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"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP"

THE caption of this article is a lovely word. Apart from the gift of salvation, there is scarcely a greater gift that God Himself can bestow than the blessing of sleep. Mrs. Browning wrote:

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this —
'He giveth His beloved, sleep'?"

"What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows? —
'He giveth His beloved, sleep'."

"What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
'He giveth His beloved, sleep'."

"'Sleep soft, beloved!' we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
'He giveth His beloved, sleep'."

"Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard —
'He giveth His beloved, sleep'."

But notwithstanding the soothing loveliness of such a word, we doubt if that is really what that text means. Here is the context: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep".

What is the significance of that line? The Psalmist speaks of attempting to build a house, unless the Lord keep the city; he says it is vain to rise up early, and sit up late, and to eat the bread of toil, "for so He giveth unto His beloved in sleep." Does it not mean that while we sleep our Lord is looking after our interests?

While we sleep is it not written: "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

Why should we spend sleepless, anxious, nights, worrying about our affairs, when our sleepless Lord is attending to our interests? We think that is what it means, that while His beloved are sleeping, He giveth to His beloved in sleep. The Revised Version has it: "It is vain for you that ye rise up early, and so late take rest." We have known, in the case of sickness, when the patient needs constant watching, and someone is delegated to sit up and keep the patient under observation, another volunteers to share the night's vigil; but the watcher wisely says, "No, no; you go to bed, and take your rest, so that you will be ready for the duty of to-morrow. It were useless for both of us to lose our rest by watching."

While our Lord is keeping watch, and in the assurance that He Who keepeth us will neither slumber nor sleep, let us take our rest, for of this we may be sure He will give unto His beloved in sleep.

After all is not that law written in nature? The seed is cast into the ground, and buried, but while it lies there, the Lord of the harvest is giving the increase. While the seed sleeps the whole world with verdure clad is a testimony to the divine sleeplessness.

"For from of old men have not heard, neither perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen a God beside thee, which worketh for him that waiteth for him."

Is it not part of the function of faith to enable us to cast all our cares upon Him, and rest in the assurance that He careth for us? We must sleep sometimes, or sleep altogether. There is a limit to the endurance of the flesh, and we must learn, for a while, how to leave our unfinished tasks to Him Who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Then may we say:

"Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!"

Thus the white snows of Winter fall, to wrap the tired earth about as with robes of ermine, and nature sleeps; but the tireless Worker of the skies works on; and in the beauties of the Spring, and the golden glories of the Summer, we are able to see something of what He, the great Giver of all, has given to the world in sleep.

NEXT WEEK'S MISSIONARY CONFERENCE

THE Missionary Conference to be held in Jarvis Street, October 23rd to 26th inclusive, promises to be a very profitable gathering. A number of speakers from a distance will be present, including Rev. John Cunningham, from Calgary, Dr. Robert McCaul, of Brooklyn, N.Y., Rev. A. R. W. Murray, of Central Baptist Church, Halifax, N.S., and Dr. Carl McIntire, President of the International Council of Christian Churches, Editor and Publisher of *The Christian Beacon*, and Pastor of Collingswood Bible Presbyterian Church.

In addition to these brethren from outside, there will be fine addresses from our own men, including one from Rev. Samuel Dempster, whom we shall all be glad to see.

We are hoping there will be a large attendance of visitors, as well as of delegates. We are certain it will be a time of rich fellowship in the things of God. We urge every church in fellowship with the work of The Emergency Committee to endeavour to have as large a number of visitors and delegates as they can accommodate with their transportation facilities, whatever they may be.

Come — come — come! Come in twos, or fives, or hundreds — only COME!

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL FRENCH WEEK-END

LAST week-end, sixteen enthusiasts for the French language transformed the beautiful grounds of Kenhaven, and particularly its magnificent stone fireplace, into a little bit of French territory, or if you will into a corner of Quebec, as they gave themselves to an intensive study of French. The goal before them was to acquire a sufficient facility in this tongue to bring the good news of free salvation to those who sit in darkness. This time, perhaps even more than on previous occasions, a sense of the burden and of the urgency of the French-language mission fields was upon us. Letters of greeting, in French, were read from Pastor Guy Appéré in Geneva, Switzerland, from Mr. and Mrs. Yvon Hurtubise of Malartic, Quebec, and from Miss Nellie Saxer of Lavigne, Northern Ontario. Our thoughts and our prayers also turned towards other former students now labouring in the harvest field who had shared with us in other days the classes and the French Week-ends. Several of our company had taken part in French-Canadian evangelization last summer so that the field was very near to our thoughts.

All agreed that it was not only a profitable time, in respect to language study but that the presence and the blessing of the Lord was in our midst as we prepared for the work that awaits us. Mr. Appéré's letter expressed the feeling of all when he wrote:

"The words 'French Week-end' bring sweet memories to my heart: happy brotherly communion, an oasis where my spiritual life was refreshed, a field of battle where victories were gained, moments of edification unique in their simplicity. Already this is my second year away from Canada, from that Canada which is, nevertheless, so near and so alive in my heart. How quickly the time passes!"

The image of the glowing embers of the fireplace at

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

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Kenhaven will long remain in our memories as the symbol of the spiritual fires that burned in our hearts as we sang together the hymns of Zion and read and memorized the Word of God. The messages brought by our student-professor, Mr. Etienne Huser, and by our trustee, Mr. Paul Bauman and Mrs. Bauman, made a large contribution to the success of this blessed time. We shall look to see the fruits of this quiet time of meditation, prayer, and study in the years to come on pioneer foreign mission fields both in Canada and in Europe.

—W.S.W.

KING IN AIR RAIDS

The following letter which appeared in *The Toronto Star* was brought to our attention and we reprint it here as a reminder of the King's heroic devotion to duty in times of danger. We all rejoice and give thanks to God for the good news of his recovery. May he long live to give further proof of the inspired proverb that tells us, "The king by judgment establisheth the land."

To the Editor of *The Star*.

Sir: On noticing the look of utter weariness on the King's face in one of his most recent pictures, I was reminded of an incident which has always stayed in my mind. During the early days of the war I was sitting in Hyde Park in the rather aimless fashion of one who had had no sleep the previous night. That morning had brought a bad air raid in which the well-known Knightsbridge barracks had been hit. Towards me came an open staff car. In it sat a slender grave-faced man wearing a field-marshal's uniform. As he drove along unhurried, unafraid, people looked at one another grinning sheepishly, "Why," they said, "that's the King, and he is in London too!" Thus, a King and his Queen stayed with their people throughout those dire and dreadful years.

—W. McV.

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

Before and After: Without Christ; in Christ

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Evening, October 14th, 1951.
(Electrically Recorded)

"That at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.

"But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—Eph. 2:12, 13.

Prayer Before the Sermon

We ask Thee, O Lord, to give to every one now in Thy presence a realization, a sense, of Thy nearness. Thou hast promised always to be in the midst of Thine assembled people, and we are sure that Thou art here this evening; Thou art here in the fulness of Thy grace, able, of Thine infinite riches, to supply the need of every soul before Thee. We come to a great storehouse, to the One Who is the Proprietor of all things that are, and we are but like children, wandering about amid vast wealth, and knowing not what we need. We ask for such little things; our prayers are so impoverished; though some of us have lived long enough as Christians to have become men and women, perhaps there are some who have not yet learned to put away childish things. We cannot wisely pray; we cannot pray within the compass of Thy will, save as it pleases Thee to inspire our petitions, for surely no prayer ascends to Heaven that does not first of all come down from Heaven. Our yesterdays and our tomorrows, the years of the past and the years of the future, are all an open book to Thee, and Thou knowest the relation between these things, and how we may need today that which will fortify us for our tomorrows; and even now we may need, and do need, all of us, the grace of forgiveness to cover the deficits of the past.

O Lord, Thou hast come to us in the Person of Christ, and Thou hast taught us that we are not to think of Thee as the God of the storm and the earthquake and the fire chiefly, for the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shines in the face of Jesus Christ, and we have heard Him say, He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. We would learn evermore to think of Thee in terms of Thine own unveiling in the Person of Him Who is the Image of the invisible God. How gracious He was to those who were sinners! Neither do I condemn thee; go in peace and sin no more. How true was the scornful saying of the enemy, that Thou hadst gone to be guest with one who was a sinner, and that Thou didst receive sinners and eat with them. O Thou holy One, what should we do if these things were not true? What hope could any of us entertain were we not able to think of God as we have seen Him in the face of Jesus Christ? How attentive was Thine ear! How tender was Thy touch! How full of sympathy Thy loving heart, that even overflowed in tears for those who mourned!

Look upon us, O Lord, this evening. We know so little; we are ashamed to be such poor scholars in the school of Christ. We come to Thy holy Word this evening with a prayer that Thou wouldst be pleased to shed the light of Heaven upon the sacred page, and to illumine our hearts, and give us discerning minds, the gift of spiritual perception and penetration, that we may understand the things that are written. Oh, how we love Thy word! How full it is of instruction, how overflowing with wisdom! What a repository of goodness and of grace, and of riches unsearchable! Lord lead us to it, and lead us into it, and may it please Thee this evening so to enrich our spirits, that as we leave this place we may be constrained to acknowledge to ourselves that we have been in the presence of God, and have received grace for grace.

For all similarly assembled in Thy name, for all who in any way seek to make known the truth of the Gospel, we pray. Make this, we beseech Thee, a day of progress for

the kingdom of God, a day wherein the Lord Jesus shall be greatly glorified.

