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A VISIT TO FORT WORTH, TEXAS

By Dr. T. T. Shields

WHEN in Jacksonville, Florida, I was invited by the Pastor of First Baptist Church, Fort Worth, Rev. Homer Ritchie, to spend a couple of Sundays in Fort Worth. This I gladly consented to do; and I preached in First Baptist Church on March 15th and 22nd.

I felt it very strange to be in Fort Worth with Dr. Norris in heaven. As an occasional visitor, and as one who knew Dr. Norris well, Dr. Norris and Fort Worth were almost synonymous terms. To be in Fort Worth, and find not only that he was absent, but that he would not return, first of all gave me a feeling of utter desolation. However, I was very soon much taken up with the new Pastor, Rev. Homer Ritchie; and one who had been my colleague for ten years, Rev. Wm. Fraser, and I, had opportunity to renew a very precious fellowship.

I wondered what the First Church would be like without Dr. Norris. I remembered the Scripture "Where-soever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together"; and without being told, I knew that the vacant pastorate of such an important church as First Church, Fort Worth, would be coveted by many. And it was! One man, who participated at Dr. Norris' funeral actually told them "confidentially" that Dr. Norris had informed him that he wanted him to succeed him.

For a year or two prior to his death, Dr. Norris was ill, and occasionally, like any other sick man, he might say some things without thought. However, unmistakably, there were not wanting candidates for the First Church pulpit. But the First Church Committee, in my judgment, acted very wisely; and the Sunday morning following Dr. Norris' funeral, they recommended the Church to call Rev. Homer Ritchie, a young man of about twenty-five years of age. The Church responded unanimously, and Mr. Ritchie was called. It may be interesting to remark that Mr. Ritchie, himself, had not the slightest idea that the Committee intended to do any such thing, and his nomination was as much a surprise to him as it was to the Church. In another sense than the text intends, some things in life might say, "I was found of them that sought me not; I was made manifest

unto them that asked not after me." However, he was called, and the pulpit was filled, and more than one aspirant, we have reason to know, was deeply chagrined that the First Church had passed by such eminent gentlemen, to call so young a man as Mr. Ritchie. But it seems quite evident that the First Church made no mistake, because from the beginning of Mr. Ritchie's pastorate blessings have abounded. In about seven or eight months nearly nine hundred people have come into the fellowship of the church. Financially the church is doing marvelously well. And if it keeps up the record, I should say that its income will reach \$200,000 in the year.

The Sundays I was there were normal Sundays, with the usual congregations. The great auditorium was virtually full. There might have been added here and there, by pushing them in, seventy or seventy-five, or perhaps a hundred people; but you had to look to see an empty seat. And so far as one could judge, the place was filled. In the two Sundays they told me about thirty-nine had responded to the invitation, some for conversion, and some for baptism, and some for church fellowship.

The evening congregations were not quite as large, but they were large, and there was every evidence of prosperity in the whole church. The Sunday School was not far short of three thousand each Sunday I was there; and that is a great crowd anywhere.

The whole Church seems to have taken Mr. Ritchie to its heart, and to be praising God that He has sent them such a faithful, able, and attractive minister. That his position in the First Church would naturally be rather a difficult one, anyone would know. There was only one J. Frank Norris, and he could have no successor of his own sort. Mr. Ritchie is content to be himself, and he does not try to imitate somebody else. I am inclined to fear that some of the disappointed ones will not be likely to report favourably of the progress of First Baptist Church; nor to speak with any great enthusiasm of the man who, without the slightest effort, or even ambition to fill the place, was chosen before them.

On Easter Sunday there were 3,260 present in Sunday School, and the offerings for the day amounted in all to

\$11,578.00. A Church with such a report must be a very vital organization.

My friend, Rev. Wm. Fraser, who was such an invaluable helper of mine during the trying days of our denominational controversy, has steadily grown in intellectual stature, and Biblical knowledge, and preaching ability. He teaches a large class of some six or seven hundred in the auditorium of the First Church every Sunday morning. He is, of course, a very much older man than Mr. Ritchie, and has had a very wide experience, particularly since going to the South, in church affairs; and we are sure that in whatever capacity he serves he will be an invaluable helper.

Doubtless Mr. Ritchie and the church will have some adjustments they will have to make in respect to the Seminary, which uses the buildings of the First Church. But the great Head of the Church will surely give them administrative wisdom, as He is blessing them in other ways.

Naturally when we heard of Dr. Norris' passing, we feared, since there was no one else like him, it might be difficult to find a man equal to the First Church situation. I rejoice that they seem to have found one, and that he is so young. If he lives to be Dr. Norris' age, and remains Pastor of the First Church, he will have not less than fifty years ahead of him. Altogether for the First Church itself we are full of hope.

There is one important item that properly belongs at the close of what I have written:

I have travelled the world around, have sampled hotels of all sorts, on all the continents, and many of them, and know something of hotel life. In Fort Worth I was entertained at the Worth Hotel, a large, but quiet, refined, hotel, with a wholesome atmosphere and not one objectionable feature in its life that I could discover. Had I paid the highest price for my accommodation I should have said the same thing. But the Manager of the Hotel, who manages other large financial interests in the city, for some reason assigned me a lovely suite of rooms, finely furnished sitting room, bedroom, and bathroom, with every comfort and convenience. And then I was told he wrote opposite my registration—"No charge"!

I was privileged to make the acquaintance of the Manager, Mr. Jack Farrel, a fine upstanding Texas gentleman. When bidding him good-bye, and thanking him, he actually said, "Now you be sure to come again to see us."

I may add that some of my friends, as is not unusual on such occasions, took me to one or two places to dinner, where there was some special feature. But at last I said, "Please, if you don't mind, let me go home! I enjoy the dining room of the Worth Hotel better than anything I have yet found in Fort Worth."

This is not an advertisement: they don't need it. It is just an expression of my deepest appreciation of the finest and most generous hospitality I think I have ever experienced.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY

A Christian man is a perfectly free lord of all, subject to none.

A Christian man is a perfectly dutiful servant of all, subject to all.

—MARTIN LUTHER

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

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"BOB SHULER" ON THE LATE J. FRANK NORRIS

(The following article on Dr. Norris was written by the famous Bob Shuler, of Los Angeles, and was published in his magazine, and republished in *The World Witness*, the new First Baptist Church publication. We shall have more to say about this paper at a later time).

DR. BOB SHULER'S TRIBUTE TO DR. J. FRANK NORRIS

Published in the February Issue of "The Methodist Challenge" in an article entitled—"I MET THEM ON THE TRAIL"

ABOUT forty years ago I sat in a courtroom in Fort Worth, Texas, and heard a preacher tried for shooting at himself, in which trial he was acquitted, and for burning his own church. In the midst of the latter trial, the outraged Judge, himself a profane old codger who never attended church, threw the whole thing out of court, declaring that his court could never be used for such an evident attempt at persecution.

Fourteen years later, after I had come to Los Angeles, the same preacher was tried in the courts of Austin, Texas, on a charge of venue, for murder. He had killed a rich lumber man who had phoned his secretary that he was coming down to the church to shoot him and demanded that he be ready. That preacher was ready. Again the preacher was found "not guilty."

Indeed the whole life of Frank Norris was one of storm and tempest. He came up in the days when preachers were militant. He fought the liquor traffic in Texas and I can personally testify that such battle was dangerous business in that day. He fought the gamblers of Fort Worth where he was pastor of the First Baptist Church. He fought immorality wherever he found it. He was responsible for the ousting of one of the leaders

(Continued on page 16)

The Jarvis Street Pulpit

The Invincible Word of Life

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Sunday Morning, April 12th, 1953

(Electrically Recorded)

"Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.

"When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled,

"And said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see.

"Jesus wept.

"Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him!

"And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?

"Jesus therefore again groaning in himself cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it.

"Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days.

"Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?

"Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me.

"And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.

"And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth.

"And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go."—John 11:32-44.

Prayer Before the Sermon

Thy presence, O Lord, Thou hast promised us all the days, and this is one of them. Thou art as surely with us at this hour as it is sure that the sun has risen upon the earth. Make us every one to know that Thou art here. This is a Bethel, the house of God. Forbid that we should write our recognition in the past tense, and have to say, Surely God was in this place, and I knew it not. May we know it; may we know it now. We would not be guilty of the presumption of ever supposing that of ourselves we can understand even one word of that which is written; therefore, we lean upon Thy promise, and expect its fulfillment in the illuminating teaching ministry of God the Holy Spirit.

It may be that the hearts of many in Thy presence have been engaged with many other things, including legitimate anxieties and concerns inseparable to this mortal life. Let them not obscure our vision of Christ this morning. May our ears be attentive to the faintest whisper of the Holy Ghost. Bless the children—those who are Thine with strength to walk in the ways of God, and as they have sung this morning, to shine for Jesus. For any who do not know Thee we pray, that they may see Jesus. And for every man and woman in this congregation, tried and troubled, tempted, cast down, or perhaps lifted up with some unusual blessing or success! Whatever our condition help us that these things may all be subordinated to our recognition of the presence, and our reception of the truth of God.

Open Thy Word to us, and our hearts to Thy Word. And make this hour one of everlasting blessing, blessing that shall begin now, and shall never end, for Jesus' sake, Amen.

IN YOUR study in the school this morning your thought has been engaged with the story of Lazarus, in the eleventh chapter of the gospel by John. I propose that we should look for our further instruction into that story, because it is so full; there is no end to its teaching.

