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EXPERIENCES IN BRAZIL

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

Delivered in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Thursday Evening, August 2nd, 1951

SOME years ago, shortly after the wreck of the *Titanic* a gentleman came from England by ship to Montreal, and by train from Montreal to Toronto. He spent a few days in Toronto; took the train back to Montreal, and the ship back to England. I read some time afterwards that he was delivering lectures on Canada. I shall not be guilty of a like folly. I shall not attempt to lecture on Brazil, but simply tell you some of my experiences going to Brazil, there, and returning.

Brazil is a very large country. Its area exceeds that of the United States, and is slightly less than that of the Dominion of Canada.

My friend, Dr. McIntire, was most insistent that I should attend the Pan-American Evangelical Conference at Sao Paulo. He is President of the International Council of Christian Churches, and very zealous for the cause of Christ. I ultimately yielded to his insistence.

I cast about to see how I could get there Tuesday night, then remembered that I had not completed my Brazilian visa. My plane would not leave until ten forty-five standard time in the morning. I went down to get my visa on the way to the airport. But on the Brazilian Consul's door, I saw, "Office hours, 11. to 5."

I learned that the Consul lived at the King Edward Hotel. I went over, got his number, and routed the dear man out of bed, and persuaded him to go to his office without breakfast to complete the Brazilian visa. If you are a Consul, be sure you wear good pyjamas! (Laughter) You don't know when you may be called into public view.

Non-Stop to Tampa, Florida

I flew non-stop to Tampa, Florida, and from there to Miami, and stayed there over night. Then I started off on the Aerovias Air Line, at the comfortable and convenient hour of about four or five o'clock in the morning. So we flew, nothing new to me now, to the Dominican Republic, then to Venezuela, and Trinidad. There I found the father and mother of Miss Ailsa Reid waiting for me. As soon as I got through customs, I went out with them

to their lovely home, and had a most delightful evening. I had dinner with them, and they drove me back again to the hotel near the airport.

The airplane people undertake to call you so that you won't be late. That is a very convenient practice, if you have the right kind of caller. Mr. Spurgeon in one of his sermons somewhere, tells a story of being at some place in the country. He was to be called at an unearthly hour, about five o'clock in the morning, I think. He was wakened from a sound sleep by someone knocking at his door. "Yes," he said. And the country man outside the door said, "Four o'clock, sir; just one more hour to sleep." (Laughter)

Trinidad Over Night

Well, at Trinidad they come and call you at a given hour, and a little later you hear a knock on the door, and a voice: "Are you up, sir?" "Yes." "All right." Then about ten minutes later another knock on the door, and a voice: "Everything all right, sir? You are getting up?" I said, "Yes, I'll be on time." I like that. So would you. Because there is the tendency to roll over and go to sleep—like the student I heard of, who in the summertime worked on a farm for his board, and to make a little money for the next school session. One morning he overslept. The farmer called him about four o'clock every morning. This morning he rolled over, and went to sleep again. He actually did not get out to the barn until six o'clock! The farmer looked up at him, and said, "Where you been all the forenoon?" (Laughter)

Belême, at the Mouth of the Mighty Amazon

Well, we had much of that, all the way down, and all the way back—getting up at half-past two, or three o'clock, and getting off at four or half-past four in the morning. At Trinidad it was pretty hot. The next lap we flew to a place called Belême, at the mouth of the great Amazon River. There it was not warm, but decidedly hot.

Now we left on Wednesday, slept at Trinidad Thursday

night, and Beléme Friday night. Then with one or two intermediate stops, arrived at Rio de Janeiro on Saturday afternoon.

The Beautiful City of Rio de Janeiro

Rio is said to be the most beautiful city in the world. I have not seen them all—I have seen many; and it is, without doubt, a very beautiful city. It has a population in excess of two millions of people. Its buildings are magnificent. Its parks are really beautiful. I felt, as a Torontonian that I had come from an overgrown, antiquated village, in comparison with Rio.

Brazil is Portuguese in race, and language. It has had a varied history. Possessed in the early sixteenth century by Portugal, it came successively under the power of Spain and later the Dutch. It regained its independence about 1654. In the early years of the nineteenth century the Royal family of Portugal fled from Portugal to Brazil, and returned to their own country less than twenty years later.

I do not know how to describe Rio, its waterfront, its harbour, its glorious hills surrounding, and its matchless climate. It is indeed a place where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." It is a delightful place to live in the winter time. If I had nothing else to do, and were like some people, seeking a place of residence, where life would be comfortable, I think I would go to Brazil in the winter time—but be careful to get away from it in the summer.

I stayed in Rio from Saturday until Wednesday in a very fine hotel. The hotels there are modern to the last bathroom faucet—everything up to date, and physical comforts, really, in these large cities abound.

A Canadian Company Supplies Light and Power to Rio and Sao Paulo

I fell in with a man who was an official of the Brazilian Traction Company. A former Deacon of this Church, now in Heaven, was one of the Directors of that Company in his day, and one of their legal staff. The Brazilian Traction Company is a great corporation, the stock of which is owned entirely in Canada, and the head office of it is in this city.

This man with whom I talked, one night late, told me he was trying desperately to unload the trolley system on the city. They have there the old-fashioned trolleys that we had in the days of the Mackenzie-Mann interests, when people hung on by their hands in the open trolleys. Some of you will remember them. In Brazil they crowd on to the car, hang on to the steps, and then hang on to each other, until they are like flies on a flypaper. I have seen nothing like it anywhere except in Cairo. I tried that trolley once, and they nearly threw me on the street, starting before I could get half-way in. I had one foot on the step; and as I was so far away from home, I thought that was enough, and that I had better try some other means of transportation thereafter, which I did.

Cheap Transportation

Well, perhaps now that you are paying a high fare for transportation on the T.F.C., you will appreciate it. A cruzeiro, the Brazilian standard, officially is worth about eighteen to the dollar. But in all the stores, and everywhere else, it is thirty to the dollar. Approximately a cruzeiro is worth about three cents, or a fraction over, and transportation from one end to the other of that

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

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great city would cost you about a half of a cruzeiro, about a cent and a half. It is not surprising that they cannot make the trolleys pay. This official said they were losing five million dollars a year, and yet they were not allowed to put up their fares; and so he said, "We are trying to unload it on them, so that they can operate it themselves at any price they like."

Rio is a marvellously well-lighted city, and the Canadians are doing wonderfully well, I fancy, in supplying light, and heat, and power, to all that area, Rio, and Sao Paulo.

I did not preach in Rio. I enjoyed that little rest, and then on Wednesday I went on to our conference centre, in the great city of Sao Paulo. That is another city, perhaps a little smaller than Rio, but very little. Its population exceeds two millions also. Such streets, such highways, I think I have not seen in any city in North America. My room in the hotel was a corner room, and I could look down a ten or twelve lane highway, right in the city, as far as I could see, with two boulevards separating them, and traffic just like a raging, rushing, river.

Sao Paulo, Another City of Over Two Millions

It is interesting to note that both in Rio and Sao Paulo wealth abounds. Where they make all their money I don't know. They produce coffee, cocoa, sugar, textiles, and all sorts of things. But some people have much wealth. It is said that it is the ambition of every Brazilian to own a Cadillac. Cadillacs are almost as common on the streets of these two cities, it seemed to me, as Fords are in Toronto. They pay five or six thousand dollars for them in the United States; and some of them sell, I was told, in those cities for as high as seventeen thousand dollars.

Wealth, Poverty

One of my friends said he went to a big departmental store, something like ours here, for luncheon with some friends, and he reported, "I never in my life, in New York, Chicago, or anywhere, saw such a display of mink coats, and stone martens, diamonds, and precious stones of every sort." There is plenty of wealth in Brazil; and the surface of it is barely scratched. I do not wonder that some people go there. They say in Sao Paulo there are seventy thousand Jews: "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." And they know where they can make plenty of money. On the other hand don't think that Brazil is a country rolling in wealth. Some people have wealth; but you will see side by side with that, the direst poverty you ever saw in your life. And of the forty millions of people in Brazil, ninety percent are illiterate, and even some Members of the Legislature, I was told, cannot even write their own names. With a rich country, and an illiterate people, it is not surprising that there should be found some who know how to exploit the unwary, and make themselves rich.

I am not speaking now of the religious aspect of things, or of missionary endeavour. I shall speak to you of that later. I merely give you that little view of the geography of things.

Over Fifteen Thousand Miles in Less Than Eight Days

I reckoned up the mileage, and from Sao Paulo, to Rio, to Miami, to New York, and to Toronto, by air miles, it is about seven thousand six hundred miles. "How long did it take you to go there, Mrs. Kegel?" "About eleven days by boat." "From New York?" "Yes; but coming home it took twenty-three days." A fast ship went in eleven days. Well, in daylight hours, I went and returned in about eight days. I was in the air about eight days, during the daylight hours.

The Portuguese Language

The language of the people is Portuguese. I have been in many foreign countries, and in most countries you will find nearly everywhere, someone who can speak English. But I found in many places, restaurants, and elsewhere, an entire absence of English-speaking people. If I were promoting the welfare of Brazil with a view to securing tourist trade, I would have someone who could speak English in every restaurant and in every hotel. There were some; but in many places there were not. I had difficulty even in ordering some tea—and you would know from that that I was in real difficulty! However, I learned to ask for *cha with leite!* That is milk. I got along very well. I picked up a few Portuguese words, enough to order my dinner!