Now abide with us through this service. Oh, bring to our spirits the very atmosphere of Heaven, and make us to feel the goings of God upon our own spirits, for Jesus' sake, Amen.

THERE are people who find a melancholy pleasure in living in the past. Their yesterdays are always better than to-day, and their to-morrows are anticipated with gloom and foreboding. We have all heard of "the good old times." Perhaps there were some good things in the good old times, but there are some things that I suppose few of us would like to have to put up with in our day. It was a good old time when they burned candles, wasn't it? Some of them "dip" candles at that. I have often wondered how people managed to read in those days. But now we are able to turn night into day by our electric lights. There was a time when we made rather slow progress as we went from one place to another. They speak sometimes of the "horse and buggy days." I always liked the horse, but I hated the buggy. I remember going to help a ministerial friend one day, and when I got off the train—it was bitterly cold—he was there to meet me, and he had a new cutter, and had come to the station to meet me. He was anxious to show off that new cutter, but I should have been willing to have accepted his description of it, and gone home where there was a fire. But he liked it. I never did. I was never like the virtuous woman of whom it was said that she was not afraid of the cold. I always was, and still am.

Moreover, I would far rather travel by car, than by buggy, wouldn't you? I have done a good deal of travelling, and I used to enjoy it fairly well when I travelled by train, but now when I get on a train I feel as though I want to get out and push. It seems as though I should never get there, I have got so used to flying.

In the good old days, when we had a message to send, what a long time was occupied in sending a message from place to place. The only advantage I can see in that part of the good old days was that it took so long to send a message from London to the pope, or from Rome back again to London. Now we can whisper and make ourselves instantly heard around the world.

And so I might go on and remind you of all the physical advantages we have in our day. I say to the people who talk about the good old days, "Get back there if you like, but I do not want them." I am speaking now only of material things.

Well, on a higher plane than that, the apostle addresses the Ephesian Christians, and tells them of the old times, of their yesterdays, how they lived, and what they were. This verse is a chapter of negatives. It tells them what they hadn't got in those days. He said, "Do not forget it, that at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." What a marvellous difference the coming of Christ into this sin-darkened world has made! And I am sure that those of us who are Christians have no longing for the old days when we did not know Christ. We have been brought to a new day, to a new creation; "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

Just look at this text a moment. "Without Christ," that is a summary of the whole matter, and that which follows is what the bookkeepers would call a "breakdown" of the total. Our total deficiency was that we were "without Christ," and being without Christ involved this: we were "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." Our impoverished and bankrupt spirits were *without citizenship*; we were *without promise or resource*; we had *no hope*, and we were *without God* here and now in the world.

I.

Let us look at that first matter. What did it mean, what did it involve to be an alien from the commonwealth of Israel? Remember, this was addressed to Gentiles "Wherefore remember, that ye being in time past Gentiles in the flesh, who are called Uncircumcision by that which is called the Circumcision in the flesh made by hands." "You were Gentiles, you were without the pale, you were aliens from the commonwealth of Israel." But though they are still Gentiles, they are no longer aliens from the commonwealth of Israel. They have not been made Israelites after the flesh, but they have been given citizenship in that vast commonwealth of grace, which is also called the Kingdom of God.

We read it to you this evening, how that all who believe are the children of Abraham, all of us, and being children of Abraham, we are sharers in the blessing of Abraham. You may shut up the promises of God to Israel after the flesh if you like—that is not what it means at all, not in the least. All who believe are the children of Abraham, and the promise of God to Abraham is fulfilled in those who believe. We read it this evening: "That the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ." We are no longer Jews or Gentiles. I just remark in passing, that is why I have never had the slightest interest in Jewish missions. It is contrary to Scripture. When the Gentiles were included by the grace of God they did not have missions to the Gentiles; they ceased to be Jew or Gentile, they were all one in Christ. That is how it ought to be still. Every New Testament church should seek the conversion of Jews to Christ; and they should be brought into the membership of the church, as Gentiles are.

Now the promise that God made to Abraham He made to his seed. "He saith not, And to seeds, as of many; but as of one, And to thy seed, which is Christ." All that God ever promised to Abraham is fulfilled in the experience of those who, believing on Christ, become, all of them, the children of faithful Abraham. And it is

in that way that his seed is as numerous as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is by the seashore.

And so the commonwealth, the citizenship of Israel; just becomes the citizenship of all who believe: "But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, To the general assembly and church of the firstborn." That is the privilege of the believer, to be a citizen of the Kingdom of God, but those who are not Christians have no spiritual citizenship; they do not belong anywhere. They are just displaced persons, with no government responsible for them; no government undertaking their protection. They are without the pale. You remember how the apostle Paul invoked the privileges of citizenship, when he said, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?" And said the centurion, "Art thou a Roman?" "And the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this freedom (this citizenship). And Paul said, But I was free born." We are free born, we are born into the Kingdom of God; we are citizens by right of birth; we are not aliens from the commonwealth of Israel. Some of my friends are fond of putting a microscope on that little spot of land called Palestine, and they talk about that as though this was the great fulfillment of prophecy, and all the hordes of Russia are coming down to subdue that little handful of people! All nonsense! The promise of God to Abraham made him "heir of the world", and the promise of God to us makes us heirs of the whole world: "The meek shall inherit the earth." God's children are going to inherit this earth some day, a regenerated people in a regenerated earth. We are no longer aliens. What a pitiful thing it is to have no citizenship anywhere. It is a new thing under the sun, but there are millions of people just displaced, in some cases their government destroyed, and they are wanderers on the face of the earth. They cannot claim the protection of any government.

I have always felt it a great privilege when travelling to be a British citizen. I do not amount to much, but I am just one, and I can claim the protection of the British flag, because I am a citizen. To be a citizen of the heavenly kingdom means that you can claim the protection of the Lord of Hosts, and "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." I am sorry for those who do not enjoy this privilege, because to be without Christ is to be without citizenship in the Kingdom of God, with all that is involved in that high and holy privilege.

And it is to be *without promise or resource*: "Strangers from the covenants of promise." What vast privileges are guaranteed to all of us by the covenants of promise! Did you ever travel abroad with a letter of credit in your pocket? Maybe it did not amount to very much, but whatever you had in the bank was yours, and your bank gave you a letter of credit equal to the amount you had there on deposit. And so you went abroad, and no matter where you were you could go into the banks specified, and there were scores of them, and you could say, "I want so many rupees" (if you were in India), or "I want so many guilders" (if you were in Holland), or so many francs (in Switzerland or in France), or so many pounds in Britain or Australia or New Zealand; and so on throughout the world. And you would write a cheque for that amount, and the banker deducted that amount from your letter of credit. You had nothing in

your pocket, but a little bit in the bank away back home, and that letter of credit permitted you to draw on your resources to the last cent wherever you went. It is a great privilege. Well, you know, the covenant of promise is really a letter of credit. In Heaven's bank there is an incalculably valuable deposit made to your account, the infinite merit of Jesus, the unsearchable riches of Christ, and not being a stranger to the covenant of promise, you can draw upon your resources in Christ wherever you go, at any time, whatever your need may be. That is a great advantage.

But, without Christ we were *without hope*. The religion of the Lord Jesus has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come; but to be without Christ is to be without promise of this life, or of the life that is to come; to be without hope. What a hopeless thing it is! Sometimes Mr. Slade and I are called upon, one or the other, to conduct a funeral service of somebody whom we perhaps never met. We make inquiries and we find that the man was not a Christian, he did not believe in Christ, he never went to the house of God, and never had any interest whatsoever in spiritual things, and so far as anybody knows, he died without hope, and went out into the darkness. This earthly house of his tabernacle was dissolved, but he had no building of God beyond; evicted from this dwelling, he had no other to go to. Without hope! It is a terrible thing, isn't it, to die without hope? "For if ye believe not that I am he," said the Lord Jesus, "ye shall die in your sins." And you will take your sins with you. To use a colloquialism, you will be caught at last before the judgment with the goods on you; you will die in your sins, not separated from them. They will be there to witness against you. A hopeless thing, isn't it, to be without Christ? But oh, what a difference to those of us who are Christians. We may have a hard time here, we may lose everything we ever had, and be reduced to poverty, we may lose our health, and lose our friends, but when it comes to the end we are just going out into something better. And those who sorrow our departure will "sorrow not, even as others which have no hope."

Now that refers to the things that are unseen, "for we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." There are some people you know who discount any reference whatever to the future life, but I have heard some people, godless men too, speak of death and say, "I expect to be a long time dead." Well, this life is very short, at the longest, but the other life is long, and to be without hope of that is to be desolate indeed. I heard the great Dr. Pierson many years ago. I was preaching in New York, and I read that Dr. A. T. Pierson was to preach at the afternoon service in Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and I went to hear him. He preached from that text: "For we are saved by hope", pointing out that life was made endurable by the fact that we could hope and live for something better. "We are saved by hope." Then he told of an experience he had had, which I have never forgotten. He said, "I had often been entertained at a beautiful home in Scotland, by a very godly family. They were comparatively young people, and so far as this world is concerned, they were well to do, surrounded with every comfort and luxury. They were devoted to each other, and together devoted to a family of lovely children." Dr. Pierson said,

"I do not know that I have ever been in any place that seemed to be more like a little bit of heaven than that home where I was so often entertained." He said, "One day in London I received a telegram saying that the wife and mother had died suddenly, and asking me if I would go to Scotland to conduct the service. I wired back that I would go immediately, and I went. The day of the funeral came, and," he said, "there was a heavy Scotch mist, hardly rain, but there was moisture in the air everywhere. As we drove into the cemetery, the trees which lined the roadway were bent over almost meeting, heavy with the moisture that was upon them." He said, "As we drove through the branches of these trees brushed the sides of our carriages, and showers like rain descended." He said, "It was one of the most gloomy days I ever remember. At last we got to the grave, and the grasses round about the grave were high, they had not been cut, and the moisture was upon them, and they were all bending low. It seemed to me as though all nature were in tears in sympathy with my bereaved friend. So we got to the grave, and the father stood there with his little children around him. There had not been a rift in the clouds all day, just a leaden sky. The casket was lowered, and I read the burial service, and prayed, and they dropped some flowers on the casket. The strong man tried to control himself, but his children wept. They were laying mother away. But, just as they dropped the flowers on the coffin lid there was a rift in the clouds, and a sunbeam shone right down into that grave and upon that little bunch of flowers, and at that moment a lark leaped out from the long grass into the sunbeam, and spreading its wings, and singing its song, it flew away toward Heaven." I remember Dr. Pierson said, "That, my friends, is hope." We "sorrow not, even as others which have no hope," but those who are without Christ are also without hope. Nothing to look forward to, nothing "but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." How terrible to be without hope!

