddling to the Sunday School. How significant is the work of anyone who drops a truth into those little fertile minds! Who knows what is before them, what an opportunity it is, and what a high service it is to render. Dr. Shields will remember J. L. Gordon, who used to be here in the Bond Street Church. I have often been thrilled as I listened to him. I would not commend all his theology; it was a great complex, but he had some mysterious power to build you up, and to make you feel as if you could do anything after you heard him preach. I remember during vacation hearing him one night in the Broadway Tabernacle Congregational Church in New York. The Sunday night before Dr. Aiked had preached. He gave a great sermon. It was bitter, somewhat pessimistic, but pungent. He was lamenting the downward trend of things, and looking at the congregation he said, "This is a great historic church, but I only see about two hundred and fifty people before me, and it is a lamentable thing." The next Sunday night J. L. Gordon was preaching in the same pulpit. I do not think he had heard about what Dr. Aiked had said, but in the course of his sermon he sort of soliloquized, "Did somebody ask me, 'Mr. Gordon, what do you think of this congregation?' My reply is, 'A great congregation, a magnificent congregation. I like my job, and what an opportunity it is to drop truth into people's minds and hearts that may live forever.' Yes, a great congregation." Then, as he used to do, he walked up and down the platform, and exclaimed, "You never know, I may as I look at yonder boy be preaching tonight to the future President of the United States; the future President of the United States may be in my audience." And who knows? Live in faith and expectancy, and sow the seed of the kingdom, and leave it with God, and who knows what will come of it? As we stand here in the presence of Moses and Jochebed, what a mighty thing does service to God appear. Only let it be service to God.

### The Vision Splendid

Now about his conversion. We read in the text that there came a time when Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, as he came to years of discretion. There must be something that corresponds to conversion in that. There must have been something happen in the life of Moses that answers to what we speak of as passing from death unto life; there must have been something that entered into his soul that enabled him to see the contrast between the tawdry tinsel of the court of Egypt, and the substantial realities that were offered to him in the religion of his forefathers. There must have been something that made him aware of the contrast, so that he could look upon that court with eyes that stripped off its mask, and let him see under the surface how temporary, how fleeting, how superficial that life was. Only the regenerating Spirit of God can do that for Moses. And there must have been a voice that taught him there was something better than that. There must have come a vision sometime or other that enabled him to see that which is reserved for the people who put their faith and their trust in the true God. George Elliott says that a vision of the highest poisons for us all meaner pleasures forever more. I oftentimes think that if you could only get people under the hearing of the gospel; if only you could make the vision pass before their eyes; if only you could get them

to see what we have seen, and experience something of what we have experienced. If you could once get them to see that, I wonder if the vision would ever depart until they closed their eyes in death. I am quite aware that not all who see the vision respond; some will not, but it seems to me as if anybody who has ever seen the vision of Christ pass before their minds, that that vision must haunt them afterwards, it must spoil for them the ordinary life, it must take away the glamour of the world, it must fill them with a great heart-hunger, it must do for them what Matheson said the vision of Christ did for him. He exclaimed, "Thy radiance hath broken my rest." Before he saw Christ he was content with the primitive satisfactions of life, willing and content to live as a dead soul upon a dead level, but when Christ passed before his eyes that vision haunted him. He felt that he wanted to be a different and better man. And when Moses came to the place where he decided that the splendours of the court had no attraction for him, there must have passed before him a vision of Christ. Nor is it hard to believe because Paul tells us that a little later it was Christ who was with the forces under Moses through the wilderness; that Christ preached back there in those days; that He appeared to men before He appeared in the flesh. Those pre-incarnation intimations, that mysterious Figure, spoken of sometimes as the angel of Jehovah, that haunts the pages of the Old Testament, and then bursts out in splendour in Bethlehem of Judaea. It was that that Moses must have seen, although his vision would be dimmer than ours, and having seen it the splendours of the court died away. We are told that he realized that the pleasures of sin were but for a season, that in the very experiencing of them they become worn out, and the capacity to respond to the sinful stimulus is short-lived, and leaves only a wreck behind. He must have believed that there was something which lasted forever. That too ought not to be hard to believe in the land of Egypt, the parent land for the doctrine of immortality. But I do not think he got it from that; He got it from a Higher Source. You can find the doctrine of immortality in the pages of the Old Testament that he wrote and Moses put that over against this temporary thing that was offered to him. And what a message he preaches to us! It was he we believe who in the 90th psalm tells of man's mortality in immortal verse, and which may have inspired the lines we do well to ponder.

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### THE GOSPEL WITNESS

130 Gerrard Street East, Toronto 2 - Canada



O where will be the birds that sing,  
A hundred years to come?  
The flowers that now in beauty spring,  
A hundred years to come?  
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,  
The heart that beats so gaily now;  
O where will be love's beaming eye,  
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh  
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold these crowded streets,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread this church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale trembling age and fiery youth,  
And childhood with its brow of truth,  
The rich and poor on land and sea —  
Where will the mighty millions be  
A hundred years to come?

We all within our grave shall sleep,  
A hundred years to come;  
No living soul for us will weep,  
A hundred years to come.  
But other men our lands will till,  
And others then our streets will fill,  
And other birds will sing as gay,  
As bright the sunshine as today,  
A hundred years to come.

Surely it is wise not to strike your roots in something so temporary as the Egyptian court, when immortality is offered.