The Conference Itself

At the Conference itself, we had representatives from about sixteen different nations. Every South American republic had its quota. There were about sixty came from the United States, and Canada. I was one from Canada. My American friends forget there is a place called Canada, and they say "United States". I poked fun at them, and said, "Why do you forget that place that is bigger than your whole garden?" However, they do. We are good friends, but I did not fail to remind them.

The Conference was held in a large theatre, and every speech had to be interpreted. There were Portuguese,

Spanish, and English. The Conference had three sections—Portuguese, Spanish, and English. From the speaker's point of view it rather spoils the whole procedure to have to reach people through someone else's mind, and for him to interpret what you are saying, and sometimes if one uses an unusual word—which of course I don't!—he would want to know, "Just what is that." And I had to explain. The first meeting was held in a large Presbyterian Church.

Great Evangelical Churches

Here let me pause to say that there are splendid Evangelical churches both in Rio and in Sao Paulo; good buildings, well established churches, and able, thoroughly trained ministers. There are Baptists roundabout Sao Paulo, not less than nearly a hundred Baptist churches, and Presbyterian churches also. And I was happy to find that the majority of these churches still seem to hold fast the profession of their faith without wavering; and they have so responded to our appeal that the World Council of Churches is thoroughly alarmed. What we have endeavoured to do for them is to put them on their guard, and show them what this "Ecumenical Ship" is.

No Dock in Brazil for the "Ecumenical Ship"

Some of you may remember my writing about this Ship. I used to have a merry time in Australia and New Zealand describing the "Ecumenical Ship", as described by the Secretary of The World Council. And in order to warn them against this aggregation of contrarities, and incompatibles, we went around the world, and went to Brazil, so that the people would know something of what it is. When the World Council Secretary described the "Ecumenical Ship", he said that nothing like it had ever been formed in the world's history. It was a new kind of ship!—to which I say "Amen"! One could almost worship it, because there is nothing like it in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The Secretary said that it was made up of a crew that spoke different languages, and were unable to understand each other. He said that many of them did not know the difference between the bow and the stern. And as a matter of fact they were not quite sure whether the ship was seaworthy, and whether they were not expecting too much of it. Furthermore, they did not know quite where they were going, but they were on their way. (Laughter). He capped it all by stating that the crew were thoroughly inexperienced, and had never attempted to sail such a ship before.

Well now, don't you want to take an agency to sell tickets to sail on a ship like that! A crew that do not understand each other! They don't know where they are going! So far as we could find they have neither chart, nor compass, nor rudder! They don't know which is the bow or which is the stern. The crew are all inexperienced men, and they are bound for some place—no one knows where! What an advertisement! But that is the real Council of Churches, to which the United Church of Canada belongs, and the Presbyterian Church, and the Anglican Church. The Baptists, I think have not yet joined it; but the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces, I understand from Mr. Slade, are to consider it at their next Convention.

The Surgeon's First Operation

Well, when I read that, I was reminded of a story of a woman who was to undergo an operation. She was

naturally very nervous. The nurse was preparing her for the operation. It had been reported to the surgeon that his patient was very nervous, and very much afraid. He came in, with his white gown on, to reassure her. He told her it would be all right, there was no necessity for anxiety, or alarm. "Oh, but Doctor, this is my first operation." "Oh," he said, "don't worry about that. This is my first operation, too."

The World Council a Synthesis of Unbelief

Well, that is The World Council of Churches. They are all in it—Greek Orthodox, Unitarians, Humanists, Modernists, of every name, and every degree. Their idea is to fashion what they now dare to call "A World Church"; and those who refuse to belong to it are just "schismatics".

An Intolerant Religious Monopoly

Now let me tell you something of what this World Church does. Dr. McIntire and I, and our companions, visited the officials of several governments on our world tour. We visited some officials in the Colonial Office in London about affairs in Kenya Colony and Tanganyika. There a subsidiary of the World Council claimed to speak for everybody—but the Roman Catholics. That is their trick. They say, "We represent world Protestantism. They, the Roman Catholics, represent Roman Catholicism." Government officials don't want to be bothered with a lot of sects, and so they welcome the idea of just dealing with two. So they say, "All right, the Roman Catholics must have a visa, so to speak, from the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, and all other missionaries of every Denomination must be approved by this International Missionary Council, or they cannot do mission work."

Well we don't belong, and there are hundreds of thousands of Evangelicals all over the world who don't belong. Their design is to build up a great religious monopoly, without whose consent no one can do missionary work anywhere in the world. We found they were operating in India, and we visited the Home Office in India, and discussed the matter with the responsible officials there. We found that they, too, there in India, had come and said, "We are the Protestant Party. Don't certify anyone without our consent."

To show you how that works, we had a cablegram in Sao Paulo, from Kenya Colony. The local Government, British, if you please, had notified the Missionaries of the Independent Board of Presbyterian Foreign Missions that they were to vacate the country by some time in September; take all their belongings, and go. And the one and only reason for their expulsion was that the International Missionary Council disapproved of their presence, and would not certify them.

The Papacy and Its Satellites

In other words, this World Council is an utterly intolerant octopus, that has absolutely nothing in common with the Church of the New Testament. I believe, as I have often told you, that the Papacy is the nucleus, at least, of the Church of the Antichrist. I don't think there is any doubt about it. But the World Council has already received into its fellowship the Greek Orthodox Catholic Church, which differs scarcely at all from the Roman Catholic Church, except that it permits its priests to marry, and it does not acknowledge the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. But in its doctrinal position, and

its practice, it is to all intents and purposes, identical with the Roman Catholic Church. The Greek Orthodox Church is already an integral part of the World Council of Churches. So the United Church of Canada (the people don't know it; the preachers do; for this is a clerical movement all the way through: it is not a movement of the people) and all these other denominations in Canada, uniting with the World Council, have given the hand of fellowship to the Greek Orthodox Church, with its masses, and its purgatory, and its worship of the Virgin Mary, and its whole idolatrous and sacramentarian system. They are part and parcel of the whole thing. Not only so, but they have endeavoured by every means in their power to induce the Roman Catholic Church to join, that there might be one world church.

Can you imagine any man or woman who is born again, enlightened by the Spirit of God, with a Bible open before him, having any fellowship with Greek Orthodoxy, or with Roman Catholicism? Surely we recognize that that is a betrayal of everything essentially Christian!

The I.C.C.C. Sounds the Alarm

Well now, we went to Brazil in order that we might sound a warning note to all these Evangelicals, and I am happy to say that as a result of our visit—Dr. McIntire had been there once before, and I was to go, but I fell and broke my arms and stayed home—but as a result of the recent Conference a federation of Evangelical churches of all denominations has been effected in Brazil, consisting of all the South American Republics, who have adopted their constitution, and who are called into existence, to help each other, it is true; but mainly to resist the aggressions of the World Council of Churches, and to keep these Evangelicals from being caught in that trap.

"The Sinners in Zion Are Afraid"

So effective has been the work of the International Council that *The Christian Century*, of Chicago, perhaps the most prominent mouthpiece of theological Modernism in the United States, in a recent editorial sounded a note of alarm because they were virtually shut out of South America. We had got in there, and they were not wanted. Of course there will be a counter-attack. They have millions behind them, and a certain select group of Modernists are to travel by special plane, and visit all the South American republics this summer, or this winter as it is now down there, in order, if possible, to neutralize the effect of our visit, and to induce these people to forsake the faith once for all delivered to the saints, and to join in with this semi-infidel, agnostic, aggregation, known as The World Council of Churches.

By request of the Brazilians themselves, before I got there, in fact last Spring I was asked to speak on the Roman Catholic question at the great afternoon meeting. Morning and evening there were Portuguese speakers, but at the afternoon meeting I spoke on the relation of Romanism to Evangelical Christianity; that is, to the Gospel. I spoke through an interpreter. The interpreter was President of the newly appointed Federation, and while a Brazilian, he is a graduate of Baylor University in Texas, and of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort-Worth, of which Dr. Scarborough was once the President; so that he speaks English quite fluently, as well as being a Portuguese scholar, and we had no difficulty whatever in the matter of interpre-

tation. It seemed, indeed, that many of the Portuguese, who are surrounded by Romanism, saw Romanism as even they had never seen it before. Madame Perez of Mexico City, whose husband is the Pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in Mexico, was there, and she said, "You taught me much about the Roman Catholic Church."

A lot of people observe superficially, and do not take the trouble to inquire into the philosophy of things, to see how thoroughly and incorrigibly anti-Christian this whole hellish system is.

Freedom of Speech and Assembly in Brazil

I was glad that there was free speech in Brazil, notwithstanding the predominance of Roman Catholicism. In Brazil one can say anything he likes—and I said it! (laughter) And these nationals from various republics, declared they had seen Rome in a new light.

Preached in Three Baptist Churches

The Sunday before, July 15th, I preached in the First Baptist Church, to a crowded audience, Sunday School and all, and gave an invitation, which Dr. Bernardes interpreted. Four splendid men, former Roman Catholics, rose, and came forward, and professed acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ at that Sunday night meeting.