The resurrection of Lazarus was one of the many signs which Jesus wrought. Our version calls them miracles, and they were miracles, but they were designed to serve as signs of His Divine origin and power and mission. "This beginning of (signs) did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory." In the chapter we read

this morning you remember it said, "And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples." That is to say, the record of the New Testament does not include everything that Jesus did. But certain of His signs, the outgoings of His power, are recorded for our instruction, and it is said, "These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." That is the purpose of the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelation—that we might all come to know Jesus, and knowing Him have life through His name.

I.

Now let us look at this story of THE SICK MAN OF BETHANY, who had fallen ill during the physical absence of the Lord Jesus. His sisters immediately sent for the Master, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." That is a very natural thing, is it not, for those who know Christ to tell Him all their troubles? "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Instinctively they knew that Jesus would be interested, and that He would respond. But He did not come at once. Knowing Lazarus was ill, He deliberately stayed two days in the same place where He was, to give Lazarus time to die. Then He said to His disciples, "Let us go into Judaea again." When they remonstrated respecting the danger awaiting Him there He divulged His purpose, saying, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep." People persistently misunderstand the word of Jesus. That is not surprising, because we view all that He says from the standpoint of our finite experiences, with a consciousness of all our limitations. But observe the fullness, the amplitude, the infinity, wrapped up in His words. So they said, "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well." Then Jesus said plainly, "Lazarus is dead." You wonder

at that. He might have said, "What you call death I call sleep, for the reason that I have power, to awaken one even out of the sleep of death."

So they came to Bethany, and when Martha heard of the coming of Jesus she ran out to meet Him, to tell Him that He was too late. "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." *If, IF, IF!* There is no "if" in the Divine vocabulary. Too late? It is never too late for Him Who is the Lord of time and of eternity. He said, "Where have ye laid him?" and they led him to the place. But Mary did not go to meet Him, and Martha ran away to tell her, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." When she immediately arose and went to meet the company, they divulged a little bit of information; they said, "She goeth unto the grave to weep there." They knew she had been there many times already within those four days, and they assumed that she was thither bent just now. When she came she had the same word to say: "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." You remember our Lord's answer to both of them. When He said to Martha, "Thy brother shall rise again," she said, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." The blessing is dated far in the future. But what a reply He made: "I AM THE RESURRECTION, AND THE LIFE. Where I am there is always life."

They came to the grave, the Jews, the friends and neighbours—a very common ordinary scene such as we witness every day. They came weeping with Mary, and with Martha too I doubt not, to the grave. "When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see: Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him!" They would have measured the love of Jesus for Lazarus by His tears. Ah, He did more than weep for Lazarus, and for us. "And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" They had almost a subconscious feeling that there was great power resident in this Man. What could He not do if He willed to do it? "Jesus therefore again groaning in himself cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it." Oh, how significant! "It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it." Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone." You know the story. Martha said, "By this time he stinketh." She feared the dreadful ravages of death would appear in his loved form, that the work of decay and disintegration had already begun. He had been dead four days. Jesus said unto her, "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" "Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me. And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice." Oh, I wonder what it was like to hear Him? What could it have been like when incarnate Deity, the Source and Fountain of all light and life, cried with a loud voice: "Lazarus, come forth." And he that was dead, who responded to no other voice, came forth, shuffled out of the grave, I suppose, bound hand and foot with graveclothes, and a napkin about his head. But now within it the heart was beating, the pulse was pounding, and the blood was flowing. Again He spoke: "Loose him, and let him go." He did not tell them where to send him;

He gave no direction whatever. "Let him go." And they did it. If you read the story you will find where they met him again. I can almost imagine someone's looking about, and saying, "Where is Lazarus? Where is that man that was dead?" I think they would answer, "Find Jesus, and you will find Lazarus. He will not be far away." When they came to Bethany there was a supper in preparation for Jesus, and "Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him."

II.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THAT STORY? It was one of the signs designed to manifest His glory. What was His glory? What was the revelation of truth which Jesus came to give? — merely that He was Lord of this material world, merely that He was the Lord of life, that He could even command death to depart, and that He would heed the Divine summons? O no. He came to do battle with evil, not only in the material world, but in the moral and spiritual, with principalities and powers, and the rulers of this world's darkness. Why did He groan in the spirit, why was He troubled over the mere death, may I say, of a man? Why should He be troubled?

I am sure that to the discerning, penetrating gaze, the all-seeing eyes of the God-man, there was behind that material scene certain moral and spiritual realities. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." "If he sleep, he shall do well." But Jesus said, "Lazarus is dead." Many say our Roman Catholic friends, who trust in the mass, and confession, and I know not what else, have a religion that satisfies them. Hence the mere religionists would say, "Our Roman Catholic friends are sleeping; do not disturb them, let them sleep. If they sleep they shall do well." But *the Word of God says they are dead*. Carry out that principle to all the religions of the world, let it be Hinduism, Taoism, Confucianism, Buddhism, or Mohammedanism, or what you will. So say the spiritually blind and the deaf, "They sleep; let them alone." A man said to me in the South, "I have no interest in missions at all; let the heathen alone, they are all right." In their way, yes. "If he sleep, he shall do well." But there is another view, taken by Him Who is the world's Redeemer, and He says, "Not so." He says, "They are dead in trespasses and sins, and I come to awake them out of sleep." What a picture of the world today—Mary and Martha and the Jews weeping, weeping at a sealed sepulchre, weeping in their sorrow and in their impotence. The United Nations, if you like, weeping. "What can we do? What can we do?" Well may we weep. View any scene of human impotence the world around, summon to your help political power, the craft of statesmanship, the skill of science, the help of mere religion, a religion devoid of Divine power, and what have you? A company of weeping people outside of a cave with a stone rolled upon it, and not one of them able to do a single thing. Narrow the view, and you find many a wife weeping because she has no power to improve the condition of her husband, and afraid to disturb him; he has been dead four days. "Let me forget it if I can. He is a brute to me and the children, drunk half his time." Or maybe he is a professor in the university, and his cynicism is worse than bestial brutality? He laughs and mocks at the children's prayers, and makes light of his wife's faith. What is the matter with him? He is sleeping. She, and those who are interested, stand weeping in their impotence. Oh, how soon in all walks of life does human nature reach its limit? How little at most can we do to solve the real

problem of human life? Try and try again, until at last we come to bury it out of our sight. What an impotent world! What a weeping, sorrowing world! Jesus saw it, and groaned in the spirit and was troubled.

You have quoted it, and I would not rob it of any of its sweetness — the shortest verse in the Scripture: "Jesus wept." You say that they were tears of sympathy, sympathy with Mary and with Martha, and the rest. Doubtless they were, but is that as far as you can see? You remember when He went up Mount Olivet, and the women followed Him, weeping as they went, because of the shadow that was falling over Him. And He said, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children." I do not know what your trouble is, any of you, but there are few of us who do not know something about a cave with a stone rolled upon it. Some great trouble is buried there that we cannot solve, robbing life of all that is of value. And yet we fear to disinter it. How poor we are, and impotent! All we can do is weep.

I cannot help thinking there is profound significance in that sealed grave, and the stone; and Martha, Mary, the neighbours, and the curious spectators who have joined in the crowd, standing round about that grave, saying, "What will He do now?" There in the presence of that final disaster that comes to human life, there in the presence of that which is the ultimate of sin—"the wages of sin is death"—there in the presence of all that stands the Lord of light and of life, with all the powers of the Creator within Him, able to do anything. All things are possible to God, and *He, I assert, is God!* Do you not see it, dear friends? That is why God came down in the likeness of sinful men, to stand with you and me at our graves, not merely the graves of our loved ones, but where all life's hopes and aspirations and ambitions are buried. At the scene of our failure and utter distress Jesus comes, and he says, "Where have you buried all this?" What a glorious picture it is!

III.

Then I think IT MUST HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL TO HEAR HIM PRAY. When the disciples heard Him pray they said, "Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples to pray." But when He prayed after this fashion surely Heaven came down their souls to greet, and glory crowned the mercy seat. Lifting up His eyes to Heaven He said, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me." How did He know? He explains, "And I knew that thou hearest me always." — I am a Liaison between Heaven and earth; I am here to bring down the power and grace of God to a poor bankrupt world, — "but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." Ever remember that Jesus Christ is the Creator. I remind you of it. Do you know that "all things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made"? "For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: and he is before all things, and by him all things consist," or hold together — the keystone, the centre of gravity, the sun which attracts everything to itself, and holds it within its orbit. What a Saviour!

"And God said" — what did He say? "Let there be light." "And God said — And God said — And God said — And it was so — and it was so — and it was so." What is the meaning of that "God said"? The word of God was uttered, and the powers of Deity were in that

word. "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth." And it was that same creative power which stood at the grave of Lazarus. And when He had prayed, He said, as no one else could say, with a loud voice, — I do not know how loud — loud in the sense of being penetrating and pervasive: "Lazarus, come forth." And the dead man began to move. Colour came into his cheeks, and if a physician had been there he would have said, "He has a pulse; his heart is throbbing." And of himself he freed himself from the couch of death, and shuffled out a living man at the life call of Jesus.

