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# Home Department Magazine

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## First Quarter, 1917

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# Home Department Magazine

VOLUME VII.

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## Our Secret Cares.

WM. LUNSFORD, D.D.

THE world is full of those who carry them, but the world doesn't know them. They are bright and cheerful without. They say good morning in a pleasant way, and make no complaint; yet, if you could pierce beneath the surface, you would find a secret care. It is destroying the life, but the world must never know.

*Sometimes it is physical.* Some secret malady is working away. The physician is visited, and they come away with the sentence of death. It may not be executed speedily, but hangs like a dark cloud over the life. It is amazing how many men and women are like that.

*Sometimes it is domestic.* Many a shadow lies on the home life, but the world doesn't suspect it. It is never spoken of in the home. No one would be allowed to do so on the outside. You know it is there. The wife, husband, son or daughter; these represent, or some one of them, the burning point of pain in the life.

*That care may be financial.* How often is it true that some financial crash sweeps down on some prominent man in the community, and you say: "I never dreamed of that." Maybe not, but he did. Long before the hour of failure it had been a secret care with him. For years it has been almost unbearable. For years he has been carrying his burden with smiles and a brave heart, but there were tears in his heart all the time.

*That secret care may be a moral one.* Sin has fastened itself upon your life, the result of some unguarded hour of passion, and entanglements of a serious nature have followed. You would die if that sin were exposed; and so you struggle on. There is the awful fear that some of these days exposure will come. Sometimes you forget it, but only for a little while. Life becomes a long serious task of concealment, with the terrible thought that by and by the matter will out.

In a Southern city, not a great while back, an officer stepped up to his chief and laid the handcuffs on him. Years ago this man committed a crime and went away. Since that hour the memory of it pursued him with a persistence and a fury that knew not how to relent. For years he had been trying to

live down that crime and get away from its awful shadows. For years his life had been above reproach; for years he had been the chief conservator of the peace in his home town; for years he had been trying to push back the black shadow of that awful day, but it would not down. The shadow of that day pursued him. He was a man with sackcloth upon his flesh, a man with a secret care.

*It is a poor way to deal with a secret care to try to fight it out alone.* There may be heroism in that, but it is likely to end in a breakdown. A secret care cannot be cured apart from either the sympathy of men or the love of God. And while it would be a mistake to talk to many about your care, there is one somewhere that ought to know.

There may be those who talk their cares and sorrows to others, until there is disposition to dread and shun their society. There are those who make it a habit to talk about their sorrows and weaknesses and make confessions of them in religious meetings. This is not the true way of dealing with the secret cares of life.

Paul did not do this. He tells us of his, but he never tells what it was. He does not keep it to himself, however. The true way is not to fight alone.

*But tell it to the Lord.* "I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me." And while it is true that there is someone, somewhere, that you might do well in telling your care to, the better way is to tell it to God.

*Don't forget as you go along that the time will come in your life when that care will be revealed.* You may not intend it, but it shall be done. It may be in some unguarded or involuntary moment. In life there may come a revealing when you did not intend it, and that secret care shall stand out to the world. What will be the effect? It will show up some people better. Their friends will think better of them afterward. It will give you a better standing. I say that may be true. The world often thinks better of a man after it has found out about his care, and what he has borne so long in silence.

Sometimes the revelation is not made till death. Then some bit of diary, a letter or

memorandum, tells how good and self-sacrificing they were. Death is sometimes very beautiful in life's revolutions. In one of the big stores of New York there was a young lady who bore the appearance of one with a secret care. She was very competent, and drew a good salary, but was often so plainly that her friends were disposed to remark with her for an apparent lack of pride. Usually she was bright and cheerful, but upon the whole it was impossible to avoid the impression that in her life there was a secret anxiety of some kind. She was missed from the store. Inquiry revealed the fact that she lodged in the upper story of one of those tall tenement houses, and where rent for that reason was reduced. When they found her she was dead, and now the secret was out. Now they understood why she did not dress so well as some others whose compensation was nothing like hers. She was keeping a brother in college, and taking care of her old father. We have no way sometimes of finding out the beauty in the

character of some until revealed in the solemn light of death.

There is a lesson to be learned. Be more kindly disposed to other people. Do not be quick to judge them. If you only knew, you would think better of them. If we only knew how the men and women we meet come to be what they are, we would have more sympathy for them. That criticism of manner, that sour temper, that morose disposition, may be the result of some bitter disappointment, some mistake or blunder, or something for which we were in no wise responsible, that has laid a deep and killing care upon the life.