Then a week ago Sunday I preached in another Baptist church. The pastor came to me, and said, "I have been reading THE GOSPEL WITNESS since nineteen hundred and twenty-eight. I have translated a great many of your sermons into Portuguese, and had them printed, and circulated among the Brazilian people. We want you to come." That was Sunday evening. On Sunday morning I preached in another Baptist church, the Pastor of which is the President of all the Baptist churches of the Republic of Brazil. He is a very fine man. We had a very happy time together.

Except for the language, Rio and Sao Paulo would compare favourably at least with our city. Their churches are not quite like Jarvis Street, but they are good churches, large buildings many of them, and they seem to be pretty well established.

Harvey Springer—the Incomparable

I ought to tell you that among the chief features of the Conference, as the only one to deliver an evening address in English, Brother Harvey Springer was on hand. You will wonder how anyone would interpret that man, would you not? (Laughter). I wondered how he would get along. But he had a young man from Montevideo, who could speak Portuguese, and Spanish, and fluent English. He was every bit as good an actor as Harvey Springer. He not only interpreted what Mr. Springer said, but he interpreted what he did! (Laughter).

Mr. Springer preached on, "What Must I Do To Be Saved?" I cannot tell you the sermon, it would take too long. But he specially emphasized for the advantage of the Portuguese, and the Roman Catholics who were there, that there was no salvation in the Church. At best, the church was just a signpost; it was a means to an end. It was an instrument by which men might be told, by the preaching of the gospel, what they must do to be saved. They would not be saved by the Church.

So Brother Springer, abandoning the loud speaker, got out in front, took a couple of chairs with him, and his interpreter also went with him. He put the chairs back against the table, and asked them where they were going

for an excursion on the Saturday. They said, "To Santos." That was down by the sea. "All right." Then he said, "I suppose on the way you will find signposts, 'To Santos'. There it is," and he pointed to the chair. "Can you read it? There it is. This way to Santos." Then he climbed on the chair, and sat on the back of it, and his interpreter did the same thing on the other chair. They looked for all the world like two birds perched on a telegraph pole. He folded his arms, and imagined somebody's coming along, and saying, "What are you doing there?" "Going to Santos." "But that is not Santos there." "Why not? Can't you read?" He got down, and the other man got down. "Can't you read? There is the sign, 'To Santos'." Then they hopped up again.

So he described the different people coming along, and asking what he was doing there, and he was always going to Santos. "No," they said, "you are not going to Santos." Then his wife was supposed to come along and say, "Harvey, what are you doing there?" I am going to Santos." "Have you lost your mind? I used to think you knew something." "This is the way to Santos." You know! Some of you heard him. He made it very very clear that the signpost was not the destination of the soul, and that we can never reach our destination until we find our way to Christ, and are saved in Him.

The Portuguese Like to Argue—As Do Others

The Portuguese are like other people. They like to talk, and they like to argue, and they like to object, and to give reasons for objecting. So when it came to the adoption of the Constitution—they had three sections, English, Portuguese, and Spanish—their tongues were let loose.

Missionaries of High Quality

I must speak of what I saw of some of the missionaries. I wish I could have gone to the interior, but every hour was crowded, and I could not get away. I met Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, who had been in Jarvis Street Church, and had a very happy meeting with them; also with Dr. and Mrs. Dodds. I went out to their lovely country home, and picked some lemons and some oranges, and some bananas, which I did not bring home with me. They had a nice place of about seventy or eighty acres, in a beautiful situation. It seemed to be almost surrounded by water. Really I fell in love with Brazil, as a country, or with what I saw of it, but when flying over the jungles, and looking down upon those thousands of miles of jungle, with nothing but trees, trees, trees, I could not help saying, "The Lord grant that this plane may keep in the air until we get across this stretch," which it did.

Many Gospel Witness Readers

I met a number of missionaries, and once again I found inspiration in discovering the number of people who, away in South America, have been reading THE GOSPEL WITNESS for years. Quite a large number told me of reading an account in the Witness of Deacon Jennings' home going, and they were very glad to be able to have that account, and to share our sorrow in the departure of so great a man. I went to a Mission Home in the country which was to be dedicated a few days later, where missionaries stay awhile when they go to Brazil, and where they come also when they want a little recuperation. It was in charge of Miss Margaret

Harden, who is a missionary of the Independent Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. It was a lovely place, but there was one missionary there, who came for the Conference, and was going to be there for some weeks, combining a little vacation, the first she had had in a long time, with attendance at the Conference. I talked with her about her work. She lives somewhere in the wilds of Brazil. I said, "Do you live alone?" "No," she said, "I have a little black boy who does my work for me." But she is there alone—I do not know just the name of the place, but what a woman she was! She was a combination of half a dozen men, and as many women—resourceful, courageous, afraid of nothing in the world—really a magnificent type. I could not help praising the Lord for her.

Then I met with missionaries from Chili, Argentina, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela, Dominican Republic—all the South American Republics, and it seemed to me that all of those who had come to that Conference were very devoted men. I went into the gallery one night, and a man behind me laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, "I have been waiting for this for more than twenty years." He told me he was a missionary, and an editor of a periodical, and had been reading THE GOSPEL WITNESS since 1928, twenty-three years. We had a very happy time together—he spoke English very well, so that I could understand him. In fact, I understood his English better than he understood my Portuguese, so we conversed in English!

South America a Dark Continent

The South American continent is, without doubt, a dark continent. It has, in large measure, been a neglected continent. But I think it is one of the greatest missionary fields in the world, and one of the most needy. They need, for instance, missionaries who will be sufficiently supported by funds from home to be able to establish schools, for the Government pays no attention whatsoever to education. At the time of the revolution when the present president first came to power, he promised a ministry of education, a ministry of labour, and several other things, but did not fulfil one single promise. And the gentleman I met in the hotel said that in these last nearly twenty years not one brick had been laid in a new school, a government school, anywhere in the Republic of Brazil. You think of ninety percent of the population of forty millions illiterate, with no public Governmental educational institutions! Such schools as there are there, for those who can avail themselves of them, are privately established, and I suppose privately supported by the various denominations, and perhaps some by private enterprise. I have no doubt there are many Roman Catholic institutions there, which the Roman Catholics themselves have established and supported.

Brazil a Rich Country

Brazil is a very rich country. Deacon Bauman and I were talking one day, and I asked him how it came to pass that Switzerland in the heart of Europe, in the midst of all the flaming war-fires that blazed around her for these hundreds of years, had escaped war. Brother Bauman said, "Because Switzerland has no coal, no oil, no treasure of any kind that anybody wants, except our skill." And that is why Switzerland I suppose has become the centre of the world's watch-making industry. They have their skill, and have made Switzer-

land what it is by their skill; but nobody can steal that, and therefore they let them alone. In Brazil they have everything; they have oil, they have coal, an abundance of water; they have minerals of all sorts, and they have precious stones. I saw a number of them.

Now I was urged to go to Argentina, Chili, and Uruguay. Uruguay is perhaps the richest of the South American republics, although small. Montevideo is its capital. I am told that the wealth of the world, or a very large part of it, is being piled up in the banks of Uruguay. I don't know whether they think it is safe there, or not. But the republic, as such, has no religion at all, and it is virtually an infidel nation. However, there are some earnest missionaries there, and the young man who was Mr. Springer's interpreter, came from Montevideo.

Argentiniáans Believe Hitler Is Alive in Their Country

A good company of people attending the Conference had explored Argentina, Buenos Aires, and other parts, and they said that it is commonly believed by everybody, nearly, that they spoke to in Brazil, and that nearly every one with whom they communicated is convinced that a man called Adolf Hitler—did you ever hear of him?—is very much alive, and that he is in Argentina. I have believed that from the beginning. I am just as sure as I am of my own name, on psychological grounds, that that incarnate fiend did not die in that Berlin holocaust. Credible witnesses, I was told by many who had inquired into the situation, had told them that two German submarines came to the Argentine, and surrendered. The crews were never identified. However, I don't think we need fear, because Hitler will never again be able to do any harm. He might be an aid to somebody, —I don't know. But his day is done.

I asked a shipping man, a very high-placed man in one of the Airways if Peron's political activities would not in the end ruin Argentina: "Is he not damaging it commercially?" He said, "No; he *has* ruined it, already." The Argentine trade has been all but destroyed; and I suppose nothing exhibited the spirit and intolerance of the Peron régime like the closing and confiscation of that newspaper, *La Prensa*. I was told that there was more than a million dollars' worth of new machinery in the basement, ready to be set up. The Government confiscated it, and gave virtually the whole thing, closed the Press, for a million dollars; and it was worth many millions.

Argentina is a little colder than Brazil at this season of the year. I cannot imagine any country in the world having a more delightful climate, than Brazil, below the equator, Rio, and Sao Paulo. The climate was about like yesterday, cool, with a little breeze, so that in the evening one could stand a sweater. Perhaps I was fortunate. Perhaps the weather man ordered special weather for us, I don't know.

I had almost an amusing time coming back. A man got on at one of these lower stations. When we came to the equator, we got into a rough-and-tumble spot. I don't remember that it was like it going down, but the steward said it was like that always in the air, when they crossed the equator. The clouds were piled up, and all the currents of air seemed to meet, and the plane went sideways, and pitched, and tossed, and rocked. We were not "rocked in the cradle of the deep," but we were splendidly rocked for about twenty minutes or so in the air.