My dear friends, there is nothing else that will save a stricken world, nothing else that will redeem a morally corrupt society. Forgive me for using the horrid word, but we can say of society, our foolish evolutionists to the contrary notwithstanding, who told us a little while ago that we were evolving into a kind of heavenly state—it can be said of a corrupt society here and everywhere, "By this time it stinketh; it has been dead four days." Yet He comes to stand amid our ruin, and to speak the word of life and of power. I wish we could hear it in the United Nations. I hope you will all hear the Coronation service. I will tell you why. At the inauguration of President Eisenhower, a Jew, a Roman Catholic, and an Episcopalian Bishop, all prayed. They uttered the word "Almighty", but not one of them dared mention the name of Jesus Christ. Yet it is written, "If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it." Listen to the Coronation service, and if you are British be thankful that with all our faults and failings there is an official recognition, not only of God, but of God as revealed in Jesus Christ. You will hear His name: I remember I was ill at the time, and I listened from five o'clock on to the coronation of King George the Sixth of blessed memory, and I am not ashamed to say I listened to it with weeping eyes, saying to myself, "Thank God there is one nation that will officially recognize Jesus Christ as God." It is a great thing, is it not? You will be hardened indeed if you are not uplifted by that service. Whether you see it or not, hear it, and bow before God.

The rest of the story I cannot finish. "Loose him, and let him go." I have little doubt that as that shackled man stood there, there came a swarm out of the pit of the fiends of hell; principalities and powers, and the rulers of this world's darkness, swarming around Lazarus still bound, until our Lord in sentiment, if not in words, looking at them must have cried, "Avaunt! ye fiends, loose him and let him go!" And though all hell opposed, Lazarus was a living and free man once again. So shall we all be.

What was His instrument? I think I will return to this — it just comes to me now. The first time I ever preached from this pulpit I used this text: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." I think I will preach it again tonight from the text; I will not guarantee the words. After forty years it is still true, and we will continue our story.

My dear friends, what I say to every man and woman here — I wish I were in Heaven where time shall be no more, so that I could preach on forever — the Word of God is so endless — but whatever your trouble, a moral evil in your own life, a defect of some kind — someone reminded me recently of what he had heard me say some years ago, and I use it as an illustration. I said that

when I bought my house I found there were many windows to the basement, and they were all barred with iron bars — all of them except one. That was enough. No burglar needed more than one. Every life is like that. It may be barred and fortified everywhere but at one point, and at that one point all the powers of hell are concentrated. Lazarus not only sleeps, but he is dead, and is buried, and there is a cave, with a stone rolled upon it. The man says, "I cannot do anything. I joined the church and I thought I had religion, but it didn't do me any good." I do not suppose it would. It will probably do you a lot of harm if you haven't Christ. It is not the church, it is not ordinances, it is not forms of worship, it is not mere human fellowship, — good and helpful as they all are in their place. But that is not what you need. What you need is the omnipotent Saviour standing outside your grave ready to say, "Come forth." You will have to come when He calls you, you cannot help it. That is what the meaning of the word is. Paul said, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the (dynamite) of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." It is the same word from which we get our word dynamite. The Word of God can blow anything to pieces, even Russia. I think it is going to do so. I am not afraid of Russia; you will see it blow up before so very long, I am sure of that. But however, we must come closer home, and I am thinking of your particular problem, whatever it is. There is some man who is not a Christian, and he says, "I wish I were. I mean I wish I were a Christian in the sense of having power in my own life, so that the precepts and principles and promises of the Word of God should become regnant in my own life, and I could walk and live in the power of them. Oh, that is what I want." You may have it. "I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, — listen — *that they may believe that thou hast sent me.*" Believe that God has sent Him! Said He: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. Many a Lazarus is alive, because the Word of God has called him from the grave. And Jesus Christ still lives. Oh, trust Him this morning. Have I made it plain that Jesus still lives? He lives to stand by you, nay better, He lives to live in you, to go with you to your home, and to business, to the shop or the schoolroom, in your social relations, and everywhere else, and to put within you the power that made all worlds. If you have that you will be able to say, "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The Lord bless us every one. Let us pray.

We pray that every one here in this service this morning, who, coming into this building, was not a partaker of the grace of life, may just look to Jesus, and find eternal life in Him, for Thy Name's sake, Amen.

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The Gospel Witness

130 Gerrard Street East, Toronto 2 - Canada

THE GLORY OF GOD

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

Preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto
Sunday Evening, April 12th, 1953

(Electrically Recorded)

"When Jesus heard that, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby."—John 11:4.

WE ARE all familiar with the picture of that Bethany home where Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus lived, how the days of sunshine were succeeded by days of gloom and grief — how sickness came in at the door, and then death, and with death, the darkness of a great sorrow that was almost akin to despair. You know, too, how in the early gladness, in its gradual eclipse by the shadow of death, and in the subsequent sudden out-shining of the glory of Lazarus' new life,— you remember how Jesus Christ was inseparably associated with it all. And as the door shuts at last upon that home in Bethany, and we leave the loved ones there feasting in the fullest enjoyment of the favour and fellowship of the Son of God, we are compelled to admit that each of the colours of the picture, some of which, when viewed in a single relation, seem dark and forbidding, plays its own part in the harmony of the whole: the shadow is as necessary as the light, the clouds as essential to its beauty as the sun. The distance of the Master from the death-bed of Lazarus, which appears at close view to be the chief defect of the picture, when viewed perspective, is seen to be its chief charm, and to furnish its supreme claim to immortality.

Our lives, even the most commonplace of them, are reproductions of this picture of Bethany with all its mystery, with all its majesty of power and glory. We are all familiar with its pain and its parting, with its grave and its grief, and with its lonely path to the sepulchre watered with tears. Only we cannot view our own lives perspective as yet; and therefore we cannot understand why our Lord does not always come the moment we send for Him, why sometimes He tarrys until we have dug a grave!

I have thought, therefore, that if we can come to an understanding of these profound words of the Master, it will help us perhaps to understand Him better; and therefore the better to understand ourselves.

I shall give you at the outset this morning an outline of my thought, in order that you may the more easily follow my argument.

The text suggests a *divine prerogative*. Jesus Christ lays down the principle that God has a moral right to glorify Himself, even at the expense of human pain: secondly, He mentions a *human occasion for the exercise of that prerogative*: "This sickness", He declares, "is not unto death, but for the glory of God." He then teaches us that *God is supremely glorified through Jesus Christ, and through Him, in His human relationship*, "that the Son of God might be glorified thereby."

I.

Here then is A DIVINE PREROGATIVE. Jesus has been told that Lazarus is sick. He answers as an authoritative interpreter of the problems of human life. He dares to go to the very root of things, and to give the *why* of human experience. He writes the history of the individual as He would write the history of the world, by

saying, "In the beginning God." It is a bold answer; an answer perhaps which some may find it difficult to receive; for immediately the question will arise in our minds as to whether God has a right to glorify Himself at the expense of human suffering. Our Lord Jesus boldly asserts that He has that right, that it is His own peculiar prerogative to glorify Himself. We shall never understand God until we, in our thought and in our conduct, accord Him that supreme place. We are disposed to change the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like unto corruptible man. There is a humanizing tendency in the religious thought of to-day, a disposition to summon God to the bar of human judgment, to measure His character, and to try His every action by human standards of equity. It is assumed that God may be interpreted by our own standards of what is right. Whittier has said,

"Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see:
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me."

But that is not wholly true. There are things which may be, and are, good in Him, which would be evil in us; for the simple reason that He is God, and beside Him there is none else. Thus for a man to work for his own glory can be only evil; while for God to make His own glory the end of all is pre-eminently right; again I say, for the simple and sufficient reason that He only is God.

This is a democratic age. The king must be surrounded by constitutional restrictions. We are proud of the parliament. We boast that we are our own masters. And that is well enough as a political principle. No man may safely be trusted with absolute power, just because he is a man. A human despot soon becomes a human devil. We recognize that, and glory in the constitutional principle. But the principle that "Jack is as good as his master", has invaded the religious realm; and church barons are disposed to draw up a new Magna Charta, which they demand the King of kings shall sign. They would frame a constitution, and surround Him with a parliament. They would reverse the principle of election, for they prefer that the creature shall elect the Creator, rather than that the Creator should elect the creature. The only principle of election which they favour is one which would result in a responsible, representative government of things spiritual, in heaven. The only laws of God of which they approve are such as are enacted "by and with the consent of His counsellors." Thus they would strip the Absolute of His prerogatives, and reduce the Kingdom of God to a condition that would be little better than a state of anarchy. What would follow if this human demand, which is not new to this age by any means, could be realized?

I was entertained in the home of a certain gentleman one week-end some years ago. As we talked on Saturday evening our conversation turned upon the subject of divine sovereignty. He was a strong-minded, strong-willed man; and getting up from his chair, he walked up and down the floor of his library, and then pausing before me he said, "Look here, sir, if the Bible left no alternative but to believe in the doctrine of election, I should be an infidel!" What a terrible thing that would be — for him! As there was little likelihood of our reaching an agreement, I changed the subject.

Later he told me that his pastor telephoned him one day and said, "Can you find employment for a poor man who is at my door?" "Yes", he said, "I will telephone

the factory, and tell the foreman to take him on." He was accustomed to go early to his office (he was an employer of labour) and about eight o'clock the next morning the foreman came into his office and said, "I have trouble in the shop, sir." "What is the matter?" "The men have taken off their aprons, and have put on their coats; they are going to walk out." He said, "I will go down and see what is the matter." So they went to the factory, and he said, "Now, men, what is wrong? Are you not getting wages enough?" "No complaint as to our wages sir." "Are the hours too long?" "No complaint on that score." "Are the conditions surrounding your labour not satisfactory?" "No complaint there," they said. "Well, what is the matter?" And they replied: "You sent this man into the factory to work; he does not belong to the Union, and we simply will not work with him." "Oh", he said, "is that the trouble? Listen! If you have any complaint to register against me as your employer; if I do not pay you wages enough; if I do not treat you fairly in every respect, remember, I shall always be ready to talk the matter over; but I want you to understand that I own this factory; I built it; it is mine; and I will run it as I like. If you are not satisfied with that, there is the door—Walk! This place will stand here and rot if need be; but I will be master in my own house." That was the man who a few minutes before insisted that he would not allow God to be sovereign. He would himself be master, and do as he liked with his own. But the creature must be permitted to dictate to God!

