

# The Gospel Witness and Protestant Advocate

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## "AS THOUGH HE NEEDED ANYTHING"

**I**T IS OUR conviction that no-one can really think intelligently, reasonably, and logically, who does not begin where the Bible begins, "In the beginning God—"! The Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, is designed to reveal God. It is, in fact, the record God has given to us of His Son, and "no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him."

The heathen made gods of their own, gods that were in agreement with their own conception of what God was like; and, left to himself, because he did not like to retain God in his knowledge, man presumptuously made images of God, as he thought God ought to be. And so he changed the image of the "uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things."

When Paul stood on Mars' Hill, his spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry. Standing on Mars' Hill on more than one occasion, and looking out over the city of Athens, one can still see the magnificent ruins of temples dedicated to different gods. And, lest he should be offended, the Athenians had reared an altar "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD", so that he might not feel neglected.

Standing on the spot from which it is alleged Paul spoke, we have felt we could easily understand something of his emotion as he observed something of the godless culture of Greece. And when he addressed them he declared that he was speaking in behalf of "THE UNKNOWN GOD": "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you".

But among the millions who worship throughout the world somebody called God, there are multitudes to whom the one and only God is still unknown. And the ancient as well as the modern natural conception of God views Him as One Who can be worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed something. Nothing is more important to right thinking than the recognition of the sovereign independence of Deity. We have no objection to dignified, attractive, and comfortable places of worship. God would not have made this world so beautiful if He loved ugly things. But when we see the tawdry and puerile forms of worship among Romanists, and so-called Protestants alike, we cannot but feel that they must have but the vaguest conception of what God is like.

The Samaritan woman was heir to the fallacy that true worship may be a matter of geography and architecture. How gently and graciously the unobtrusive Stranger corrected her error, when He said: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. The woman saith unto him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ: when he is come, he will tell us all things. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he."

It is a marvellous condescension of grace that the Creator of all worlds should condescend to give audience to sinful men, that He should listen to their prayers, accept their praises, and do for them what they ask; but it is the gravest of all mistakes to suppose that we can do anything for Him, "As though He needed anything". He needs only our love, our devotion, the adoration of our hearts — in short, He needs only that we should know that He is the Lord!

What a libelous thought of God to imagine that He needs our money; that He needs our approval; that He needs, really needs, any kind of service that mortal hands can render! There are angels who "do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word." There are bright spirits who veil their faces, and their feet, and use but two of their six wings to fly, who cry, "Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!" Well would it be for us all could we humble ourselves, not with a "voluntary humility," but a real humility of spirit, humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, that we might be exalted in due time.

Surely such a spiritual apprehension of God must lead us to walk softly, with humble hearts, and reverent spirits, in the presence of the God of the whole earth! Such a conception of God would put an end to the circus-like performances of many supposedly religious services. It would silence forever the boastful human tongue, and would open the lips of mortals only that they might show forth His praise.

Let us remember, therefore, we do not worship One

# The Gospel Witness and Protestant Advocate

FOUNDER AND FIRST EDITOR—Dr. T. T. Shields  
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Who needs anything at our hands: on the contrary He giveth to all life and breath and all things; and instead of pluming ourselves with our gowns and degrees, and Right Reverends, and Most Reverends, and all the other nonsensical trappings of the ecclesiasticism of our day, like religious peacocks, we should listen to the voice of the only God we know, speaking to us as He did to the Samaritan woman, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

—DR. T. T. SHIELDS

## AMONG OURSELVES

Dr. P. W. Philpott was scheduled to preach at the evening service in Jarvis Street on March 3rd, and a hearty welcome was awaiting him, but that appointment has been temporarily postponed. Dr. Philpott has not yet completely recovered from recent surgical treatment in Hospital.

Dr. C. D. Cole, Dean Emeritus of Toronto Baptist Seminary, and Mrs. Cole, are planning to visit Jarvis Street Church and the Seminary for a week or so about the time of Seminary Graduation, May 2nd.

THE GOSPEL WITNESS extends hearty congratulations to *Christian Beacon*, of which Dr. Carl McIntire is Editor, on the successful completion of twenty-one years of consistent, world-wide testimony "for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ". Fearlessly *Christian Beacon* has sought to preserve the Christian faith in these times of apostasy, lifting its voice as a trumpet to encourage true believers, while exposing the perils of Modernism, Communism and worldly compromise.

On March 4, 1938, Jarvis Street Church Building was destroyed by fire. In spite of many difficulties the loyal band of believers composing the membership were enabled by the grace of God to rebuild the walls of their beautiful city and to erect new additions for the accommodation of the great Bible School. We praise the Lord that through the instrumentality of Jarvis Street Church and the affiliated agencies He is continually adding new and living stones to His spiritual temple.

## THE SUNDAY SERVICES IN JARVIS STREET

The Lord's presence was manifest throughout the day in Jarvis Street Church, on March 3rd, the first Sunday after the return of Dr. and Mrs. Slade from their missionary tour in the West Indies. There were splendid congregations morning and evening, with a considerable number of visitors present at the evening service.

The morning sermon by Dr. Slade was especially designed as a message of encouragement to believers, described by our Saviour as "the salt of the earth" (Matt. 5:13). Salt is used as a symbol of character, as a preservative and as a flavouring. The spiritual ingredients of salt, as used metaphorically of Christians, are holiness, righteousness, conviction, reality, sincerity and enthusiasm. Even as salt works by contact, so the Lord purposes that His people shall be the salt of the earth, sent forth to witness for Him, rather than to abide by themselves, shut off from contact with the world in convent or monastery. "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the world" (John 17:15). Four persons publicly confessed Christ at the close of the message, bringing joy to the hearts of all.

The evening service was most impressive, as throughout the meeting the atoning death of Christ was the predominating theme of worship, sermon and ordinances. Five believers followed Christ in baptism, thus publicly portraying their union with Christ in His death, burial and resurrection.

In the evening message Dr. Slade directed our thoughts to the impressive scene at the close of our Saviour's earthly life, when He engaged in prayer to His Heavenly Father, to whom He would shortly ascend. At that time He gave His final testimony: "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do" (John 17:4). Following His blessed example, may our aim, our purpose in life be this, to glorify God on the earth!

What was it that was finished? His earthly career was ended. Old Testament prophecies concerning Him were fulfilled, and the law was fulfilled; but above all, the work of redemption was finished, the purpose for which Christ had come into this world of sin. The task of atoning for our sins had been completed, and the Father would shortly certify to His satisfaction and good pleasure by raising Christ from the dead. All were urged to accept Christ as Saviour, resting upon His finished work, and thus enter into the full enjoyment of what Christ did on our behalf. It was a powerful, heart-searching, yet re-assuring and comforting message for those who heard the Word.

At the largely-attended Communion Service which followed, once more in the Lord's own appointed way we remembered His death and coming again. Nine new members were received.

# The Jarvis Street Pulpit

## Nehemiah, the Instrument of Revival

A Sermon by Dr. T. T. Shields - -

Delivered in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Thursday Evening, June 25th, 1936

(Stenographically Reported)

"It grieved them exceedingly that there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel."—Nehemiah 1:10.

THE book of Nehemiah, as you know, is the history of a great religious revival. I think we need revival, I think we need it greatly, all of us. I know it is quite possible, if we look far enough, to find some people who may seem to need it more than we. That is our difficulty, generally. We try to comfort ourselves by comparing ourselves with others who, perhaps, are even less faithful than are we. But there surely can be no doubt whatever that God's people everywhere need reviving again. And I think perhaps if we glance a little at this story this evening it may suggest to us how God sends revival to His waiting people.

It is said of Nehemiah that certain men, Sanballat and Tobiah, were exceedingly grieved "that there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel." I shall not speak of their opposition: that is another story. There will always be opposition to the progress of God's work. I propose this evening rather to try to show you something of what is involved in seeking the welfare of God's people, and WHAT SORT OF INSTRUMENT GOD USES TO EFFECT HIS PURPOSES OF GRACE in furthering the spiritual welfare of His elect.

Nehemiah is our subject. This is a story of revival. I would remind you that revival came through a human personality. Invariably it is God's way in bringing blessing to His people, to lay hold of some one man or some one woman somewhere. I have had experience enough as a minister to have observed the formation of many committees. I have seen men effecting many organizations for the purpose of seeking a spiritual revival, but I have never seen, in my experience at least, a spiritual revival come that way. There is a sweet naturalness about it all, supernatural as it is, and invariably it comes by God's laying His hand upon some one man or woman, some human personality, and through that one person bringing about a revival. In this case the person was Nehemiah.

I think it will be instructive to observe something of his attitude of mind, something of the temper of this man whom God was pleased to use. Mark you: revival in the heart of an individual, or in a church, or in a larger sphere, a widespread spiritual revival of any kind must always come from God Himself. That, we assume. I am not speaking so much of the source of revival, which must always be God, as of the character of instrument which He is usually pleased to employ to effect His purpose. We take that for granted; we all admit that a revival must come down from God. Blessing must always come down. Last Thursday evening I reminded you that

"every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

### I.

Now what sort of man was this who came to seek the welfare of the children of Israel? He was a man very favorably circumstanced, so far as this life was concerned. He was not exposed to any of the ordinary privations of life. He lived in a palace. He was an important official in the palace; he was cupbearer to one of the greatest of earth's kings. If he had been minded to seek his own interests only, and to consider his own comfort, I suppose Nehemiah, outwardly at least, could have lived a very comfortable life. There was no reason in his material circumstances which would necessitate his taking any special means to bring blessing to someone else.