The man to whom I have referred, took out his beads and began to kiss them, crossing himself all the while. He was literally terrified—the only one on the ship who was. After about I should say not more than twenty minutes, from that rough-and-tumble state we shot right out to perfectly still air, without a tremor.

They had preaching appointments for me in Argentina and Montevideo. I think I should like to have gone, but, frankly, I had had enough Portuguese for a while, and I wanted to get back to the good old English tongue, so I decided to turn homeward.

A Night at Dominican Republic

I left Sao Paulo, Tuesday afternoon, stayed in Rio overnight, got off at five o'clock in the morning, stayed again at Beléme, and this time just stopped-in Trinidad for thirty or forty minutes; then on to Venezuela, then to the Dominican Republic. Did you ever hear of that place? That is the place where Columbus landed, after the Bahamas, before he touched the mainland. It is Spanish in language. They took us to a hotel. I looked around. It looked to me like the slums. When we got in I said, "What is this?" "Well, it is such and such a hotel." We climbed a long flight of stairs, and then another long flight of stairs.

"Let us see your rooms." The first room had four big beds in it, a dormitory. Other rooms had three, and two. I did not see a single room with one. I came down stairs. So did those who were with me. "What shall we do?" I said, "I don't know what you are going to do, but I am not going to stay here." I said, "All you together have not money enough to keep me here." My olfactory system was too sensitive. And I was by no means sure that the place had been properly treated with DDT. And for all I knew there were already some tenants in those rooms that were not paying for their board or bed. (Laughter).

"Well," they said, "the next hotel is an expensive one." I said, "It is only one night, and if I arrive home with only five cents, I am going there, or else I shall go back to the airport, and sit up all night; but I am not staying here."

The "Other" Hotel the Best Ever Seen

Six of the brethren were very brave, and they called down to us, "We are staying." I said, "I hope you will survive the night. If you do, we shall see you to-morrow." And we went to another hotel. I did not know what it was like. But I have been around the world. I have been in most of the prominent cities in the world. I have been in all kinds of hotels—some of the best. But I never saw a hotel like that. I couldn't believe my eyes, that in contrast with what one lady said, "This dump! I am not staying here!" I couldn't believe that in the same city, the two places could exist. It was a glorious place.

Now when I get very very tired, and you think the Pastor needs a vacation, you just get your heads together, and come to me some time and say, "You and your wife get away to the Dominican Republic, and to the Jaraguay Hotel." You won't be able to see us going. It was lovely. The waves just rolling in, and breaking on the shore; a glorious drive with palms on either side, and a lovely swimming pool that some of you young men would have enjoyed. Mr. O'Dell and Captain Bundy put on an aquatic exhibition for our entertainment.

I have not time to tell you of the glorious gardens,

the shrubs—you know how I like gardens. I saw something of it in Australia and New Zealand, but down in Brazil, you have seen them, Mrs. Kegel—those glorious coloured shrubs, with their great leaves. Oh, it is beyond description! I will tell you what a visit to Brazil has done for me. It has made me feel very humble for one thing. I am not going to boast that we have everything in the world in Canada. It is a good thing for some people to go away from home sometimes. They have nearly three times the population, and they have not a general civilization and culture such as we have in this country. But in those large centres there is scarcely anything to be desired. I am well aware I am speaking in the presence of one who spent years in Brazil, and I am well aware that as Paris is not France, and London is not England, New York is not the United States, so Rio de Janeiro, and Sao Paulo, great cities as they are, they are not Brazil. To see Brazil one would have to get back into the interior, and see the poverty, and the ignorance, and the dire need of the enlightenment of the gospel.

Pray for South America

Oh, as you pray, I beg of you to pray for Brazil, and for all South American republics!

We left Rio and came on to this Dominican Republic, nine hundred miles from Miami. We got to Miami, and the American citizens passed through; and, if you please, I did not know that I needed a visa. I had one but it had expired. But I had been going back and forth across the border without trouble.

U.S. Immigration

"Nothing to do but to detain you, sir," said some little whiffet of an immigration officer. You know, when you get an immigration officer like that, he is the President, the Vice-President, the whole Cabinet, the House of Representatives, the Senate, the Army, and the Navy—all rolled into one! Oh, my; the United States of America! It is easier to get into heaven than into the United States, and much more desirable. However, Aerovias took charge of me. Their representative was extremely kind, a fine young Brazilian. We got through to Washington. It cost me four dollars and sixty cents. I begrudged it! But I got a special permit. Then I got on the most luxurious plane I have ever been on. Non-stop from Miami to New York, four hours! Upholstered with such comfort as I have never seen in any Pullman! One takes off, and can imagine he is in his own easy chair just having a good time. We landed in New York on time.

I am sorry I have not a lot of pictures to show you. All my friends were loaded down with cameras, movies, coloured photographs, cameras to take them in black. One man said, "On my last trip I took twenty-five hundred pictures. This trip I have taken between seven and eight hundred." I did not think I wanted a camera after all. They go home, I suppose, and entertain their friends, by showing them all these wonderful things which they have seen, and about which I am only able to tell you. However, the geography and the history were interesting, as was the flora of the country, its commercial status, and all the rest of it. But I was particularly interested in the fact that here was a nation of forty millions of people with only a few millions, four or five, perhaps, who have known about the Lord Jesus Christ. I hope we may yet have some students from the

Seminary who will go to Brazil. It is a very very needy country.

I should say this that in twenty-three days, with eight days of flying in daylight hours, I think I probably covered in the eight days a greater distance than the Apostle Paul covered in his lifetime—all in eight days—nearly sixteen thousand miles.

The Great President of I.C.C.C.—Dr. Carl McIntire

I cannot close without paying tribute to the great President of the International Council of Christian Churches, Dr. Carl McIntire. He is a most unusual man. He must have something like radium in his chemical constitution which drives him on untiringly. He is the nearest thing to perpetual motion I have ever seen. He

is a man of inexhaustible energy and of ceaseless industry. He is a perfect Christian gentleman, of boundless tact and extraordinary discernment. The American Council of Christian Churches was conceived in his brain, and sent on its conquering way by his initiative, brought into being to challenge the insolence of the Modernistic Federal Council. Similarly, the I.C.C.C. owes its origin to him. He is greatly loved by all who know him, and feared, and correspondingly disliked, by all those whose machinations he so ruthlessly and effectively exposes. He has become in truth a world Christian leader, for whose great work Evangelicals the world around should be profoundly grateful, and for whom we all do well ceaselessly to pray.

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

Do You Walk By Sight or By Faith?

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church Toronto, Sunday Evening, August 5th, 1951
(Stenographically Reported)

"And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward and westward:

"For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever.

"And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered.

"Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it to thee."—Genesis 13:14-17.

THERE are, I believe, few aspects of revealed truth which need greater emphasis than the doctrine of separation—separation unto God. I take this story from the Old Testament as illustrative of that great principle, for it is all through the Book, from Genesis to Revelation.

You will recall that when Abram left Ur of the Chaldees, in obedience to the divine call, he took Lot, his brother's son, with him. Wherever Abram went, Lot went with him; and God prospered them both, until they had flocks, and herds, and silver, and gold. At last their possessions became so great that it was hard for them to dwell together; and the herdmen of Lot strove with the herdmen of Abram. Abram, hearing of it, said, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Let us separate, the one from the other. If thou shalt turn to the left, I will turn to the right, and if thou should choose the right, I will turn to the left." So Abram withdrew from making a choice, leaving that to Lot. Lot made his choice; and the text I have read describes the promise of God to Abram "after that Lot was separated from him."

I.

Perhaps it is well for us to TRY TO APPRAISE THESE TWO CHARACTERS, THAT WE MAY NOT DO INJUSTICE TO EITHER. Abram, of course, is one of the outstanding characters of history. He is described as "the father of the faithful", the man who believed God, and whose faith

was counted for righteousness, and whose example through all succeeding generations is cited for all believers to believe as Abram believed, to live and to walk before God as Abram did.

Lot was a different sort of character, a follower rather than a leader. Doubtless he would have remained in Ur of the Chaldees, and lived the circumscribed life that must have been his, had he so remained. But in accompanying Abram, great prosperity attended him. He was not altogether an admirable character, and we are glad for the New Testament appraisal which speaks of him as "a righteous man". Some people need so to be described. Others are so manifestly righteous that no such description is necessary. I take it that Lot belonged to a different spiritual category entirely from Abram.

Mr. Macgregor read to you this evening from Corinthians, Paul's differentiation between those who were carnal, and those who were spiritual. By the use of the term "carnal" Paul did not mean that they were addicted to the vulgar and coarse sins of the flesh: he meant, rather, that they were soulish, as the scripture elsewhere describes some people, sensuous, soulish, having not the Spirit. They were living on the low carnal plane of natural men: "The carnal mind is enmity against God", which means the natural mind, the mind we all have: "It is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be." These Christians of Corinth were described as abiding in a carnal state—they had not grown up as Christians; they were still babes; they had not explored the height, and depth, and length, and breadth,

of the possibilities of the Christian life: they were living with the mind of ordinary, natural, men, looking at things from a natural point of view, not having come to the place where they had had experience of the ministry of that Spirit which "searcheth all things (even) the deep things of God".

I fear that the vast majority of those who profess and call themselves Christians live in a carnal state. Their tastes, their ambitions, their choices, their companionships, all belong to the lower, ordinary, natural, plane of life. They have not learned the joyous experience of being separated unto God, shut up to an experience of His unsearchable riches in Christ.

