THREEFOLD EQUIPMENT.

John 20: 20-22.

A sermon preached in connection with the Jubilee meeting of the Convention, Sunday evening, Aug. 25, 1895.

BY REV. W. W. WEEKS.

How strange and awful must have been the feeling of loneliness and desolation that filled the hearts of Adam and Eve the first night they saw the sun go down. Throughout the day when every scene was new, and every turn revealed some unexpected marvel to charm the eye and rivet the attention, they would not observe the sun's silent march toward the west. But when at last the great eye of day closed, and twilight shadows deepened into midnight blackness, their fear must have reached the border of despair. With some such feeling, I think, the disciples gazed at Calvary. During the three and a half years of Christ's public ministry, they basked in the sunshine of His presence, nor ever dreamed that it could fail them. As each new day revealed some fresh marvel of wisdom and power and grace, they saw almost within their grasp the coveted crowns and thrones and empires. But even while they were struggling among themselves for the choicest of the spoils their sun went down behind the cross, and the brilliant day gave place to a night without a star. The blows that nailed their leader to the tree, broke down the fairy castles they had reared and sent them forth to grope in the darkness as social and political outcasts.

How joyful must have been the experience of our first parents when, after a few hours darkness, they saw the streaks of light in the east and watched as gray and gold fought it out on the horizon, and gold won and the shadows vanished, and the great eye of day opened and shed new glory over all the world. At that moment, all their fears were drowned in a flood of new found joy. With similar gladness, I think, the disciples gazed at Joseph's empty tomb, and afterward greeted their risen Lord as he opened to them the door of a larger hope. Then out of the ashes of their shattered ideal, there arose a truer and a grander Christ, the real; not simply a Messiah to deliver Israel from Roman bondage, but a Saviour to deliver a race from sin. Not a discipleship of princely ease and luxurious indolence, but a discipleship of active co operation with him in the work of emancipating men. Not a kingdom to be established and maintained with the sword and the spear, but a kingdom established and maintained in righteousness and truth. And as the light of that larger gospel shining upon the apostles, changed the whole current of their lives and sent them forth to the accomplishment of noble deeds, so, too, will it influence your life and mine. Let us then forget the nearly nineteen centuries that lay between us and the scene of the text, and catching the words fresh from the lips of our risen Lord try and learn their meaning. There are three points which seem to me conspicuous in this text, and which embrace the three great elements of power in the christian worker. First, Revelation, "He showed unto them his hands and his sides." Second, Commission, "As my father hath sent me even so send I you." Third, Inspiration, "He breathed on them, and said, receive ye the Holy Ghost." Let us briefly consider these points in the order named.

I. Revelation. God does not demand of us an ignorant devotion. Whenever he calls for faith or service, he offers a solid rock of reason on which to stand. Jesus first reveals himself to the soul and then commissions it to go into all the world. Looking closely into that revelation in the upper room we find—

1. He revealed his wounds as the ground of their peace. He saith unto them, "Peace be unto you," and when he had so said, he showed unto them his hands and his side. The supreme need of our young people is a personal experience of, and an abiding faith in the saving power of the blood of Jesus. With the stealth of the serpent there is creeping into many of our churches today a spirit which, if it does not deny, persistently ignores this fundamental article of the christian faith. A mock refinement is crying out against what it is pleased to call "a gospel of the shambles." If by that is meant substitution or salvation through the blood of Jesus, then without hesitation I say we must preach a gospel of the shambles. Christianity without the blood is a lifeless thing. It may be as fair as an angel in its ethics, you may robe it in garments of profoundest thought, lay it in a casket of an orthodox creed, and deck it with the rarest flowers of rhetoric oratory, but if there be not coursing through it the blood of vicarious sacrifice, it is only a corpse, and can never save a perishing humanity. Like the celebrated statue, the Venus of Milo, it may have a face to charm the eye, but it has no arms to help the fallen. What the vowels are to our alphabet the blood is to our gospel. Take them away and with all the other letters you cannot form a word. The vowels are the tongue that speaks in our literature, and the blood is the tongue that speaks in our gospel. Without it the whole system is dumb. It whispers no word of comfort for the fallen, it tells of no cleansing for the sin-stained. We hear much to-day from the press and the platform about the church of the future. The church of the future will be the church that makes most of the blood. If the rising generation of Baptists are to lead in the great conflict with the powers of darkness, they must know by personal experience the soul-cleansing and life giving power of the cross.