"And *without God in the world*." How terrible to be in a world without any God, no God to Whom one can pray. However desperate the situation, no God! "Oh," but you say, "surely anyone can at any time call upon God." Ah, but remember, "without Christ". And whoever is without Christ is without God. To reject Him, the citizenship He gives, the wealth He confers, the hope He inspires — to be without Him is to be without God.

A little over a year ago I drove out from Cairo some miles onto the Sahara desert to see some ancient tombs that had just been excavated. There were no dwelling houses there at all, out in the desert, and the sand was not like the sand you find on the sea shore or on the lake shore, it was just like yellow flour, soft and fine, horrible stuff. We left our car and walked out into the desert to see some other places, and up on a mound — I do not know why it was there; I could not see that there was any human dwelling there—was a poor dog tethered, out in the desert. He barked to us pitifully, and just as we got there the heavens opened, believe it or not, in the Sahara desert, and it rained something as it must have done in the days of Noah, it just came down in torrents. We had no shelter, and we were simply drenched. I said to my companion, "What an awful thing it would be to be alone in this desert, with no one to help you, no means of communication with others, no method of transportation anywhere else." You begin to try to walk, and the desert

seems to slip away from you with every step you take, and you say, "This is a hopeless business; I will never get away from here." Out in the desert alone!

Were you ever troubled with insomnia? Excuse this personal reference, but I was. I remember eight days when I never closed my eyes. I never expect to go to purgatory, half-way house to another place — I am not going to either of them, but I cannot conceive of either of them being worse than that experience. I will tell you what I felt like: I felt like being out in a little rubber raft away out in the Atlantic, or Pacific, scanning the horizon, and nobody there; no help, nobody coming, and feeling that nobody ever will come, feeling that I should never sleep again till I sleep the last sleep. Oh, it was a horrible experience. The doctor said, "We have given you enough bromides to put a village to sleep," but they had no effect on me. I was wide awake, and nobody could help me. Out in the desert; out on the ocean! That is what it is like to be without God — at the end of all human resources, and no God. A godless soul in a wicked world, no one to help him now, and no hope for tomorrow. That is what comes of rejecting Christ. He is the only God we know. I read in the announcements last night of someone who was to speak in the Unitarian church. I do not know why they call a Unitarian institution a church anyhow. But anyway, he was the secretary of some association of humanists, and the subject upon which he was to speak tonight was this: "Is God necessary?" What a dreadful thing, isn't it? when men come to the place where they blasphemously assume that they do not need God; He is not necessary. He is very necessary to me, and very necessary to you I am sure. And He is ours through Christ. For "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." "Without God." "That is what you used to be," says the Spirit through Paul.

Then I must quote the next verse. "At that time," that is what they were. "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." We have a God now, haven't we? We have a Saviour now. We are no longer out in the desert." (We) know whom (we) have believed, and (are) persuaded that he is able to keep that which (we) have committed unto him against that day." Are you a Christian? If you are, are you glad about it? I confess I am. I have so many things I want to do I have often wished, I have even prayed, that somebody might be moved to leave me a lot of money. You have done the same thing. But it doesn't come, does it? But you know, if countless millions came my way, I say it advisedly, it would not make me anything like as happy as I am at this moment in the assurance that I am safe for time and eternity through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Tell Him you are glad, will you? Thank Him for His salvation. Never mind the past; now we are in Christ Jesus, and our faces are turned toward the golden City, toward the morning, the day upon which the sun will never go down. Let us pray.

We thank Thee, Lord, for Thine abounding grace to us. We thank Thee for the great change that Thou hast wrought by Thy coming. Help us more and more to revel in Thy grace, for Thy name's sake. Amen.

"No Church will really carry out Christ's last command save those who know, love, and contend for the truth as it is in Jesus."
—C. H. SPURGEON.

THE JOY OF ABIDING IN CHRIST

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto
Sunday Morning, October 14th, 1951
(Electrically Recorded)

"These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."—John 15:11.

I WANT you to look at some of "these things", which are here spoken of, that we may be partakers of the joy that it is Divinely purposed we should experience.

I have seen a slogan on the street cars to the effect that "an accident is just a word until you have one". That is true. But there are many other things which are just words, and nothing more than words, until we enter into an experience of their significance.

I suppose there are few passages in the word of God with which we are more familiar, so far at least as the letter of it is concerned, than this fifteenth chapter of John. And yet we need to examine these things, and to inquire whether they are anything but words to us. I am afraid it is quite possible for people to become so familiar with a certain portion of Scripture — even committing it to memory, so that they can repeat it without difficulty, and yet it has no real meaning at all; it is just so many words.

Let us see what this chapter has to say.

I.

And first of all THERE IS A WORD HERE FOR THOSE WHO ARE NOT YET CHRISTIANS. I am increasingly impressed with the prevailing ignorance of what it really means to be saved. We are thronged with multitudes of people who are church members, they are religious people, but have no personal experience of the grace of God in Christ Jesus. Christianity is just a name; salvation is just a word. They sing the hymns of Zion, and apparently enjoy them, and yet they have no real salutary influence upon their lives.

Now what is it to be a Christian? It is not to become a member of the church — that has its place — or to submit to ordinances, or to subscribe merely to a statement of faith. We may be and do all that, and be intellectually orthodox, and never know Christ at all. To be a Christian means literally *to be grafted into Christ*, just as the branch is grafted into the vine. An opening is made in the trunk of the vine, the branch is inserted, it is bound up in such a way that ultimately the life-tide of the vine flows into the branch, and the branch and the vine grow together until they become one and inseparable. Now to be a Christian is to be grafted into Christ, not theoretically merely, but I mean actually to have a real experience of the inflow of the life of God. And unless and until we have that, we are not really saved, we are not part of the heavenly Vine.

My question to boys and girls, and to all others this morning is, Have you really been grafted into Christ? Do you know what it is to come into vital, spiritual — not merely contact, but union with Him, so that you become part of Him, and He becomes part of you? And as the woman of Tekoah said, we are "bound in the bundle of life". What a blessed thing it is when that is true. "Because I live," said the Lord Jesus, "ye shall live also."

What that vital sap is to the vine and to the branches,

the indwelling of the life of God, communicated to us by the Holy Ghost, is to those of us who are Christians.

A Christian is a man or woman, or a boy or girl, in whom the Spirit of God actually dwells; He is really part of us; He has come to take up His abode with us. Our Lord said of Him, "He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Conversion, the new birth, being quickened and begotten of the Spirit — whatever figure you may employ — just means that, that we are brought into such direct and intimate relation to Jesus Christ, the living Saviour, that His life is in us.

I wonder is that true of all of us who profess and call ourselves Christian? It is not difficult, even with only the experience of an amateur, to discover whether a branch of a tree, or of a shrub, has the life of the trunk in it. You bend it and it breaks off; you examine it, and it is perfectly dry, just a piece of wood; there is no sap in it, no life in it at all. There are people who are attached to the church, attached professedly to Christ, but they are just dead branches, with no spiritual life in them. It is not difficult to discern that, if you have a little experience. You talk to them of what you know of Christ, tell people what He has done for you, tell them of some of your experiences in the heavenly places in Christ, wherein we are "blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ," and they will look blankly at you, and you will soon discover that they have never been there. They do not know what you are talking about at all; they are still in a natural state. But how delightful it is to touch somebody who really knows the Lord, in whom the Spirit of God dwells. You have not been in conversation with them for but a minute or two — you may not be talking of religious matters, you may be talking of something which may to some seem to be quite remote from the question of religion, but there is a distinctively Christian point of view; there is a distinctively Christian spirit about the man; he looks at things through the eyes of Jesus Christ. Even before he has made any avowal of his faith, you can say in your heart, "I know this is one of the children of faith I am talking to; he has the very life of God in him; he knows the Lord."

Now is that so of us? You know I feel as Pastor — I have always felt it I think, and yet as the years pass I feel it still more profoundly — how imperative it is that a minister should never take anything for granted. How he should exhort, reprove, and probe people, to make them search their hearts, that they may give all diligence to make their calling and election sure, so that in all the years to come they may ever remember that they were admonished to make sure work of this matter of salvation.