II.

In sharp contrast, let us look AT THE CHOICE MADE BY THESE TWO MEN. Remember, as I have said, the New Testament classes Lot with the people of God. He was "a righteous man"; but he had not grown; he had not developed; he was not spiritually educated, as was Abram: he was still but a spiritual babe.

The choice which was forced upon these two men was incident to their prosperity. Until the Lord had enlarged them both, and given them great riches, they had no difficulty. There are trials that are incident to the sunny days of life. There is a destruction that wasteth at noon day, when the sun is high in the heavens, which is just as deadly as the pestilence that walketh in darkness; and we do well to be on the alert when times of prosperity come to us, for they do come, sometimes without our special seeking — days and years of plenty, strength of mind and of body, exuberant health, fortunate circumstances, comfortable living perhaps, freedom from sickness for ourselves and our families; so that we can say each hour of the day, like the watchman in the crow's nest: "All's well". This is the time, very often, when temptation assails us. This is the time when circumstances may force us to certain decisions, which may be an index of our character, and will be determinative in respect to our future, and perhaps largely of our destiny.

"Now," said Abram to Lot, "you take the first choice, left or right, as you like. I will take what is left." That surely was very magnanimous on the part of Abram, was it not — or was it? Was he actuated by a higher motive? Had he a keener discernment? Had he resolved to leave his choice for the present, and the future to a higher Wisdom than his own?

What did Lot choose? "He lifted up his eyes." The lust of the eyes, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, are of the world, they are not of the Father. Lot lifted up his eyes, and he saw a goodly land, like unto the garden of the Lord. The plain of Jordan was well watered, everywhere; and Lot rightly concluded that such a terrain would be profitable for his ever-increasing flocks, as fine grazing land. He chose that which, visibly, was materially, and temporally profitable.

Most people do thus, even those who profess and call themselves Christians. When they come to the crossroads they usually choose what appears to them to be the most advantageous course. You have heard of the two men at a hotel table, when other guests had left? There were but two pieces of cake left on the plate, one large, and the other very small. One man, chivalrously, passed the plate to the other, who took the large piece of cake. The other said, "That was a pretty selfish choice, was it not?" Said the other, "Had I passed the plate to you, what would you have done?" "I should

have taken the small piece." "Well, you have it. What are you complaining about?" There are many who are magnanimous after that fashion. But Abram left the choice entirely to Lot, and Lot chose the better.

Many people have come to me and said, "Pastor, I am going to move." "Where are you going?" "I am going to such and such a place." "What are the religious privileges of that place?" "Well, I really don't know. I have not inquired about that." Of course, not! The well watered plain of Jordan was attractive, a more lucrative position, perhaps, altogether better in respect to material circumstances. That is all. "Of course, I cannot be blamed for taking that!"

Well, I say it is natural; but we, who are Christians, ought to have a sixth sense. We ought to be able to see things which natural men never see. Lot chose by the sight of the eye, and in agreement with his carnal eyes; and all the men of the world about him would commend him for his wisdom, and for his keen business discernment in making so advantageous a choice.

But *there was something about that plain of which Lot did not take account.* It was well watered everywhere "before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah." There were threatening clouds of judgment on the horizon. There was a group of very wicked cities immediately in prospect. But between these centres, and the scenes of wickedness, there stretched a well watered plain, which afforded such admirable grazing ground that Lot, blind to the longer view, made his choice of what seemed to him to be the very best. He did not go to Sodom to live, understand: he just "pitched his tent toward Sodom".

Oh, I have seen so many people walk in step with some godly Abram, people whose lives promised abundant fruitage to the glory of God, yet losing sight of, or failing to take a perspective view of things, and see the present in relation to the distant. They just lived for now, the immediate, for what seemed to be best *now*, and just pitched *toward* Sodom, toward a worldly life, toward a situation that is not wholly destitute of religious privileges, but a situation in which religious advantages would be greatly curtailed — a step up in the world, but a step down, spiritually. He "pitched his tent toward Sodom".

I have known young preachers begin well, but they were soon hindered. I used to know a man years ago, when he was young, and I was young — I mean when I was younger: I am very sensitive about that, you know! Whenever I talked with this young man he always had some new tale of the academic honours he was going to win. He was going to get this degree, and that degree. Oh, the church he was now serving was not very important! It was just a "stepping-stone". He thought it was a stepping-stone up; but his history proved it was a stepping-stone down. He had not learned to lose himself in the task God had given him, just to live for that, and let God take care of his future. I said to him one day, "Brother So-and-So, if you win enough degrees, and enough diplomas, to paper your study wall with them, what will it matter, unless the truth is in you, unless the Spirit of God possesses you? Unless you have learned to fall into the ground and die you will abide alone" — and he did. He never amounted to anything. What do the people care for such tinsel honours?

I like a preacher who can give such a record as is given of Elijah: "Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead" suddenly appears on the scene, and says, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I

stand"! "Where do you live, Elijah?" "I have given you my address: I stand before God." The world will not ignore a man who stands before God; but it will ignore men who are seeking position, and place, and power.

I have been amazed to find how some men thirst for that kind of thing. I had a letter once from a minister in England. All down one side of his letter-paper was his record. He was a member of this committee, and of that committee, and of the other committee, and the Lord only knew what the committees were for, I did not: I don't suppose the committees knew themselves. But he was very important! He was a member of all these committees. I knew a certain lady who found membership on all kinds of boards — boards, and committees. She was always running somewhere to pour tea. "Mrs. So-and-So poured tea". What of it? I can do that; and I am no expert. I can even make it! But whenever I met her, she told me of some new honour that had come her way. She had been appointed to another board, or another committee — aspiring to social and worldly prominence. Yet she was a professing Christian, but she was always so busy with her committees that she could never attend a prayer meeting. What nonsense! Pitching one's tent toward Sodom!

A certain young man, I don't mind telling you he is a member of this church, was approached by a very prominent firm, and was offered a position with a large salary. He was to be in training for something still higher up. He had to meet important people. He had to discuss great contracts with them. He was supposed to invite them to the Royal York, or somewhere else, to dinner; and of course he was to say to them, "What will you drink?"

After about a week, when he learned that the heads of that big firm expected that of him, he said, "That is against my principles." "Oh, well, you don't need to take it yourself. It is just business." He said, "Not my business." "But you have to do these things." He said, "I have not to do these things. You have my resignation, sirs. I am first a Christian, and a business man afterwards." That man is the Superintendent of our Bible School, and I am proud of him. Not much wrong! "I will not pitch my tent in the direction of Sodom. That is not my choice." "What will you do?" "I don't know. I only know I won't do wrong; and I will leave the rest to God."

Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom; and there is a sad story, which I dare not retail to you. But he, who thought he was winning everything, lost everything, so that his name is written in the inspired book as the illicit progenitor of two of the worst enemies Israel ever had, Moab and Ammon. He made a wrong choice, because he chose according to the sight of his eye, according to his carnal judgment. With that choice he would have been made President of the Board of Trade. He would have been promoted to a higher position among worldly men. To have done anything else he would have been called a fool for his pains.

III.

ABRAM MADE NO CHOICE AT ALL, except to say, "I will take, Lot, what you don't want. I will take second place." Now the Lord said to Abram—"after that Lot was separated from him;" without divine direction or admonition Lot, of himself, lifted up his eyes, and he saw the well watered plain—"Now Abram, it is your turn. Lift

up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered." Later He came to him, and said, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be." Abram could have sung, "Thy way not mine, O Lord."

My dear friends, what was Abram's choice? Only the land northward, southward, eastward, and westward? Some of my friends like to read accounts of the Jews settling in Palestine. They say that is the fulfilment of prophecy. But that is sheer unmitigated nonsense. There never was in history a greater piece of injustice than is represented by the new kingdom of Israel.

I talked to an American a year or so ago, when President Truman, for election purposes, while Britain still held a mandate over Palestine, suggested that one hundred thousand Jews be admitted to Palestine each year. This man said it ought to be. I said, "I have travelled over the United States a little bit, and one of my favourite States is the State of Indiana,—a lovely State, beautifully cultivated, magnificent farms, and homesteads, lovely countryside everywhere. Some of those people have been there for several generations." I said, "Suppose a hundred thousand Jews were to come from Europe to New York. They say, 'Where are you going?' 'We are going to Indiana.' 'What are you going to do there?' 'We are going to live there.' 'Suppose they go and swarm into the State, and they go to farm after farm, and say, 'We want this farm'. The owner says, 'So do I. I don't propose to sell it'. 'Oh, but we will pay you for it'. 'Where shall I go?' 'We don't know; but we are coming here.'"

Countless thousands of Arabs possessed the land of Palestine for more than two thousands years, while the Jews went everywhere, making money. Now do not say that I am an anti-Semite because I say this. I am not, in principle. I do wish they would not make themselves so objectionable sometimes. But when they have worn out their welcome in every other part of the world, they go to Palestine and elbow the Arabs out. If you were to go to that part of the world to-day you would find countless thousands of Arabs dispossessed, without a shelter anywhere; driven out of their homeland. But remember a Holy God does not fulfil His prophecies, and promises by any sort of injustice. God does not do evil that good may come.

God made to Abraham and his seed a larger promise than that. Who are the seed of Abram? As the stars for multitude, as the dust of the earth!