Cast your care upon him who said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." When we do that, he will take the bitterness away. He will place over us the white robe of forgiveness. And thus will he hide our cares beneath the robes of those who are made white in the blood of the Lamb.

## Jessie Tries To Play.

ABELLA WESTCOTT NOTES.

I SEVERAL years ago, while teaching a class of little girls in a large Sunday school in the city, I had in my class a meek, quiet, serene, serious faced little Miss who at first was a puzzle to me. She was not more than seven years old, but with the ways of a grown woman. I couldn't get her to be noisy, jolly, smiling and cozily natural like the other little girls. She seemed to be under some sort of unnatural constraint—something which made her quiet, prim and serious rather than not.

After I had visited Little Jessie Parks in her mother's home I understood. They occupied lovely rooms in a beautiful apartment house in which children were not allowed, but because Jessie's father was a friend of the house agent, and because Jessie was such a quiet child they had been allowed to keep the apartment, and little Jessie had spent her whole life there. Adjoining their apartment on the same floor were some nervous, irritable people who would certainly have complained if the little girl had been permitted to make a noise, as her whole life had been a play-act and unnatural one. She had been hushed up and made to keep quiet all her life! I had never seen a child which showed such remarkable evidence of having lived a repressed life.

Usually in order to help little Jessie, I gave a party at my home one May afternoon to the little girls of my Sunday school class,

and again I had new evidence that she had been denied the right which every child should have. This little girl actually didn't know how to play, but would stand and watch the other little girls, with a serious look upon her face, as if she didn't understand all this gladdening, laughter and fun. Yet she was bright, intelligent, beautiful, lady-like and wise in many respects beyond her years, although too prim and serious for a girl of seven short years.

I was always hoping I could do something to bring more brightness into her life than was possible at a short afternoon party. And an opportunity came the summer following the party in May. I spent my vacation at my old home in Wisconsin, and as Jessie's father and mother were going to spend a portion of the summer in Canada I persuaded the mother to come by our home and leave her little daughter with us until she and her husband returned, and it was so arranged. We lived in a large, roomy, charming, old-fashioned house on the outskirts of a small town.

There were many orchards in the surrounding country—especially a great many cherry trees, and home arrived just at the time the trees were full of dark red cherries. The next day after she came we planned an all-day visit to the farm of a friend of my mother's, who had a number of cherry trees loaded with fruit. As there was a large

family of us girls, we went in a big roomy lumber wagon—my mother and seven or eight of my sisters, most of them younger than myself, with a brother almost grown to drive the wagon. We started early in the morning, carrying a number of baskets and buckets, as we intended to pick a good many cherries, giving the lady who owned the orchard a portion of what we picked to pay her for those we carried home to can and preserve.

Little Jessie had never taken a trip to the country like this before. She was a typical little girl of the city, and worse still, a typical apartment house girl. She had never seen an orchard of beautiful green trees, with an abundance of dark red fruit gleaming amid the thin green leaves. She had very likely never seen a cherry tree loaded with cherries. The only cherries she was accustomed to see were doubtless in buckets in city fruit stores, where she bought them in small paper sacks. I had told my mother and sisters all about the repressed life this dear little girl had led in the city, and we all determined that today she should have "the time of her life"; that we would be as jolly and happy as we could, in order to "bring her out of herself", and make her enjoy the day.

She was her usual quiet self on the way to the farm, but when we reached the orchard, drove the wagon into the large barnyard alongside the cherry trees, and got into the orchard with our buckets and baskets, she began to get wrought up and excited, and went to gathering cherries like a wild person—picking and eating them, and at the same time trying feverishly to fill her basket, all the while so excited that she hardly knew what she was doing. And indeed it was enough to enthuse a grown person from the city to be turned loose among those trees loaded with dark red and black cherries, knowing that we were to spend the day there and take home with us the larger portion of what we picked. So excited and overwrought was little Jessie that it became a common saying with us that day that she "did everything wrong". Whatever she did she did it in such a feverish, excited manner that she was continually making mistakes and having accidents.