There is a possibility sometimes of God's people being too comfortable. I remember hearing an address by a certain professor years ago. He was an evangelical professor, a man who believed the Book. And he said that the greatest enemy to spiritual progress was man's innate love of comfort. He said: "Do not spiritualize that, my brethren. I mean just what I say. I mean the easy chair, the comfortable couch, the well-spread table, freedom from anxiety respecting material things, the love, which most men find natural to them, of comfort, and when they are comfortable, to be satisfied with that physical comfort." When Paul said: "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection" he did not mean, merely, grosser sins. He did not mean that he must abstain from excessive indulgences of the appetites of the flesh, or anything of that sort; I do not believe Paul was ever tempted in that direction. There is nothing to indicate that he was. When he said: "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection" it was lest perhaps a natural love of ease and comfort, a disposition to take it easy in times of weariness, should overcome him. Hence, this man lived a strenuous life. He never spared himself at all, but apparently had very little patience with those who were disposed so to do.

If any of us are comfortable we may thank God for our comfort, providing we obtain grace from Him to subordinate all these matters to the higher interests of life, and never to allow them to interfere with our duty as Christians. I mean the disposition to stay home from the place of prayer when it rains, the disposition, perhaps, to take things a little easy when it is warm, or

when it is cold, the indisposition to bestir ourselves, physically, for after all, our bodies are the only instruments our spirits know, and if we coddle and indulge the flesh in any way at all, you may be sure the spirit will suffer.

Evidently this man, living in a palace, attending the king daily, yet RECEIVED GRACE FROM GOD TO LIVE ABOVE LIFE'S MATERIAL COMFORTS. Though he had them, yet he kept them under, and did not allow them to become his master.

## II.

And you will observe that he was a man who had TRAINED HIMSELF TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN OTHER PEOPLE. Certain of his brethren came to see him. Perhaps they said: "Well, while we are here, how would it be to call on Nehemiah? He is yonder in Shushan the palace." These were brothers of the captivity, and perhaps their first thought may have been to say, "He does not know anything of our difficulties, he would not be interested in our troubles, in our sorrows; he might politely pass the time of day with us, and dismiss us." However, whatever their misgivings, they went to see him.

A man so placed might have done what Hezekiah did. When the ambassadors from Babylon came to see Hezekiah he showed them all the treasures of his house, showed them his own greatness, and said nothing of the wonders in the land, of the miracle God had wrought in sparing his life.

Have you noticed when you meet some people they always have a tale to tell? Have you noticed that some people are always ready to preach, if you allow them to take themselves for the text? I knew a man of some distinction who, if you allowed him to take himself for the subject, was wound up. I never heard him more eloquent on the public platform than he was when he was relating his achievements. I remember once his entertaining a company of people and telling of his college days, and of how there were some members of his class who were not Christians, and therefore he resolved that the one who should lead the class should be a Christian. "Of course," he explained, "it was for the honour of the Lord!" But he incidentally managed to tell us that he did that, and that he got to the top, and that he was the prize scholar of his class. He always coloured his display of egotism with a certain sanctimoniousness, and said it was for the honour of God. But whenever he talked, he told what a great man he was. He was not exactly like a little Jack Horner: he was a big Jack Horner. Nor did he sit in a corner, for he always wanted a large audience. And he certainly put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, and said, "What a great man am I!" You have all met people like that.

I won't tell you where it was, but I was in the company of a comparative stranger the other day, when a great meeting was in progress. We had just arrived after a long drive, and we went together for a little refreshment, and a certain brother accompanied us. After the meal, when this comparative stranger and I were left alone again he said: "Was that Mr. So-and-So? I have heard of him." I said: "Yes. He is quite a brilliant young man." He said: "You know him pretty well, do you not?" I said: "Yes." "Well, I should have supposed that as he does not see you very often he might have assumed that possibly you might have something to say that would

have been of value to him, but he did not give you a chance to speak. He did not give either of us a chance. He talked of himself and his marvellous achievements throughout the meal." I said: "That is just his way." I did not take sides against him.

Now Nehemiah might have done that. I know some preachers who do that. They never say to the other man: "How are things with you?" But Nehemiah did not speak about Shushan, or anything of that sort. He said: "Tell me, Hanani, how are things in Jerusalem? How are the brethren faring there? What is the situation?" The reply was: "Very bad, indeed. The remnant that are left of the captivity there in the province are in great affliction and reproach: the wall of Jerusalem also is broken down, and the gates thereof are burned with fire." Nehemiah began by taking an interest in others and asking them a few questions, and he heard a story which inspired him to pray.

How would it be as you meet someone, instead of saying: "How are you to-day?" you were to say: "How are you getting along spiritually? What progress are you making?" It may be you would find someone who would say: "Oh, I have been hoping someone would say that to me. I am afraid I am in a bad way, and I don't know to whom to go. I have just longed for someone to ask me how I was getting along in my Christian life. I did not know how to approach anyone, but seeing you ask me, I must tell you that my soul is in great affliction and reproach. The walls of my Jerusalem are broken down, and the gates burned with fire. I am sadly off."

There are many people to-day who are having a hard time. Oh, yes, our young people have a hard time. I often wish I could get a good deal closer to them. When you meet these boys and girls who are Christians, these young men and young women, do not pass them by lightly; get their confidence if you can. Find out whether they are prospering in the ways of the Lord, what their Jerusalem is like. Or, whether they have got out of fellowship with God, whether the voice of prayer and of praise has ceased. Perhaps they will tell you something. But my dear friends, it is no use asking that question unless you are profoundly interested in that person. Nothing would have discouraged those men more than to have had Nehemiah say: "I am sorry," and then to have changed the subject and paid no more attention to it at all.

I have told you of the little girl I read of once who went with a broken dolly to her father, crying. It had a broken arm or leg, or something, and she was crying about it. When she got to her father he said: "Oh, don't bother me now about that. Run to your mother." She cried still more bitterly as she went to her mother. Her important father was busy reading the evening newspaper! That is a very important occupation! The wise mother said: "Oh, well, daddy is busy you know. He has not time to bother with little girls' broken dolls." "I know," she said, "but he might have said 'Oh'." Yes; and when the clouds have gathered, and everything is wrong, and you ask someone how he is getting along, be sure there is a sympathetic heart behind the question, so that should they give you a tale of woe there will be an attentive ear to listen to it.

How many young Christians have I known who have become discouraged! I am afraid there are none of us as sympathetic as we ought to be, yet will you allow me to say this, that I have had scores of people come to me

who were not members of this church, and I have said to them, when they related their trouble: "Where do you attend?" "Oh, I am a member of such and such a church." "Well, why did you not go to your own minister?" "It never occurred to me to do that." Apply that to your Sunday School scholars. Have you the confidence of your scholars? Do they come to you and say: "I should like to tell you something"? I don't say you should invite confidence, always. We must not intrude upon the privacy of another's heart. But we may sympathetically say: "How are you getting along?" and if that boy or girl answers with a gloomy tale, be sure you have a sympathetic heart. Take time to listen to what they have to say, so that they will know that they have found a friend in you. Unless you are in that attitude, better not ask the question at all.

See what sort of man this was. Where had he lived? In Shushan the palace? No; he did not. That was his address geographically, but actually he lived in Jerusalem. Where do you live? With the people who have no trouble, no sorrow, no complaints, no difficulties? At the corner of Comfortable Street, and Luxury Avenue? In lazy man's villa? Is that where you live? Where did Nehemiah live? In Jerusalem, though his body was in Shushan. Our great Master lived in heaven, but His heart was upon earth, and that is why He came to seek us. He loved us more than He loved the bliss of His Father's house, and so he left it all to come and seek us. Nehemiah, while living in Shushan, was concerned about Jerusalem that was in such distress, and when he heard the story of those men who came to see him, he wept.

I heard of someone's saying, not so very long ago: "What we need is more tears." Yes; if they come from springs that are deep enough. I do not like the onion tears. I do not like the tears that flow too readily. They do not mean very much. There are some people who are very emotional, and when they hear a story, perhaps rather coloured, they weep. I heard a preacher from this pulpit a good many years ago. He announced his text: "Will ye also go away?" And they said: "To whom shall we go?" And having announced his text he said in a very plaintive voice: "I am going to try to tell you to-night why people go away from Jesus." The whole congregation turned white. Everyone seemed to take out a handkerchief at the same time. Then there followed story after story that stirred people's emotions, death-bed scenes, and all the rest of it. It was convention time and I remember a certain minister from out of town meeting one of my members, a very prominent business man. His cheeks were stained with tears. This minister said to him: "Well, what did you think of that?" "Think of it! No man has any right to take advantage of me like that." It was an emotional appeal. And I never heard that that sermon did any good.

That is not what I mean. When Nehemiah heard the story of these men, he wept. His heart had been in Jerusalem this long time. I have no doubt he prayed for the brethren there, and when they told him of the actual condition, he was just overcome with genuine grief, and he really wept.