The Jews are not, numerically, a prolific race. Before the war there were fewer than twenty millions of Jews in the world; and there are fewer still to-day. But the seed of Abraham is to be an innumerable seed, countless as the stars, and as the dust: "Therefore sprang there even of one, and him as good as dead, so many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea shore innumerable."

Where shall we find the seed of Abraham? To Abraham and his seed were the promises made. "He saith not, And to seeds, as of many; but as of one, And to thy seed, which is Christ". The promise to Abraham is fulfilled through Jesus Christ. This "Seed" of Abraham

is not the seed after the flesh, but after the Spirit, for as many as believe they are the children of faithful Abraham. Believing in Christ, begotten again unto a living hope, by the resurrection of Christ from the dead, you are the seed of Abraham; so am I. "For the promise, that he (Abraham) should be—the heir of the world—not little Palestine, but heir of the world, was not unto Abraham or his seed through the law, but through the righteousness of faith." Yes; Abraham was made heir of the world.

If somebody were to come to me and say, "I want to make you a present. I have got a large estate of several hundred acres, and I want to make it over to you." "It is to be mine?" "Well there is a pretty heavy mortgage on it." "And you want me to assume the mortgage?" "Of course, that goes with the property." "What about the taxes?" "Well, they are pretty heavy, too." I say, "Thank you. Will you excuse me for not accepting your generous gift. I don't want it."

Would you like to become heir of the world — of Russia, China, India, Indonesia — the whole world? Would you like to have it for your own? Would you not say, "It is heavily mortgaged, is it not? It needs cleaning up very badly, does it not?" I should say it does. I don't want it — do you?

What did it mean, then, that Abraham was to be "heir of the world"? It meant that God would give it to his Seed at last, with no mortgage encumbrance. The Lamb, prevailed to open the book and break the seals thereof, and discharged the mortgage on this wicked world. He paid it all. Then the Spirit, through Paul, tells us in the eighth chapter of Romans, that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now . . . waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body". And synchronizing with the redemption of our bodies, at the return of the Lord, the whole creation is to be "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God": There will be a new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, a regenerated earth for a regenerated people, for a new race, born, not of the first Adam, but of the Second Adam, Who is a quickening Spirit.

Some day *the seed of Abraham will inherit a regenerated earth*. I am sure of it for myself. There will be no war. There will be no thorns or thistles. There will be no evil then, but righteousness everywhere will obtain, and the Capital City will come down from God out of heaven, even the Holy City, and God will triumph on this planet where all the battles have been fought; and Abraham and his seed will then possess the inheritance which God planned for them when He made him heir of the whole world.

Is not that better than pitching your tent toward Sodom? That is a larger reward than one can reap for beholding only the well watered plains of Jordan.

We do not hear enough nowadays about heaven, and the future life. Where will heaven be? In my view the scripture is perfectly clear that God will gloriously triumph over the devil, destroying all his works, so that even this earth will be made new, purged with fire, a new heavens and a new earth, a new paradise, restored to all its pristine glory. All that is involved in the choice of those who make choice of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Macgregor read it to-night: "All (things) are yours" — whether life, or death, or the world — "All (things) are yours, and we are Christ's; and Christ is

God's." It was not in vain that Jesus came to earth, lived our life for us, died our death for us, and was raised again for us, and ascended, that in the interim He might make intercession for us, and ultimately come again without a sin offering unto salvation, and claim us for His own. I rather like to think of it, do you? It is a lovely prospect.

I have seen advertisements of houses "with picture windows". Do you know what a picture window is? It does not mean a picture painted on the window. I went to visit a friend, and they took me into the kitchen, and there was a large window, without obstruction. Looking through the window there was a lovely landscape stretching out before one's view. I said to the man's wife, "Is this, after all, what is meant by a 'picture window'?" She said, "Yes." I suppose it depends on what is on the other side of the window. If you have a window looking out on your neighbour's 'back yard' — I did not say 'garden' — but a 'back yard' with all the washing hanging out — I do not want to see that!

My dear friends, here is a picture window — just to live with this Book, and to look through it, and find in the end of it a regenerated earth, the Holy City, with our glorified Saviour ruling over all.

May we learn, by His grace, to walk by faith, like Abraham, and not by sight, like Lot.

Let us pray:

Once again, O Lord, this evening we thank Thee for the prospect of faith. Oh, that all men could see what is laid up for those who trust in Thee, and who trust in Thee before the sons of men.

Bless our meditation for Thy name's sake, Amen.

Let us sing for our closing hymn:

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
In thee there is no dread of death,
But life for evermore.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see! Amen.

REV. W. S. WHITCOMBE ON HOLIDAY

REV. W. S. WHITCOMBE, Professor in Toronto Baptist Seminary, and Associate Editor of THE GOSPEL WITNESS, left the early part of the week with his family for a holiday in Quebec. Once again, therefore, THE GOSPEL WITNESS is exclusively the responsibility of the Editor.

We wish for Mr. Whitcombe a well-earned rest.

HOW TO RENEW FELLOWSHIP WITH YOUR LOVER

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto,
on a Sunday Morning
(Stenographically Reported)

"Draw me, we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine: the upright love thee."—Song of Solomon 1:4.

THE Song of Solomon is, as you know, a song of love. I suppose there will always be found in this cold world some cynics who will think and speak of such love as is here expressed; as a mild form of lunacy; while some will regard it as the greatest thing in the world. And if such language would not be regarded as extravagant when used for the expression of a merely human affection, how much more appropriate must it be when used to express the mutual love of the divine Bridegroom and His Bride. The spouse is addressing the beloved of her soul, when she exclaims "Draw me, we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine."

I want to try this morning to tell you *how we may recover a lost blessing; how we may strengthen a weak faith; and how we may stimulate a languishing affection.*

I.

First of all, HOW WE MAY RECOVER A LOST BLESSING; for I think the unmistakable suggestion of the text is that the spouse has become conscious of a distance between herself and her beloved. It is the language of one of our hymns: "Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,"—"Draw me, we will run after thee." It is well to remember that *it is possible to lose something of the joy of salvation, although we cannot lose salvation itself*, nor shall we ever be lost to Him Who is our Saviour, for we have an oath-bound promise: "They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." But there is not one here this morning who does not know that something of the bloom and freshness of his early Christian experience may fail; that something of the overflowing joy may for certain reasons diminish; that it is possible even for one of the Lord's own children to get out of fellowship with Him, and to walk afar off. I read to you this morning the heart-cry of one who had had just such a bitter experience, when he cried, "Take not thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." The case of Peter is familiar to us all, and his experience is a type and sample of what many believers pass through. I think that is the experience of the spouse in the Song. There is a distance between herself and her beloved, and she is praying for the diminution of that distance, for a restoration of fellowship, a nearness to her Lord.

How then may the blessing be recovered? I need not argue that point, for sadly enough we all have illustrated it in our own experience; and as I have but one opportunity of speaking here to-day, I thought I would like to make my message this morning an appeal to any who may be out of fellowship with God, and to any who have never as yet fallen in love with Him Who is the Lover of our souls.

What then is the first step in the recovery of the lost blessing? Well, the first step is *a recognition of the fact that it is lost*. There are some people who assume that the mere formal doing of duty is all that is required by the gospel. There are multitudes of people who have come into the membership of our churches, who may indeed have had a real experience of divine grace, but who have lost the joy and the power of it; to whom Jesus Christ is not a present and vital reality, to whom He is but a name in a book, an historic Person Who lived in the long ago, and of Whom it is said that some day He will come again; but they have no abiding fellowship with Him, no conscious commerce with the Saviour of sinners: they are just respectable religious professors who find no joy in their religion, who have no power in testimony, who do not exemplify the spirit of joy, nor the spirit of power, which it is the privilege of every true believer to illustrate in his own experience every day. And I say, many such assume that that is all that is possible, that, after all, the Christian religion involves a kind of spiritual insurance which provides against the dark day when we must depart out of this life into another, and that the main profit of the Christian religion is to insure a safe passage across the river.

Thus, the first step in the recovery of the lost blessing is for one in that condition to recognize that he or she is living immeasurably below the standard set in the New Testament; that his experience is far removed from that which the Word of God portrays and promises as the privilege of every one who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ. I have known some people who have been brought up in rather troubled families, who have been accustomed to household jars, and who assume that every family is like that, that there is no possibility of living lovingly and peaceably and joyously together; and after a while they accept the daily conflict as though it were necessary to this mortal life, knowing nothing of the happy and joyous possibilities of a home wherein God reigns. And so in the Christian life, there are churches of large membership who can hardly find a dozen people who love to pray; churches that number hundreds and hundreds in the church family, and hardly a dozen who seem to be on speaking terms with the Head of the house; they have been brought up so, and they assume it was for that Jesus died. O no, it was not for that the Lord Jesus shed His blood; it was not to provide an existence like that. He went down into the grave, and rose again, and ascended into glory, and is now seated in the Father's presence to make intercession in behalf of His people; it was not for that He received of the Father the promise of the Spirit and shed forth that gracious power which manifested itself on the day of Pentecost; rather, it was that we might dwell with Him; that we might abide in Him as the branch abides in the vine; that we might live in loving and vital relationship to Him every day and every hour of our lives, that the promise of the City of glory and of beauty might be anticipated in our experience; for it is written: "The tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." And if there is any mere professor of religion here this morning who does not delight in prayer, who has no joy in the Word of God, who has no conscious fellowship with Jesus Christ, who cannot say wherever he goes, "I am the proof of the resurrection of Jesus. I saw Him to-day. I see Him now. I walk with Him and He walks with me, and I know Whom I have believed

because He is with me all the time,"—if you have not that experience, I call you to it; I beg of you to heed this exhortation:

"Speak to Him now for He hears, and spirit with spirit
can meet;
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands
and feet."