We carried some boxes to place near the trees, so we could climb up into them, sit on the large, low limbs and pick the cherries; but as the finest, largest and reddest ones grew out near the tips of the limbs, we couldn't reach these without climbing so far out on the limbs that we were in danger of breaking them off and falling to the ground ourselves. Two or three times little Jessie

slipped off her perch upon a low limb and fell to the ground, screaming in a half-frightened, half-laughing way, perhaps carrying her basket of cherries with her and spilling the larger portion of them. But no injury or real harm resulted from any of these tumbles—only a good scare for the little girl and some real anxiety upon our part, and especially upon my own part, as I had promised her mother solemnly that I would take good care of her little girl.

About noon, and just before we ate our lunch, Jessie went to the pump in the yard near the house, after some cool drinking water, carrying a glass pitcher and a glass drinking cup, but owing to her excited, overwrought condition of mind and the unfamiliar things she was trying to do today, she struck both the glass pitcher and the cup against the metal spout of the pump, breaking them; returning to us, where we sat under the cool, dense shade of a large cherry tree, not with a pitcher of cold water, but with her torn apron full of the pieces of broken glass, the little girl looked as if she hardly knew whether to cry or keep on laughing. Her cheeks were red, her hair blown about her ears, her hat on askew, her eyes sparkling with excitement, her face, mouth and hands stained with cherry juice, and her dress torn in several places from slipping and sliding through the branches of the trees. Altogether she was an entirely different sort of girl from the quiet, meek little creature who sat prim and precise in my Sunday school class. She was so unaccustomed to enjoying herself normally, as a child should, and of being happy, as all children should, that she didn't know how to act, and therefore almost everything she tried to do was done wrong. And being a bright, intelligent little girl, she realized this herself, and it amused her almost as much as it did my mother, my brother and sisters and myself. At one time, after some awkward act of hers, under the spell of her excited state of mind, she said in that precise manner of speech which she had acquired by associating with grown people: "Well, I know how to act in the city, but I must confess I don't know how to act in the country." As she was the only small child in the crowd, we made that much more of her—we made a pet of her, and each of us felt under obligation to see that she enjoyed the day.

Even on the way home, late in the afternoon, her escapades continued. We sang all the songs we knew as we went home in the big lumber wagon with baskets and buckets full of cherries sitting around in the nooks and corners on the floor of the wagon

bed. During most of the way home Jessie raced from one end of the big lumber wagon to the other, laughing, singing and clapping her hands, at the imminent risk of overturning some of the baskets of cherries or stepping on our feet. There was a good deal of breeze that afternoon, and at one time a gust of wind took off her big sailor hat and tumbled it merrily along the smooth meadow land through which the road ran, and Jessie had to get out and chase it quite a distance, while we stopped the wagon and sat there laughing and encouraging her to run faster. The more she ran the more the hat rolled on ahead of her. But finally she overtook it some fifty or sixty yards from the road, and came back laughing, with flushed face and flashing eyes, climbed into the wagon again, and laughing and singing we proceeded on our way, arriving home just at dark on this memorable day in the life of the little girl.

Isn't there a lesson here for teachers and parents—especially for mothers? Isn't it

pathetic, after all, that a child should be reared in an environment so unnatural, abnormal and repressive that it doesn't know how to play, and when it tries to do so, "does everything wrong"? Isn't it true that any abnormal, repressing home environment is an unfortunate environment—one to be changed, regardless of the pride parents may feel in the genteel appearance of their home surroundings? Here was a mother who repressed the childish nature of her little girl through her desire to retain her smart rooms in an attractive, pretentious apartment house where children were forbidden. She took pride in the fact that she lived in a beautiful modern apartment building where children were debarred, because her little daughter was so well-behaved and lady-like that no one could have occasion to complain about the noise she made. She was dwarfing and repressing the naturalness and artlessness of her young daughter's life to gratify her own pride.

## Human Derelicts.

MRS. W. THORBURN CLARK.

"How are you this morning, Miss Tenie?" asked Mrs. Brown of the little dressmaker, Miss Tenie Smith. "Can you fit my dress today? I had to come to town this morning to do some shopping for Mary," she continued. "You know she will graduate from the high school this session, and keeps urging me to get all of her dresses in time. I have promised to give her a trip to her Aunt Edna's just as soon as school closes, and, of course, that means more shopping and more sewing, and I get so bewildered sometimes that I hardly know which way to turn. But I must have my dress for the commencement, too. Mary talks about that as much as she does about her own graduating dress, and declares that she will refuse to read her essay on the all-important night if her own mother is not sitting right up on the front seat bedecked in her finery; so I ran in to see about the dress."