2. He revealed not only his wounds as the ground of their peace, but his sufferings as the incentive for service. "He showed them his hands and side and said as my Father hath sent me even so I send you." It was as though he said, "Do you see what I have done for you, then for my sake you should do the same for others." Too often we act from inferior motives and therefore attain only to inferior positions. The needs in our own soul, in the church, in the denomination and in the world are persistently pressed as motives for sacrifice and service for others, but there is a motive which towers above these as the matter-horn towers above a mole hill, and that is love to Jesus. In his touching interview with Peter just before his return to the Father's right hand, our Lord said, "Simon, lovest thou me? feed my sheep, Simon, lovest thou me? feed my lambs." Not love for the sheep nor love for the lambs, but love for himself is here laid down as the motive for service. This lifts our activity out of the darkness of selfishness into the light of self-denial. In this we make even the salvation of men but a means to an end, and that end is the placing of a crown of supreme glory upon the brow of our Saviour King. To you, my younger brethren and sisters, let me say that if you would secure the largest possible results in the christian warfare, you must keep before you a crucified Saviour as your example and your incentive. Of old it was said that they fought best who stood nearest the King. Because sin smote our Saviour we will fight it to the end; and because our King desires sinners we will take them for him at any cost. On every cross we carry, on every burden we bear, on every service we perform, let us write, as Paul worte to the Corinthians, *For Jesus Sake.*

3 In this revelation I see another thought, and that is Christ risen the workers guarantee. He was sending them forth upon the most stupendous mission the Creator ever gave to the creature. It was to begin a warfare that must last for centuries; the battle field was the whole globe, while arrayed against these eleven men were all the powers of darkness. They might well ask what hope have we in such unequal contest. His answer is, I myself. Did I not single handed vanquish sin and death and have I not come forth a victor o'er the grave. If alone I won the victory over these, are there any foes remaining that I may fear to meet? With the King chained to my chariot and his mightiest fortification demolished, can I not lead you to the overthrow of the fragments of his broken army that remain? This, then, is our guarantee. Not the largeness of our membership nor the abundance of our educational and financial resources, but our conscious union and co-operation with a risen and aggressive Christ. Far be it from me to belittle organization or educational and financial endowment, but the guarantee of our ultimate triumph rests not upon these but upon the shoulders of Him who in resurrection power sits on the right hand of God. This then is the first item in our equipment for the largest service. A personal revelation of the risen Christ to the soul as the ground of our hope, the motive for our service and the guarantee of our success.

II. Commission. Having revealed himself to his disciples he proceeds to give them a commission based upon that revelation. "As my Father hath sent me even so send I you." Let us look for a few moments at the mission of the Son of Man into this world that we may learn something of the nature of our own.