Well then, we are to be grafted into Christ; we are to receive Him as Saviour, and when we receive Him as Saviour, we must at the same time receive His Spirit, for "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Every one who is truly a Christian must have received, in some measure, the Spirit of God. I have sometimes cut a branch from one of my shrubs, and I have said, "There is a good deal of greenness there yet," but I can detect that on one side of it it is drying up, and I say to myself, "That will be just a dry twig before very long." Is there any part of you that is drying up? We are not only to have the Spirit, but we are to be filled with the Spirit, we are to live in the enjoyment of an exuberant-spiritual life. What a joy it is to meet people in

good health! Of course we cannot help it when we haven't good health, but there are some people who "enjoy" poor health. I do not know how they enjoy it, but that is what they say. They are always croaking like frogs, and always complaining. I remember hearing a preacher when I was a boy — I can see him now — and he always had a backache, and always told us so. He always gave me a headache. I was always relieved when he said, "Amen".

On the other hand, how refreshing it is to meet someone who is just overflowing with good health. You cannot help saying, "My, but you look well." That is how it ought to be with us as Christians. There is no necessity for our living at a poor dying rate, fond of these earthly toys. We should abide in Him, and receive to the full the life that is in Christ.

II.

Now He says here that IF WE ABIDE IN HIM WE SHALL BRING FORTH MUCH FRUIT. It is well to see that there is some life in the branch, it is well to see it budding, and by and by to see the leaves covering the vine, or the tree, as the case may be. But a fruit tree should bring forth fruit; that is what it is there for. And if we have the Spirit of God the fruit of the Spirit will characterize us, and people will observe it. You know that if you go into an orchard, either when the sun is shining, or when the cool dews of evening are falling, or even walk beneath the trees in the moonlight, you will not hear a sound. The processes of nature are quiet and silent, and yet the work is going on there as the fruit is being, so to speak, manufactured; the lifetide is going out, and by and by you begin to see the fruit. And there is a lot of religion that to me is very much like dressing up a Christmas tree. You can put a platform, or something to hold it up, and put some coloured lights on it, tie on some toys and some waxed grapes or glass things, and my, how lovely it looks! There isn't a bit of life in the thing at all. Oh, maybe a little bit, just the momentum that came from the roots, but leave it there a little while, and even the green branches will die. The things that are on it are not the real thing at all. There is a lot of religion like that — just decorated Christmas trees, — good for Sunday, and useless for Monday. A lot of people are like a Christmas tree the day after Christmas. Did you ever see it, thrown out in the garbage? It was all right while the children were about it, but it is a dead thing anyway, so they throw it out. My dear friends, we should be perennials. The indissoluble life of our Lord should be in us, and "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, charity." What a lovely cluster that is. How attractive when you see the fruit of the Spirit almost weighing down a branch of the true Vine. The man knows how to love, he knows how to cherish a hallelujah in his heart, which may sometimes escape his lips; he has heard "these things" spoken to him, that his joy might remain in him, and the fruit of the Spirit is joy. O yes, we may have our sorrows, our aches and pains and bereavements, and we may not be happy. Happiness is something that depends upon happenings, but joy is a grace of a different quality, that is part of the fruit of the Spirit — love, joy, and a quiet confidence in God, peace, longsuffering. You do not like to be kicked around the place any more than anybody else, do you? You do not enjoy the nasty

things that some viperous tongues may speak about you. What do you do about it? Just nothing. Let it die out. We cannot help it; it is not our responsibility, it is theirs. Why worry about it? Be longsuffering. "And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday."

And gentleness. The boisterous braggart is not a strong man. Invariably the strong man is a gentle man. The fruit of the Spirit is gentleness. David said, "He teacheth my hands to war; so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms." What a warrior he was! And he says, "And thy gentleness hath made me great." It was he who said, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Gentleness, meekness, humility — readiness to take the second place, or the third place. So many people, if they cannot play the first fiddle will not fiddle at all; if they cannot have the first place they will not have any place at all. But the fruit of the Spirit will make one meek, and they will take any old place, or new place, wherever the Lord puts them.

And faith. The Spirit of God within us works faith so that we are able really to trust God. Temperance, or self control. Have you got good brakes on? It is a good thing to have brakes to your car you know. In some respects the brakes are more important than the engine. Self control is a rare virtue. Keep your brakes in good order. "He that ruleth his spirit (is better) than he that taketh a city."

Brotherly love, or charity. O how lovely the fruit of the Spirit. That ought to characterize you if you are a Christian. "He that abideth in me . . . the same bringeth forth much fruit." "Every branch (in me) that beareth fruit, (the Divine husbandman) purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." I wonder did you ever see the wonderful vine at Hampton Court, the palace of Henry VIII. in London? It dates back to the time of Henry VIII, and the grapes that it produces are for the Royal table, and no one else. I have seen them. The roots of that vine go right down and under the Thames, "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season." Then when the grapes begin to form there are a great many of them in a bunch, and if they were left alone they would produce a lot of small or medium sized grapes, but the vine-dresser purges every bunch, and pulls out a lot of the little grapes, and just leaves a few, so that all the strength of the stem may go into just the few grapes remaining, and they enlarge until, I declare to you, they are almost the size of plums. "He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." That is how the Lord does sometimes. We do not quite understand that taking away of things; they seem to be almost stripped down to nothing. But it is the Divine Vine-dresser's way of producing better fruit, not only more of it, but better fruit.

III.

"For without me," says He, "YE CAN DO NOTHING." Now that means exactly what it says. It means that to the Sunday School Superintendent. Without Christ you can do nothing. It does not say that you can do not very well, it says you can do nothing. That is true of the Sunday School teacher. Without Him you can do nothing. If He is not with you you might as well stay at home and in bed; you will accomplish nothing at all without Him. That is true of the personal worker, whether you visit in the hospital, or wherever you go.

He must be with you and in you, for without Him you can do nothing. Now do not change that word. Severed from me ye can do nothing. That is true of the individual; it is true of the church; it is true of the preacher; it is true of everybody. Without Him we can do nothing. Oh, how blessedly dependent we are on Him!

"If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered." How many people you have seen like that. They were like the seed that was received into shallow ground, and quickly sprang up. You thought that man or that woman was going to be a great servant of God, but their hallelujahs died upon their lips before very long; their moisture was turned into the drought of summer, and very soon they were cast forth as a branch, and they withered. There are thousands and thousands of people in Toronto today who were once members of churches, who now never cross the threshold of a place of worship — cast forth as a branch, withered, nothing left of them.

What happens in such a case? I wonder whether you have noticed it. There is a harvest. The Lord of the harvest shall say to the angelic reapers, "Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn." The angels will be the reapers then. But here the great judgment is anticipated: "Men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." Let me tell you, my dear friends, there is nothing this old world, in spite of its sin, despises quite so much as a false professor; nothing the world holds in greater contempt than an organization called a church that has no spiritual life in it. You go and talk to people, pick them out anywhere, and say, "Where do you go to church?" "I do not go to church." "You never go?" "Well, I may go with my wife at Easter, but I have no use for the church." "Why not?" "It doesn't amount to anything. Church people aren't a bit better than other people. I know lots of them; I work with some of them, and work for some others. They are just a pack of hypocrites. They profess, but they do not do anything." Mind you, those who thus criticize have a lot on their side. They have great ground for what they say. And I am not surprised that so many people would help to put the branches on the fire. "Burn them up; we do not need a church like that."

My dear friends, what are we doing day by day? Are we adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things? In all the relationships of life are we proving to the people round about us that, though there may be many false professors, are we proving that we are really the Lord's? I do not know any way of proving that we are alive and abiding in Christ apart from our bringing forth much fruit. If we do not bring forth fruit in our season, we must not expect that the world about us will have very much respect for us. Do you know what we ought to be like? We ought to be like Joseph. "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall." Did you ever see a healthy tree, loaded with fruit, and there is one branch just outside the wall, where the boys could pick the fruit if they wanted to. Now we, the church of Christ, ought to be like an orchard full of living trees, fruit-bearing trees, with branches going out over the wall, so that the people who are not in the church, and do not know anything about what is inside the wall, will look up and see those branches, and say, "My, I wish I lived inside there; I wish I owned that orchard."

Can we go to work tomorrow, or to school, or be at home, whatever it is, and so show the Spirit of Christ, the fruit of the Spirit, that those who meet us will say, "I wish I were a Christian; I wish I had what that woman has, what that boy or girl has; I wish I had what that man has." If that is so, they will be soon coming to you, and you will find an opportunity of inviting them inside the wall, and telling them how they may be grafted into Christ, and how they may become a fruit-bearing branch of the true Vine.

Then you remember what our Lord said, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit" — not just a little, a few puny fruits, but "that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." May the Lord make us so, for His Name's sake. Let us pray.

O Lord, we would be better men and women, and boys and girls, than we are. We want to experience more of the fullness of life in Christ Jesus, and we pray that the Spirit of the Lord may lay these simple exhortations to heart this morning, so that we may indeed be numbered among those who continually abide in Thee, and bring forth much fruit. For Thy Name's sake, Amen.

A LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL DEMPSTER

THE many friends, near and far, who contributed to the Dempster Fund, will be happy to read a letter of thanks from him.

Elsewhere we publish three illustrations of the crowd gathered at Courtland on Thanksgiving Day, October 8th, where Mr. Dempster himself appeared among them.

Our friends will also be interested to know that the assistant surgeon to the great surgeon who was to have operated on Mr. Dempster, but was prevented by his own illness, would accept only a nominal fee for his great service. It was not a fee at all; but would perhaps defray a few expenses.

This enables us to report that we have left in the Dempster Fund a total amount of \$1,701.04 which we have set aside as the nucleus of a Student Hospitalization Fund, upon which we shall be able to draw for the help of other students.