And Mrs. Brown dropped into a chair in the dressmaker's sewing room, and removing her gloves began taking out hat pins and unfastening her collar.

"Your dress is ready to fit," said Miss Tenie. "I cut it out right after you were here last; as I didn't know when you would drop in and want it fitted. Just as soon as you rest a little while I'll get to work."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Brown, jumping up and unfastening hooks, "you may start right away, for I must return home by the two o'clock train."

"I am sorry you are in such a hurry," said Miss Tenie, "I shall miss our little chat."

"We will have a chat while you work this time," replied her visitor; "there are several things I want to ask you about, too. I want to know how to make Mary's blue linen dress; also what you think would be suitable to trim a striped muslin for her, and if you think I can make over my last year's brown linen for a slip-on dress—for marketing, you know, when I don't care to feel too dressed up. And, oh, I must not forget to ask you about the woman next door to you who was so ill when I was here last. I have thought of her so often. You know when I was here the doctor did not have much hope of her recovery."

"Well, she surprised the doctor, and is getting well," said Miss Tenie. "She was very ill for a long time, but is now steadily improving, and expects soon to be out again."

"She certainly had a long spell," remarked Mrs. Brown. "Did her pastor ever come to see her? She seemed so anxious to see him when I talked to her."

"Dear me, no!" answered Miss Tenie, as she snipped off a thread. "In the first place, the roads were well-nigh impassable from the heavy rains and snows, and the preacher could not have gotten here if he had tried; then he's not Mrs. Dudley's pastor; she hasn't any pastor, and the only pastoral care she has had during all of her long spell has

been from my pastor, Mr. Gray, and I just felt that she did not *deserve* it."

"Why," said Mrs. Brown, "she talked to me about her pastor."

"I know she did; but all the same I don't see how she can claim the pastor of Red Swamp as her pastor. Why she moved away from Red Swamp Church twelve years ago, and the church has had several pastors during that time, and the present pastor has never seen her."

"She ought to have brought her letter when she moved here," said Mrs. Brown, "and united with the church. I suppose, though, her boys grew up in the church here?"

"Oh," replied Miss Tenie, "her boys grew up to be sure, but sad to relate, they did not grow up in the church. How could you expect them to, when their mother took no interest in the church except to occasionally attend preaching service, arriving just in time to hear the text announced. She never attends prayer meeting, and has not been seen at a Sunday school service since she moved to town. I have begged her almost on my knees to join the missionary society, but in vain. Are you surprised that her sons take no interest in anything that pertains to the church?"

"She worried about the boys considerably during her long spell; I suppose it was about the first time in her life she has taken time for serious thought, but I am really afraid that she is worrying too late to benefit the boys much. She should have thought of that years ago when she bought her home and moved into this community. Had she been concerned then about the salvation of her boys and brought her church letter and cast in her lot with our struggling little band, those sons might now be leading men in the church."

"Well, why didn't she bring her letter?" asked Mrs. Brown. "It certainly seems the most reasonable thing to do. My husband has always said that if he were going to spend only six months at a place, and were

out of touch with his own church, he would take his letter along with him."

"Of course it is the most reasonable thing to do," replied Miss Tenie. "Especially as she made her home here, and was entirely too far from her church to get there often; but she said she just couldn't bear to leave the 'dear old church'; her grandmother was buried in the cemetery, it was the only church to which her mother had ever belonged, and her Aunt Elvira was baptized somewhere near-by."

"I just tell you," the little dressmaker continued, as she reached for her pinray on the table, "the folks who live under the shadow of one church and hold their membership at some other away off yonder are nothing but human *derelicts*, that's all: for they are no help to the church they claim as their own, attending its services perhaps once in five or six years; and most assuredly they are a menace to the church near-by, for they not only refuse to support it, but keep out others by their example. I know of three families in this town who would come into our church right away if Mrs. Dudley would set the example. They always tell me of her when I ask them to come."

"Yes, they are *derelicts*." And there was a red spot on each cheek as Miss Tenie finished this strong speech for so meek a little woman, and began unfastening the dress.

"I just believe you are right," said Mrs. Brown, "though I must confess that I never thought of it that way before; but I know of people in my town who moved away from their church years ago, and yet no persuasion will induce them to bring their letters to our church. I think the term *derelict* is very applicable, and I think also that those who urge these people to let their names stay on at the old church after they move away could be called *pirates*, for they help to make the *derelicts*, don't they?"