1. It was voluntary. God did not lay an almighty hand upon the Son and force him down into the world to become its Saviour. Trace his course from the time when he laid aside his glory with the Father and took his place as a helpless babe in Bethelem's manger to the time when the opening heavens received him back to the throne, and every step was freely taken. What he did he would have done had there been no will but his own to consult. And as it was in his case so it is in ours. God will not force us into service nor will he accept our deeds when performed from other motives than grateful love to him. How strongly has Christ expressed this thought where he says, "If any man will be my disciple let him take up the cross." It is not make him, but let him, it is not bear the cross, but take it up. The measure of our willingness to do God's will is the real measure of our power in his service. The great lack in our churches today is not power but voluntary submission; not where are our forces, but how can we harness them to the gospel chariot? To this question there is but one answer. By each individual christian voluntarily bending his neck to the yoke of Christ. Submission everywhere is the measure of power. The great work of science is not to create forces, but to subdue and control them. The miller's wheel and the sailor's canvass, the engineer's boiler and the electrician's battery are the yokes placed on the neck of nature, subduing her forces to the will of man. That there are in wind and wave and electricity, as yet undreamed of powers, no one will deny, but until some one finds a yoke by which they may be harnessed they are no benefit to man. Standing at Niagara, I was impressed with the thought of its unused energy. In that rushing torrent there is ample force to drive all the machinery on the continent, but it turned not a single wheel to weave a yard of cloth or grind a peck of grain, and this was not because of lack of power, but because it would wear no yoke upon its neck. So too as we look into our churches today, we see an abundance of power, social, intellectual and financial, but our work is languishing because these forces are not voluntarily submitted to the will of Christ. When he was sent by the Father he laid every power of heart and brain, aye, he laid himself upon the cross a sacrifice to his Father's will. My brother, my sister, he will force no work upon you or me, but he lays before us his yoke and asks us to take it and wear it for his glory.

2. Not only are we sent in the same spirit as Christ, but we are sent on the same mission. He came to seek and to save the lost; and it is on that same mission that he sends us forth. To so-called philosophers and scientists man may be the wonderous development of a primordial germ, but to the child of God he is a lost sinner. Not a creature rising to the dignity of an angel, but one that is sinking to the level of a demon, and who can be saved and saved only by personal faith in and union with the crucified Son of God. An essential element in our equipment for work is Christ's conception of the sinner's need. He looked upon man, not as a savage to be civilized nor an ignoramus to be educated, but as a sinner to be saved. Like him we are to be Saviours using all our powers to lead men to the Great Physician. Recently I heard myself described by a street urchin as "A journeyman soul saver." Would to God I was worthy of that title, for if I was I would wear it with greater joy than ever warrior wore his stars. Most of us I fear are scarce apprentices as yet in the great workshop of our Master. When once within the fold ourselves, we are prone to forget or ignore the lost ones who are out in the storm, beaten by the pitiless tempest of sin. That soul that is content to rest in indifference while sin rages with unabated fury is a soul which has never felt the vitalizing power of Jesus. As Christ looked upon the suffering multitude about him he was moved with compassion and so would we be if our souls were in touch with him. Look abroad to-day and what do we see? A deluge of tears. Everywhere they are falling, over the cradle, the casket and the marriage ring; through blinding tears a weary race is groping its way toward the grave and into an eternity, where forever they weep and wail and gnash their teeth. Unless we act and act quickly they will soon have passed beyond our reach. Jesus has commissioned us to go to their rescue. To stand and argue about the possibilities of a second probation while ignoring the opportunities of the present is to gamble with the devil with souls for stakes.