Oh, I wish we might weep by the operation of the Holy Ghost! I wish the things of the spiritual world could become so real to us that we might find occasion for real tears! when the fountains of the great deep are broken up, when heart and conscience are in it, and a sanctified intelligence too. When the whole man is moved by the

Spirit of God, the tears that flow as a result of that indicate that a revival is already on the way. But I am afraid that some of us have not learned to feel deeply about these matters. I am afraid we have not learned to get out of ourselves sufficiently, and to live in Jerusalem so completely that the affairs there will just break us to pieces, far more than our immediate and pressing difficulties.

### III.

When Nehemiah heard of the condition in Jerusalem HE WAS JUST DRIVEN TO PRAYER. He said: "When I heard these words . . . I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, and prayed before the God of heaven." I am glad the Spirit of God tells us that he mourned "certain days". How often we are moved, just on the surface, and an hour hence the emotion is gone! There is no deep concern, there is no real fasting and mourning for days together, like a great sorrow that overwhelms us and we cannot get rid of it at all, so concerned are we for the welfare of others. And when thus God's people are moved, it becomes instinctive to pray. There is not anything else we can do, is there?

What news do you hear that inspires you to pray? What news do you seek?

I have known another type. They seem always willing to hear bad news. I know a certain man now, I do not like to be where he is, for he always tells me that he has seen the seared and yellow leaf somewhere. He always has a tale to tell about some church that is declining, and some minister who is losing his power. But he does not tell it with sorrow, oh, no! It is one thing to glory in somebody else's decline, and say "After all, we are a little better off than that." I am not recommending that abominable spirit. What we need is a tender heart that will be moved, and that will drive us to prayer when we hear of spiritual decline anywhere, I do not care where. )

Now will you listen while I call your attention to two or three characteristics of Nehemiah's prayer.

Nehemiah had a great God. I love to observe how those old worthies at the beginning of their prayer addressed God by some worthy name. I never like to hear a man talk about "Dear Jesus", although I can quite understand how sometimes the Lord brings us in such intimate fellowship with Himself that He seems so near to us that we can talk to Him after that fashion.

I remember a friend's telling me a few years ago this story of Alexander Grant, one of our great preachers of a generation ago. I never met him personally, but I heard him once, and I treasure the memory of that occasion. He died a comparatively young man, older than McChayne, but still a young man. This friend told me that once Mr. Grant was standing in the station when an immigrant train came into Winnipeg, and hundreds of foreigners were getting off. Someone who knew him spied him in a corner. He was standing back, almost hiding. And this friend came upon him: "Why, Mr. Grant," he said, "what is the matter?" Great tears were rolling down his cheeks. He did not know that anyone saw him; but with deep emotion he said: "Oh, brother, I am just wondering how all these people are ever going to be told about the Lord Jesus."

That was Nehemiah. That was his spirit.

Another told me that on a certain convention occasion he was billeted with Mr. Grant. They shared the same

room, and they talked for several hours. At last one said to the other: "Well, the morning will be here before we sleep. Perhaps we had better say 'Good night.'" They had had prayer together, and they said, "Good night," and turned over. Each supposed that the other had gone to sleep. But perhaps half an hour had passed when this man heard Mr. Grant say, so tenderly and sweetly: "Well, we have had a good time. Good night, Lord Jesus". And he said, "In just a minute Mr. Grant was sleeping like a child."

Oh, there may be tender passages between the soul and our Beloved in private like that! And yet, there are times when we need to remind ourselves how great God is. Nehemiah was about to place a very large order, and so he looked for a very large store. No use to go to a little corner grocery store when you have a big order to place. And so, if I may so say, he looked for the signs, and then he saw the name of the Proprietor, and then he prayed: "O Lord God of heaven, the great and terrible God".

How do you pray when you pray privately, my friends? To what sort of God do you address your petitions? You remember how the Psalmist said: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills" — Why? "From whence cometh my help." Then he says: "My help cometh from the Lord" — Who is He? — "which made heaven and earth." We have a great God. Let us remember that when we pray.

And then, blessed be God, we have a *covenant-keeping God*. "Great and terrible," said Nehemiah, but oh, "Thou art he that keepeth covenant and mercy". It is a great thing to be in covenant with God, is it not? You go somewhere, and you say: "I am afraid to knock. I do not know whether they will receive me, and even if they do, I don't know whether they will respond to any appeal at all."

Nehemiah did not go like that: he went to a God Who was in covenant with His people, and he knew that He never would break His covenant. Great and terrible as He was, he said: "He keepeth covenant and mercy for them that love him and observe his commandments."

I wonder how often do we remember the implications of that lovely ordinance that we observe when we come to the feast and hear Him say: "This cup is the new testament in my blood". When you drink the communion wine remember that we are in everlasting relationship to Him, the covenant-keeping God. It is a great thing to be able to pray after that fashion.

And then *he confessed his sin*. I wish you would notice Nehemiah's confession: "And confess the sins of the children of Israel." You can do that, cannot you? I can do that. I used to have a deacon here who once remarked to me: "Pastor, I am always a little bit suspicious of people who are supremely concerned about other people's sins." Have you known some people like that? They never have the slightest difficulty in confessing other people's sins. And of course, using the plural number, we can include ourselves. Yes; we are sinners! Of course we are. But that may mean that I am no worse than you, and you are no worse than I. But it is well to recognize that fact, notwithstanding. And so he said: "I confess the sins of the children of Israel, which we have sinned against thee." But don't forget, it is polite to mention the other person first. "You first, my dear Alphonse"! If we were all as unselfish as sometimes it would appear, what a world this would be!

You have heard of the two travellers at a little village hotel. When they had got nearly to the end of the meal there were two pieces of cake, the one a large piece, the other, small. One of them very politely passed the plate to the other, and he took the big piece of cake. "Well," he said, "You are a selfish man." "Well, what would you have done if I had passed the plate to you?" "I should have taken the smaller piece." "Well, you have it. What are you complaining about?" There are some people who are so polite that they give other people the opportunity of taking the big end of the load: "You first"! Now there are times when it is quite appropriate to name yourself first. Yes, if it is a dark night and the road is rough, do not be afraid to be a pioneer and let someone follow after you. When there is a noise at night, and your wife wakes up and is sure there is a burglar in the house, do not be too polite and let her go down first. You had better go and explore and make sure that he is not there.

But there are times when we may put ourselves first. And in this case Nehemiah put himself first. When he had made that general confession, he said: "Both I and my father's house have sinned." Perhaps he thought: "I have been here in Shushan and I have not been as concerned about my brethren in Jerusalem as I ought to have been."

I have seen the blessing of God, and so have you; I have seen the movings of God's Spirit on more than one occasion, and I have observed that very, very frequently when the Spirit of God comes upon His people they begin to pray in the first person, especially when they are confessing sins. "I have sinned": Not "forgive us", but "me". Oh yes! And then if you want a model prayer, study that prayer. I have not time to analyze all its details. But I remind you of this, that Nehemiah *pleaded the promises of God*. "Why," he said, "long ago Thou didst tell Thy servant, Moses, that if Thy people should forsake Thee, transgress against Thee, Thou wouldst scatter them abroad among the nations. But Thou didst also say, If ye turn, if ye really turn to Me, though ye be scattered to the uttermost parts of the earth, yet I will bring thee back again."

What should we do if we had not the promises of God's word to make the vehicles of our petitions? If the gracious will of our God were not revealed in this Book we should never dream what God has planned for us. I love to remind myself of that story of David, when he had sent for Nathan, his pastor, and said: "I dwell in an house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains. I should like to build an house for the Lord." Nathan said: "That is fine. Go and do all that is in thy heart." I can imagine his going home after hearing of David's desire to build a house for the Lord, and when he got home the Lord said: "Nathan I never said that. You go back and tell David you were wrong. Tell David I never asked anyone yet to build Me an house. When I want a house I will build one." Furthermore He said: Tell David this . . . And then He just drew aside the curtain and got David to look down through the centuries. He said to Nathan: "Tell David the Lord will build him an house. I don't want him to build Me one; I will build him an house." And when Nathan had delivered his message, David fell on his face, and poured out his soul before the Lord, and said: "Thou hast spoken of thy servant's house for a great while to come. And is this the manner of man, O Lord God?" Then he went

on to praise the Lord for all His promises, and he concluded his prayer by saying: "Thou, O Lord of hosts, God of Israel, hast revealed to thy servant, saying, I will build thee an house: therefore hath thy servant found in his heart to pray this prayer unto thee. I never would have guessed it, never would have dreamed it if I had been left to myself. I was just going to build an house of cedar." I think David saw Jesus that day: "Great David's greater Son".

Oh, yes, get the catalogue and see what they have in the store before you fill out your order. And that is what the Bible is. As you turn the pages you will see things there that would never enter your mind in the wildest stretch of your imagination.

#### IV.

That is what Nehemiah did. He found it in the Book and then having done that, see what happened. HE WENT INTO THE KING'S PRESENCE.

Nehemiah had always been a happy man, a cheerful servant, for he had never been sad in the king's presence before. I suppose he was a kind of perpetual sunbeam, an Old Testament "Sunny Jim". And no doubt the king delighted to have this cheerful, happy servant with him. It is a good thing to cultivate that spirit, if we can. It will do no harm; it is better to smile than to frown any time. But this time Nehemiah could not smile. If his invariable habit had been to be mournful and sad, his special frame of mind on this particular occasion would not have been noticed.