#### The Importance of Choosing the Right Fellowship

We notice after the conversion of Moses, if we may so speak of it, that the next thing that he had to choose in the making of his life was the people with whom he would have his future fellowship, which is also a matter of the very first importance. With whom will your future fellowship be? We read that he esteemed the reproaches of Christ and the afflictions of his people greater riches, than the treasures of Egypt. It is quite a step that this man took. If Josephus is right Moses was probably a military general by training, and probably the heir to the Egyptian throne. He had the world before him, as MacLaren said, "The ball at his feet," and if ever a man lived in this world who had a lot to seduce and to allure that he would feel like holding on to and not giving up—if any man had to abandon enticing things in order to take up the position that he did take, that man was Moses. And perhaps here, my friends, we have the deepest secret of why Moses was Moses, because in all these prizes that temptingly dangled before him, so much to seduce him, he saw in the people of God a fellowship that was more to be desired than all besides. And we read that he chose rather to be afflicted with the people of God, and to go through the reproaches that come from taking up with the people of the true faith, rather than to receive the prizes which came to him in Egypt. Even affliction and reproach—the worst religion had to offer was better than the best the world had to give.

I remember Dr. Strong, the President of Rochester Seminary, saying about his eightieth birthday, in an address to the students in Chapel—that as he looked back over his life he hoped he had been able to make a little progress in the Christian way, and in thinking of the different points at which there was a turn, he said, that at every one of those points where he made progress in the Christian life, he could label it with the word "abandonment." Something that was dear to him, dear to the flesh, but which he gave up in order to get something better, higher and nobler. The word "abandonment" al-

ways at the threshold of a great new spiritual experience. It takes quite some courage to make a decision that invites reproach. Who likes reproach to fall upon him? Who likes to be smeared? Who likes to be misrepresented? Who likes to be put down in the scale as if you were almost without ability of any kind because you are true to the faith? It is a good experience to go through. Moses went through it. He had to do it. I dare say that when he got down to Midian, they were not aware of all his inherent greatness. Suppose you do have all the learning of the Egyptians. That is no good to you as soon as you take up with the people of God. Nobody who stands for the faith, some people think, can possibly have any gray matter along with it, and Moses was probably looked down upon by many an inferior. They didn't suppose he was very great; some reason why he was in Midian. He would have to endure a great many different reproaches that are not pleasant to the flesh, and walk sometimes as if he was nobody, and as if he had no connections at all. No use to tell the people about the court he used to be in, the favours that were bestowed upon him, and what he could have been in this world. He had to empty himself of all that, and do like Paul who went out from the Sanhedrin to take his place with the college of fishermen, in order that he might follow the faith in its fortunes, which the world often regards as misfortune. He went out, and we are told that he chose the right fellowship. That is the weakness of so many different movements at the present time. They preach conversion, they get Moses converted, or claim they do, and then let him go back again, if he feels like it, into the court, and still be recognized, in some sense at least, as a son of Pharaoh's daughter. As Moody said "After the chick is hatched out they send it back and put it under a dead hen." It is pretty important, is it not, just about as important as conversion itself, that when the life is born it has to be taken care of? The people with whom you associate yourself, not just figuratively, but physically, not just in sentiment, but in act—to be with the people that stand for the truth, and if there is one people standing for it better than another people, then that is the place where we must stand, unless we put a divorce between our convictions and our actions; unless we fall into the error that Machen warned against, the danger of suffering from polygamy of the soul. Moses might have wrecked his life at this point, if he had in any sense tried still to linger in the Egyptian court, and be known as a son of Pharaoh's daughter. Moses could not go back to the court again; he had to choose between the two. It was "either or;" it could not be "both and."

#### "Hast Thou Chosen Oh My People With Whose Party Thou Shalt Stand?"

I am not particularly impressed when I hear about some Hollywood star getting converted, and then finding that it does not interfere with her profession at all. This cleavage is a serious cleavage. It means that the people of God are what the church is described as being—a called out assembly, and in being called out it has a prestige and an influence it never can have from within. I think we will always be more or less a small body who stand for that, because those half-way houses are so attractive. You can be "either or," and you can be anything, except that you cannot build your soul in that kind of a fellowship, and at the end of the day it will make a great deal of difference with what people we have cast our lot. Moses cast his with the people of God.

He was quite ready to suffer the reproach of the people of God. I was talking to a man in Brooklyn not long ago who was discussing with me this very same point we have just been touching on. He said, "We are going to start an evangelistic effort in Brooklyn, and we understand that you are always warm for evangelism, and although you have not cooperated with us on other things you will certainly come in on this. We are going to have an evangelistic campaign." Now ordinarily a person would like to lend all possible influence to anything that will help a soul up to the gates of Glory. I thought it over, and of the men who were back of it. I had not attended their ministers' meetings for one reason because I do not smoke. But this same group was going to put on evangelistic services and when I finally said that I did not think I could come in, this man wanted to know if it was because it was an Interdenominational affair. He happened to be a Methodist, and he said, "Is it because some of us are Methodists, and you are such a Baptist that you will not work with anybody else?" I said, "No. That hasn't anything to do with it. Lots of Methodists and Presbyterians are closer to me than some Baptists." I said, "We have heretics enough in the Baptist Denomination." He said, "Who?" I said, "Well Mr. Fosdick, for instance." He said, "What is the matter with Fosdick?" "O," he said, "you have got him wrong. He is all right now. He used to be a little radical, but he is quite all right now, I am sure of that." I quoted to him what you have heard over and over again about Fosdick's letter over his own signature where he said that he did not believe in the Atonement, and he did not believe in the Virgin Birth, and he did not know any intelligent minister who did. I quoted that to him, and do you know what he said to me? He looked at me calmly and quietly, and said, "O yes, I know. He may be off the beam a little on some of those minor points, but on all important matters Fosdick is a straight shooter."