Do not all history, observation, and experience, prove that in the life of the individual, of the nation, and of the world, nothing but the sovereignly directed power of that God Who "in the beginning" brought order out of chaos, can prevent a return to that chaotic condition? Men would fain tell God how to do them good. But they can know no real good unless "all things work together for good." If there be but a single exception to that universal "all", that one thing may neutralize all others; and as Naaman's leprosy threatened to bring his honour into the dust of death, as the sickness of Lazarus temporarily brought him, that one exception may convert all life's delicately-woven purple and fine linen into a shroud to wrap a reeking corpse. There can be no good for any one of us, unless all things, in all realms of life, in all ages, in all dispensations—unless "all things work together for good to them that love God": and all things cannot work together for good to them that love God unless there be an intelligent benevolent, directing Power, to Whom all things are subject, unless it be true that is written, "Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet." Therefore by a process of purely philosophical reasoning we are led to the conclusion that there can come no good to any one of us unless God's rule in all realms, over every atom and spirit, ultimately is absolutely supreme.

In this matter, therefore, enlightened reason and revelation, from whatever standpoint you view it, are in perfect accord.

This then is the revelation of God in Christ Jesus. It is true that Jesus said, "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven." He is pleased to speak of God as our Heavenly Father, rather than as a King. But Christ's conception of fatherhood was far removed from the modern view. He came not to destroy the law, or the prophets, but to fulfil. The teaching both of the law and of the prophets, and of the New Testament, is to the effect that the father should be supreme in his

own household. I know that the modern family is a kind of republic in which everybody rules but father; in which the children and not the parents are the legislators; and in which no one is regarded as eligible for the presidency unless he has been born in the family! But the New Testament sums up the whole revelation of God in respect to this matter when it says, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord",—for I will give you a penny if you do? for you shall have a treat if you are obedient? No! "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right." That is all—it is right! "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven"; and His children must obey Him, because it is right!

According to Christ's teaching, therefore, this world is subject to a benevolent, paternal, Despot, Who makes His own glory the supreme end of every purpose, of every act. And because He can find in all the universe none greater nor worthier than Himself, the motive which actuates the divine Ruler is a supreme, a sovereign, determination to glorify Himself. If you say it is a selfish motive, my answer is, that the glory of God is the glory of a holy, everlasting, love.

II.

Here is A HUMAN OCCASION FOR THE EXERCISE OF THAT PREROGATIVE. "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God."

Before we proceed further let me call your attention to the importance of keeping our place as children in the Father's household. We shall find some doors locked against us until we are older. We shall find there are some big words in our Father's speech which we must wait to understand. There are mysteries in the kingdom of God into which even the ancient and honoured servants of the household—the angels—are forbidden to look. We shall be wise, in the presence of the problems of life, and the mysteries of the divine government, to humble ourselves, and to acknowledge we do not and cannot understand, and say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." Our entrance into the kingdom was conditioned upon our becoming as children: our enjoyment of the kingdom is dependent upon our remembering that the most mature Christian is never in God's sight a learned philosopher but only a little child. We must therefore trust our Father's wisdom as well as His love though He make darkness His secret place; and His pavilion roundabout Him be dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.

Here our Lord Jesus asserts God's right to glorify Himself at the expense of human pain. What a tale of physical and mental suffering, of heart-agony, of bitter tears, is told in these two words: "This sickness"! They paint a familiar picture. There is not one of us who does not understand it. Two sisters have sent an urgent message to their Master, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." The loved frame is become a playground for the furies; "every nerve is a road for the hot feet of pain to travel on; and every vein a canal of grief." A ministry of human love has exhausted itself and discovers its impotence in the presence of death. There are broken hearts whose sorrow issues in scalding tears. Two sisters mourn in a house that is empty, in a world that is cold and dark. Yet the Lord points to that scene, and says, "It is for the glory of God."

We may see that picture in real life, and learn its moral every day. But I want you to "dwell deep" this morning,

to look beyond the bounds of the physical to spiritual things.

I can see in that Bethany home where Jesus Christ was wont to visit, and where death has now taken His place, a representation of another scene. Did not God walk in the garden in the cool of the day even as the God-man rested at Bethany? But a shadow falls across the path of the man that He has made in His own image and likeness; notwithstanding, He tarries until this moral sickness issues at last in spiritual death: "So he drove out the man", even as the dead Lazarus was carried by loving hands away from Bethany's home and laid yonder in the sepulchre; and the garden was emptied of its chief charm.

But is there any sense in which it may be said of the tragedy of Eden, as of the empty chair at Bethany, "It is for the glory of God"? Is there any true analogy between physical and moral disease? Are the underlying principles in the two cases identical?

What was the cause of Lazarus' sickness? We do not know what his ailment was. Ignoring for the moment the moral or religious aspect of the question, it is indisputable that sickness results from transgression. Science would declare that some natural law has been broken; and whether ignorantly or presumptuously, the result is the same: inexorable law exacts the penalty. The organism has failed in some way to adapt itself to its environment—and that is another name for natural law—and disease, and perhaps death, results.

The principle underlying the text is that even a broken law may be made to contribute to the glory of God; and whether it be a physical or a moral law, it is the same in principle, for law is universal, and God is one. I am not now dealing with the origin of evil: that must remain for the present a mystery. Nor do I attempt to designate the first cause of "this sickness" of the text: I observe only that both are the result of a broken law; and that as Bethany's grief has glorified God, if God is to be God, so Eden's sin and sorrow must!

I have read that science has discovered how to convert the sweepings of a city's streets into a distilled essence whose sweet odours perfume the apparel of fair ladies in brilliant drawing-rooms. I am informed that filthy rags and even broken reeds of straw may be made into immaculate paper, upon which letters of love may be written. I was told by an expert that even the finest quality broadcloth requires always an admixture of "shoddy". Who knows? Perhaps it is made from some poor prodigal's ragged coat! And above the clouds of mystery which impenetrably enwrap the origin and ultimate of things, my faith would enthrone an infinitely more perfect wisdom, and more consummate skill, than can be found on earth. And if transforming grace can convert "the filth of the world and the off-scouring of all things" into golden vials full of incense; if these poor fallen natures can be made white by means of blood so that Love's name may be written thereon; and if with an admixture of the shoddy of human experience, sorrow of heart, and contrition of soul—if this may be interwoven with the infinite and absolutely perfect merit of Jesus Christ, and cunningly wrought into a robe more durable than one of innocence, even a robe of righteousness, resplendent with the beauty of holiness; if sighs may be converted into songs, and tears may be crystallized into jewels, which sing the praises and reflect the glories of redeeming love, my heart shall cry, "The Lord

reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darkness are round about him, (but) righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." True faith, which is the soul's apprehension of God as God, of God as absolutely sovereign, will lead us to rest in the assurance that even the world's great sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God.

III.

In conclusion we shall see HOW GOD IS GLORIFIED IN CHRIST THROUGH HIS HUMAN RELATIONSHIP—"That the Son of God may be glorified thereby." What a wonderful saying that is! That this sickness, this physical malady which reduces the loved frame to a reeking corpse, until love itself is afraid to look upon it—that this sickness, in the purpose of God, may be used to glorify Him in the person of His Son Jesus Christ.

It is necessary that we should have some intelligent idea of *what is meant by the glory of God*. When you speak of a man's being glorified, you mean that he is had in reputation, that he has established himself in the good opinion of his fellows: his glory is his fame. But God's glory is not His reputation among His creatures; His glory is infinitely more than what men think Him to be. An opal's glory is not its reputation among connoisseurs, nor its golden setting which holds it on the finger of a queen: it is its own inherent beauty which children's eyes may see. The diamond's glory is not the fair figure it adorns: it is its own independent, inseparable, unquenchable, light. The glory of God is not His reputation: it is His character, His nature; *God's glory is His own essential nature, what He is*. The history of His dealing with the world is the history of His shining, of His making Himself known, of His self-revelation. The Sun of truth which by the word of inspired patriarch and prophet, turned the world's darkness into dawn; and whose ascending brilliance changed the night into morning, in the face of Jesus Christ, shines from His zenith full-orbed: "And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Thus it is through the Word made flesh, by His human relationship, God makes Himself most fully known; for in the measure in which He is known as He really is, by men or angels, God is glorified.

As you read this narrative are you not impressed with *the disciples' ignorance of the Master's person, of His purpose and power*? He might have said then as later, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?"—"Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep. Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well. Howbeit Jesus spake of His death; but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep. Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead." Then He adds, "And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe." What does He mean? He said to His disciples, "Let us go into Judea again"; and they said, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." They did not know Him! They did not see His glory. When the word came, "He whom thou lovest is sick", He said in effect, "I am going to take you into a set of circumstances, into a certain situation, which will enable Me to show you Who I am. I shall draw the veil and let a little of the glory shine; for otherwise you cannot know Me." Man did not, and could not, know God fully in Eden. The prodigal, after his wanderings, knew the

largeness of his father's heart and the luxury of his enduring love, as even the brother at home did not know. He who is forgiven most will love most. Redeemed souls will know God better than the angels, and therefore will glorify Him more.