3. Not only are we sent in the same spirit and on the same mission, but we are sent with the same instrument. Jesus was sent into the world with a simple story of a Father's love, and a cross upon which to exhibit it. How striking the contrast between his simple service as by the sea shore, on the mountain side, in the city streets or the upper room he told the blessed news to the dying, and the pomp and glare of ritualism as seen in the Hebrew temple. I believe that one of the dangers confronting our churches is a departure from the simple services of our fathers. The cast off rags of ritualism which they spurned, are being gathered up and used to decorate our churches. I wonder if Baptists of fifty years ago would recognize in the chanted prayers and responsive readings and all the rest of this "As-it-was-in-the-beginning-is-now-and-ever-shall-be-ism," the outgrowth of that simple service through which they held communion with Jehovah. It may be urged that a simple service was sufficient for these pioneers but we must have embellishments if we are to keep pace with other churches. I have heard it seriously stated that in order to keep our young people from leaving us for more ritualistic bodies we must give them at least a small measure of these carnal delights. Let me ask you, has the experiment proved a success? On the contrary, have not these churches become the primary departments from which many of our young people have graded into the higher schools of ritualism. Not only so but this sensuous worship has failed to develop the highest christian manhood and womanhood among the members who remain. You may scoff and sneer if you please at what you term old-fogyism, but the fact remains that these old fogies were christian giants. They fed on the bread and water of life given them by Jesus himself and turned with contempt from the stale pastry of a cheap formalism prepared by whining ritualists. It is said that on one occasion an Englishman and a Scotchman were discussing the relative merits of the two nations. As the Scotchman ordered his oatmeal for breakfast, the Englishman sought to end the controversy by saying, "We feed to our horses in England what you give to your men in Scotland." With a twinkle in his eye Sandy answered, "Aye mon, but where did you ever see such horses as they have in England or such men as they have in Scotland." So you may laugh if you will at the old fashioned service of our fathers but where can you find today on our Baptist minister-roll names to compare with those of Harding and Crandall, Manning and Cramp, Robinson and Emmerson, and scores of others which might be named. In competition with our modern Baptists one of these old heroes could chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. The question is frequently asked why is our growth today so slow as compared with the growth of fifty years ago? Largely, I believe, because of our change of method. A half century ago our Baptist churches stood out clear and distinct from all surrounding bodies and aimed to attract men not by a beautiful service but by spiritual force; and when we return to Apostolic faith and practice we may expect a return of Apostolic power. As we go to Jesus and not Moses for our doctrines so must we go to the mount of Beatitudes and not to Sinai for our ritual. Here, then, we have what I conceive to be the second article in our equipment for larger service. Each individual believer accepting a personal commission from Jesus Christ to go into the world's darkness preaching the glad tidings. A return to primitive christianity in form as well as in faith and the centreing of our forces on the saving of souls.

III. Inspiration. I now come to the third and last point on which I wish to speak, the inspiring power of the Holy Spirit. "He breathed on them and said receive ye the Holy Ghost." We have been so busy multiplying our machinery that we have largely forgotten or ignored the Spirit. If our young people would win great victories in the years that are to come they must—

1. Have a full acquaintance with the Spirit weapon. It used to be that the name Baptist meant a man who knew his Bible, but today you will find in all our churches, young men and women who can throw back their heads and turn their eyes toward the sky and sing like seraphs, and yet they know practically nothing of the teachings of God's word. I believe it is right to instruct our young people in the history of our denomination and the deeds of our Baptist heroes, but far beyond all this is the importance of instructing them in the Word of God. Only as they individually drink from this fountain of truth, will they become strong to resist the assaults that are now being made on the doctrines of the cross. In the city where I live the water supply is not the best in the land. When a vote was taken on the question of city control of the work, I met a large property holder, who seemed to care little about the question. On enquiring into the cause of his indifference he replied, "Because I have a well of my own." Each child of God should have a well of his own sunk deep into the "impregnable rock of holy scripture," and then will he be safe from the poisonous streams of so-called new theology. The living stream of truth while it fertilizes every plant of holiness, destroys every weed of sin.

2 They must have a larger measure of the Spirit in the life. Without this all else is vain. A perfect carbon will give no light until, by means of the wire it is in union with the electric current. So, too, we at best are but black carbon, and only as we are filled with the Spirit will we shine for God. How may I be thus filled? may be asked. The answer is, by being emptied. The Spirit will occupy all the space we make for him in our lives. For a long while electricians were puzzled to secure a steady white light, but at last they made a vacuum and in that the current shone. So, too, as we are emptied the Spirit will shine out of our lives and all shall see its glory and feel its power.

Here, let me leave the subject with you my young brethren and sisters. Jesus stands before you as he stood before the disciples in that upper room. He shows you his hands and his side, and bids you go forth into the world as he went. These wounds are tokens of what you may receive, but it is only through the discipline of his service that we can grow. The cross on which Christ endured supreme agony is today the throne of his glory. His hands were pierced for sin before they could sway the sceptre over human hearts. His feet must be spiked to the cross, if he would have the earth for his footstool. His brow must first be crowned with thorns, if it is to wear the crown of eternal glory.