I suppose it was easier for Moses than for some others to discriminate, to settle the question of his future fellowship, because the contrast was so apparent. It has not been so easy sometimes when truth and error are so mixed up together. It takes a lot of discrimination, does it not, to make the separation? There is often so much that is good wrapped up with it that it makes the evil so dangerous, because so hidden. If there has been a world-wide influence, as there has been, gone forth from this pulpit, it is because that task has been so thoroughly done. The issues have been clarified and the choice with its implications presented. Nothing is more needed.

#### Regard for the Recompense of Reward

What was it that sustained Moses in this? What was it that enabled him to leave the court, and to take up his fellowship with the afflicted people of God, covered with reproach? The Scripture makes it perfectly plain—that "he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." In other words, he had a far vision, and he saw that by giving up this he would get that at the end, and what he saw out there was of such infinitely greater worth that this did not make an appeal to him at all. He was waiting for the final review; he wanted to come in when the last court pronounced its decision. You remember what the mother of Macaulay said to her distinguished son when he made one of his first speeches in Parliament. He wrote home and told his mother how the galleries cheered and re-echoed with applause. In her answer

she told him that she did rejoice in the fact that his ability had been recognized. But counselled him not to put too much confidence in that; but to so live that in the final review he would have the applause of angels and an assembled world. And I think that is what Moses heard, the last applause—the murmuring of a distant sea, the glory of a fellowship that would never end; a crown that would never fade. He saw that, and he decided to lay hold upon it.

I do not know what to make of the teaching that tells us we ought to be good just for goodness' sake; to be virtuous just for virtue's sake. Of course a good case can be made out for it. I am perfectly sure that the man who lives virtuously has the advantage of the man who lives in vice, even if there was no world after this. But to exhort Christian people that they should just live without any hope of reward—I do not think is Biblical. I think that the Bible on every page is luring us to lay hold upon rewards. There is a sense in which it is not right to bargain. But there is another sense in which God invites us to bargain. Isn't He always treating us like children, and saying, "You come now and do this for me, and I will do that for you? You make a bargain with me; you test me out to see how graciously and lavishly I can deal with you." God wants to do that. I confess I have never attained to the high standard of not needing the motive of reward at the end. And when people claim that that is an unworthy motive, I can only reply that "Your ideal is high, and I cannot attain unto it." I have never reached it, and I do not think that the Bible requires us to reach it. Moses made a good bargain when he did all this. He came in at the end of the race, having won the prize. That is what is going to count, and there is no friend in all the world, no friend like truth.

#### Christianity the World's Greatest Bargain

There was a little man in Brooklyn, a converted Jew. He died some time ago. He was quite a figure in Brooklyn, and quite a good preacher of the gospel. He used to say, "Some of my Jewish friends ask me why I became a Christian, and I just tell them that, being a Jew, I recognized a good bargain when I saw one. I saw that Christianity was the best bargain ever offered to man."

Did Moses make any mistake when he made the exchange? Certainly not. We are not asking you to come into some weeping, wailing, hopeless, forlorn thing in Christianity, but to come into something that is going to sway the ages. Come into a home that will never pass away; into a fellowship that will never break up. Victory is in the Christian blood. We are the people who will sway the ages. Paul says we are to judge the world. He also says that we are to judge angels; I do not know what he means by that, but it is something so great that you and I cannot grasp it. There is a great destiny out there; something grand approaching us in the darkness. When you offer Christianity to the world you offer something. It is a prize indeed!

#### And You, Like Moses, Are Called to Choose

I wonder if there may be someone on this Mothers' Day, I wonder if tonight I might be speaking to somebody who had a Christian mother, who laboured as zealously for your preservation as Jochebed did for Moses, but you let her eyes close in death, and she never saw you do what Moses did, choose the people of God instead of the pleasures of sin for a season. Would it not be a

fine thing to-night, so long delayed, to take the action that you should have taken before, and that your mother tried so hard to get you to take? Write home to her to-night and say that on this thirteenth day of May the action which you should have taken before has been taken; the great transaction is done. Do I speak to somebody who in infancy, or other life, came as near to death as Moses did, and you are here to-night only because God in His Providence preserved you? Nothing else in the world accounts for your existence in the land of the living, and perhaps as you have reflected upon it you have said, "I must give that preserved life to God," and you haven't done it. The longer you get away from it the less you feel like doing it. I would like to revive that voice to-night, and remind you once again of your vow. Have you looked out upon the world, and then looked at the people of God, and sometimes say, "Well, I ought not to be in the world; it is a poor world; it is a dark world, a sinful world. When I look at the people of God I know where I ought to be; I ought to be helping them instead of helping the powers of darkness." Have you ever been at that place, where you have almost gone through the gates, and then you have turned back? Why are you helping the powers of darkness, instead of the people of light? Have you ever come to the burning bush? Have you ever had a text leap out at you from the Bible all aglow with a message, as if it were for you, and for no one else? Have you seen the glory that gilds the sacred Page, majestic as the sun? Have you seen Christ, that Fire that burns and is never consumed, making His appeal to you as He made it to Moses in the burning bush, and tried to arouse your sanctified curiosity so you would turn aside and see the great sight? Will you move toward the bush, or will you move backward to the desert, and forget the vision splendid? On this night when the gospel is offered once again will you not say to Christ as Peter did—"Lord to whom shall we go but unto thee—thou alone hast the words of eternal life."

Let us pray.