I have known people who were rather surprised if they were not missed when they stayed away from Church. And I have said to them: "Well, your coming is the exception rather than the rule. We are all surprised when you come. We have not time to be concerned about all the times you stay away." But if it is your habit to be there, then if anything happens that you are absent, everyone says: "Where is So-and-So?" I venture to say that if Brother Greenway is a little indisposed and not here, two or three hundred people will say: "What is the matter with Mr. Greenway?" Others could be absent for weeks together and not be missed. Not because they are less esteemed; not because of anyone's indifference; but it is just a habit, that is all.

This man was perpetually cheerful, and so the occasional sadness was remarked. The king looked at him and said: "What is the matter, Nehemiah? You are not sick; it is sorrow of heart. What has happened?"

Now mark this: When the king said that, Nehemiah said: "Then I was very sore afraid." You remember my referring to a certain minister who said he did not consider it his duty to be loyal to God if that interfered with his job. What does it mean when it says Nehemiah was sore afraid? I rather think it means this: He said: "If I tell him that all the time I have been living in Shushan the Palace, and delivering the cup into his hand, and trying to be faithful, that my heart has been with my own people who have been despised and rejected, for whom he has, perhaps, had little regard, what will he say? If I tell him that I am worried about Jerusalem perhaps he will say: 'Get that out of your mind. I don't want a man serving two masters. I want you to attend to business. Now cheer up.'" And he said: "I was very sore afraid." But the promise of God in his heart had to come out through the lips. He could not help it. "Job or no job," he said, "I will tell him." But before he told him he prayed to the God of heaven.

And then he told the king of the things he had heard about Jerusalem, and the sad state there, and the need of revival. "Well," said the king, "What would you like me to do? For what dost thou make request?" He said: "First of all, your majesty, I would like leave of absence. I want to go to Jerusalem myself, and I want to do something to help my brethren." Leave of absence! "How long a vacation would you like," said the king. "When will you return?" And he said: "I set him a time. If it please the king, let me go." And the king received him so graciously that he became bold and he said: "I have not any money to pay my fare. I want travelling expenses"; or, as he put it then: "If it please the king, let letters be given me to the governors beyond the river, that they may convey me over till I come into Judah." He asked for a special train and a special boat. It was a good thing that he prayed to the God of heaven before he began asking things like that. But that is what he did. Leave of absence, travelling expenses, and material for the work! He said: "I should like to have letters to the governors of the king's forests, so that I may have beams for the Lord's house." And the king granted all his request according to the good hand of God upon him.

So he arrived at Jerusalem, and when he arrived Sanballat and Tobiah knew why he had come, for they said: "Here comes a man who seeks the welfare of the children of Israel."

Oh, my dear friends, may we not thus pray! May we not thus expect that the God of heaven will answer our prayers and give us liberty to go where we need to go; give us means to travel, if need be; give us material for all our work, whatever it may be?

God did all this but He did it through a man, such a man as I have poorly described to you. But oh, may God help us all to be just such men, and just such women, who live to seek the welfare of the children of Israel, even the children of promise, who are counted for the seed.

Let us pray:

We beseech Thee, O Lord, to revive Thy work in every heart. There is not one of us who does not need it. Draw us nearer, O Lord, to Thyself, we beseech Thee. Let us, in this place see Thy power, even as we have seen it in the sanctuary. We have seen thousands within these walls confess their faith in Christ. O Lord, let us see it again in larger measure than we have ever seen it, and let it be apparent to all who shall observe us that we are a band of men and women whose hearts God has touched, a congregation of people so inspired by the Spirit of God that they live to seek the welfare of those who are without Christ, and who need salvation.

Hear us in these requests for Jesus' sake, Amen.

"Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it, with the washing of the water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church."—Eph. 5:25-27.

*Have You Answered the Editor's Letter Yet?*

## DEMAND FOR BIBLES IN HUNGARIAN, RUSS SURPRISES SOCIETY

By Samuel Campbell

**I**F YOU were to stand for a while in the lobby of the newly renovated Bible House on College St. during the noon hour rush and observe the colorful costumes and the faces of the people who come in to shop for Bibles in their own tongue, you might think you were in the rotunda of the United Nations building. And you would see, too, how the Bible business is booming in Toronto as sales — particularly of English, Hungarian and Russian copies — soar to unprecedented figures.

The other day an elderly Croatian woman — at least 80 years of age, helping herself along with a cane and wearing a colorful Yugoslavian shawl over her head — came in from Etobicoke to buy a Bible. She had fled from Europe with nothing but the clothes on her back and had been searching far and wide for nearly a year for the Scriptures in the language of her homeland.

### Everyone Stops

"Fortunately we had a Croatian Testament and were able to let her have it for the subsidized price of 75 cents," said the attendant. "I don't think I've seen anything quite like what happened. Everyone in the store stopped and looked in silence as this woman raised the Scriptures to her lips, kissed the book she had sought so eagerly and wept openly. As the big tears coursed down her wrinkled cheeks she repeated softly again and again: 'At last . . . a Bible in my own tongue.'"

Last year the Upper Canada Bible Society — the largest auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, Eng. — distributed more than 123,000 copies of the Scriptures in 53 languages from its Toronto headquarters. Every day workers load packing cases to be shipped by truck, train, helicopter, ship, pack-horse, dog-sled and riverboat to the ends of the earth.

### Many Want Russian

An unexplainable event in recent months at the bright new Bible House is the great demand for Bibles in the Russian language. One day an erect, middle-aged Russian, dressed like a Cossack with jackboots, long coat and black fur hat, got the surprise of his life when he purchased a Bible in his native Russian dialect for only \$1.50.

He said if he had been able to buy the same book at home it would have cost him the price of a load of hay or about 10 times as much.

A young Greek immigrant scholar was flabbergasted when he came in to buy a Bible in Greek. When it was wrapped and presented to him for \$1.75 he told the clerk the same Bible sold at home for \$15.

One outstanding thing the attendants in the Bible House notice about their customers who ask for Bibles in Arabic, Spanish, Turkish, Gaelic, Chinese, Urdu and 47 other translations is the fact that they never quibble over price. Their main objective is to get a Bible they can read. And most of them don't even ask the price until the clerk has their book packaged and ready to take home.

### In 110 Languages

Canadians today are reading the Bible in 110 languages . . . some 20 of these being various Indian and Eskimo dialects. After facing the cost of translation the Upper Canada Bible society subsidizes the sale of the Scriptures on an average of 60 per cent. To those who cannot pay

they are given free of charge. Often they are traded to the Eskimo for a fish . . . to the Indian for an egg.

For 20,000 blind Canadians the complete 39-volume Bible in Braille — seven feet long, weighing 150 pounds and priced at well over \$100 — is made available to sightless readers by the UCBS for less than \$10.

—Toronto Daily Star, Wed., Feb. 13, 1957

## AVOID ANXIETY FOR RICHES

Do not be over-anxious about riches. Get as much of true wisdom and goodness as you can; but be satisfied with a very moderate portion of this world's goods. Riches may prove a curse as well as a blessing.

I was walking through an orchard looking about me, when I saw a low tree laden more heavily with fruit than the rest. On a nearer examination, it appeared that the tree had been dragged to the very earth, and broken by the weight of its treasure. "Oh," said I, gazing on the tree, "here lies one who has been ruined by his riches."

In another part of my walk, I came up with a shepherd who was lamenting the loss of a sheep that lay mangled and dead at his feet. On inquiring about the matter, he told me that a strange dog had attacked the flock, that the rest of the sheep had got away through a hole in the hedge, but that the ram now dead had more wool on his back than the rest, and the thorns of the hedge held him fast till the dog had worried him. "Here is another," said I, "ruined by his riches."

At the close of my ramble, I met a man hobbling along on two wooden legs, leaning on two crutches. "Tell me," said I, "my poor fellow, how you came to lose your legs." "Why, sir," said he, "in my younger days, I was a soldier. With a few comrades, I attacked a party of the enemy, and overcame them, and we began to overload ourselves with spoil. I burdened myself with as much as I could carry. We were pursued. My companions escaped; but I was overtaken and so cruelly wounded, that I only saved my life afterwards by losing my legs. It was a bad affair, sir, but it is too late to repent of it now." "Ah, friend," thought I, "like the fruit tree and the mangled sheep, you may date your downfall to your anxiety for riches."

—SPURGEON

## REWARD OF GOODNESS SOMETIMES IMMEDIATE

Occasionally a benevolent action wrought in faith brings with it an instantaneous recompense in kind; therein Providence is seen as smiling upon the deed. The late John Andrew Jones, a poor Baptist minister, whilst walking in Cheapside, was appealed to for help by some one he knew. He had but a shilling in the world, and poised it in his mind to give or not to give? The greater distress of his acquaintance prevailed, and he gave his all, walking away with the sweet remembrance of the promise: "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again." He had not gone a hundred yards further before he met a gentleman who said: "Ah, Mr. Jones, I am indeed glad to see you. I have had this sovereign in my waistcoat pocket for a week past for some poor minister, and you may as well have it." Mr. Jones was wont to add, when telling the story: "If I had not stopped to give relief, I should have missed the gentleman and the sovereign too."—SPURGEON.



# The Soul-Winner's Life and Work

(Part II)

By Charles H. Spurgeon

"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise."—Proverbs xi. 30.