And Mrs. Brown, bidding Miss Tenie a hasty good-bye, hurried away to meet the incoming train.

## Mrs. Thom's Way.

MRS. JANE T. DUKE.

"I don't see how it is you manage to keep your servants for such a long time." Mrs. Love looked inquiringly at her neighbor, Mrs. Thom.

"I do not know myself," answered the older woman, "unless it is because I always try to follow the Golden Rule."

"But in what especial way?" continued Mrs. Love. "I am sure I have had at least

ten cooks while Joste has been with you, and I certainly try to be kind to them."

"You have been unfortunate," Mrs. Thom admitted. "If you have time for a chat, I will tell you one incident that has helped with Joste."

The two friends dropped into a broad, comfortable seat under the rose arbor, and Mrs. Thom continued: "Do you remember

the very trying time I had three years ago when both my children were sick, John with scarlet fever and Betty with bronchitis? You may have forgotten, but we were quarantined for four weeks. John was never very sick, and his old colored mammy nursed him while I took care of Betty. Both children were well long before the quarantine was lifted, and we found it very tiresome staying at home so close. I remember going into my kitchen one Sunday morning when I had been longing to go to church. Josie was singing away as she peeled the potatoes. Somehow an inspiration came to me. I went and brought my Bible and a little book on devotion to the kitchen, and told Josie I was going to read to her. Mammy came and sat on the back steps—she was not allowed to come close to us as she was nursing

John—and we had the sweetest little service together. I shall never forget Josie's face when I explained a passage to her in very simple language, she said, 'Oh, Miss Lou, I never knew what that meant before!' After that I read to them every Sunday while we were shut in, and the little services helped me more than I can tell you. I seemed to realize how they must feel, never being able to go to church on Sunday morning. Of course they have Sunday afternoons, but I believe they must have a longing to worship at the same time we do. So I have continued to remember Josie. Now that we have family prayers after breakfast, she brings her chair in and worships with us."

"No wonder Josie loves you," said Mrs. Love, as she rose to take her leave. "I shall try also to practice the Golden Rule."

## Dollar Training.

C. R. FRANK.

A BOARDING school is an excellent place in which to mark the effect of dollar training.

Fortunately parents are awakening to the fact that their daughters' ability to compute one hundred cents as the equivalent of one dollar is an important educational asset, and of greater value to girls' future happiness than the possession of many "ologies".

A regular money allowance with definite duties in regard to its expenditure is the most effective way of teaching the value of money to girls who do not earn it for themselves.

Some of our students had stated allowances, but the majority had not, "more's the pity".

The latter spent goodly sums in haphazard fashion, and when their pocketbooks were empty, "just sent home for more". However, there were fortunate students who had been in receipt of a regular allowance from childhood's days. They had begun with a few pennies a week, out of which their various small wants had to be provided, and as years increased, allowance and duties grew correspondingly. They slipped naturally along from candy sticks, lead pencils, hair ribbons, gloves, neckwear, and various fripperies dear to girls' hearts, to the necessities in the way of footwear, coats and frocks.

It was the girls, who had been trained to careful spending by allowances, that were the gleams of comfort to the frazzle-worn shopping governess. They invariably knew what they wanted to buy, and could make rapid mental calculations as to cost, and whether their allowance would be elastic

enough to permit its purchase. They fully understood that if they bought "that sweet Dresden sash", needed stockings would have to come off the list, and thanks to the training, it was sash, and not stockings, that was set aside.

The value of an allowance as an educator is minimized if the girl is allowed to supplement it by calls upon the family pocketbook. If footwear is a definite responsibility of Minnie's allowance, and she fritters away ten dollars of her quarter's money upon chocolates and ices, and then writes home for new boots and rubbers, they must be sent; but see that the ten dollars comes out of her next quarter's cheque. A few curtailments of this kind cut down extravagance amazingly.

Another thing I noted in regard to the girls that had been trained by years of careful spending, was the discretion that they exercised in choosing gifts. Not money only, but care and thought went into their selections.

Anna showed me a lovely lace collar and cuffs that she was taking home to her mother.

"She just dotes on lace, but I have another present that I'm sure will please her, too."

Anna's home was on a big ranch in the West. There was no grocery store near, and out of judicious savings from her allowance she had purchased a noble supply of flavoring extracts, celery salt, jelly powders, frosting sugar, and various cans of fine groceries that would come in handy in tiding over some pot-luck domestic crisis. By and by

some fortunate man is going to get a wife who will "look well to the ways of her household".