We thank Thee, our gracious Master, that Thou hast given unto us so many opportunities to make the great refusal of the world, and the choice for our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that in patience Thou hast waited for the response which Thy servant of old so readily gave. We pray that if the bush glows tonight in the presence of anyone who has been a stranger to Thy grace that Thou wouldst help them to turn aside and see the great sight, and behold the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sin of the world. We ask it for His Name's sake, Amen.

### MISGUIDED GIANTS

It is not the small, weak men of the day who do the damage. These small men who go swearing and loafing about your stores and shops and banking-houses, assailing Christ and the Bible and the Church—they do not do much damage. They have no influence. They are vermin that you crush with your foot. But it is the giants of the day, the misguided giants, giants in physical power, or giants in mental acumen, or giants in social position, or giants in wealth, who do the damage.

The men with sharp pens that stab religion and throw their poison all through our literature; the men who use the power of wealth to sanction iniquity, and bribe justice, and make truth and honor bow to their golden scepter. Misguided giants—look out for them!

—T. DE WITT TALMAGE

### "A GOOD MINISTER OF JESUS CHRIST"

A Sermon by Dr. Robert McCaul

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto

Sunday Morning, May 13, 1951

(Electrically Recorded)

"And we beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; And to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake."—1 Thess. 5:12-13.

IT IS indeed an honour to participate in the service this morning. I would have been so happy if I could have had the privilege of hearing Dr. Shields preach.

#### Heaven's Benediction

It is said that when Sir Walter Scott passed away in Scotland where the climate is often very cloudy and rainy, it was excessively so during the days awaiting his burial, and it was the belief of the Scottish people that nature herself had gone into mourning, and was weeping for the loss of her favourite son. By the same token, I thought this morning, as I looked out and saw the earth bathed in such beautiful sunshine, and someone approaching the church said, "What a beautiful day, and how full the air is of ozone and vigour," it seemed that nature was smiling upon the commemoration of this forty-first anniversary, and putting on her beautiful garments and her most pleasant mood, as if Heaven were pleased with that which had transpired during this period in the Jarvis Street church, and that the very atmosphere of the day was reminiscent of these years that have passed. It has certainly been a ministry full of vigour, and full of spiritual ozone to multitudes of people.

I read last night in the Witness, the remarks made by Dr. Shields at the funeral service of that great and good man, Deacon Jennings, of whom much could be said. When such an one disappears it is like the crashing of a great oak in the forest, for it alters the landscape, at least for some time to come. Reading, as I did with great interest, the remarks of the Pastor, I noticed that he called attention to the fact that in this place you are not inclined to indulge in extended eulogies of any human individual, either living or dead, and that it has been the watchword in Jarvis Street Church to exalt Christ, and as you were exhorted last New Year's Day, to think of Jesus only. No doubt that may account very largely indeed for the blessing of the Lord upon the ministry of this place—that Christ has been so exalted, and everything else has taken secondary place.

#### The Cup That Was Too Beautiful

We are all familiar with the story of the artist who directed his pupil to paint a picture of Christ holding the communion cup in His hand. The young man, after working on the face of Christ, turned to the painting of the cup. This he studied very carefully, and called forth his very best powers to make the most beautiful cup that he could possibly paint. When the master inspected his efforts he expressed disappointment with the student's work even to dipping his brush in the black paint to blot out the cup, telling the student, as he did so that the picture was "improved somewhat now, since the cup had disappeared." In amazement the student asked, what was the matter with the original production? Had he not painted a very beautiful cup? But the master showed how this was the defect—that he had made the

cup so beautiful that it had detracted from the face of Christ, for as the eye turned upon the picture it fell upon the cup, rather than upon the face of Jesus.

#### We Honour God in Honouring His Servants

That, of course, is a great secret, and a great truth which we must ever keep before us, that we are to exalt Jesus only. Nevertheless, there is a text among many that exhorts us to duly consider and recognize what God's servants have done for us. It is in the fifth Chapter of the First Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians, and the twelfth verse, I shall not do very much more than leave it with you with a few comments. "We beseech you, brethren, to know which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; And to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." So while we have one Scripture that bids us not to worship anyone but Christ, and not to indulge in any human idolatry of any kind, we have other Scriptures, such as this one and the text which Dr. Shields used at the service last week, which remind us that God is oftentimes honoured in His works, but especially in His highest work, the production of individuals whom He has raised up for special occasions, and for a special ministry: We honour the Lord in honouring His servants.

When Satan came to Jesus he counselled Him to throw Himself down from the pinnacle of the Temple, using the Scripture that promised that the angels would bear Him up in their hands. In replying Jesus did not deny the inspiration of the Scripture that Satan had used. He recognized it as the Word of God, but after Satan said, "It is written, he shall give His angels charge concerning Thee," Jesus said, "It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." He did not deny the Scripture which Satan used, but he set over against it another Scripture which was to be taken into account in interpreting the first one, and in giving us the entire frame-work indicated the rational and common sense way within which that Scripture was to be interpreted.

So, while we have many Scriptures warning us against human idolatry, we also have a great many Scriptures exhorting us to honour those who have laboured with us in the things of the Kingdom, and who have been our spiritual teachers. Paul uses a very strong word, I "beseech you" to do this, as if it was something of great importance to the Thessalonian church, and also an encouragement to those who had been appointed as teachers in the work of the Lord. So that this text gives us very clear warrant for doing what we are doing to-day.