The Editor desires to add his expression of gratitude to that of Mr. Dempster, to all the friends who contributed to the Dempster Fund.

Following is Mr. Dempster's letter:

King David said, "I will declare what He hath done for my soul." The Lord Jesus said to a man who had borne the dreadful name of Legion, "Tell thy friends how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

"Come and hear, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul."

We all need help. None of us are sufficient in ourselves for all the exigencies of our condition. Life is too large for any of us. Its duties are too great for our strength. Its trials overtax our powers of endurance. Its antagonisms overmaster us. Our own hearts contain only a little cupful of oil; and unless we replenish them from some reserve supply, our lamps will go out, leaving us in the darkness.

Yet we are required to meet life victoriously. We are not to succumb to its stress or struggle. The task is set before us of being more than conquerors in all life's trials. We are not to be crushed by sorrow. We are to rejoice always, though enduring sore grief. It is possible, therefore, for us to receive help from without for our little life, to make us equal to whatever we may have to bear or endure. What are the sources from which we may draw strength in our time of deep, dire need? Evidently they are twofold. We

can be helped in a certain way by human hands; and we can be helped in the largest measure we need by the Divine strength.

In all things the life of Christ is our pattern. He lived a human life to show us how to live. He did not meet life otherwise than we must meet it. He wrought no miracles to make trials easier for Himself than they would be for His followers. In our Lord's experience, in Gethsemane we have an illustration of the way He sought help in time of great need, both from the human and Divine sources.

The real agony of Christ's atoning death was in Gethsemane, as well as on Calvary. It was there He fought the battle and won the victory. After this there was no struggle. My dear readers, the battle for my life was not won in the operating room; it was not won as the surgeon was skillfully using the knife to make right the wrongs in my physical make-up. No, a thousand times no. The battle was won in the great prayer meetings held in the Jarvis Street Church and in the Courtland church. It was won because God heard the mighty volume of prayer going up on my behalf from the hearts of believers who, through the pages of "The Gospel Witness", had heard of my condition, and besought God to guide the hand of the surgeon as he performed a very delicate and dangerous operation. Ah, my dear friends, the God who heard the prayer of Elijah, and who worked mightily on his behalf, has done great things for me whereof I am glad.

In Brittany, among the peasants, they have a beautiful legend of the robin. They say that when the Saviour moved towards Calvary, bearing His cross, with enemies all about Him, a robin hovered near. And, reckless of the tumult, the bird flew down and snatched a cruel thorn from Christ's bleeding forehead. Then over the robin's bosom flowed the sacred blood, tainting with its ruby stream the bird's brown plumage. This, the peasants say, was the origin of the red spot on the robin's breast.

"And evermore the sweet bird bore upon its tender breast

The warm hue of the Saviour's blood, a shining seal impressed.

Hence, dearest to the peasants' heart, 'mid birds of grove and plain,

They hold the robin, which assayed to soothe the Saviour's pain."

Of course this is only a legend. Not so the help offered to me by Dr. Shields in the day of my adversity. We all need human friendship. We need it specially in our times of darkness. And it was just when everything was darkest in my life God sent His servant to soothe the bitter pain immeasurably. He rallied his great church, and by their prayers and financial support made the burden lighter and speeded up the healing virtues of nature. It was God who used His servant to appeal to the vast "Gospel Witness" family, and the response from this family was of such a nature that today, much ahead of the time period laid down by the surgeon, I am back on my field doing some of the duties of my pastorate.

How can I say thank you to the Pastor of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, his congregation, and all who in any way supported me during my illness? I simply cannot. No language would be adequate to express my appreciation for all the benefits rendered to me. Like Paul, I am a debtor. A debtor to grace first of all:

"O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be." A debtor to Dr. Shields for his sympathy and love when in dire straits. There is a time to show sympathy, when it is golden. This man of God came at the golden time; his church rallied round him and that great company of saints whose hearts have been touched by that greatest of all gospel magazines—"The Gospel Witness"—they, too, supported magnificently. Together we have triumphed.

Taking a lesson from the robin that plucked a thorn from the Saviour's brow, the aforementioned eased my pain, strengthened me when my burdens were heavy, and my struggles and trials were sore. So much for human help. There was another source of help in our Lord's garden experience. So also in mine. If there had not been I should have been unhelped in all my trouble. We read, "Being in an agony, He prayed." So did I, and with the Psalmist I can say: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and delivered him out of all his troubles." Hallelujah!

But there is a limit to human friendship. It can go with us a little way, but only the Saviour can go into the inner

depths of our experience of sorrow and trial. Human sympathy is sweet — it has been so in my case — but at times it is weak; and oftentimes, like the disciples, sleeps when we most need its cheer and comfort. But while the human has its limitations, the Divine has none. What a combination! The human and the Divine. And in my case both worked perfectly. No wonder, then, that I am once more on my feet ahead of schedule after spending many weeks with my constant companion—the STRYKER FRAME.

So to all who in any way contributed to the "DEMPSTER FUND" as originated by the pastor of Jarvis Street, and made known through the pages of "The Gospel Witness", I would take this opportunity of saying a grateful, Thank you.

To Dr. Shields, I would say as Paul said to the Romans: "I am a debtor." And because this is so, I am ready to preach the gospel, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

To the congregation of my own church, and to the one who filled in so ably for me during my absence, Mr. Jack Jones, my prayer would be that, "the blessing of the Lord which maketh rich, and to which is added no sorrow" may be their portion in the coming days.

And to all who brought joy to my heart through those days of strict discipline through their faithful ministry of visitation, I would say: you will never know what those visits meant to me. Thank you. To the Saviour, what else can I say but this: "He hath done all things well!"

Yours because His,

SAM DEMPSTER.

Please forgive typing. I use the Columbus method—DISCOVERY!!!

GOOD NEWS OF THE GOSPEL WITNESS

THE GOSPEL WITNESS represents the world-wide ministry of Jarvis Street Pulpit; and while its preparation from week to week is a delight, from a financial point of view it is our heaviest burden. We are, therefore, always thankful when we are able to report that THE GOSPEL WITNESS Fund is being generously remembered by some of its friends.

From time to time we have reported generous gifts from two sisters in Montreal, who but a very few years ago were converted to Christ, and thus delivered from the darkness of Romanism. They are kind enough to say that they find THE GOSPEL WITNESS spiritually profitable to them. To-day we have received another letter, which, deleting marks of identification, reads as follows:

October 15th, 1951

"Dear Dr. Shields:

We are sincerely touched by your wonderful work and courage, and we give thanks to God for you.

With warmest wishes to you all from my sister and me,

Sincerely yours,"

Other Generous Contributions

We have received a number of generous gifts on Sunday, and since. Whether our friends recognized that last week's issue, with the cost of extra thousands, and the extra cost of distribution, was a particularly expensive one, we do not know; but, including the \$480.00 of the retiring collection, we have received since the delivery of the address published last week, in special gifts, \$850.71. That includes the two \$50.00 cheques reported above, a third \$50.00, and one cheque for \$100.00.

We are deeply grateful to all our friends who have thus remembered THE GOSPEL WITNESS Fund. We do not want to appear as a beggar, and we often wish we

had sufficient capital to do all the things that are clamouring to be done; but our apology for mentioning this is that we look upon our whole GOSPEL WITNESS Family as a company of missionary supporters, who recognize the missionary character of THE GOSPEL WITNESS, and therefore, from time to time, come to our help!

It will perhaps make our meaning clear, if we publish our reply to the generous friends of Montreal who sent us the two \$50.00 cheques. Here is our letter:

October 16th, 1951

"My dear friends:

I thank you most heartily for your letter of October 15th, with its generous enclosure of two cheques for \$50.00 each, for THE GOSPEL WITNESS.

I appreciate your interest, and your informing me of the helpfulness of THE GOSPEL WITNESS to you.

I recall a letter from Wales of some years ago, where a certain very noted London preacher had recommended a family to subscribe to THE GOSPEL WITNESS, a family who had just been converted, because, he said, it will be like having a pastoral call to your family every week. And around the world we have people who so regard it.

I am especially thankful that we are able to meet you weekly, as I recall that you had only a few years ago been delivered from the darkness of Rome.

Your contributions are especially appreciated at this time. You will have noticed the address in THE GOSPEL WITNESS of last week. The sending out of that WITNESS to many non-subscribers did involve a heavy expense. But the second collection taken for THE GOSPEL WITNESS at the close of the Sunday evening service amounted to over \$480.00. Since that time other amounts have come in, so that that retiring offering amounted to \$545.00.

It is by such generous gifts THE GOSPEL WITNESS has lived for now nearly thirty years.

I do hope that if you are ever in Toronto, you will give me the opportunity of meeting you.

With warmest regards, I am,
Gratefully yours,

T. T. SHIELDS.

We are always in need of money for the reason that there is simply no limit to what THE GOSPEL WITNESS could do if it had the funds with which to extend its ministry. We especially appreciate the help given by our many friends on Sunday and since, because it came spontaneously.

Once again we breathe the warmest, "Thank you."