**T**HE PURSUIT OF THE BELIEVER SHOULD BE SOUL-WINNING. For "he that winneth souls is wise." The two things are put together — the life first, the effort next: what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

It is implied in our text that *there are souls which need winning*. Ah, me! all souls of men are lost by nature. You might walk through the streets of London, and say, with sighs and tears, of the masses of men you meet upon those crowded pavements, "Lost, lost, lost!" Wherever Christ is not trusted, and the Spirit has not created a new heart, and the soul has not come to the great Father, there is a lost soul. But here is the mercy — these lost souls can be won. They are not hopelessly lost; not yet has God determined that they shall forever abide as they are. It is not yet said, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still;" but they are in the land of hope where mercy may reach them, for they are spoken of as capable of being won. They may yet be delivered, but the phrase hints that it will need all our efforts: "He that *winneth* souls."

What do we mean by that word 'win'? We use it in love-making. We speak of the bridegroom who wins his bride; and sometimes there is a large expense of love, many a pleading word, and many a wooing act, ere yet the valued heart is all the suitor's own. I use this explanation because in some respects it is the very best, for souls will have to be won for Christ in this fashion, that they may be espoused unto Him. We must make love to the sinner for Christ; that is how hearts are to be won for him. Jesus is the Bridegroom, and we must speak for Him, and tell of His beauty, as Abraham's servant, when he went to seek a wife for Isaac, acted as a wooer in his stead. Have you never read the story? Then turn to it when you get home, and see how he talked about his master, what possessions he had, and how Isaac was to be heir of it all, and so on, and then he finished his address by urging Rebecca to go with him. The question was put home to her, "Wilt thou go with this man?" So the minister's business is to commend his Master and his Master's riches, and then to say to souls, "Will you be wedded to Christ?" He who can succeed in this very delicate business is a wise man.

We also use the term in a military fashion. We speak of winning a city, a castle, or a battle. We do not win victories by going to sleep. Believe me, castles are not captured by men who are only half awake. To win a battle needs the best skill, the greatest endurance, and the utmost courage. To storm fortresses, which are regarded as almost impregnable, men need to burn the midnight oil, and study well the arts of attack; and, when the time comes for the assault, not a soldier must be a laggard, but all force of artillery and manhood must be brought to bear on the point assailed. To carry man's heart by main force of grace, to capture it, to break down the bars of brass and dash the gates of iron in pieces requires the exercise of a skill which only Christ can give.

To bring up the big battering-rams, and shake every stone in the sinner's conscience, to make his heart rock and reel within him for fear of the wrath to come, — in a word, to assail a soul with all the artillery of the gospel, needs a wise man, and one fully aroused to his work. To hold up the white flag of mercy, and, if that be despised, to use the battering-ram of threatening until a breach is made, and then, with the sword of the Spirit in his hand, to capture the city, to tear down the black flag of sin, and run up the banner of the cross, needs all the force the choicest preacher can command, and a great deal more. Those whose souls are as cold as the Arctic regions, and whose energy is reduced to the vanishing point, are not likely to take the city of Mansoul for Prince Emmanuel. If you think you are going to win souls, you must throw your soul into your work, just as a warrior must throw his soul into a battle, or victory will not be yours.

We use the words "to win" in reference to making a fortune, and we all know that the man who becomes a millionaire has to rise up early, and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness, and it takes a deal of toiling and saving, and I know not what besides, to amass immense wealth. We have to go in for winning souls with the same ardour and concentration of our faculties as old Astor of New York went in to build up that fortune of so many millions which he has now left behind him. It is, indeed, a race, and you know that in a race nobody wins unless he strains every muscle and sinew. "They that run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize;" and that is generally he who had more strength than the rest; certainly, whether he had more strength or not, he put out all he had, and we shall not win souls unless we imitate him in this.

Solomon in the text declares that, "He that winneth souls is wise," and such a declaration is all the more valuable as coming from so wise a man. Let me show you why a soul-winner is wise. First, *he must be taught of God before he will attempt it*. The man who does not know that, whereas he was once blind, now he sees, had better think of his own blindness before he attempts to lead his friends in the right way. If not saved yourself, you cannot be the means of saving others. He that winneth souls must be wise unto salvation first for himself.

That being taken for granted, he is a wise man to select such a pursuit. Young man, are you choosing an object worthy to be the great aim of your life? I do hope you will judge wisely, and select a noble ambition. If God has given you great gifts, I hope they will not be wasted on any low, sordid, or selfish design. Suppose I am now addressing one who has great talents, and has an opportunity of being what he likes, of going into Parliament, and helping to pass great measures, or of going into business, and making himself a man of importance; I hope he will weigh the claims of Jesus and immortal souls as well as other claims. Shall I addict myself to study? Shall I surrender myself to business? Shall I

travel? Shall I spend my time in pleasure? Shall I become the principal fox-hunter of the county? Shall I lay out my time in promoting political and social reforms? Think them all over; but if you are a Christian man, my dear friend, nothing will equal in enjoyment, in usefulness, in honour, and in lasting recompense the giving yourself up to the winning of souls. Oh, it is grand hunting, I can tell you, and beats all the fox-hunting in the world in excitement and exhilaration! Have I not sometimes gone with a cry over hedge and ditch after some poor sinner, and kept well up with him in every twist and turn he took, till I have overtaken him by God's grace, and been in at the death, and rejoiced exceedingly when I have seen him captured by my Master? Our Lord Jesus calls His ministers fishermen, and no other fishermen have such labour, such sorrow, and such delight as we have. What a happy thing it is that you may win souls for Jesus, and may do this though you abide in your secular callings! Some of you would never win souls in pulpits; it would be a great pity if you tried, but you can win souls in the workshop, and in the laundry, in the nursery, and in the drawing-room. Our hunting grounds are everywhere: by the wayside, by the fireside, in the corner, and in the crowd. Among the common people Jesus is our theme, and among the great ones we have no other. You will be wise, my brother, if for you the one absorbing desire is that you may turn the ungodly from the error of their ways. For you there will be a crown glittering with many stars, which you shall cast at Jesus' feet in the day of His appearing.

Further, it is not only wise to make this your aim, but *you will have to be very wise if you succeed in it*, because the souls to be won are so different in their constitutions, feelings, and conditions, and you will have to adapt yourselves to them all. The trappers of North America have to find out the habits of the animals they wish to catch, and so you will have to learn how to deal with each class of cases. Some are very depressed, you will have to comfort them. Perhaps you will comfort them too much, and make them unbelieving; and, therefore, possibly, instead of comforting them, you will need sometimes to administer a sharp word to cure the sulkiness into which they have fallen. Another person may be frivolous, and if you put on a serious face you will frighten your bird away; you will have to be cheerful, and drop a word of admonition as if by accident. Some people, again, will not let you speak to them, but will talk to you; you must know the art of putting a word in edgeways. You will have to be very wise, and become all things to all men, and your success will prove your wisdom. Theories of dealing with souls may look very wise, but they often prove to be useless when actually tried: he who by God's grace accomplishes the work is a wise man, though perhaps he knows no theory whatever. This work will need all your wit, and far more, and you will have to cry to the great Winner of souls above to give you of His Holy Spirit.

But, mark you, he that wins souls is wise, *because he is engaged in a business which makes men wiser as they proceed with it*. You will bungle at first, and very likely drive sinners off from Christ by your attempts to draw them to Him. I have tried to move some souls with all my might with a certain passage of Scripture, but they have taken it in an opposite light to what it was intended, and have started off in the wrong direction. It is very difficult to know how to act with bewildered en-

quirers. If you want some people to go forward, you must pull them backwards. If you want them to go to the right, you must insist upon their going to the left, and then they go to the right directly. You must be ready for the follies of poor human nature. I knew a poor aged Christian woman who had been a child of God for fifty years, but she was in a state of melancholy and distress, from which nobody could arouse her. I called several times and endeavoured to cheer her up, but generally when I left she was worse than before. So, the next time I called to see her, I did not say anything to her about Christ or religion. She soon introduced those topics herself, and then I remarked that I was not going to talk to her about such holy things, for she did not know anything about them, for she was not a believer in Christ, and had been, no doubt, a hypocrite for many years. She could not stand that, and asserted, in self-defense, that the Lord above knew her better than I did, and He was her witness that she did love the Lord Jesus Christ. She scarcely forgave herself afterwards for that admission, but she could never talk to me quite so despairingly any more. True lovers of men's souls learn the art of dealing with them, and the Holy Spirit makes them expert soul-surgeons for Jesus. It is not because a man has more abilities, nor altogether because he has more grace, but the Lord makes him to love the souls of men intensely, and this imparts a secret skill, since, for the most part, the way to get sinners to Christ is to love them to Christ.

Beloved brethren, I will say, once more, he who really wins souls for Jesus, however he wins them, is a wise man. Some of you are slow to admit this. You say, — "Well, So-and-so, I daresay, has been very useful, but he is very rough." What does his roughness matter if he wins souls? "Ah!" says another, "but I am not built up under him." Why do you go to hear him to get built up? If the Lord has sent him to pull down, let him pull down, and do you go elsewhere for edification; but do not grumble at a man who does one work because he cannot do another. We are also too apt to pit one minister against another, and say, "You should hear *my* minister." Perhaps we should, but it would be better for you to hear the man who edifies you, and let others go where they also are instructed. "He that winneth souls is wise." I do not ask you how he did it. He sang the gospel, and you did not like it: but if he won souls, he was wise. Soul-winners have all their own ways; and if they do but win souls, they are wise. I will tell you what is not wise, and will not be thought so at the last, namely, to go about the churches, doing nothing yourself and railing at all the Lord's useful servants.