#### A Great Leader Recognized and Appreciated

In the first place, Paul is exhorting these Thessalonian Christians to adequately recognize the ministry that was being exercised among them. It is a great tribute to Dr. Shields that after forty-one years, here where he is best known, where his life has been viewed under the white light of merciless publicity, and in the presence of such enemies, as the gospel ever creates—that after forty-one years there is such a genuine recognition among those who stand nearest to him, and who know him best, so that they pour out this great volume of love in such felicitous phrases that were used this morning in that beautiful letter that was presented by the deacons' board. We might say a great deal of the tributes that might come to him from afar, but in nothing has he so much reason to rejoice as in the tribute that comes to him from those who are close at hand.

We know how easy it is to take as commonplace the scenes and people that we see every day; how people who live under Mount Blanc look upon it as we would look upon a little hill; and people who live in the presence of the Matterhorn cease to feel exaltation of it because it has become so familiar to them. It is delightful to see a congregation who continue to recognize their high privilege and who, as Paul says here: "know them which labour among you . . . in the Lord."

We had in New York some years ago a great Presbyterian minister by the name of Parkhurst. He was as a young man a Pastor in the territory of Lake Placid in New York State. It was a wealthy community, and the church had ample means. But after he had been there for a certain period of time, and the glamour of his first coming had worn off, the officers of the church informed him that they found it difficult to pay the two thousand dollars, and would be obliged to reduce his salary to eighteen hundred dollars. This he took very gracefully. A little later there came to him a call, offering him the pastorate of the Madison Square Presbyterian church at a salary of twelve thousand dollars. He put the letter in his pocket, and carried it around, and began to pray about it. He had not really made up his mind, because he loved his people, and could not decide whether to stay with them, or go to New York. While he was trying to make up his mind his official board again intimated to him that they found it difficult now to pay the eighteen hundred dollars, and would be obliged to reduce his salary to fifteen hundred dollars. He told them of the perplexity that had come to him with the New York call, but as they found it difficult to raise the eighteen hundred dollars, he supposed he would be obliged to accept the pastorate of the Madison Square Presbyterian church in New York. When they found that he had received such a call they immediately offered him twenty-five hundred dollars, but his mind was already made up. They regretted that they had had a great man among them, one who afterwards, single-handed, dethroned Tammany Hall from its power back there in the nineties, but having been with them continually, they had not recognized his greatness.

Oftentimes that is the sad story, but I am always delighted to come to Jarvis Street church, and find here among the people who stand closest to Dr. Shields the most genuine appreciation of his great ministry. I do not think I need to stress this part of the text, when Paul says, "I beseech you to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord." You as a people are not unaware of your high privilege.

#### A Ministry of Illumination

I should like to say a word of appreciation on another phase, that this has been a ministry of admonition to this congregation, and to the people to whom he ministers through THE GOSPEL WITNESS. I should like to say how much I owe personally to the ministry of Jarvis Street church. Before I knew what Modernism was—I knew there was something the matter; I knew there was something offered to us that was really not Christianity, but I did not know what the explanation of it was. It was not until Dr. Shields began to elucidate the issues that some of us began to understand better where the difficulty was, and where the cure was to be found. We shall never cease to be thankful for the way in which the issues were clarified, and he made plain,

to us the things upon which we ought to be on our guard, and alerted us, and saved a great many, I am sure, from probably having an impoverished ministry.

When the doctrine of Evolution offered itself to the American pulpit there were two great preachers in Brooklyn, T. De Wit Talmage and Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher welcomed it with open arms, and went over to England and explained how in the light of the doctrine of Evolution every doctrine of the Bible would become greatly enriched. Great man as he was, he was totally blind to what the influence of that would be in the future. When Talmage looked at it he immediately pilloried it, and said, "Here is great enemy of the Christian church," and preached a sermon on it immediately, in which he said, "Your grandfather may have been an opossum, and your grandaunt a kangaroo, but God is my Father." And when he was invited to a banquet of the Freethinkers in New York he declined to go, remarking facetiously, that while the menu consisted of pork and turkey, in either case these people according to their own theory would be eating their own relatives, and he would not participate in the cannibalistic affair.

How much we owe to the men who, at an early date, were able to analyze the theological muddle into which the Christian church was being seduced, and some of us will never cease to be thankful that from the Jarvis Street church, as Mr. Whitcombe said, "This nerve centre,—this focal point," from this fountain of inspiration, influences have gone out that have admonished us and put us on the alert, and have saved us from making a wreck of our life's work. There has been an eye-opening ministry here, and the longer I live the more I am convinced that unless it is an eye-opening ministry it hardly makes any difference what other good features may attach to it. The old fathers were right when they said that the minister must not only be the shepherd who feeds his sheep, but he must also be the shepherd who protects the sheep. It is of little value to feed the sheep if you simply turn them over for slaughter to the enemy. You must also preserve the sheep, and that has been done in this place.

#### A Man of Prodigious Toil

"We beseech you to know them which labour among you," Paul says. What a prodigious labour it has been! I was asked a short time ago to give the charge to the incoming Pastor of a Baptist church in New York. I had been telling the students here at the Seminary that the best method of interpreting the Scripture is the one known as the Grammatical-Historical method—to examine your text and find out the exact meaning of the main words which it contains, and not only the meaning as we use the word to-day, but as it was understood when the author first used it, to make sure that you really know the meaning of the term, and as far as possible the historical setting of the writer. When I was asked to give this charge I said to myself, "I have done this often, but I have never yet made an investigation of what is the meaning of the word 'charge', when you charge a candidate, when you charge an incoming Pastor. What do you really mean when you use the word 'charge'?" In looking it up I found that it came from the Latin word "carrus," which means a wagon and that the verb "carrere" means to load so that when you charge an incoming pastor you are literally loading the wagon. It has needed to be a pretty stout wagon

to carry the load of Jarvis Street. Dr. Shields said this morning that if he had known the burdens that were to be carried, he might not have had the courage to assume them. But what a wagon it has been, and what a prodigious labour it has been, and how well the load has been carried!