An Appreciative Reader

While money is necessary for the continuance of THE GOSPEL WITNESS, we appreciate such gifts as reach us because they are really the result of spiritual blessings received. If people were not helped by THE GOSPEL WITNESS they would not spontaneously support it; and it is the assurance that God is continually, and everywhere, blessing the message of THE WITNESS that encourages us to go on, and to keep on going on. Here is a letter also received to-day:

Sunday evening, Oct. 14, 1951

Dear Dr. Shields:

Greetings to you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Over a period of years it has been my custom and privilege to set my alarm clock at 5.30 every Sunday morning, and drink in your helpful and instructive messages from week to week, and through the year. And so this morning I read of a "Meagre Faith Answered by Measureless Grace." What a message! The thought came to me, and I have been thinking it over all day, and going back over the past I remember that you at one time said that if you should in the future write a book it would be on Joseph in relation to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Here is my suggestion, respectfully submitted: Why not gather from the pages of THE GOSPEL WITNESS all the sermons on Joseph (there must be at least a dozen) that you have preached on the different stages of his life and history. I read another this morning "from the very last chapter of his life story", at part II you mention the other half of your sermon, and the scarcity of time. Why not make another sermon on this and then publish them all together in book form?

Doctor, I know you are extremely busy in the Lord's business, and that you too can say, as did Whitfield, "Lord Jesus I am weary in Thy work, but not of it." Yet it seems to me that these messages are precious, because they are true, rich and replete with God's word, these messages on Joseph I say would be most useful to future generations.

"At a garden of fountains." A well of living water and flowing streams from Lebanon.

Yours in a wonderful Saviour.

Our brother is quite right about there having been enough sermons published on Joseph to make a volume. Unless we are mistaken there are sermons enough to make more than one volume on Joseph alone.

From all over the world we receive requests for the publication of the sermons in permanent form. We should be glad to comply with these requests; but publishers seem to be afraid of publishing sermons as they publish other books, and assume responsibility for selling them; and we cannot afford to assume such an obligation.

However, perhaps some day a way may be found. Meanwhile we are grateful to this brother for his appreciative letter.

"THE LIQUOR INTERESTS SHOULD BE GRATEFUL TO THE CONSERVATIVES!"

Asks If Liquor Men Aid Frost Vote Fund

"Secret contributions to political party campaign funds are simple bribery and corruption of governments," W. H. Temple, M.P.P., declared at a meeting of the Silverthorne C.C.F. Club in Creber Hall last night.

"It is reported that the Frost government has more than \$2,000,000 in the campaign chest to fight the approaching provincial election," said Mr. Temple. "If the liquor interests didn't contribute toward this fund, then Premier Frost should tell the people of Ontario who did contribute this huge sum of money to the Conservative party.

"Certainly the liquor interests should be grateful to the Conservatives for the generous open handed manner in which the Frost Government has given them everything they could possibly desire," he said.

WILL MR. FROST DARE TO ANSWER THIS QUERY?

THE date of the next election in the Province of Ontario has been announced. The various parties have greeted the news with a flood of election promises and predictions, but so far as we have noticed, none of the parties have made any pronouncement about the two most important issues before the electorate, two issues that occupy more of the time and thought of the parties, we venture to think, than all the rest put together. We mean liquor and Roman Catholic Separate Schools. Other matters such as roads, forest conservation, old age pensions and so on are important, but moral and religious questions are of infinitely greater importance. Yet the party leaders are silent on the things that really matter because they know that they are dealing with strongly entrenched interests that may cut off their source of money or of votes.

Mr. Frost has been a good friend indeed to both Rome and Rum. Doubtless he has received his reward from them. He should also receive his reward, of a different sort, from the voters of this Province at the polls who loathe his loving fellowship with those twin evils and who vehemently object to the enforced partnership with Rum and Rome in which Mr. Frost has compelled every taxpayer of this Province to share.

We are happy to note that one of the CCF members of the house has had the courage to speak out on the liquor issue. By doing so on a previous occasion Mr. Temple gave the quietus to a certain loquacious politician who had suddenly lost his tongue on the temperance issue. The name of that gentleman was Mr. George Drew, who was defeated in High Park riding by a man who was not afraid to speak out against liquor. Mr. Drew has since then retired to the Federal field. It is our conviction that if we had political leaders of conscience who would follow their convictions on the liquor traffic and on the ever-increasing public grants made to separate sectarian schools of Rome, they would make a clean sweep of the time-serving politicians who have too long held office in Ontario.

—W.S.W.

CATHOLIC PARTY SUGGESTED IN B.C.

UNDER the above heading the following item appeared in Tuesday night's (Oct. 9), paper:

Vancouver, Oct. 9—(CP)—Formation of a Roman Catholic provincial political party in British Columbia was suggested here during the week-end.

The inaugural convention of the B.C. Roman Catholic Education Association said it would swing the province's 100,000 Catholics behind a new political party if no present party champions public support for Catholic schools.

The association said a Catholic party could elect "at least 12 candidates" to the 48 member provincial legislature.

Fred Peters of North Vancouver told cheering delegates that a Catholic party would "hold the balance of power in the next provincial legislature." He suggested the name "Christian Democratic party."

The dispute gained prominence last spring when the Roman Catholic school board at nearby Maillardville closed two parochial schools, saying the government would not supply enough funds to continue in operation. The schools are still closed.

We sincerely hope the report is true, only for the following reasons: The Roman Catholic Church is always a Political Party. Its policy is the interest of the Roman Catholic Church. In every electoral constituency there is a Roman Catholic party, of which the local priest, or bishop, or whatever he may be, is the local head. But nearly always it works under cover. Roman Catholic political parties are notoriously "underground" armies. The Roman Catholic Church denies that it has any interest in politics.

We earnestly wish the Roman Catholic Church would show itself for what it really is, an organized political party, seeking special privileges, and using religion as a cloak. If Romanists would organize, Protestants could organize in opposition, and we should know then where we are. As the case stands the Roman Catholic party in Ontario, as in British Columbia, and elsewhere, consists of a band of guerrillas, hiding behind every bush, shooting from every newspaper office, manipulating all places of employment.

We shall watch the development of this matter in B.C. with great interest.

WANTED QUEBEC REPUBLIC

By J. V. McAree in *The Globe and Mail*

FRENCH-SPEAKING and English-speaking Canadians have not the same views on the history of their common country. They may not be taught in their schools to believe different things, that is to say, textbooks are not falsified. There may be, however, a difference in emphasis. There is also the difficulty, when important periods of history are being condensed, that vital matters may be left out. We think this has been the case with Papineau, revered in Quebec as one of the greatest of French Canadians, and accepted in other parts of the country as a man who was driven to armed revolt because of the follies and tyrannies of the English-speaking governors of the period. The latter view, we think, is demonstrably wrong. Though Mackenzie's name and Papineau's name are linked because they were both rebels, their aims were vastly different. Mackenzie rebelled against a government that had many faults. He stood in many ways for the new era in Canada which he sought to bring into being.

Papineau's Aim

Papineau stood for one thing—namely, the establishment of a French-Canadian republic in Quebec, independent of Great Britain and the United States, but hoping for benevolent recognition on the part of the American Republic. He said: "The people of this country are preparing themselves for a future state of political existence, which I trust will be neither a monarchy nor an aristocracy. I hope providence has not in view for my country a future so dark as that it should be the means of planting royalty in America, near a country so grand as the United States. I hope the time has gone by when Europe could give monarchies to America, but on the contrary the time is approaching when America shall give republics to Europe." We found this quotation when reading Robert Sellar's remarkable book, *The Tragedy of Quebec*. Sellar says this of Papineau: "Justice has not been done that remarkable man. To dismiss him as a demagogue who played on the string of racial hate is to misrepresent him. He stands the foremost man of his race in intellect and independence of thought."

His Greatest Mistake

At first he thought that Quebec could establish itself as a republic by constitutional means, since it had by constitutional means obtained so much more than had been guaranteed it by the treaty signed between Britain and France which ended French sovereignty on this continent. His great mistake was in consenting to, if not inspiring, an armed rising. This failed, according to Sellar, because of "the Montreal merchants and the Ulster and Scottish farmers who preserved Quebec to Britain in 1837-38. The wealth and influence of the first, and the sturdy resistance of the second, were rocks which could not be swept aside." At another point he notes that the Irish Roman Catholics remained staunch, for they had not the slightest desire to live in a French republic. There was still another influence and that was the Catholic Church itself. At first it seemed to be sympathetic with Papineau, believing that his success would mean a corresponding increase in its own authority. Later it began to doubt this. It saw in the trouble that was brewing an opportunity to gain its ends while washing its hands of

Papineau. In other words, Bishop Poenet made a deal with Governor-General Dalhousie.

The Church's Terms

It is possible, we suppose, that if this deal had not been made the church would have remained behind Papineau, and he might have realized his dream of setting up a republic by constitutional means. Britain might not have objected too strongly, for it was tired of the continuous troubles in Canada, and when it thought of Canada it meant Quebec, which had more than twice the population of Ontario. The proposals the bishop made to the governor included leaving the seigniorship of Montreal in the hands of the seminary of St. Sulpice; consent to the appointment of a bishop for Montreal, giving civil power to new canonical parishes, dropping the clauses in the Act of Union about the Crown's nominating bishops and presenting cures, and erecting the dioceses into corporations. It is not clear what effect these concessions would have on the life of the average French Canadian, but they were important to the church and once granted support was withdrawn from Papineau.