Here is a dear brother on his dying bed, he has the sweet thought that the Lord enabled him to bring many souls to Jesus, and the expectation when he comes to the gates that many spirits will come to meet him. They will throng the ascent to the New Jerusalem, and welcome the man who brought them to Jesus. They are immortal monuments to his labours. He is wise. Here is another who has spent all his time in interpreting the prophecies, so that everything he read of in the newspapers he could see in Daniel or the Revelation. He is wise, so some say, but I had rather spend my time in winning souls. I would sooner bring one sinner to Jesus Christ than unpick all the mysteries of the divine Word, for salvation is the thing we are to live for. I would to God that I understood all mysteries, yet chief of all would I proclaim the mys-

tery of soul-saving by faith in the blood of the Lamb. It is comparatively a small matter for a minister to have been a staunch upholder of orthodoxy all his days, and to have spent himself in keeping up the hedges of his church; soul-winning is the main concern. It is a very good thing to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; but I do not think I should like to say in my last account, "Lord, I have lived to fight the Romanists and the State Church, and to put down the various erroneous sects, but I never led a sinner to the cross." No, we will fight the good fight of faith, but the winning of souls is the greater matter, and he who attends to it is wise. Another brother has preached the truth, but he did so polish up his sermons that the gospel was hidden. Never a sermon was fit to preach, he thought, until he had written it out a dozen times to see whether every sentence would be according to the canons of Cicero and Quintilian, and then he went and delivered the gospel as a grand oration. Is that wise? Well, it takes a wise man to be a thorough orator; but it is better not to be an orator if fine speech prevents your being understood. Let eloquence be flung to the dogs rather than souls be lost. What we want is to win souls, and they are not to be won by flowery speeches. We must have the winning of souls at heart, and be red hot with zeal for their salvation; and then, however much we blunder according to the critics, we shall be numbered among those whom the Lord calls wise.

Now, Christian men and women, I want you to take this matter up practically, and to determine that you will try this very night to win a soul. Try this one next to you in the seat if you cannot think of anybody else. Try on the way home; try with your own children. Have I not told you of what happened one Sunday evening? In my sermon I said, "Now, you mothers, have you prayed with each of your children, one by one, and urged them to lay hold on Christ? Perhaps dear Jane is now in bed, and you have never yet pleaded with her about eternal things. Go home to-night, wake her up, and say, 'Jane, I am sorry I have never told you about the Saviour personally, and prayed with you, but I mean to do it now.'—Wake her up, and put your arms round her neck, and pour out your heart to God with her." Well, there was a good sister here who had a daughter named Jane. What do you think? She came on Monday to bring her daughter Jane to see me in the vestry, for when she woke her up, and began, "I have not spoken to you about Jesus," or something to that effect, "Oh, dear mother!" said Jane, "I have loved the Saviour these six months, and wondered you had not spoken to me about Him"; and then there was great kissing and rejoicing. Perhaps you may find that to be the case with a dear child at home; and, if you do not, so much the more reason why you should begin at once to speak. Did you never win a soul for Jesus? You shall have a crown in heaven, but no jewels in it. You will go to heaven childless; and you know how it was in the old times, how the women dreaded lest they should be childless. Let it be so with Christian people; let them dread being spiritually childless. We *must* hear the cries of those whom God has given to be born unto himself by our means. We *must* hear them or else cry out in anguish, "Give me converts, or I die." Young men and old men, and sisters of all ages, if you love the Lord, get a passion for souls. Do you not see them? They are going down to hell by thousands; as often as the hand upon the dial completes its circuit, hell devours multi-

tudes, some of them ignorant of Christ and others wilfully rejecting Him. The world lies in darkness; this great city still pines for the light: your own friends and kinsfolk are unsaved, and they may be dead ere this week is over. Oh, if you have any humanity, let alone Christianity, if you have found life, proclaim it to the dead; if you have found liberty, publish it to the captives; if you have found Christ, tell of Him to others. My brethren in the College, let this be your choice work while studying, and let it be the one object of your lives when you go forth from us. Do not be content when you get a congregation, but labour to win souls! and as you do this, God will bless you. As for us, we hope during the rest of our lives to follow Him Who is *The Soul-Winner*, and to put ourselves in His hands who maketh us soul-winners, so that our life may not be a long folly, but may be proved by results to have been directed by wisdom.

O you souls not won to Jesus, remember that faith in Christ saves you! Trust in Him. May you be led to trust in Him, for His name's sake! Amen.

#### THE CHRISTIAN'S REWARD

Am I poor? He cannot be poor to whom God's angels come every day and every night. Have I no riches here? I have all that every man owns on this earth, and all that God owns besides. I am an heir of God. I am joint heir with Jesus Christ.

You say, "That is a highfalutin notion." It is not. I am myself a witness, and I testify that this is so. I do own the beauty and the glory of this world because I am a child of God, and as such I am the heir of my Father. There is not a bird that flies that is not mine. There is not an insect that lives and enjoys its brief space of life that is not mine. There is not a mountain-top that is not mine. The very drapery of the heavens is mine. He is yours whom you love, and he cannot keep himself. And this is our reward.

—BEECHER

## HEAR Dr. H. C. SLADE

### TWO ILLUSTRATED MISSIONARY MESSAGES

in

JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH

Thursday, March 7, 8.00 p.m.

*Martinique, A Neglected Missionary Field*

Thursday, March 14, 8.00 p.m.

*Jamaica, a Needy Missionary Field*

**ALL WELCOME**

# A Missionary Travelogue

(MARTINIQUE TO JAMAICA)

THE expression on the faces of Pastor and Mrs. Itty as we left them at the airport at Fort de France, coupled with what we had observed for five days of the mighty task they have assayed, made us feel we wanted to do everything within our power to help.

Instead of flying by direct course from Martinique to Jamaica we returned via Virgin Islands to San Juan, Puerto Rico, where we spent another night. In our flight from San Juan to Jamaica we were not able to see much en route of the Dominican Republic or Haiti, but brief stops at Ciudad Trujillo and Port Au Prince gave us a glimpse of their exquisite beauty. The frosted-topped towering mountains with pine-forested slopes especially of Haiti were clearly in view from the air as our plane approached the airport. Any person interested in attractively carved mahogany bowls, plates and trays, would certainly have his taste gratified at either of these ports.

On our arrival in Kingston, Wednesday morning, February 13th, we were met at the airport by our good friend and veteran missionary pastor for twenty-nine years in Jamaica, Rev. J. W. Knight. Mr. Knight was accompanied by his brother-in-law Hector Batt, of Stouffville, Ontario, who together had driven that morning a distance of eighty-five miles to greet us and extend a hearty welcome. Mr. Stanley Harris, a well-known Christian worker both in Jamaica and Toronto, was also present.

The first matter to engage our attention after landing in Kingston was to discuss with a chief officer of the Immigration Department, in company with Mr. Knight, the possibility of sending into the island more evangelical missionaries. To our great satisfaction and joy we learned through this official there was really no barrier at present against men coming in from any part of the British Commonwealth; and if certain regulations were complied with, they would willingly receive missionaries from other countries as well.

Unlike Martinique, Jamaica is a land where, in the past, Evangelism has flourished. But, as in the case of Canada, Great Britain, and the United States the leading denominations including the Baptists, have gradually come under the control of modernistic leaders. The blighting effect of modernism on the churches and the missionary programme of the Jamaica Baptist Union has been tremendous. Although in the past twenty-five years the population of Jamaica has increased by at least twenty-five per cent, the Baptist churches during this same period have witnessed in membership a steady decrease. This condition of decline presents a very serious problem. Never in the history of the island has the need for evangelical preachers, who will courageously preach without compromise, been more urgent than now. Thank God for a few men here and there who are still standing for the faith once delivered, but if the fort of truth is to be held and an offensive launched, from some source, reinforcements must be forthcoming. Hence we are happy to know, so far as immigration is concerned, the door is wide open. The next step to be taken is for God's people to pray the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.

Jamaica is the largest island of the British West

Indies and is certain to play a major role in the newly-formed B.W.I. Federation. In size it is about twice as large as Prince Edward Island. It boasts a population at present of one and one-quarter million of which about ninety-five per cent is coloured. Two years ago the people of Jamaica celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of their existence as a member of the British Commonwealth. With religious liberty incorporated in the new constitution, to us it would appear that the time is opportune for evangelical advancement throughout the whole constituency of the British West Indies.

Nearly one week of our stay in Jamaica was spent at Clarksonville, an inland district near Cave Valley, in the home of Pastor and Mrs. John Knight. While there we got a clear insight into the pastoral life with all its heavy demands and numerous activities of one of the most devoted couples ever to graduate from Toronto Baptist Seminary. The writer is extremely proud to own such noble class-mates. When at Seminary Mrs. Knight was known as Miss Georgina Batt. After graduation from T.B.S. in 1929, the next step for them was amalgamation. Their honeymoon consisted of a trip to Jamaica to assume the oversight of three churches where they have been ever since. For the past twenty-nine years, with only two furloughs, they have laboured untiringly and successfully. In that time they have seen not only many, many precious souls brought to a knowledge of Christ, but a number of new cases in various needy areas established.