The old theologians made the distinction between what they called the indwelling and the outgoing works of God. They said that there is a work of God manifests itself not at all outwardly. Much that God does is of the nature of an indwelling work. When he creates the world it is an outward manifestation of His power. You will find that same division in the works of men. When a woman, for instance, whose husband is a fisherman on Cape Breton, finds that the craft is caught in a storm, and she stands out on the edge of the water, perfectly motionless, simply peering out into the mists and into the darkness, in the hope that she may see a sail yonder that will indicate that husband or son is still safe and coming home. Every particle of her body is rigid, her whole soul is in travail, wondering what is to be the fate of these loved ones. Then, when at last the sail appears, and the loved ones step upon the shore, there issues a great cry of joy. She has been labouring terrifically inwardly, and when she makes that great shout she gives expression to it outwardly. Which is the greater effort? The inward of course. So it is with all our work. A man may be engaged as a blacksmith. You can easily see the labour hammering on the anvil. But now go from the blacksmith's shop into the student's study. He seems to be sitting motionless among his books, apparently inactive, and so far as the world can see, doing nothing at all. Yet there is a pallor upon his face that the blacksmith never wears; there is a certain exhaustion that takes much longer to restore in sleep. That is his indwelling work, his getting ready for the public appearance; his waiting upon God, which nobody can see the travail but which is the most exhausting of all kinds of labour. Why even the few remarks that I am making here this morning—of a Gospel Witness article lack of a sermon—cost me labour in my sleep. I was trying to find my shoes, which somehow had mysteriously left me while standing in the pulpit. I was trying to find my text, when I picked up the hymn book to give out a hymn.

#### A Tender Tie

I would just like to say in connection with the exhortation of Paul "to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." Is there any tie so tender as the tie that exists between us in our spiritual fellowship, and in our labour for the Lord? How dear a church becomes to those who are associated with it; how sacred is the place where we meet from time to time.

I think it was about two generations ago in Manhattan there was an old historic church that was to be sold on account of the shift in population, and it was finally announced that the last service would be held in the church on the succeeding Wednesday night. The minister made the announcement that in days to come the members of the congregation who had long worshipped there might like to have some little souvenir, they could take away from the building that would be a reminder to them of the good days that they had spent in the edifice they had come to love. So he said, "On Wednesday night after Prayer Meeting you can roam through the church, and you will be permitted to pick up any souvenir that



you would like to have in your home afterwards." A reporter was sent to view the meeting that night, and when he returned to write his article he said that it was an event worthy of a poet's pen. He described how that after the Prayer Meeting was finished, and the opportunity was given for each one to take a little souvenir. The Sunday School superintendent asked for a gold and blue banner for he opened the school every Sunday without failure as to attendance. Next one to arise was an aged Deacon, who said, "I would like to have a little piece of that stained-glass window just over the choir, the window that faced toward the east." He felt as we all do, that somehow or other there is something about the atmosphere of a church when you come into it; that takes you away from the bondage of the flesh into the liberty of the Spirit, and the veil seems to become thin between this world and the next, and he said, "Whenever I gaze at that glorious window to lift me up out of these earthly conditions," and said he, "I think I have seen the glory of a thousand mornings creep through that beautiful stained glass. I would like to take away a little part of that red glass as my souvenir, by which to remember the days spent in the church of God." A maiden lady rose up and said, "I have gotten my chief inspiration out of music and rhythm and song, and would like to take away the leather-backed hymn book that has been in my pew, and which I have used every time I have come to church, and have been lifted up by the service of praise." Another deacon, eighty years of age, said, "I would like to take a few square inches out of the carpet just on the inside of the front door, for I have stood there for more than forty years as an usher, and over that bit of carpet I have conducted infancy, youth, maturity and old age, as I have seen them press on toward the altar of the Most High." Another one said, "I have gotten my chief inspiration from that wonderful contralto, who, the first time I heard her, seemed to make the majesty and beauty of the other world pass before me, such I never believed could have been in existence. I would like to have the chair in which she rested between her parts up there yonder in the choir." The Sexton of the church said, "I want to take with me the knob of the Vestry door leading into the Pastor's Study." He said, "My hands have turned it times without number as I have ushered in inquirers, visitors, and distinguished guests." Another man said, "Give me the lamp at the edge of the platform, for it has lighted the way for many a platform orator and pulpit power, and I have been thrilled with a message from another world from lips of men who passed by that standard. It will remind me of some of my best moments." Another man said, "It was my inspiration as a youth to come to this church and find that one of the distinguished senators sat in a certain pew, and as a little boy, when it came time for prayer, I oftentimes spread my fingers and looked over at that pew just to catch a glimpse of the magnetic form of that distinguished senator who last week had stirred Washington with his eloquence, and now humbly bowed with the rest of us before the altars of God." And he wished to take away the entire pew. Why? Because the church of God means something to us that nothing else in the world means. They had seen prodigal boys and girls reclaimed for God; they had seen revival waves sweep through that edifice; they had looked with tear-stained faces upon the countenances of their beloved dead, and it reminded

them of their best moments. But, of course, nothing in connection with the building has quite the significance as the one whose voice is heard from Sunday to Sunday from the sacred desk. You will associate with that some of your best moments, some of your most exalted moods, some of the moments when you have got nearest to God—you will associate that with the voice that has sounded so faithfully from this pulpit in the forty-one years that are passed.