Failure of Revolts

So when he gave the signal for rising there was a faint response, mostly confined to the Montreal district. Outside of half a dozen parishes there was hardly a ripple of excitement; the entire Quebec district slept in unbroken placidity. Papineau fled to the United States. The Government dealt leniently with the few rebels it prosecuted; even the leaders were allowed to go home after a short imprisonment. This generosity was interpreted as weakness and immediately some of them began to plan a second rising, some of the plotters organizing sympathizers in the United States. The revolt broke out in November, 1838, when homes of English-speaking farmers were invaded. One Yorkshireman was murdered. The English-speaking settlers, mostly Scotch, Ulster, and Irish Roman Catholics, armed themselves for resistance. The most important action took place between a body of 1,200 habitants and 210 loyalists, who took refuge in a Methodist church. There was a fierce fight for two hours and then the attackers, hearing that a larger body was marching against them, withdrew. This was the end of the rising. Mr. Sellar calls attention to the curious fact that it was put down, not by regular soldiers or militia, but by a band of embattled farmers. Thus ended the attempt of certain Quebec leaders to establish a French-speaking republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

BOOKS AND BOOKLETS

By DR. T. T. SHIELDS

"Other Little Ships"	\$2.00
"The Plot That Failed"	2.00
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"The Papacy in the Light of Scripture", 26 pages25
"The Oxford Group Analyzed"05
"Does Killed in Action Mean Gone to Heaven?"05
"The Christian Attitude Toward Amusements"05
"The God of All Comfort"05

The Gospel Witness

130 Gerrard Street East, Toronto 2 - Canada

R.C. INFLUENCE HINDERS BRITISH IMMIGRATION

THE Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Canada gives proof of the keenest interest in immigration. Quebec Roman Catholic papers condemn any encouragement that may be shown to immigration from the British Isles but highly praise the efforts made to bring new settlers from Roman Catholic lands such as Italy. The reason for this interest is not far to seek. The Roman Catholic Church aims at political power in this Dominion and is following her ancient scheme of winning it through sheer weight of numbers. It is for this reason that the people of Quebec are commanded by their priests, under pain of ecclesiastical punishments, to have huge families. The so-called "Baby Bonus" scheme is the offspring of the same priestly direction. Last June we quoted in these pages the statement of a Roman Catholic leader who while addressing the Catholic Women's League boasted that "more than 100,000 new Canadians have arrived and 60 percent of them are (Roman) Catholics." The same speaker ventured into the realm of prophecy with the assertion that "New Canadians found here a minority Catholic group, 'but who can say what the next census will show.'" The same speaker suggested that the Catholic Women's League members should also advise the New Canadians politically.

The ancestors of the New Canadians have suffered oppression and privation for centuries under the exploitation of the rich Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Europe. In every Roman Catholic country of Europe the same reactionary policy has held the people in poverty and ignorance. The Roman Church owns huge tracts of land; wealthy landowners of other large tracts worked by poor peasants are almost without exception ardent supporters of the Hierarchy with whom they have schemed for centuries to enslave the masses for their benefit. It is little wonder that Communism is rife in Italy, the very home of the popes. Romanism is not a bulwark against Communism, it invariably provides the breeding grounds where such evil doctrines thrive. Those whose ancestors have suffered under the yoke of Rome ought in this new land to be freed from political exploitation, but the priests of Canada are determined that they shall not be, as much as it resides in their power.

We do not contend that Canada should bar and bolt her gates against Roman Catholic immigrants from Europe. Many of them are fine people, industrious, ambitious, and eager for the material prosperity and the political freedom that this British Dominion offers to them and all other comers to our shores. In past years many such immigrants have discovered that the source of British freedom is the Gospel of grace, and we who have been made free by the truth of the Gospel should spare no effort to bring to these newcomers from Europe the good news of spiritual liberty.

On the other hand, the dilatory tactics of the Canadian Government in connection with British immigration deserve the severest condemnation. We call attention to the editorial from *The Globe and Mail* reprinted in our last issue, with which we wholly agree: "It is not for lack of ways that we are getting so few British immigrants; it is for lack of will." Being a political organ, our morning newspaper is not at liberty to say why the present government of Canada lacks the will to encourage British immigration. If it told the truth it would offend Quebec, and any political party that of-

fends Quebec lessens its chances of winning an election for Quebec holds the balance of power in federal politics. Since THE GOSPEL WITNESS is not fettered by the exigencies of party politics we are free to speak out on this matter and to say what everybody knows to be the truth: The present government headed by Mr. St. Laurent is not encouraging British immigration simply because it is ruled in this by the hand of Roman Catholic Quebec. The Anglican Bishop of London, Ontario, as reported in *The London Free Press* of September 27 last has the following remarks to make on this subject:

In addressing the congregation of St. John the Divine, Arva, at the church's reopening, Bishop Luxton said "British people wanting to come to Canada are receiving precious little encouragement from immigration authorities on this side."

Bishop Luxton said on a recent trip to Britain he had questioned various persons concerning moving to Canada and they seemed anxious to emigrate to the Dominion but couldn't make necessary arrangements.

Few From U.K.

Since English war-brides had come over, he said, there were few emigrants to Canada from Britain.

He said there was an excess population of 20,000,000 in Britain, which situation the British Government had attempted to relieve by offering to pay half the expenses of emigrants to the Dominions, if the latter would pay the remaining portion.

Bishop Luxton saw a great need for more Federal Government assistance for young English people wishing to make their homes in this country.

During his stay in the old country, he said, he had been impressed by the number of young couples who wanted to come to Canada, but were unable to afford passage across the ocean.

"Australia and New Zealand both took up the offer, but for reasons which are hard for me to understand, the Canadian Government didn't," the Bishop stated.

We note that Immigration Minister Harris says that the relatively small British immigration is causing his department some concern. It ought to cause all loyal Canadians much concern. If there were a French-Canadian Roman Catholic minister in charge of this department, English-speaking Protestants would be more easily aroused over the lack of British immigration. They too often forget that it is a favourite trick of politicians to get their work done under colours other than those who direct the policy that is followed. —W.S.W.

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"A LIE CAN TRAVEL AROUND THE WORLD WHILE TRUTH IS PUTTING ITS BOOTS ON"

—D. L. MOODY

THE press dispatch printed below is from *The Globe and Mail* of Monday, October 15th.

It was the theory of Hitler that if a liar wants to be believed he must make sure that his lie is a big one, and is oft repeated. We suppose that that is sound psychology. When some extraordinary story is told, so far from reality as to be fantastic, people have a way of saying, "It really must be true, or they would not dare to say such a thing"! Once upon a time this Editor was just as credulous as that — but not now.

In all the legends of the appearance of the Virgin Mary there is not one infinitesimal shred of truth; and though they are, historically, utterly untrue, these methods persist.

Suppose any Protestant minister of any Denomination were to tell such a tale as that of Federico Cardinal Tedeschini, he would certainly be recommended to a term in some psychiatric hospital. But at the alleged scene of all these appearances a shrine is erected, and it becomes another collecting agency for the Church.

And what a tale! "The Pope," said Cardinal Tedeschini, "saw the vision in the rays of the sun, October 30th, 31st, and on November 1st, 1950." How marvellous!

We have always found that one of the pleasures of sitting before a coal grate fire, is to watch the capers of the flames, and the lighting of the gases, — in short, the whole fiery fantasy.

The last alleged appearance of Mary to the Pope was on the day the dogma of the Virgin Mary's bodily assumption into Heaven was proclaimed. If the Pope were really sincere in his proclamation, if he really believed the rubbish that he was to proclaim as historic fact, it would be easy to understand how, on that last, and the preceding days, he could see any kind, and every kind of "vision in the rays of the sun". But we feel morally certain the Pope did not, and does not now, believe a word of the bunkum he proclaimed as a dogma. And, of course, the fact is, he did not see any such vision at all.

We have often wondered that modern advertising wizards have not discovered the possibilities lying within Roman Catholic propaganda. Any commodity could be advertised through the agency of the Roman Catholic Church. One could advertise anything, without relation to its quality or usefulness, at any price, and be believed. Verily the Roman Catholic Church is "a refuge of lies".

Here follows the press dispatch referred to:

VIRGIN MARY APPEARED TO POPE IN '50:

—Cardinal

By FRANK BRUTTE

Vatican City, Oct. 14 (AP).—Federico Cardinal Tedeschini told pilgrims at the shrine of Fatima in Portugal Saturday that the Virgin Mary appeared three times to the Pope during the 1950 Holy Year.

The cardinal, the archpriest of St. Peter's Basilica, attended ceremonies at the shrine as the Pope's delegate. His address was printed almost in full by the Vatican newspaper *l'Osservatore Romano*.

The Pope, said Cardinal Tedeschini, saw the vision in the rays of the sun, October 30, October 31, and on November 1, 1950. It was November 1 that the Pope formally proclaimed the dogma of the Virgin Mary's bodily assumption into heaven.

Cardinal Tedeschini, at Fatima for ceremonies closing the extended Holy Year outside Rome, told of the Virgin Mary's reported appearance at Fatima to three children in 1917. Then he added, according to *L'Osservatore's* account:

"I will tell you an even more marvellous thing. I will tell you that another person has seen this same miracle: he saw it outside of Fatima; he saw it years later; he saw it at Rome.

"The Pope, the same, our pontiff, Pius XII, he saw it!"

The cardinal said the visions came to the Pope at the same time each day — four o'clock in the afternoon — when he "turned his gaze from the Vatican gardens to the sun."

The pronouncement of the dogma of the assumption was the first in 100 years by a Pope. Some Vatican sources say he will go down in Roman Catholic history as "the Pope of the Assumption."

Bible School Lesson Outline

Vol. 16 Fourth Quarter Lesson 4 October 28, 1951

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

JESUS PREDICTS HIS DEATH

Lesson Text: Matthew 20:17-28.

Golden Text: "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."
—Matthew 20:28.

I. The Saviour's Announcement: verses 17-19.

Parallel Passages: Mk. 10:32-34; Lk. 18:31-34.