"Draw me, we will run after thee:"

Not only must we recognize that we are not in enjoyment of the blessing, but *we must acknowledge it, too*. It is one thing to recognize it to ourselves; it is quite another thing to acknowledge that we have been walking at a distance from our Lord. A friend was speaking to me yesterday about a certain man who had made a great profession of faith in Jesus Christ which seemed to me, at least, to be absolutely contrary to everything that he had professed and taught for many a year; and my friend said, "Well, perhaps that day and that hour were the day and hour of his conversion; perhaps when he said,

"I'm a poor sinner,
-And nothing at all;
But Jesus Christ
Is my all in all."

that at that moment it was so." I said, "I hope it was; but others can be assured that it is so only when he acknowledges that he has divorced himself from the record of the past, by saying, 'Yesterday, I was wrong; to-day, I am right.'" One otherwise cannot divorce himself from his record; and if our witness in the office, in the shop, everywhere, has been such that no one would ever know from us that Jesus lives; if we have been unfaithful thus in our testimony to Christ, and we would come back to Him; I declare to you that it is absolutely necessary that we should acknowledge that we have been away from Him; otherwise, we can never get rid of that false testimony, of that false witness to Jesus Christ. And it is only as we come publicly and say, "I have denied Him, but now I confess Him," that we can really put ourselves right with God and with our fellows. I think that is why Jesus spoke three times to Peter. Three times Peter denied his Lord, sealing his denial at last with an oath. Jesus looked at Peter and he went out and wept bitterly. And when the disciples were assembled you remember how the risen Saviour said, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" May I paraphrase that?—I think He was saying, "Simon, you denied me three times. Three times you said, 'I know not the man'; and I am going to give you an opportunity three times, publicly, openly, before your fellow-disciples to put that denial right." You will remember that "Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

Possibly there is someone here this morning who for a long, long time has been seeking the restoration of the joy of salvation; you have prayed about it, and you have wondered that it has not come. It may be that you will find your blessing where you lost it; that you will find your blessing down in the office in the presence of a man who is not a Christian, and in whose presence you denied your Lord. You go back there, and in that very place acknowledge it and confess that you denied Him, but that now you would come back again.

"Draw me, we will run after thee,"—that implies, *a consciousness of helplessness*. I was so glad to hear the

testimony of one of the brethren recently baptized: he said that for years he had been a Sunday School teacher, but he did not know the Lord, and he did not know that he did not know the Lord; he did not know that he had not all that any man professing to be a Christian might have, until he was going down Yonge Street one day, and he heard a company of people singing, and he said, "I do not know how it happened, but suddenly there came upon me the consciousness that I had not got it." That was a clear indication of how the Spirit of the Lord works. He followed that company of people into Yonge Street Mission, and he said he came right forward to the penitent form and confessed his desire to know Christ, and there he found Him. How are you going to get back? By recognizing that only He can bring you back. "Draw me." What a wonderful word that is in the 119th Psalm! A lost sheep crying in the wilderness, a lost sheep bleating for the shepherd, a sheep that can find no path back to the fold; and he cries out: "I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant; for I do not forget thy commandments." There is a memory of what he once was:

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I knew the Lord?
Where is the soul's refreshing view,
Of Jesus and His Word?"

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
This world can never fill."

"I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant." That is the cry of the text: "Draw me; put thine arms about me, and draw me back to thy bleeding side." It means, my friend, that we simply have to call upon the Lord; it means that we have to pray our way back into fellowship. I have seen so many people in dealing with anxious souls take their Bibles, which is a very useful thing, and a very necessary thing, and lead them to passage after passage as though it were only an intellectual matter. I like to see people get down on their knees before God: "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." I am not afraid in dealing with a seeking soul to say to him, "Get down before Him and pray. Just take this prayer, Draw me—draw me"; and even when there is no one else there, that prayer will be answered. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." You know there are a good many prayers like unposted letters. I got a letter a couple of weeks ago from somebody here in the city enclosing another letter. The envelope enclosed was a little soiled, and it was addressed to me, and he said, "I met Mr. So-and-so in a certain city a little while ago. He knew that I was coming to Toronto, and he handed me the enclosed letter to post, and I told him I would post it. I put it in my pocket, and I forgot it for a whole week, and that is why it is slightly soiled. I send you this letter in explanation." And many of our prayers are like that soiled letter in the pocket that had never been posted. A man says, "I am going to pray by and by; I am going to seek the face of the Lord by and by;" but there is a way of definitely coming into the presence of the Lord, and definitely putting our petition before Him in the Name of Jesus, just exactly as you post a letter. This message was transmitted to the Beloved Himself. She prayed, "Draw me, come for me and help me that I may

get into fellowship." And if any one will pray that prayer this morning, he shall be restored to fellowship this very day and this very hour.

Well, *how does He do it?* I have not time to answer as I should like to, but I shall just make a few suggestions. He draws us *by the voice of His Word*. "But, sir, I cannot understand the Bible. It is a very dry book to me. I have not been a Bible student. I do not know where to look for the promises; and when I turn to the gospels, they even seem dry to me." I am glad you admit that, because the Bible is to many professing Christians a dry book, because they are out of touch with the Author of the Book. I could call upon people here this morning who would say, "There was a time when the Bible was to me a dry book; but now when I read it there seems to be a light behind the page; there is something vital in it; there is a living voice within it;" "Behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." I do not believe that we can study the Bible without prayer; I do not believe the voice of God will be heard in the Bible unless we first of all pray, "Draw me, we will run after thee"; and as you pray you will find your answer in the Book; you will find that some promise that you have read possibly a hundred times and that had no meaning, will suddenly wrap itself around you as though the Shepherd Himself had come and was lifting His sheep on His shoulder; and you will say, "Now I know what the Scripture means when it says, 'According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue; whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.'" It is the Spirit of God Who vitalizes this Book, and makes it a living Word that grips the heart and the conscience, and re-engages the affection; and restores to fellowship the one who has wandered away.

Sometimes it is *by His providential dealing*. "I will hedge up her way with thorns; and bring her into the wilderness; I will allure her—says this Bridegroom—and speak to her heart." As though He were to say, "There are so many voices that she cannot hear me; there are so many distractions that she cannot concentrate upon the matters of her soul's interests; and so I will hedge up her way with thorns, and I will bring her into the wilderness, into the place of isolation, and silence, into the place where all other voices are still; I will bring her to a place as I did Samuel when the temple lights were dim, and no other voice was heard; and in the quiet of the midnight hour she shall hear my voice as Samuel did, when he heard the strange Voice in the night calling, 'Samuel!'"

Are you determined that He should draw you? Are you willing that He should do it in His way, at any cost? It may be that in the wilderness you will hear Him call your name; or He may seek you, by His shepherd's crook; or, as sometimes, it may be by the voice of His dogs He will call; but be assured of this, that if your heart is longing after the Beloved, and you will tell Him so, as God is in heaven He will not disappoint your hope, He will come to you.

It is not enough to pray, however, *we must purpose*: "Draw me, we will run after thee." There are two sides to this great truth. I go all the way with any one who says that salvation from the beginning to end is all of

grace, and grace alone; I go all the way with any one who will magnify the Sovereignty of God; and no one shall exceed me in my emphasis upon that great truth that only as He draws us, can we come to Him,—What did Jesus say? "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." And yet it was He Who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Draw me",—that is one side of it; we pray to Him: "we will run after thee",—which means, we are prepared now to surrender ourselves, to yield ourselves to God. Read the sixth chapter of Romans and see the significance of the ordinance of baptism you witness here so often: "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord . . . yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead." "Yield yourselves"—"we will run after thee." What does it mean? I think it means to be resolved by God's grace to obey Him the first opportunity we have. Now I do not know what obstacle may be in your way. One of the brethren who was baptized to-day telephoned me last Thursday, and said he desired to see me. I asked him what it was about, and he said, "I want to be baptized." And I learned that he had been facing that matter for a long time. That was just one command; but he had been postponing obedience. You remember that in our after-meeting last Sunday night, without a formal invitation—an invitation had been given in the public service—but immediately at the close of the public service, two brethren walked up the aisle to the front seat. One of them gave his testimony afterwards, and said that for years he had been fighting against that plain teaching of God's Word, but that night resolved that he would obey Him. There are some people possibly here who have been doing likewise, and you say, "I would like to get more and more of the blessing, and I am praying all the time." "Draw me—draw me—draw me." Have you come to the place where you have said, "I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart"? "Draw me, we will run after thee." Will you run? Will you do the thing that you know ought to be done? I promise you in the Name of the Lord that there is no other way of blessing. I do not know what it is. It may be baptism; it may be that you gave up the teaching of your Sunday School class, and you should not have done it; it may be that you have shirked the duty of personal testimony; it may be that you have laid off some other burden; that face to face with some explicit command of your Beloved, you have refused to do it, and you have lost the blessing and the power, but whatever it be, I tell you in the name of the Lord you never will get back until you obey Him. "If ye know these things," said Jesus, "happy are ye if ye do them." "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." What we need in the Church of Christ to-day, in some cases at least, is not further instruction, it is not a fuller knowledge, although that is greatly to be desired,—but it is not that primarily; it is a ready spirit, a will submitted to God, a willingness to do the commandment of God that we know is laid upon us: "We will run after thee."