#### A Man Who Knows the Way of the Soul

You remember the words of Ian MacLaren, about an old Scotchman who had been indifferent about his spiritual life. One day he found his sickness was so sore that he could not recover, and that he had better make himself ready for the next world. He called his wife Janet, and asked to have a minister come to tell him what to do. She sent for some of the local ministers. They came and talked to him about the sheep market, and about the prices of different things, and about some other things that were supposed to cheer him up. And then they went away, and he had a sad countenance. He told Janet, this was not what he wanted. He had heard there was a man in Aberfeldie, who knew the way of the soul. He asked to be put in the cart tomorrow, and taken to Aberfeldie, to get in touch with that man who knew "the way of the soul". And Janet said he was too sick and would dee on the road. He said, "Janet, if I must dee I want to dee with my face to the light," he must get in touch with the man who knew "the way of the soul." They took him to Aberfeldie, and there was only one seat left in the corner of the church. He took it, and said to himself, "I wonder what the minister's text will be. Will we have something that will guide me, so I will know what to do to get ready for the other world?" He listened very intently. The minister opened his Bible, and used the text, "Loose him and let him go." "Ah," said the sick man, "that is what I want. I am in the same condition as Lazarus; I am bound hand and foot in grave clothes." He had looked out that morning at the little lake beside his house, which in other days had always just been a lake to him, but this morning it seemed as if it was the Dead Sea, and he was like Sodom and Gomorrah, doomed for destruction. Then the minister did an unusual thing. He said, "I saw a man come into the church and take his seat, and when I saw him come in I saw a shadow upon his countenance, but I did not know whether it was the shadow of the angel of the covenant, or the shadow of death. But," he said, "I have had a token given me since I began to preach, and looked at the countenance of this man, and I have a message for him, that the shadow is not the shadow of the angel of death, it is the shadow of the angel of the covenant. I have a message for him in my text: 'Loose him and let him go.'" And Donald said, "I do not know, I cannot explain what happened, but it was as if my soul rose up and walked right out into the presence of the Saviour, and He loosed me and let me go, for this man knew the way of the soul." Then he said that when he got into his cart to go back again to his home he passed the same lake which in the morning had been to him like the Dead Sea, and he had been Sodom and Gomorrah. But on the return from the service it was no longer the Dead Sea, but it was the Sea of Glass, mingled with fire, and over it came the song of Moses and the Lamb, but mingled with it, and



sweeter than all, and sounding above it all came the words, 'Loose him and let him go.' Here was a man who knew the way of the soul. Certain I am that the reason you esteem your pastor highly in love for his works' sake. You have found him to be one who knows the way of the soul.

## Bible School Lesson Outline

Vol. 16 Second Quarter Lesson 9 May 27, 1951

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

### JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT

Lesson Text: Genesis 37:12-28.

Golden Text: "But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive."—Gen. 50:20.

#### I. Joseph Merciful, Yet Rejected: verses 12-24.

The brothers of Joseph despised him, because he was good (verses 1-11; 2 Sam. 6:16). They were irritated and aroused to jealousy when he revealed to them the purpose of God concerning their future subjection to their younger brother. When the heart is filled with bitter enmity (1 John 3:15), Satan sees to it that the opportunity to injure is not lacking (Matt. 27:18). When they saw him coming to meet them, they determined to slay him. Although Joseph had gone to the brothers on an errand of mercy, they refused to receive him (Matt. 21:38). Our Lord came into this world to save men from sin, and yet many will not accept Him (John 1:11, 12).

The wicked plot of the sons of Jacob was foiled, for it was not the will of God for Joseph to be slain at that time. He had been chosen to have a place in the Messianic line. God spared Joseph, and yet we read that He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all (Rom. 8:32). It is significant that Reuben came to the rescue, for he was the eldest son, and by natural law the birthright should have belonged to him. God is sovereign in His purpose of grace (Mal. 1:2, 3).

Reuben, with the intention of delivering Joseph from the wrath of his brothers, suggested that the young man be cast alive into the pit. Had Reuben been courageous enough to suggest complete deliverance for Joseph, they might have consented (Gen. 42:22). Those who compromise do not long retain the respect either of their friends or of their foes.

Joseph was stripped of the coat of many colours, the token of his father's favour and love. Our Saviour voluntarily laid aside the habiliments of His glory, and humbled Himself for our sakes (John 17:5; 2 Cor. 8:9; Phil. 2:5-8; Heb. 2:8, 9). The Roman soldiers stripped Him at the time of the crucifixion (Matt. 27:28), and took Him (Mk. 14:46; John 19:16, 17).

The cruel sons of Jacob had thought to kill Joseph and cast his body into the pit. The pit would have become his grave. Through the intervention of Reuben, he was alive when put into the pit. Our Lord allowed His enemies to take His life (John 10:18). He was crucified, He died, He was buried and the third day He arose from the grave, in order that He might bring us up from the horrible pit of death and destruction (Psa. 40:2; 1 Cor. 15:3, 4).

#### II. Joseph Mourned, Yet Repudiated: verses 25-36.

The brothers of Joseph displayed no concern for his distress; they paid no heed to his cry for deliverance (Gen. 42:21). How indifferent, callous and cruel were many who witnessed the crucifixion of Christ (Psa. 22:6-8; Matt. 27:36; Lk. 23:35, 36); "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" (Lam. 1:12). Millions of people in the world go about their daily activities, utterly regardless of the Saviour Who died for them.