"When he heard therefore that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was." But they said, "Death is coming: death is in hot haste after one whom we love." But He answers, "I shall be there in time." At the grave of Lazarus, and by His own empty sepulchre, *Jesus Christ reveals the glory of "the living God, the King of eternity"*—"who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." Quite leisurely the Lord Jesus makes His way back to Bethany; and they meet Him on the way. Reproachfully, Martha saith, "Lord, Thou art too late. If Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection of the last day." But she did not know that He was "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last"; that He could anticipate the last day, and by His almighty fiat banish death. Therefore He comes into the place of storm and tempest, where men and women are convulsed with grief; and His voice of power rises loud and clear above the tumult, "Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus said unto them, Loose him, and let him go." And, behold, the flesh-walls of human limitation drop away, the barriers of human temporality are dissolved; and we see God at work in the amplitude, in the leisure, of unnumbered years; and Jesus of Nazareth grows upon our vision as "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity." Hallelujah!

Did God not know that death was coming to Eden? Did the serpent move so quietly, and speak so softly in Eden, that God did not hear him? Did He not know that Death was on the track of the man He had made? Why did He not make haste? Why did He not prevent it? Had He not been so great in power and might, had He to measure His days by the rise and set of sun, He might have hastened in His walk to the garden; but He waited for centuries, for millenniums: "He abode two days still in the place where he was", until He was ready to "bring life and immortality to light through the gospel."

It was asked at Bethany, "Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" Have you ever asked that question, Could He not have done otherwise? Why did He wait? Why was He so long in coming? Had they known it, *He was even then using this human clay which men called Lazarus to open the eyes of the blind*. "I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe. I am glad that I was absent that I might give Lazarus time to die." Think of it! "To the intent ye may believe." In principle He says, "The most important thing in the universe is that you should believe. The essential thing is that there should be some fixed centre; that there should be Someone Who from everlasting to everlasting is the same. There can be no peace; there can be no rest; there can be no order; there can be no good, unless there be Someone Who can be believed. I am dealing with you, if you only knew it, so that you may believe. I am leading you step by

step, from one experience to another; that I may bring you to the place where you can believe Me for everything." And when you come to the place where you can believe God absolutely you will be in heaven!

I can partially understand that: can you? I have learned to be glad that He was not there. He promised Martha that if she would believe she should see the glory of God. But the sisters could not see His glory till their eyes were washed with tears—and since then tears have often proved lenses to bring God's stars, especially the Bright and Morning Star, nearer than the most powerful telescope could bring them. Had He prevented our tears He might have spared Himself the pain of weeping. But our eyes had never been opened then; we should never have seen the King in the beauty of His self-disclosure; deep had never called unto deep: but for the depth of human folly and ignorance, we had never known the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; but for the depth of human guilt we had never known the depth of the riches of redeeming grace—deep had never called unto deep; and we had missed the sublimest harmonies, had not His waves and His billows gone over the world!

An artist, who had made a reputation for himself as a man of skill, and who had painted many pictures, conceived a picture which he designed should be his masterpiece—his last work which was to establish his fame in the world of art. He laboured on his picture for many months. He had done much; but he could not find a background properly to set off the picture; notwithstanding, he had tried, as he thought, every possible combination of colours. One morning, after some hours of labour, he laid aside his brushes and his palette, and, almost in despair, walked out of his studio to rest his mind; for again his utmost effort had resulted in failure. His little boy, three or four years of age, escaped from the nursery, away from his nurse, toddled along the hallway, and, seeing the door of his father's studio open, as proprietor of the place, walked in! He went up to the easel and looked at the great picture, at the paints on the palette, and the brushes which he had seen his father use. He had seen his father put paint on the picture, and why should not he? So, dipping his brush into one colour after another, he mixed up the paint and began putting it on. Presently his nurse missed him and looked all through the house, but could not find him. Seeing her master's studio door open, she came to the threshold, and, transfixed with horror at what she saw, cried, "Master, Master, baby's spoiled your picture!" The artist, hearing her, came running from another part of the house. When he came to the door he stood first of all in wonder; then his look of amazement changed into one of pleasure and deep satisfaction. He stood there with folded arms and let the boy go on painting. At last he said softly, "It is the thing I have long been looking for." Presently he stood beside the child, and putting the little fellow aside very tenderly, he took the brush from his hand, and with a few master strokes brought order out of confusion. Thus baby's blunder was used to establish the father's fame!

It is but a poor illustration; yet I am sure of this, that against the background of the world's sin and sorrow the divine Artist is to display His supreme glory. And I am glad for your sakes, and mine, that He was not there. I am glad of any opportunity for Him to display His faithfulness and His covenant-keeping grace. What does it mean? What is the significance of the

two empty graves—the empty grave of Lazarus, and that of which it is but a type and symbol, the empty grave of Jesus? Does it mean that the rocky, empty sepulchre from which the Saviour rose, is a surer foundation for the feet of faith than the flowered paths of Eden could possibly have been? If it does, I say again, I am glad that He was not there. For even my little vision can see thus far, that there can be no heaven for anyone without faith in God. And if immortal faith could not bloom in Eden, it is well worth man's while to have taken a long and painful journey, if the unfading flower of a perfect trust may be gathered at last from the garden which stretches away from the open, empty, sepulchre of Jesus, the Christ.

You have read how the great tyrant Napoleon, the murderer of nations, laid Europe waste; how he returned a conqueror from every field of blood. And you remember that our own Wellington was given command of the allied British, Portuguese, and Spanish, armies? You recall how many victories he won in the Peninsular War over the French armies, commanded by some of Napoleon's ablest marshals, for which he was accorded a high place of honour by the nations whom he served? Each victory served to establish Wellington in the confidence of the nations whose armies he commanded. But still the people could not help asking, "What if he should meet Napoleon himself? Would he prove the equal to that great conqueror?"

The meeting came at last. On the eve of Waterloo, as Napoleon jumped into his carriage to go to the battle, he said, "I am going to measure myself with this Wellington." And he did measure himself with our great English Captain—with the result that his empire was destroyed, and he was driven into exile never to return. When the victory of Waterloo was won, Wellington is reported to have exclaimed with great emotion, "Thank God, I have met him at last."

At Bethany and at Calvary, Death, the world's great conqueror, came to measure himself with our Jesus—and Jesus won! Death was driven into exile, his empire destroyed: "Death hath no more dominion over him." His power is broken, and "the last enemy" shall one day be utterly destroyed. Do you not see the great truth that hell has done its utmost, and has failed; that Jesus has triumphed over the utmost power of evil? I am glad He had His opportunity to the intent we might believe. Christ's grave—the saved sinner's grave—is empty. Go, my brother! go bury thy sins and thy doubts in the empty sepulchre! There is nothing left for us but to believe! The tyrant Death is exiled and soon shall be destroyed. Meanwhile, the monster by God's sovereign pleasure is harnessed to His golden chariot and made to drag His ransomed children up the shining pathway of the skies; and they go home—yes, I have seen them go; and I have heard their spirits singing,

"The earth recedes; it disappears,—
Heaven opens on mine eyes, mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

And from above the clouds, from beyond the chambers of the sun, we catch the echo of their music ringing down the skies, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father: to him—to Him—to HIM—glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

THE GREAT CONTENTION

Chapter XXII in the History of the Battle for the Bible Among Baptists of Ontario and Quebec

By Dr. T. T. Shields

I MUST really apologize for writing so much about Jarvis Street Church; but it seems impossible to tell the story accurately in any other way.

The question at issue at the Annual Meeting of Jarvis Street Church, in April, 1921, was resolved in favour of those who stood by the Pastor, and for a Biblical ministry. The meeting was adjourned on account of the Pastor's illness, as we have recorded, until June. And I take up my parable from there.

My readers will please remember that the quotations are taken in respect to the Jarvis Street story from the official records of the church, just as in the earlier chapters they were taken from the official records of the Convention.

The Pastor's supporters naturally supposed that the question which had agitated the church, was settled, and never dreamed that any attempt would be made to bring up the question again when the adjourned meeting should be held.

My story continues from here under the head, "The First Major Battle":

The First Major Battle

The Annual Meeting of April 29th, 1921, afforded opportunity for the first real trial of strength. I have already remarked that the membership of the church had been completely canvassed for votes for that meeting. The result was a fair indication of the temper of the church. The canvassers had appealed to the members to come out and vote against the Pastor, to save "dear old Jarvis Street".

The fact was, that in the eleven years of my ministry the membership of the church had greatly changed. Hundreds of new members had been received. Many of them had been converted during my ministry, and others had come by letter or experience, desiring the fellowship of Jarvis Street because they had found profit in a biblical ministry. That element in the church had not come to Jarvis Street for the sake of enjoying the music of its superb choir; much less had they come because of the supposed wealth and social standing of a few of its members. They had come to hear the Word of the Lord; and when my opponents appealed to the membership to support them in maintaining "dear old Jarvis Street", with its more or less worthy traditions, they appealed to the minority.

There were a few families in Jarvis Street who were really under the delusion that they were Jarvis Street. Hundreds of others might come to the church, find a place in its membership, attend its services, and even contribute to its support; but so far as these few families were concerned, they scarcely reckoned these people had become part of Jarvis Street. I do not mean to say that they had clearly defined their attitude even to themselves, but merely that they quietly assumed that a few of the older families were *the church*, to which others were permitted to belong by their sufferance.