God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn.
Would we ask why?
It is because the noblest things
Are born in agony.

Only upon some cross of pain and woe,
God's Son must lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin
Must know its Calvary.

But between Calvary and glory there were only a few days. While Jesus was seeking to bless others, the Father was preparing glory for him. As it was with Christ, so will it be with us. Blessedness will search out those who are seeking to bless others. Can the warm spring sun shine upon a mountain of snow and ice, and the streams not go laughing and leaping towards the sea? Can a fair summer morning break in radiance o'er the earth and the birds not make the forest vocal with their songs? Or can the kiss of convalescence press the pale cheeks and parched lips of an invalid, and the life not thrill with gladness at the sure return of health? No more can there be the rising of the sun of righteousness in the life, and the conscious co-operation with Jesus in the saving of men and the soul not thrill with the joy of the Holy Ghost. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion which cannot be removed, but abideth forever," and "He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

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Fear nothing so much as sin, and your moral heroism is complete.—C. Simmons.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

To store our memories with a sense of injuries is to fill that chest with rusty iron which was made for refined gold.—Seeker.

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Commend a fool for his wit or a knave for his honesty, and he will receive you into his bosom.—Fielding.

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By gambling we lose both our time and treasure, two things most precious to the life of a man.—Lavater.

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Not even hope, can always soar and sing;
Sometimes it needs must rest a willing wing,
And pause in midst of its glad carolling.
Faint not, dear heart, though it rest over night,
Its wings are swifter than the wings of light;
'Tis gaining strength for more enduring flight—
Fret not because its voice is sometimes still,
It may be catching some new lilt or trill,
'Twill sing again, all of its own sweet will.

Perhaps when worn with pain, in darkened room,
Denied the light, the perfume and the bloom,
There'll come a little rift within the gloom,
And then a stir, as of unfolding wings,
And low sweet notes, as one who tries the strings
In tender prelude, just before he sings,
And wakened hope, grown vigorous and strong,
Will then surprise the silence with a song—
Keep up thy heart, hope never slumbers long.

OUR BLESSINGS.

A young girl in describing the grand and beautiful scenery near Cape Blomidon, where she is enjoying her summer vacation, thus closes a private letter to an aged friend, showing that all young girls are not frivolous, nor their thoughts given to pleasure:

"But we have a great deal to be thankful for. When we compare all our blessings with our misfortunes do not the former far exceed the latter? We have the warm rays of the sun, the cool shades of the trees, the singing of the birds, the budding and blossoming of the flowers, the harmonies of the wind and sea, an appreciation of the beautiful in nature, youth and health, the use of our limbs, sight, hearing, and the use of all our faculties, comfortable homes, kind friends and our loved ones; we have these and many, many other things to be thankful for. Our hearts should be full and running over with joy and gratitude to the All-wise Providence who rules and governs the winds and the tides. In a town where we are so occupied with our business and pleasure there is but little time to look around, or within us; but an experience such as we had this summer, enjoying nature in its simplicity and beauty, is grand and highly useful. It enables us to sit down quietly and think over our past lives and make plans for bettering them in the years to come. As Young says, "'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours." Now much time is spent on self. Sometimes I really feel so ashamed of myself for spending so much time in planning how to enjoy myself when that time might have been employed to a much better purpose. But, after all, we are only human and therefore often err.

To be happy is of far less consequence to the worshipers of fashion than to appear so.—Colton.

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who found, on examining my lungs, that the upper part of the left one was badly affected. He gave me some medicine which I took as directed, but it did not seem to do any good. Fortunately, I happened to read in Ayer's Almanac, of the effect that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral had on others, and I determined to give it a trial. After taking a few doses my trouble was relieved, and before I had finished the bottle I was cured."—A. LEFLAR, watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

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