Judah, with an eye to profit (Matt. 26:8), was the one who suggested that they sell Joseph to the Midianites, just as another Judah (Judas) received a price for betraying the Lord Jesus to His enemies (Matt. 26:14, 15).

Surely Joseph's brothers must have felt guilty when they

rose up to comfort their father (Gen. 42:21; 44:16)! One must pity the aged Jacob in his sorrow, real to him, but not actually warranted, for Joseph, although separated from him, was still alive. Also, the grief of Jacob was in part a punishment for his own past sin. He who had deceived his aged father was now himself being deceived by his sons (Gen. 27:12; Gal. 6:7).

It might have seemed to Joseph as though God had forsaken him. However, all his trials were known to God, and the path of suffering was destined to lead to the hill-top of glory. The period of humiliation would be followed by the period of exaltation. All his experiences were working together for good in the Providence of God, so that Joseph was enabled to bring about the salvation of others (Gen. 45:5, 7, 8; 50:20; Psa. 105:17; 1 Pet. 2:24). The patriarchs might sell him to be a slave in Egypt, but God was with him every step of the way.

### OUR FRENCH MISSIONARY PUBLICATIONS

By Rev. J. R. Boyd

THE voices of blessings and necessity sounding in our ears from French Canada prompt us to write again about the little-publicized ministry of *La Voix de l'Evangile* ("The Voice of the Gospel") the French paper published in Sudbury and sent out with the assistance of The Emergency Committee. The original purpose of this little monthly messenger was to assist French Roman Catholics and ex-Catholics who had received the Word of God from us. For nearly seven years, several thousand copies have gone out month by month as God supplied to people to whom the Bible had been an unknown Book. We tried to assist them to find God's solutions for the common needs of people in their conditions. We sought to put the weapons of truth into their hands, that they might effectively repel and assail the forces of darkness by which they are infested and surrounded.

The full story of the effect of this simple service cannot be told. Needless to say some took offence and turned back determined that since the Word of God so seriously differed from their ideas of God and man they could not accept it. Others, many of them, have written with joy to tell of blessings received as they were led in their search for the truth which only the Bible reveals. We are profoundly grateful to know that quite a number will include this little publication among the agencies for which they will eternally praise God around His throne.

Now a new challenge has come, the most thrilling call that has sounded in our time. Rome is worried. Ten years ago most Roman Catholic French Canadians scarcely knew there was a Bible. Those who knew of it thought of it as a banned Book, something to be feared or burned. We still have vivid recollections of New Testaments being hurriedly cast into stoves by Catholics who hastened to their priests to report and seek forgiveness for having touched the Word of God.

**NEXT SUNDAY IN  
JARVIS STREET**

**DR. SHIELDS**

**11 a.m and 7 p.m.**

**SEE ANNOUNCEMENT IN  
SATURDAY PAPERS**

With typical Jesuit diplomacy the priests either ignored the Bible or blasted it and all who spread it with all the fire and brimstone they had. Well, they still hate us and the Gospel of grace as violently as ever, but they cannot any longer ignore the Book. Evangelical workers among French Canadians have been few and their ranks have been divided. The factors which the natural man says are essential to success have all been lacking; but there has been such an impression made in French Canada that the Catholic hierarchy has become thoroughly disturbed. Thousands of dollars are being spent for radio programmes on which priests advise their people to get and read the Bible. Still greater sums are expended to produce and circulate literature designed to give the Catholic interpretation of the Bible. Frankly they admit that they must give the Scriptures to their people or lose them forever. Thus they are driven to do the thing for which they sought to damn us. As Baptists who hold, as true Baptists always have, that the Bible is in every respect without equal and beyond comparison, we rejoice to see its worst enemies forced to give it out. Already some have come to us ready now to listen to our message because the priest had told them the Bible was good. More will come if we show ourselves true to the principles laid down in the Word they read.

Of course this whole campaign is not designed to make Catholics love the Lord, but to convince them that the Church is really worthy of support since it gave and preserved such a wonderful Book. However, it challenges us with a task of tremendous urgency and importance. Catholics who read the Bibles do not find purgatory, prayers for the dead, auricular confession or many of the other

doctrines of the Church mentioned. They find Rome contradicted and condemned on every hand and they are eager to get the whole truth on many of these subjects. We have already printed a few special pamphlets on some of these special subjects, but more are needed. At the time of the fuss about the so-called assumption of Mary last year we printed a tract on "What the Bible and Man say about the Virgin Mary". Five thousand of these were snatched up in a very short time. More recently a twelve-page article on Confession has brought demands for extra copies from far and near. With these letters have come cries for reliable literature designed to meet the French Roman Catholics' need to know the truth about the true Church, the Mass, the modern cults and many other troublesome questions. On behalf of the many who have written expressing great joy in the truth they know, and passionate hope for more we write these words hoping that somewhere among God's people there may be some who will take this nation-wide need to heart and give, so that the Emergency Committee may be able to stand behind our efforts to give this much-needed light to the thousands who cry to receive it. In all the field of literature there seems to be nothing in existence in French to meet this need. Here then is an opportunity to serve where no adequate service has ever been given. Rome spends her millions to intensify darkness, let us spend what we can to spread that which the darkness hates but can never destroy. The pathetic, "Please send to us", in so many letters almost breaks our hearts, when we know there is nothing in existence to send to meet their needs. May we be enabled to fill that gap with the pamphlets of truth on these vital subjects.

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This paper is a printed missionary, and carries no advertisements. The regular issues contain 16 pages. The subscription price is \$3.00 for 52 issues. WITH EVERY NEW SUBSCRIPTION we will give one of the four following books as a premium:

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