Jarvis Street Church was not unique in this. Many Pastors who read this story have faced, or are facing now, the same problem: that of a few old families that have remained in one place, and who quietly take it for granted that they are the governing body of the church. At the Deacons' meeting at which it was decided to send out the letter calling the meeting for April 29th, 1921, I distinctly recall remarking to the Deacons that on two occasions when the Pastor had very clearly been the issue, the church had decided in his favour; whereupon Mr. James Ryrie expressed the view that he feared the Pastor attached altogether too much importance to the vote of the church. Which of course meant, that it was not the vote of the church, nor even of the majority of its members, but of a few individuals who were determined to control it, that really mattered.

I have a very vivid recollection of the hours immediately following the decision of April 29th. The lease of the house in which I lived expired at midnight of April 30th. In the throes of this conflict, I had been uncertain as to what I ought to do; and the house I had occupied for six years had been bought the year before, subject to my lease. I had vainly tried to secure a few days' grace, but the new owner insisted that it must be vacated by midnight, April 30th. Houses were scarce, and at that time I could find no other house into which to move. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to pack my goods and store them.

In this interesting occupation I had been engaged for a day or so, stopping at about six o'clock on the 29th to get ready for the meeting. I came home from the meeting, and, with the help of some others, my wife and I worked on through the night; and on through the next day (Saturday), getting our goods off to the storehouse late in the evening, and leaving with a few bags for a hotel when the clocks were chiming the midnight hour. I had managed to find a supply for Sunday morning service, enabling me to rest a little Sunday morning; but preached as usual Sunday evening, May 1st.

That week was a more or less troubled one, with all the tides flowing about us. As a temporary measure, I rented a furnished house for the summer, into which we moved on Thursday, May 5th. The house we occupied was owned by a professor of German in Toronto University. He had an extensive library—not a theological one of course—which became my study; and the books in which I was free to use. I had taken one from its shelf, and had read the book in part, but had not completed it, leaving it open upon the desk.

When Saturday came, I felt very ill, but had to make a journey to the far west of the city, to see someone else who was ill. I managed to drive my car, but accomplished the task with great difficulty. Saturday night my condition became worse, but I attributed it all to the nervous strain through which I had passed.

Through all my ministerial life I had made it a rule, if I were able to stagger to my pulpit, to do so, and not

to allow physical indisposition to interfere with duty. I carried on in the morning, but throughout the afternoon I felt that whatever was the matter with me, was steadily on the increase. By six o'clock I was literally unable to sit up, and I telephoned my then Secretary, Mr. William Fraser, telling him that I was unable to drive to church, and asking him to come over and drive my car.

Perhaps rather singularly, a day or so before, when I had sent my announcement to the papers, which was to the effect that I would preach Sunday evening on the personality of the devil, and his work, I had remarked to Mr. Fraser, "We had better pray much for Sunday, for so intimately am I acquainted with his devices, that I am sure this same devil will prove the reality of his existence by tripping me up before then if he can."

However, I got to church. My wife had telephoned my doctor, who was a member of the church; and he said he would be on hand to see me before I left the church after the service. I propped myself up in my pulpit and preached blindly—for I could scarcely see the congregation—and managed to complete the service. When it was over, my physician came to the study, and insisted that I should ride in his car. He drove me home, waited until I had got to bed, and then came and said, "I am not quite positive, but I feel reasonably sure that you have scarlet fever." He gave directions for the night, and promised to see me the next day.

I remember little of what followed for a couple of weeks, except an incident of the Monday. My doctor came, and after a careful examination, gave his verdict, confirming his view of the evening before, that I had scarlet fever. Of necessity, he reported the matter to the health authorities, and immediately we were put in quarantine, with a red card on the door, "Scarlet Fever Here".

I had often visited fever patients at home and in isolation hospitals, and had visited people with small-pox, but this was the first period of isolation I had ever known. Of course, my dear friends in Jarvis Street could not come to see me; that was legally prohibited. But ministers could have come. I was visited in those rather gloomy hours only once, and that was right at the beginning, either the Monday or Tuesday, but certainly just after quarantine had been established, by two Presbyterian ministers. One of them, as I now think of it, I had not met before, and therefore I am unable to recall his name. The other I knew fairly well, though I could not say that we had known each other with any degree of intimacy. But he and his brother-minister, whom he brought with him, were not afraid of the red card; but came into my room, and, taking the fever patient by the hand, earnestly prayed for his physical recovery, and in the meantime for upholding grace to await the Lord's will.

The Presbyterian minister who made that call, and so cheered me on that occasion, was Dr. John G. Inkster, Pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, Toronto. I have never forgotten his kindness, and shall be forever grateful for his brotherly sympathy.

My own people telephoned, and I knew that I was the subject of their prayers. But I was very much as a soldier wounded in battle, lying in a field-hospital within sound of the guns, and knowing that the conflict was still being furiously fought.

The disease ran its usual course, but at a certain stage, blood poisoning set in in one of my feet, and at one time

the doctor feared the possibility of the necessity of amputation. But the disease cleared up in due time, and so far as I know, left no after-effects. As well as the constant ministrations of my devoted wife, I had two splendid nurses, one on day duty and the other on night duty. Notwithstanding, I was *hors de combat*, and a prisoner.

Looking at that experience in the perspective of the years, I am convinced that it was providentially ordered. Serious and painful as it was, it at least removed me from the battle-field for a season and when the crisis was past, the weeks of convalescence which followed were weeks of real rest.

While it has no place of importance in this story itself, it may be useful to my readers to relate one little matter. I have said that when I contracted scarlet fever I was living in a house which we had rented furnished from a professor of Toronto University. On hearing that I was ill with scarlet fever, the professor's wife telephoned the house, and seemed rather displeased about it. She remarked to my wife that she was quite sure that I had not contracted it in her house, for she said she had never had anything of the sort in the house. Her son, while a student at the University, had had scarlet fever, but they had been very careful in the matter, and he had been quarantined in his room in the University. On hearing this, Mrs. Shields was somewhat curious, and went into the professor's study—and there found the book as I had left it, open. Turning to the fly-leaf, she found the name of the son, not of the father, written there. It was one of the books he had had, and handled probably during his quarantine. Moral: be very careful how you handle second-hand books. There is no telling what company they may have kept.

But now to resume my story. At this time, periodically—I forget at what intervals—there appeared in *The Toronto Daily Star*, a character sketch of someone who happened at the time to be more or less in the public eye under the general title, "The Spotlight". These articles were usually rather a caricature, and that which appeared on May 2nd, 1921, was no exception. We print it for what it may be worth.

DR. SHIELDS

"Commissioner Amos, who sits on the bench with Judge Sutherland on Friday, breaks the stubborn glebe out Palmerston way on Saturday, and discourses from a Presbyterian pulpit on Sunday, says that churches are founded, not so much on what the Bible says, but on what good men have said about the Bible. Dr. Shields, the pastor of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, whose membership by about three-fifths majority voted on Friday night to keep him, would probably call Mr. Amos a very minor prophet indeed. For Dr. Shields has no manner of doubt that what the Bible says is what our fine old fathers believed.

"Modern ideas, such as lead certain theological professors to call Genesis a legend, move him to scorn. He is for the orthodoxy which Spurgeon preached, the whole orthodoxy and nothing but the orthodoxy. He has the glorious certainty that made Oliver Cromwell what he was, that begot martyrs whose blood has fertilized the church. Last night he told his congregation that he will preach on the old lines more certainly than ever; and he had a few cracks at the higher critics and at all who think that to be a Christian does not mean that you are to be a peculiar person. To come out from among them—such as card players—and to be separate, is of the essence of

modern, as of mid-Victorian, Christianity. You admire a man like that, and would like to understand him, having observed him in action, and seen two men and a lady stand up, in token of accepting his truth.

"The valiant champion of the time-honored orthodoxy is a real figure of a man. His full-front photographs do not do him justice. His profile suggests a partial explanation to the rent that has appeared in Jarvis Street's garment of praise. He has got the Duke of Wellington's nose. He is a specimen of spiritual militarism, tempered by the constant admission that all we like sheep have gone astray. He has a tremendous voice which easily fills the vast space of Spurgeon's Tabernacle where he has preached these several summers. It isn't like Spurgeon's chiming bell, into which used to come the most winsome note you ever heard. Spurgeon was rotund and thick-lipped. He smoked at home and joked abroad. On the Sunday morning after his twin sons arrived the first hymn was the one which contains the lines:

Not more than others I deserve
But Thou hast given me more.

Spurgeon prayed to his Heavenly Father far more than to his Judge. Who could ever forget hearing him say, in the delightfulest abandon of supplication, 'Bow down thine ear—a little lower, Lord?' Shields' voice would be magnificent in the Armories. He uses it like a bombardon; though it is attractive enough when he just talks to other poor sinners, as he did at the end of last night's sermon. But to him, as he said, the gospel is God's dynamite. He would have all men and women save themselves from doom. There is only one way of salvation, and he preaches it. His theology is what most middle-aged men were nourished on in childhood—rugged, uncompromising, dividing the sheep from the goats, calling thunderously for surrender to Almighty Love which is subsidiary to Almighty Justice. It has made strong-backed citizens, and has served noble causes.