When ministering to Mr. Knight's people on the respective fields of Clarksonville, Mount Moriah, and Tweedside, which it was our privilege to do on at least six occasions, we were made conscious by the expression and audible consent of the audiences that we were preaching to a people who had been well indoctrinated in God's Word.

Probably the most unusual baptismal service we ever witnessed was held last Sunday morning at Clarksonville. The church auditorium, which comfortably seats five hundred, was not only filled but packed. And dear reader, I mean packed! I have never seen church pews so fully occupied as these were on that occasion. Following the preaching of the morning message, thirteen candidates were immersed upon profession of their faith.

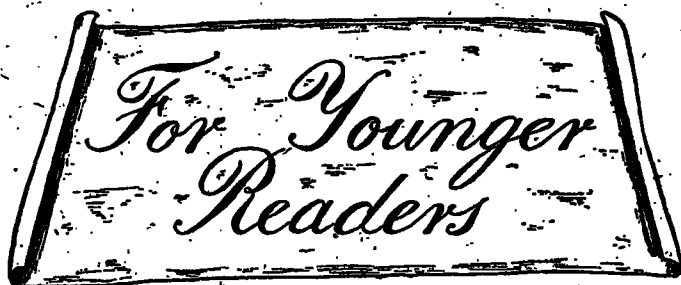
In addition to the regular preaching services to which we have referred, three meetings were held under the auspices of the International Council of Christian Churches. The first meeting was held in Kingston, with a capacity audience, at the Rehoboth church. During the question period following the message a request was made by a retired school teacher that another meeting of the same nature in a larger auditorium should be held. We returned for this second meeting last Thursday. The audience was much larger, and we have reason to believe that much good was accomplished by way of doing some spade work for the I.C.C.C.

At a meeting in Clarksonville last Monday afternoon which was attended by about twenty-five persons most of whom were preachers, a Consultative Committee of the I.C.C.C. was formed. It was wisely decided to take this step first and in the near future hold another meet-

ing to consider the advisability of organizing a Council of Churches. It was a joy to meet again Rev. G. W. Smith an old Seminary classmate whom we have not seen for years. Then, too, we met and were refreshed by the fellowship of James Green, another T.B.S. graduate. At the election of officers Mr Knight was appointed chairman and Mr. Smith secretary.

After a strenuous itinerary in the islands of Martinique and Jamaica, Mrs. Slade and I are now enjoying a few days of rest at Montego Bay where we arrived Friday noon. Already we have had some fellowship with our brother Michael Foster who for some years, when in Toronto, attended Jarvis Street Baptist Church. We are both looking forward to arriving home Thursday evening and being in Jarvis Street Church Sunday morning, March 8th, with the best people we know in the whole world.

DR. H. C. SLADE



#### MYSTERY AT BURBERRY HILL SCHOOL.

Fourteen young people, eight boys and six girls, dressed in the green and gold uniform of the Burberry Hill Grammar School, faced one another across the Common Room table. There was eager interest as a tall fair-haired girl rose to speak. Her keen blue eyes searched every face as tapping the table with a pencil, she said briskly. "Well, as promised, Dad has brought his lawyer's brain to bear upon our reasoning and he agrees emphatically there are far too many clues! First," she tapped off each one with the pencil, "Jock McGee was known to be the only one on 'Library Duty' yesterday. Second, *no one* ever goes for a library book on Wednesday afternoon." This was greeted with smiles and nods.

Wednesday was sports afternoon, and the library was always far from everyone's mind when a battle for mastery was being fought on the playing fields of Burberry Hill School. "So Jock," she went on, "would have had plenty of opportunity to break into the Headmaster's room which is next to the library, and steal a copy of the autumn exam papers if he wanted to. Third, Jock's pen-knife was found on the Headmaster's floor, near, mark you, the cabinet where the papers are kept! Now the floor is covered with lino by the cabinet, so if the knife had fallen Jock would have heard it, and if he had intended using it to pry open the drawer he would have been jolly careful to pick it up again. Then last of all; the envelope that had contained the exam papers was found sticking out — I emphasize *sticking out* of Jock McGee's mackintosh pocket!"

"Well now," Betty went on, "Dad suggests that Bob Chester goes to see Jock and questions him about his old associates."

Bob rose and reaching for his cap said, "Can I tell

Jock that we all believe him innocent, and that we are praying that the Lord will help us to prove it?"

"Oh yes, of course!" agreed everyone wholeheartedly as Bob left the room which the Fourth-formers had permission to use after school hours for a Scripture Union Class. Every member read a portion of the Bible every day and was therefore privileged to wear a little green and gold badge. Others in the school called it the 'Pi Club', but the young folk took it all in good part. There had been much speculation in the school when just a month previously, Jock McGee, one of the school's 'head-aches' had suddenly joined them. "What's McGee doing in the 'Pi Club'?" had been the general question. "It won't be 'Pi' long if he is there!" They had almost lost interest in 'Pi-Jock', as he was nicknamed, when the startling discovery of a burglary in the Head's room, while Jock McGee was alone in the library next door, roused it white-hot again.

Jock was asked to remain at home while further inquiries were being made. The Head was kindly and fervently hoping that Jock would be proved innocent, for the past month had certainly seen a great change in the once unruly, careless McGee. But, until further developments, Jock was better at home. If time should prove him guilty there was only one course open to the Headmaster, but he hated the word 'expulsion', so pursued the investigation with solemn purpose.

\* \* \*

Bob found Jock slumped in the armchair by the fire-side at his home. He smiled warily as Bob strode into the room.

"Chin up, old chap!" Bob slapped him on the back, then taking the chair opposite asked suddenly, "Have you an enemy, Jock?"

Jock looked startled at such a question then shook his head, "Not that I know of," he replied.

"Now think," Bob continued, "has anything happened, say since you were converted, to annoy or anger anyone?"

Jock hesitated for a moment then said, "No, I don't think so, except... well..."

"Yes," Bob urged.

"Well you know the kind of chap I was," Jock said ashamedly, "smoking and playing cards with Rooky Simms! Well, one day he got me to play for rather higher stakes than usual and well — I lost, and owed him 17/6d. It was the worry and fear of being found out that drove me to you."

"Yes, we thought you had something on your mind," Bob added.

"As you know, after that talk we had together, I gave my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. Next day I told Rooky that I was finished with him and his ways but I would pay every penny of the debt. Three days ago I paid him the last five shillings, and instead of being pleased he got himself all worked up and said he'd 'show the whole school that I was nothing but a cringing hypocrite' but," Jock continued as Bob let out an excited gasp, "it could not have been Rooky, for one of the maids who was polishing said no one entered the front corridor but myself between two and four o'clock, the time when the paper was taken."

Bob leaned forward. "Did you hear *any* sound while you were on library duty?"

"I don't think so. There was a whole lot of new books to list so I was kept busy."

"Yes, but think again. *Any* sound, no matter how insignificant."

"Well just the window cleaner. He spoke to me through the window and said he would like to change places with me as his was jolly hot work."

"Ah!" Bob leaned back with a thoughtful air.

"But the window cleaner isn't an enemy of mine," Jock hastened to add.

"No, of course not. Well I must go. Just one more question. Is Jackson of the Third one of Rooky Simms' victims?"

"Yes, I'm afraid he is."

Bob rose and gripped Jock's hand. "Good night, old chap, we all believe in you and are praying for you."

"Thanks," Jock said huskily then added. "Why should this happen just when I am seeking to live a true Christian life?"

"Well, Dad being a preacher would know how to answer that question better than I, but I'm sure it is a test to strengthen you. *Don't lose faith*, hold on, then when this is over you will be all the stronger, because you will have proved His Power to keep you."

Bob raced back and joined the others where after a hasty consultation some were detailed off for special tasks. One went off to interview the window cleaner, another wrote a letter on a torn piece of school paper and rushed off to post it, a third examined the flower beds underneath the Headmaster's window and even took a photograph, and while all this was going on Bob was closeted with the Head, who was eagerly agreeing to cooperate in a little operation scheduled to take place in the shrubbery next morning during break.

\* \* \*

10.45 a.m.—The Head was seen taking a stroll by the shrubbery.

10.46 a.m.—Bell went for break.

10.46.2 a.m.—Bob Chester races in the direction of the cricket pavilion, turns abruptly and disappears into the shrubbery.

10.47 a.m.—Jackson of the Third, looking rather white and scared seen lurking in the shrubbery.

10.48 a.m.—Rooky Smith strolls along, looks furtively from left to right, then slips into the shrubbery.

Shortly after the above events the frightened Jackson, standing beside a large laurel bush, was confronted by an angry senior. "What do you mean by sending me this?" Simms held out a torn piece of paper on which was written 'Come to the large laurel bush in the shrubbery during break. I know all about the theft of the exam paper.' Simms shook the shrinking boy furiously, "How do you know I stole the paper? Who told you? If you dare to breathe a word to anyone I'll . . ."

"All right Jackson, you may go." The Head's voice was stern as he stepped from behind the laurel bush followed by Bob Chester, and placing a firm hand on Simms' shoulder said "Come with me."

Simms seemed incapable of speech, but his crafty eyes narrowed cunningly as if he were thinking up some good excuse for the confession he had just made. Whatever it was no one ever knew, for on reaching the Head's study, there was the window cleaner to state that he left the ladder by the Head's window to get another bucket of water to do the library windows, and on returning, saw Simms walking away from it. And there was a newly developed photograph showing in the soil of the flower beds underneath the Headmaster's window, the unmis-

takable imprint of Simms' rather pointed shoes. Also there was a signed statement by one of the maids to say she had been rather puzzled to find finger prints on the outside of the Headmaster's windows shortly after the man had cleaned them. She had opened the window and rubbed them off, forgetting all about them until Bob Chester had questioned her.