Peter and the other disciples were inclined to boast about their consecration to the Master: "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee: what shall we have therefore?" (Matt. 19:27). Peter thought that if riches were a hindrance to spiritual advancement, poverty must be an advantage, which the disciples might rightly claim (Matt. 19:23-30). To rebuke Peter's selfishness, the Master spoke the parable of the labourers in the vineyard (Matt. 20:1-16), in which He emphasized the sovereignty of the Lord, and pointed out the folly of supposing that those who were among the foremost to follow the Lord would have a more liberal reward. Peter was told to beware lest others, who should be called to the service later, should win higher honour: the last shall be first, and the first last.

Peter should not have asked "What shall we have?" but rather "What shall He have?" The glory of the Lord should be the aim of every Christian in service, not praise, fame or glory for himself (2 Cor. 10:7; Gal. 6:14; 1 Pet. 4:11).

All consecration must be judged by the standard of the death of Christ (Rom. 12:1; Phil. 3:8-11; Heb. 12:3, 4). How poor and insignificant the sacrifices of the most devoted Christians appear, when seen in the light of Calvary!

Christ took His disciples apart from the crowds before He warned them of His approaching death. This knowledge was reserved for His immediate followers.

Since Christ was God, He was able to predict the details of His death, including His betrayal (Matt. 26:2, 46-50), the scribes and chief priests as the instigators, active leaders and judges of His trial (Matt. 26:14, 57; 27:1, 2), the death sentence as being carried out by Gentiles, the Roman civil authorities (Matt. 27:19-25), the mockings and scourgings (Isa. 53:5; Matt. 27:26-31), and the death by crucifixion (Matt. 27:34-38), followed in three days by His resurrection (Matt. 28:1-15).

This was at least the third occasion on which our Lord had spoken of His coming death, but the disciples continued to misunderstand or to disregard His prediction (Matt. 16:21; 17:22; Mk. 9:32; John 12:16).

II. The Disciples' Ambition: verses 20-28.

Parallel Passage: Mk. 10:35-45.

By comparing the two accounts of this incident, we gather that the disciples James and John (Matt. 4:21) spoke to Christ through their mother (v. 20; Mk. 10:35). Like Peter, they longed for prominence in the Lord's Kingdom (Matt. 18:1; 19:27), and their mother evidently encouraged their selfish ambition. Prayer may sometimes be self-centred, and may consist in the desire to advance one's own interests, regardless of the good of others or of the glory of the Lord (Psa. 78:39, 40; 106:15; Jas. 4:3).

The sons of Zebedee did not know what they asked, for in

requesting glory they virtually requested suffering, which is its inevitable prelude. It costs to reign with Christ (Rom. 8:17; 2 Tim. 2:12; Rev. 3:21). The disciples would indeed be plunged into the waters of sorrow and distress, even as the Saviour said (Acts 12:1-3; Rev. 1:9), but the Saviour would not permit them to bargain with Him for the places of distinction in His Kingdom. God the Father has kept all these matters in His own hand (Acts 1:7; 15:18).

In the political world the great are those who exercise dominion and authority over their fellows, but in the spiritual world the great are those who are humble, and the powerful are those who serve (Prov. 15:33; Matt. 18:4; Mk. 9:35). Christ our Saviour came to this earth that He might minister to men, and He gave His life as a ransom for their sin (Matt. 18:11; 1 Tim. 1:15; 1 John 2:2). He is our great Example in the grace of lowliness (Lk. 22:27; Acts 10:38; Phil. 2:5-11).

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Oct. 22—God Predicts His Death Gen. 3:1-15.
 Oct. 23—Abraham Predicts His Death Gen. 22:1-14.
 Oct. 24—The Passover Predicts His Death Exod. 12:1-14.
 Oct. 25—David Predicts His Death Psa. 22.
 Oct. 26—Isaiah Predicts His Death Psa. 52:13-53:12.
 Oct. 27—His Death Is Fulfilled Lk. 23:26-46.
 Oct. 28—Jesus Predicts His Death Matt. 20:17-28.

SUGGESTED HYMNS

"Man of sorrows," what a name! There is life for a look.
 In the cross of Christ I glory. My God, I have found. It is
 a thing most wonderful. There is a green hill far away.

THE PERILS OF BINGO

WE HAVE on several occasions called attention to the perils of ecclesiastical Bingo as conducted in church casinos under the superintendence of gambling priests. There is, however, one peril that escaped our attention which unfortunately overtook a lady who participated in a church Bingo at Windsor. It is not only in Quebec that crowds throng to gamble in Roman Catholic Churches, though the Archbishop's stringent condemnation of the practice still holds, whether in Ontario or in Quebec. The crowds, said Archbishop Léger, do not go to worship God. He added that churches that permit such Bingos transform themselves into schools of gambling.

The news item below reports that the injured lady who sued the owners of the church building in which the Bingo was played, had to bring her suit not against the local congregation or the local priests but against the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation of the Diocese of London, the owners of the church property where the accident occurred. The said corporation is doubtless what other Roman Catholic corporations are: a corporation sole in which the bishop constitutes the governing body. The bishop in turn is appointed by the Pope of Rome, an Italian prince. Furthermore, the bishop is bound by Canon Law to give account of his stewardship to his supreme Lord at Rome who is the real owner of every Roman Catholic church, of every Roman Catholic institution and of every foot of property, every cent of money collected by the Church of Rome in this country. Add to this all the wealth held by the priests of Rome in other lands. Where else in the world outside of Russia does such a colossus exist?

—W.S.W.

Falls After Bingo Woman Sues Church

Windsor, Ont., Sept. 29 — (CP) — Damages of \$10,000 are being sought by a woman in supreme court for injuries suffered while leaving a Windsor church hall after a bingo game.

Mrs. Ida Roberts and her husband, Arthur, claimed damages of \$10,000 and expenses of \$566 from the Roman

Catholic Episcopal Corp. of the Diocese of London, owners of the church property where the accident occurred Jan. 26, 1950.

Mrs. Roberts states that she fell while leaving Our Lady of the Rosary Church at the conclusion of a bingo game.

She claims the church was negligent in failing to provide proper lighting at the exit and control traffic out of the building. It was because of the heavy, unregulated traffic, she said, that she was jostled and fell.

THE QUEEN'S BIBLE

From *The Ottawa Journal*

EDITOR'S NOTE: Attached is a message which Her Majesty sent to be read at the opening of the Festival of Britain evangelistic campaign and exhibition:

"That cherished inheritance which we call the British way of life has its source and inspiration in the great ideals of Christianity. It is fitting, indeed, that we should take this opportunity of showing how the life of our nation has long been influenced by our faith, and moulded by the Bible.

"I can truly say that the King and I long to see the Bible back where it ought to be, as a guide and comfort in the homes and lives of our people. From our own experience, we know what the Bible can mean for personal life.

"I hope this Exhibition will help our nation to be Christian in fact as well as in name, and so to play its full part in leading the world towards righteousness and peace."

TALKATIVE

From *Pilgrim's Progress*

CHRISTIAN. He is the son of one Say-well. He dwells in Prating Row, and he is known of all that are acquainted with him by the name of Talkative, in Prating Row; and, notwithstanding his fine tongue, he is but a sorry fellow.

FAITHFUL. Well, he seems to be a very pretty man.

CHRISTIAN. That is, to them that have not thorough acquaintance with him, for he is best abroad; near home he is ugly enough. Your saying that he is a pretty man, brings to my mind what I have observed in the work of the painter, whose pictures show best at a distance, but very near more displeasing.

FAITHFUL. But I am ready to think you do but jest, because you smiled.

CHRISTIAN. God forbid that I should jest (though I smiled) in this matter, or that I should accuse any falsely. I will give you a further discovery of him. This man is for any company, and for any talk; as he talketh now with you, so will he talk when he is on the ale-bench; and the more drink he hath in his crown, the more of these things he hath in his mouth. Religion hath no place in his heart, or house or conversation; all he hath lieth in his tongue, and his religion is to make noise therewith.

"IT IS WRITTEN"

"The supreme Judge by which all controversies of religion are to be determined, and all decrees of councils, opinions of ancient writers, doctrines of men, and private spirits are to be examined, and in whose sentence we are to rest, can be no other but the Holy Spirit speaking in the Scripture."

—The Westminster Confession of Faith.

COURTLAND PICTURES

WE PUBLISH here three photographs of the Rally held at Courtland, Ontario, on Thanksgiving Day. These photographs are of the afternoon service. There were no aisles left, nor an inch of room, even to put down another pair of shoes. In the first one Mr. Dempster may be seen at the desk. It really looks as though he were announcing a hymn. In the second, Rev. Geoffrey Adams is reading the scripture, and to his right is Mr. Dempster, and to his left Mr. W. J. Hutchinson, the leader of Jarvis Street Choir. In Number 3, Mr. Hutchinson is leading the Jarvis Street Choir, and, it would appear, the whole congregation. Those sitting on the platform in Number 1 are the pastors who were present; and the Jarvis Street Choir.



REV. GÉOFFREY ADAMS READING THE SCRIPTURE.



REV. SAMUEL DEMPSTER IN HIS PULPIT.



MR. W. J. HUTCHINSON LEADING CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

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3. **The Prodigal and His Brother, or The Adventures of a Modern Young Man**, by Dr. T. T. Shields, 132 pages.
4. **The Priest, The Woman and The Confessional**, by Father Chiniquy, 144 pages.

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

You may choose any one of the four as a premium. If you would like any or all of the other books, you may have them at one dollar each.

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