"Dr. Shields is right when he intimates that the real issue behind the effort to extinguish his ministry at Jarvis Street is the issue between the higher critics and the orthodoxy in which he believes with all his soul and mind and strength. Human existence is a world-wide spiritual court-martial. The higher critic, who abounds at Queen's University, for instance, says that Christ does not wholly depend on Genesis; that it isn't important whether Methuselah had 969 birthdays. He does not worry about the authenticity of Scriptural miracles. He says the hourly miracle of your own interior is enough to make you regard Almighty Wisdom with wonder, love and praise. Science, he declares, is as surely a revelation of the processes and purposes of Almighty God as anything in the Apocalypse. He believes that the more human we are the more divine we become—of which his prime illustration is mother love in our own species.

"After a fashion the two tendencies which deployed their forces last week at Jarvis Street are reflected by two notices in the Gerrard Street entrance to Dr. Shields' church. One tells new scholars coming to the Bible school (it isn't called a Sunday school) that they MUST give their names to the proper official. The other, inviting boys to join the Maple Club, begins: 'Are you a wise guy?'

"The breach confessed at Jarvis Street is symptomatic of more than the attractions and repulsions of Dr. Shields' personality. He is absolutely sure of his ground, his mission, and his long future; and is faithful accordingly.

He couldn't be anything else, with his early upbringing and the Duke of Wellington's nose."

It is surprising to what lengths even professing Christians will go to gain their point, when they become disaffected toward a church or a minister. Perhaps we ought not to be surprised at that, for who of us does not know that the worst of all devils is a religious devil—unless indeed the worst devil of all is no devil at all. Certainly the devil accomplished his most fiendish work through one of the twelve.

I am not a cynic. I rejoice in the fellowship of those who have been washed with blood, and made new creatures in Christ Jesus. This side of heaven, I believe there is nothing in the world to equal the fellowship of the saints. It has been my happy privilege for not a few years to enjoy much of it. And as I write, I am sure, were I to give myself time, I could recall the names of hundreds of people of whom, with all sincerity, I could say, I thank my God upon every remembrance of them. With the greatest possible heartiness, I am ever able to sing,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

Notwithstanding, there is the other side. Often have I marvelled at the saying of our Lord, "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" It was even by the invitation of the Lord Himself, that Judas was numbered with the twelve. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord"; and many a minister has been betrayed by Iscariot's successors—some of whom have been brought into their place of privilege by the minister himself. Alas! it is not possible of us, with our little knowledge, always to discern between one who is, a disciple indeed, and one who is a devil.

As I recall some of the things that were said in that controversy of years ago, I scarcely know whether to be annoyed, or grieved, or amused. But I wonder did anyone ever set out to persecute one of God's ministers who did not charge him with inability to interest young people? And the charge is usually made by some shriveled old bachelor, or spinster of uncertain age, from whom all young people would escape if possible by aeroplane.

Of course it is always true that there are some "young people" who will not be interested by any biblical preacher. If the preaching of the Lord Himself reduced a multitude of thronging thousands to a mere dozen, so that He was led to enquire, "Will ye also go away", it is not surprising that young people—and older people too for that matter—who are determined to labour exclusively for "the bread that perisheth", and all the materialistic, sensuous, world it symbolizes, should turn away from a ministry that offers them the Bread that endureth unto everlasting life.

Personally, I am rather afraid of people who do not love children, and whom children do not love. I had never supposed that I might justly be included in that class.

Preachers are only human, and just as a wounded soldier may often be helped by a touch of sympathy more than by the most skilful bandaging, I found compensation in the battle of which I write in many quarters. I have somewhere told it before, but it belongs properly to this story, and I shall tell it again. It is the story of a little boy who came with his father and mother from

Scotland, to Montreal. They had been stricken in the Home Land by the death of two of their children within one year. Their older sons had come to Canada before them, obtaining positions in Montreal. The father and mother came intending to go west and settle there, but tarried for a few days in Montreal to visit their older sons.

On the day in which they were to leave for the west, the father went into the city to arrange the tickets and other matters. Some time later his wife was called to the hospital, only to discover that her husband had had a heart attack, and had fallen dead in the street, or in an office. At all events, he was gone; and the poor woman was thus thrice stricken within a year.

Then came the war, their two sons went overseas. She came to Toronto. I did not know her, and what I now relate I learned later. For her, not only had the sun set, but every star had been blotted out of her sky. She was benumbed with grief. Her two little boys went out in search of a church and Sunday School, but she had no heart to go to the place of prayer. The children found their way to Jarvis Street. I did not know them, but I noticed them on several occasions in the gallery, quite conspicuous and very attractive in kilts and plaid.

The younger of the two boys was named Donny, and he suffered some kind of accident, I rather think he was injured with a motor-car. At all events he was taken to the Sick Children's Hospital. The mother felt, of course, that misfortune was pursuing her; but she spoke encouragingly to Donny, and told him that if he would make haste and get well, on the day that he came out of the hospital, mother would do anything for him that was within her power. Donny recovered, and was brought home; and when his mother asked him what she should do for him, he said "I want you to come to church and hear my minister." So Donny brought his mother to church. When she came, she found that He Who was anointed to bind up the broken-hearted was there before her, and was waiting for her. The Good Shepherd laid the torn and bleeding sheep upon His shoulders and brought her home.

Later, I made the acquaintance of Donny, and through him of his mother, who, not very long afterward, was baptized on profession of faith, and became a member of Jarvis Street Church. So some time passed, and Donny and I became still faster friends. He often came to see me, bringing some little token of gratitude from his mother, Scotch shortbread or something of the kind. And always Donny was a welcome visitor.

But again he was overtaken; this time, as he was returning from a certain church one week-evening, whither he had gone with his mother and someone else. In Scotch fashion, even little Donny was expressing his opinion about the preaching; and, crossing one of our main thoroughfares, if I recall correctly, his mother a little in advance of him, he was again run down by a car, and taken to the Sick Children's Hospital. News reached me, and I went to see him. It must have been about one or two o'clock in the morning when I got there, and I found him almost unconscious. Poor, frail little chap, one would not have given very much for his life. But as he reached the convalescent stage, again his mother made a promise to him of some special favour when he should recover and come home. When he got home, and she asked him what she should do, he said, "I want you to let me go over and see my minister." He came. I opened the door to him, and there he stood, smiling; and, removing his

little Scotch cap, I saw that his head was still bound in several places with adhesive plaster. He came in, and we had a happy little visit—and off he went again.

Then came the week of the great meeting of April 29th, which was a Friday. Two or three days before that, little Donny came to see me, and just before leaving, he stood in the hall and said, "I am going to be at the meeting Friday night." I said, "You are?" "Yes, sir; and I am going to make a speech too." Donny was not a member of the church, and I wondered what was working in his little mind. So I enquired, "And what are you going to speak about, Donny?" He said, "I am going to ask"—and he clenched his fist, and stamped his foot—"Where is that man who says Mr. Shields does not like children?" He paused, as though for effect, and again with great earnestness he declaimed, "I should like to know why he would come to visit me in the hospital again and again, and at one o'clock in the morning, if he does not like children?" Again he paused, and lifting his eyes and looking around as though he were scanning the great gallery, he almost shouted as he said, "Where is that man? I want to tell him he lies!"

I was both touched and amused, but said, "O Donny, you will have to be very careful what you say on Friday night." "Maybe. But there are some days until Friday. I will think of something to say. Don't you fret"—and I bade him good-bye.

Friday night Donny sat with his mother. I was not in the Chair, but sat in one of the pews. After the ballots had been marked, and while the scrutineers retired to count them, business was suspended. Several prayers were offered, and part of the time was spent in singing. I was somewhat preoccupied with thought of what might issue from the meeting, when I felt a little arm put through mine, and I looked down—and there was my little friend Donny. He looked up with bright and shining face as he said, "Don't you worry. You are going to win all right. I am sure of that." When later the result of the ballot was announced, and the announcement was greeted with applause, Donny was still sitting beside me, and said, "I told you so. I knew you were going to win."

Only a little boy's testimony? Yes; but I was as sure that night that God had sent that little boy to my side as that He ever sent an angel to anyone. It was wonderfully sweet, while many were saying, "The Pastor does not love children, and the children do not like him."

As the meeting was dismissed, Donny came to me and said, "Well, I did not speak to-night, but I will speak next time." Ah, yes; next time! Next time, Donny? When will that be?

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

(To Be Continued)

DIVINE VISITATIONS

Nay, whether God come to His children with a rod or a crown, if He come Himself with it, it is well. Welcome, welcome, Jesus, what way soever Thou come, if we can get a sight of Thee! And sure I am, it is better to be sick, providing Christ come to the bedside and draw by the curtains, and say, "Courage, I am Thy salvation," than to enjoy health, being lusty and strong, and never to be visited of God.

—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD

WE AGREE WITH GREGORY CLARK

Do You Make Tea the Right Way?

By Gregory Clark

If your hostess brought in a coffee pot of hot water and a tin of coffee and helped you to a teaspoon of ground coffee in your cup and then poured the hot water on it, you would hardly call that a cup of coffee, would you? It is true there are patent coffee derivatives and extracts that you can use in that fashion, dissolving the powder with hot water.

But all over the United States, except in a very few enlightened regions, if you are crazy enough to order tea, they bring you a pot of hot water, a cup and saucer, and there, sitting pretty on the saucer, is a dry tea bag. And you are supposed to make your own tea by immersing the bag in what might have been boiling water five minutes ago, hot water two minutes ago, but, at the moment of delivery to you at your table, is now at about the temperature of good shaving water.

Just Hay Soup

The tea trade, an international industry that must be extremely wealthy, appears to have abandoned the attempt to educate the Americans in the matter of tea. What you get, of course, out of this warm water and dry tea bag, is not tea at all, but a dreadful sort of hay soup. It tastes flat and somehow slightly metallic, as disagreeable an infusion as could be imagined.