Well, after that Simms crumpled up and confessed. To excuse himself he told of Jock's gambling debts, then how he had 'turned religious' and spurned his old companions, and that he, Rooky, had only meant this affair as a joke to bring McGee 'down a peg'. Then he got rather defiant and asked "How did young Jackson know it was I?"

"Oh," the Headmaster spoke quietly. "He did not know. That letter was written with my permission by someone else. I only told Jackson to go to the shrubbery during break where you would be waiting to speak to him."

"Well then I've been tricked!" Simms spluttered.

"Exactly," the Head replied, "but remember there is a text which says 'Be sure your sin will find you out'. *Yours* have found you out Simms, and I can only hope that you will do better at some other school." Then turning to Bob he said, "I feel it's time you went for McGee, and I will assemble the school and tell them the whole story."

The scholars of Burberry Hill rejoiced to know that the mystery of the theft had been solved. The masters rejoiced too. But most of all, the S.U. Class rejoiced, for they had a new influx of members, including young Jackson. Such was their rejoicing, that Jock McGee, viewing the well filled room, remarked to Bob Chester, "Bob, it was worth *everything* to see this!"

—The Child in the Midst

#### OUR EXAMPLE OF SELF-DENIAL

Alexander, when his army grew sluggish because laden with the spoils of their enemies, to free them from this incumbrance, commanded all his own baggage to be set on fire, that when they saw the king himself devote his rich treasures to the flames they might not murmur if their mite and pittance were consumed also. So, if Christ had taught us contempt of the world, and had not given us an instance of it in His own person, His doctrine had been less powerful and effective. But what an example we now find in Him, since he had not where to lay His head in life, nor a rag to cover Him in death, nor anything but a borrowed grave in burial. What manner of persons ought we all to be in unselfishness when we have such a Lord! He hath not said to us in matters of self-denial, "Take up thy cross and go," but "Come, take up thy cross and follow Me." Well may the soldiers endure hardness when the King himself roughs it among us, and suffers more than the meanest private in our ranks.

—SPURGEON

*Have You Answered the Editor's Letter Yet?*

# Bible School Lesson Outline

Vol. 21 First Quarter Lesson 11 March 17, 1957

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

## THE SUPERIORITY OF THE SON OF GOD

Lesson Text: Hebrews 1:1-14.

Golden Text: "Being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they."—Hebrews 1:4.

### Introduction:

No human author has subscribed his name to the Epistle to the Hebrews, although it is generally accepted that the Apostle Paul wrote it under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit some time between 64 and 67 A.D.

This Epistle is not addressed to any particular individual, as Titus or Philemon, nor to a specific church, as Colossians and Corinthians, but rather to a group belonging to the Hebrew race. Although primarily written to believing Jews in Palestine who were being persecuted for their faith in Christ, the author evidently has in view the wider circle of people who by birth or training were associated with the institutions of Judaism. Many had heard the Gospel and were on the fringe, as it were, of the Christian church. These must be exhorted to follow on to know the Lord.

The Epistle to the Hebrews is the divine commentary on the Book of Leviticus. It deals with the superiority of Christ, His Person, Priesthood and Ministry as Mediator of the New Covenant, to the Old Economy with its founders, priests and mediators. The key word "better" occurs some 13 times.

### Outline of Hebrews:

- I. The Theme: The Finality of Christianity: 1:1-4.
- II. The Superiority of Christ and the New Revelation: 1:5-2:18.
- III. The Superiority of Christ and the New Economy: 3, 4.
- IV. The Superiority of Christ and the New Worship: 5:1 - 10:18.
- V. Christianity as a Practical Religion: 10:19 - 12:29.
- VI. Personal Epilogue: 13.

### Exposition:

#### I. The Son of God Superior to the Prophets: verses 1-3.

It would be impossible to imagine the darkness and destruction which would have devastated this universe under the curse of sin and death, had not God Himself broken the silence to speak to man. The prophets of old were chosen to be God's spokesmen to reveal His will. The revelations of truth were given "at sundry times and in divers manners" or "in many parts and in many ways"; that is, they varied in substance and in form (Numb. 12:6, 8). They were given, for example, in declarations, commands, persons, acts, symbolic ceremonies and historical events, as interpreted by the Holy Spirit.

God spoke in times past, not merely through His prophets, such as Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Jeremiah, but He also spoke in them, as the power, majesty, holiness and love of God were made manifest in their lives.

But the ministry of the prophets was limited. In Christ God fully revealed Himself (Col. 1:19); the Lord Jesus Christ, His Son (Heb. 3:6; 5:8), is God's final word of truth to man. He is at once the Revealer and the Revelation, the Messenger of the truth and also the Truth Incarnate (John 14:6, 7).

The ministry of the Son of God as the final Revealer of God is illustrated by His relation to the Father. As His Sonship implies, He is the Heir of all things (Psa. 2:8; Matt. 21:38; Rom. 8:17; 1 Cor. 3:23) and the Creator of all things (John 1:3; 1 Cor. 8:6; Eph. 3:9). In Christ we have a full

manifestation of the Father's attributes, for Christ is the effulgence or reflection of God's essential glory (John 1:14; 2:11; 17:22-24), and He is the exact image or expression of the Father's Being (2 Cor. 4:4; Col. 1:15). As through the Lord Jesus Christ the Father wields His power in the natural world (Col. 1:16, 17), so also through Him the Father performed the stupendous work of redemption (2 Cor. 5:18-21; Heb. 9:14, 28). His mission of sacrificial atonement accomplished, the Son was given a position of honour at the Father's right hand (Psa. 110:1; Eph. 1:20, 21; Heb. 8:1), His glorious triumph duly won by vicarious suffering on behalf of humanity (Heb. 2:7-10).

#### II. The Son of God Superior to the Angels: verses 4-14.

For this final revelation of Himself in Christ, the Lord prepared the way, as is shown in the divine record, given to us in the Old Testament. The First Covenant was the fore-runner of the Second Covenant, the First being characterized by law, as the Second was by grace (John 1:17), and given through the mediation of angels (Acts 7:53; Heb. 2:2), as the Second was ratified through the mediation of Christ the Son of God (1 Tim. 2:5). In proving the finality of Christianity, God's revelation in Christ, the first step is to show the superiority of the Son, the Mediator of the New Covenant, over the angels, the mediators of the Old Covenant.

The angels are created, spiritual beings, and God assigned to them a lofty position; but the position of the Son, who is very God of very God, is vastly superior. His name is above every name. Seven Old Testament passages are cited in support of this truth.

Never in Scripture did the Father address an angel directly as His Son, but to Christ is assigned divine Sonship, as in the first three quotations (verses 5, 6; Psa. 2:7; 2 Sam. 7:14; Deut. 32:43, Greek Version). In His divine nature He is the unique, well-beloved Son (John 3:16; Rom. 8:29), and in His glorified humanity the risen Christ is the first-begotten, the beginning of the new creation (Acts 13:33; 1 Cor. 15:20-23). And again, the angels are indeed messengers of God, spiritual beings, holy and powerful (Psa. 104:4), but the Son is one with the Father; He is the King who gives the commands, joyfully executed by the angelic hosts (Psa. 45:6, 7).

Christ the Messiah, the Anointed One, has been assigned this elevated station above all others, because as God He loves righteousness and hates iniquity (Isa. 61:1, 3). His holy nature is superior even to that of the unfallen angels.

The Lord Jesus Christ has been consecrated to His holy office, not only because of superior qualities, but also because of His superior endowments (Heb. 2:16; 7:28). The mission of angels is affected by change, but the Son remains ever the same, and His dominion shall be for ever (Psa. 89:4; Isa. 9:7; Luke 1:33). They minister through the material universe, over which the Christ of God is supreme. They are created beings, but He is the Creator. The material world may decay, but the Son endures for ever (verses 10-12; Psa. 102:25-27).

The angels are holy attendants around the throne of God, ready to speed swiftly at the Father's behest and minister to those who shall be the heirs of salvation (Gen. 28:12; 32:1, 2, 24; Psa. 103:20; Luke 1:19, 26). We do not worship the angels (Rev. 18:10), but they with us worship God (Psa. 67:17), and we revere them for their greatness. The Son, on the other hand, sits upon the throne, sharing the power and authority of the King over all things (Psa. 110:1; 1 Pet. 3:22).

### Daily-Bible Readings

March 11—Christ and Righteousness .....	Psa. 36
March 12—Christ and the Word of God .....	John 1:1-14
March 13—Christ the Bread of Life .....	John 6:47-59
March 14—Christ the Light of the World .....	John 8:12-20
March 15—Christ the Door of the Sheep .....	John 10:7-18
March 16—Christ the Resurrection .....	John 11:20-27
March 17—Christ's Exaltation .....	Eph. 1:15-23

### Suggested Hymns

Join all the glorious names,  
 O could I speak the matchless worth!  
 Rejoice, the Lord is King!  
 Arise, my soul, arise!  
 The head that once was crowned with thorns.  
 Golden harps are sounding.

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*H. C. Slade*

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