II.

HOW SHALL WE STRENGTHEN OUR FAITH? She has been praying, and now she turns to meditation, as though

she said, "Let me think a moment. Is there any reason why I should expect Him to answer that prayer? I have said, Draw me, we will run after thee; is there any reason why I should expect that He will answer me? What do I know about Him?" And she calls upon the store of her knowledge, brings it before her mind, and she remembers His grace. She said, "The king hath brought me into his chambers. I have been there; O yes, I have been in the chambers of delight: I have been in His banqueting house; I have sat at His table where the board was bountifully spread; I have tasted the honey out of the rock; I, too, have drunk of the brook in the way: yes, I did have a real experience once, I wonder just how did it come,—

'Why was I made to hear His voice,
And enter while there's room;
While thousands make the wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?

'It was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste
And perished in our sin.'

The King, is He a king? This Lover of my soul, is He a king? Does He wield a sceptre? Does He wear a crown? Does He sit upon a throne? Is the kingdom established under Him? Is He Lord of all? O yes, He is a king: "The king hath brought me into his chambers." He did it in the long ago, and blessed be His Name! He can do it again." You remember that psalm we quote so often in the prayer-meeting, the children quote it, the grown-up people quote it: "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." But before the psalmist began to remember His benefits, what did he do? He summoned all that was within him to unite in the ascription of praise. What did he mean by that? I think he said, "Memory, memory, open thy doors that I may come in. I want to take down the records of His goodness from the shelves of that great library; I want to feed my soul on the memory of what He is. Memory, come and help me to bless His holy Name." And then I think he summoned his reason. "O let me think God's thoughts after Him." And reason thus is engaged on the plan of salvation as enshrined in the eternal covenant. What food for thought! No wonder we do not bless the Lord if we are thinking of everything but of Him. Summon all that is within you to this holy ministry of blessing the Lord. And then, did you ever have any daydreams? Did you ever spread your wings and fly and soar away? I have. I flew over London once in an aeroplane, and somehow or another it did not seem to be a new experience. I felt I had been there before: and as I looked down upon the Thames, Westminster, St. Paul's, and all the rest, I thought I had been up there before. Why not? "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." Does not one of our hymns say,

"Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder dies away"?

She endeavoured to scale the heights, to compass His mercy; she summoned reason, and memory, and imagination, and affection, and the will,—everything, to that holy task of blessing the Lord,—and she said, "The king hath brought me into his chambers. I thought first I was praying to the lover of a simple shepherd girl, for I

am black and comely, even as the tents of Kedar." Isn't that what she said? "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar. I thought of my unworthiness so much, I knew I was weak, and despised, and a nobody, and I began to be in danger of measuring Him by myself, and I could but pray, Draw me, we will run after thee; then I recovered myself, and remembered that the king hath brought me into his chambers." It was the Psalmist who said, "My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the king: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer." *There is nothing that will strengthen our faith like the contemplation of Jesus Christ:* "Behold the Lamb of God." You say, "I have heard that text before." "Yes; but did you ever obey it?" "O yes, I think I did: I looked to Jesus in my sins." "Behold," said John, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." When John saw Jesus coming unto him, garbed with seamless robe and sandalled feet, the humble man of Nazareth, he said, "Behold." And later the same writer said, "And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne . . . stood a Lamb as it had been slain." "Behold the Lamb of God." Have you beheld Him? That is something that will occupy you through all eternity, and the longer we look at Him the easier it will be to believe in Him.

III.

"We will be glad and rejoice in thee." HOW MAY WE STIMULATE A LANGUISHING AFFECTION? Now just think about it. I remember one day when I was crossing the ocean in December. It was on the Mauretania, and it was the stormiest passage I ever had. There were some soldiers on board who were not very good sailors, which is not unusual. I heard of one young man who was in a very bad way, and somebody said, "I wish you would go in and see him." I went to his cabin and he was lying on his back, about as helpless as any poor mortal could be. Although I have crossed the ocean many times I have had no experience of sea-sickness; but I understand you can be very helpless when you get sea-sick. You don't care very much whether the ship goes up or down, but rather prefer that it would go down if it would do so quickly. I noticed in this passenger's cabin a great portrait placed where he could see it all the time. I went up to him and I said, "How are you feeling to-day?" "O pretty wretched." I looked about and I said, "Not too wretched to look at that, I suppose." You know what it was? It was a photograph of somebody—just the one somebody in all the world; and he had put it where even in his utmost wretchedness he could open his eyes and see that face all the time; and I think it comforted him even in his sea-sickness. You will remember the Psalmist said, "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." He kept his soul alive, his affections burning, by feeding the flame, by setting the Lord before him. "Therefore my heart is glad." That is what that young man meant. There was nothing in all the world so cheering to him as to gaze upon the face of his beloved. Thus also must we keep our affections burning; we must let nothing obscure the face of our Beloved: "We will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember." What are you to do if you have a bad memory? Ask God to forgive you for it. What, ask forgiveness for a poor memory? Yes; you have no right to have a bad memory: "The wicked shall

be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." It is a sin to forget God; it is a damning sin to forget: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." I heard of a man who was called as a witness in a court of law and who was asked several questions by the judge. He said, "I do not remember." To every question he replied, "I do not remember," until at last from the bench the judge solemnly said, "You have a very convenient memory, Mr. So-and-so." But that does not excuse us, my friends. "We will remember thy love." You have no right to forget His love. And when the Spirit of God answers our prayer,—"Draw me," what then? He will "bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." That is grace. Grace means this: that God lays down certain conditions, and then He supplies them. He says to you, "Remember! remember!" then He gives us the Holy Spirit to be our Remembrancer so that we shall not forget. It is wonderful how the Spirit of God will help us even to remember His Word, and to remember His love "more than wine": "Wine maketh glad the heart of man." "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." I said to a man one day, "What did you do it for, my friend? Why did you run away to your cups like that, bringing yourself and all your family into disgrace?" He said, "I know it was foolish; but I tried to drown my trouble; I tried to get into that artificial condition where I should imagine that all was right, where I should be glad for a little while, that I might temporarily dull my senses to all circumstances about me, and be glad for an hour." "We will remember thy love more than wine." We will not go to the wine-cup; we will find a spiritual tonic; we will find something that will be spiritually exhilarating; we will so yield ourselves to the Spirit that we may be filled with the joy of the Holy Ghost. I do not think that is straining the text. So may we nourish and strengthen our faith and stimulate our affection, and come back to the place of fellowship with Him.

I wonder this Sunday morning if there is someone who has been praying a long time, saying, "Draw me—draw me"; and you have wondered why your prayer has not been answered, and God the Spirit has spoken to you this morning and He has told you the thing that must be abandoned. There is the negative side,—you must come away from it; and there is the positive duty, the clearly expressed command: I do not know what it is; but the Spirit of God will reveal it to you. Are you ready this morning to say, "I will run after Him, and I will do it now?" I shall not be here to-night, and I covet some fruit from this morning's service. Before I give this invitation, just this word: there may be some unconverted man or woman here who says, "I never knew the Lord." Well, He died for you; call upon Him where you are, you can speak to Him, and He will answer. And if you will simply resolve, "I will run after Him; I will confess Him before men," you will get the blessing: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." How many here this morning will come back, how many who will say, "I will run after thee"?

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REV. H. C. SLADE RETURNS

REV. H. C. SLADE, Associate Pastor of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, with Mrs. Slade, and Miss Ruth, and Peter, and Lois, have returned from a trip to the Maritime Provinces, which is Mr. Slade's native heath. While in the East Mr. Slade preached in Central Baptist Church, Halifax, of which Rev. A. R. W. Murray is Pastor, son of Dr. Alexander Murray of Sydney. He also preached at Immanuel Baptist Church, Truro.

Mr. Slade met many friends of Jarvis Street, and readers of THE GOSPEL WITNESS; and he and his family have returned in good health, after a much-needed vacation.

THE PAN AMERICAN EVANGELICAL CONFERENCE IN BRAZIL JULY 16TH TO 25TH

DR. SHIELDS' address on his Brazil experiences, appearing in this issue, we hope will whet the appetite of our readers for fuller information respecting this great Conference and its results. So as not to give too much of one thing in one issue, we shall spread our reports over several issues. They will include the Presidential Address of Dr. Carl McIntire, an Interpretive Report of the Whole Conference, also by Dr. McIntire, the Address on the Relation of Romanism to Evangelical Christianity, delivered by Dr. Shields at the afternoon meeting in a large theatre in Sao Paulo, and other items.

Be on the lookout for all of these addresses.

THE EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE

WE greatly fear that not a few letters received at THE GOSPEL WITNESS office during the last month, remain unanswered. Most of them have been acknowledged. The reason for their not being answered is that the Editor has been out of the country, and he will attend to these things as soon as may be possible.

NEXT SUNDAY IN JARVIS STREET

DR. SHIELDS

11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT IN SATURDAY PAPERS