Yet Arthur Godfrey, the comedian, who is hired by one of the big tea companies in the States, good naturedly defies his sponsors and insists that the way to make tea is to dunk a tea bag in a cupful of hot water. On a recent program he said: "How does the sponsor say it's got to be made? In the pot? Naw! Make it in the cup, see? Put the bag in the cup and pour the hot water on it..."

In defence of his method, he remarked that by his way of doing it, you could get your tea as strong or as weak as you like it by merely fishing the little bag out of the cup when you think it looks the way you like it.

It's Not Tea

But since it is not tea either way he does it, whether he put the bag in the cup or the pot, it really doesn't matter. Tea has to be made with tumbling boiling water poured onto the leaves in a hot pot. With a million dollar promoter like Godfrey helping the Americans to misunderstand the whole cult of tea, we foreigners can rest easy. Tea might be hard to get if the Americans really got drinking it. They would swallow up the world supply.

(This was not true of Texas. There they made tea as good as any you could get in old London.)

"THE FIRST NIGHT'S WELCOME HOME TO HEAVEN"

Nature would have heaven to come to us while sleeping in our beds. We would all buy Christ, so being we might make price ourselves. But Christ is worth more blood and lives than either ye or I have to give Him. When we shall come home, and enter to the possession of our Brother's fair kingdom, and when our heads shall find the weight of the eternal crown of glory, and when we shall look back to pains and sufferings, then shall we see life and sorrow to be less than one step or stride from a prison to glory; and that our little inch of time-suffering is not worthy of our first night's welcome-home to heaven.

—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD

FOR YOUNGER READERS

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE

IN A city called Medhurst there lived a wealthy man by the name of Mr. Riches. Now Mr. Riches owned a large factory where many thousands of men were employed. But in spite of all his money and the comforts which he was well able to afford, Mr. Riches was sad at heart. How could he be happy when his youngest and well-beloved son, Charlie, nine years of age, was so sickly and weak! The best doctors he knew could do nothing to restore colour to the pale cheeks of his boy and power to his thin frame.

In company with his nurse, Charlie was sent to a southern village by the sea in hope that the sunshine and warm breezes would help him. His best friend was Tom, the son of the doctor of the village, a lad of his own age. Tom spent long hours with his pal, reading to him and making sand castles for him, trying to make him forget that he could not romp around like the other boys. How he wished that he could do something to help make Charlie well!

Often, where there is a will, there is a way, and love makes one quick to see chances to help another. One day a famous doctor came to see Tom's father. The two talked together in language which Tom could not understand, but the boy soon saw that his father thought this great doctor was very clever. Perhaps he could help Charlie! Tom spoke to the visitor and went with him down to the beach to talk to Charlie.

That was the beginning of new days for the invalid boy. Before many weeks he was able to walk again and to return to his home in Medhurst. How his father delighted to see his dear son, gaining strength day by day!

One day about a year later, a boy of ten with a freckled face and a shy manner appeared at the office of the Riches factory and asked to see Mr. Riches. The clerk spoke sharply to the boy and told him to leave at once, that Mr. Riches had no time to spare.

"But he will see me, I am sure," said the lad.

"Why are you so sure? I tell you he is busy, and anyway, he would not see the likes of you," and with that, the clerk began to close the door.

"Please wait a minute," pleaded the lad. "I know that he will let me in for Charlie's sake."

"For Charlie's sake! That is a different story. Do you know Charlie? Then come right in."

The clerk led the boy, Tom, for that was who it was, through a number of rooms and passage-ways till they came to an inner office, where Mr. Riches sat behind a large shiny table.

"So you are the boy whom Charlie loves," said Mr. Riches. "What can I do for you?"

Tom explained his errand. He wanted to go to school for years, and become a doctor like his father. But he had heard that it would cost a great deal of money. Would Mr. Riches help him?

"Yes, my dear boy," he said. "When the time comes I will give you everything you need, for Charlie's sake. I love my son, and since you, too, love him and have shown that you do, I am ready to do all that I can for you."

Tom was welcome to go into Mr. Riches' presence and to have help from him for Charlie's sake, the well-beloved son. So will our God receive us for Christ's sake and give to us all that we need, but no one can come to the Father but those who come to Him through Christ, His well-beloved Son.—O.L.C.

Dr. Bob Shuler's Tribute to Dr. Norris

(Continued from page 2)

of his denomination for personal immorality when practically the entire Baptist machinery in Texas was trying to cover up. He was the most relentless fighter against evil that I have ever known.

Early in his ministry in Fort Worth, but after he was numbered as one of the stalwarts of the Southern Baptists in Texas, Frank Norris broke with the Southern Baptist Convention because of the slow but sure creeping of modernism into Baylor University and some of the leading Baptist pulpits of the state. His battle against modernism and liberal trends in theology was just as fierce as his battle against liquor, gambling and Texas race tracks. There were various reconciliations between him and his brethren, but none that endured.

Frank Norris then organized the Fundamental Baptist Fellowship, which now has hundreds of churches and pastors scattered all through the South. He made for himself a name indeed when he became pastor of two First Baptist Churches in two major American cities at one and the same time, Fort Worth and Detroit. This dual relationship lasted for almost a decade. Norris preached around the world seven times. He held over 100 revival meetings in Fort Worth alone. He was on a speaking trip to Florida when he dropped dead in his tracks, literally dying with his boots on.

I consider Frank Norris the most remarkable preacher I have ever known. He was a man with a multitude of faults. But his virtues were so outstanding and so multitudinous as to completely force his weaknesses and mistakes into the background. He was the kind of man who could do anything he set his hand and heart to. He built up the largest Sunday School in the South and one of the largest churches in membership. His personality was contagious. His force was literally annihilating. Few indeed ever dared to stand before him in a contest and none stood very long.

Some years ago, in these columns, I stated that when Frank Norris died, the Southern Baptist church should build a monument to him in Fort Worth as tall as Washington's monument in Washington. Nobody expects them to do it, but Frank Norris really saved the Southern Baptist Church from modernism. He stood like a mighty mastiff on guard. No liberal could get his nose into a Baptist school in Texas, or even in the South as for that, without Frank finding it out and making such a man's tenure impossible. Dr. Truett, the celebrated pastor of First Baptist Church, Dallas, who was far from being an admirer of Frank Norris, acknowledged to me that Norris had rendered the Southern Baptist Church an invaluable service at this point.

No monument will be built in Fort Worth or anywhere else to Frank Norris by his Southern Baptist brethren, but the Southern Baptist Church is a million stronger than it would have been, because Frank Norris still haunts the Southern Baptists like a sanctified ghost and that's largely why that denomination, sectional and narrow, is pushing the Methodists for first place in Protestant Christianity in America.

Such men appear only now and then in history. He could knock five walnuts out of six off fence posts with a six shooter, and he could sit down and cry with a penitent drunken bum, go out personally to his home, feed his wife and children out of his own pocket and live to see that old bum a respected Deacon in the First Baptist Church. He was not afraid of minions of devils. All hell couldn't bluff him. But those who knew him best knew

that he was as tender as a young mother with her babe in her lap. That's why, when the train rolled in on the T. & P. from Florida and the baggage man pushed a box out toward the baggage car door, a groan went up from the assembled throng that had never been heard in Fort Worth before and will never be heard again.

Frank Norris and Dr. J. B. Gambrell, the "Bishop of Texas Baptists" never agreed. They squared off, almost from the time they met. More than once they hugged each other on the Convention platform, made up and wept, and once one of them is said to have kissed the other on the cheek though that is possibly a proverbial Texas story. But they never trusted each other. Gambrell finally chased Norris out of the Southern Baptist Convention and in turn Norris chased Gambrell all over Texas and the South. The truth is, from then on Gambrell's life was a nightmare and his leadership of the Texas Baptist Church a sanctified case of delirium tremens, alcohol excluded. If Gambrell didn't see snakes, he saw worse. He saw Norris! David, who said that his sin was ever before him, didn't have anything on Gambrell: Norris was ever before him!

But now both are dead and no doubt have hugged each other in heaven, wept on each other's shoulders and made up for keeps. But if I were Gambrell and ever tempted to try to influence Gabriel to slip a Modernist through the gates, I'd sure want to know that Norris was out of town while I was doing it. There are plenty Southern Baptists who wouldn't trust Norris too far, even in heaven!

With it all, Frank Norris was God's man in a rather wild and woolly day in Texas. He fitted into his times and into the Lone Star State perfectly. Texas will never know another like him. If the Southern Baptists should decide to build that monument, I want to be there at the ground-breaking! It might possibly cause an earthquake of major proportions!

"Oh, pray for me, that every morning I may rise with an active and steady purpose to be doing something for God!"—HENRY VENN.

There is not an atom of the universe in which you cannot see some brilliant sparks at least of His glory.

—CALVIN'S INSTITUTES.

REMEMBER THE SEMINARY IN YOUR WILL

We suggest that our friends should remember Toronto Baptist Seminary in their wills. The proper form for this is: "I give, devise and bequeath the sum of to Toronto Baptist Seminary, 337 Jarvis Street, Toronto 2, Canada, associated with Jarvis St. Baptist Church." We are laying foundations for the future, and we are determined to make it as impossible as it is within human power to do, that not one dollar given to Toronto Baptist Seminary shall be used for anything but the propagation of the gospel. No amount would be too large, and certainly no amount would be too small. We earnestly solicit the gifts of those who believe in ministerial and missionary education.