A few of our students had their own bank accounts and cheque books. They knew how to fill out a cheque properly, and I wonder how many girls of seventeen with a wide school education can do that? The stub accounts were kept according to regulations, and were submitted for parents' scrutiny at the end of each quarter.

Another point, I noted among the girls with allowances, was that even the richest girls built their ideas of purchase upon a sound base of economy. Of those who were poor it was, of course, "not what I would but what I must". I remember one very pretty girl whose allowance was pitifully small, yet she always managed to look trim and smart.

"Blue linen and tan pique with white collars, cuffs, and belts, in summer," she explained. "Navy serge suit, and skirts in winter, a new coat and hat one year, house dress and fripperies the next, everything good of its kind, so I manage pretty well. Of course, I shouldn't object to twice as much, but the game of making ends meet has fun in it, too, and I'm making good on what I have."

"I should think you were," I agreed.

Ability to manage accounts and a wise shopping training are obvious benefits of an allowance. But there are others. To have one's own spending money, no matter how small the amount, gives a feeling of self-respect. Even a child with its pennies feels this. The humiliation of being "without money when comrades give or buy is a keen and lasting lash, and in older girls is apt to beget a morbid self-consciousness in money matters. I remember in this connection a girl who, like the majority of our students, came from a home where the parents were very comfortably off. They had provided lavishly for Lela in every way, but in spending money.

Poor girl, she was voted "unfriendly and stuck up" because she steadily refused to accept treats or to join in the various small money-spending junketings so dear to the "sweet teens". She had a very fair chance of being disliked and neglected if one tactful, kind-hearted girl had not found out that Lela's "stand-offishness" was owing to the fact that she was too sensitive to accept a treat that she was unable to return, and that she had no money, even the tiny amounts required to "chip in".

"My allowance taught me to sew," confided a bright girl. "Father was pleased when I asked for an allowance; he gave me a generous one, and I promised to provide my own wardrobe. I engaged to keep a general account of how I expended it, and not to deal too largely in 'sundries'. The first quarter's cheque came; it looked such a large sum, and I had had no experience in managing dollars. I bought all the pretty trifles that I wanted, and, oh, how they cost! My money went like smoke, and it was nearly all spent before I realized that there were necessities that I must now provide for myself. I had to learn to run the sewing machine in vacation time, and to make my own blouses and house dresses, very plain ones, too, for I could not afford trimmings. I joined a dressmaking class, and this year I am going to make my blouses and house dresses from choice. I've attended sales, and have picked up such a lot of pretty dainty materials, and furthermore, I've cut 'sundries' out of my account, I found it a temptation to be a bit slipshod."

She had learned to sew, and her allowance was also teaching that girl to look her responsibilities fairly in the face.

"Freedom slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent;"

and one looks hopefully for the time when girls will be trained to a definite understanding of the purchasing power of dollars.

## In the Garden.

EMMA YOUNGLOVE.

It was but a year since she had left her mother's home for her married home in the great city at the Golden Gate. During that twelve-month she had experienced the bliss of congenial wedlock and the ecstatic joys of motherhood. But her baby boy lived only a few hours, and in her grief and weakness she sank into a state of apathy. Then the squalor and the wretchedness of the great, wicked city took a morbid hold upon her

thoughts, and it seemed to her loved ones that she would be unable to rally in that environment. So her mother took her again to her girlhood home, in the hope that a summer out of doors in the sunny Southland would restore the wasted body and the bruised spirit.

But before the fresh air and sunshine, the birds and flowers had had an opportunity to do their healing work, another blow fell

upon the invalid—the sudden death of her husband in the Northern city. And she was but twenty-three.

Then gloom seemed to enwrap her like an entangling mist.

Her mother was a pioneer in floriculture upon the Pacific coast. After the daughter had had a needed rest, she was daily invited to some little task in the garden. "Wouldn't you like to take up the hyacinth bulbs this morning?" "Will you transplant the new begonias from the thumb-pots today? I fear they are becoming root-bound." At length, after her strength was partially restored, because the demand upon her mother for petunia seed was in excess of her supply, the daughter volunteered to produce it in marketable quantities. Then she learned, by many an aching muscle, why the tiny seeds brought so high a price.

"I hated petunias when I began to work with them," she once said. "They were sticky, they were smelly, and they were magenta." But as year after year she continued at her task, her feelings toward them changed. The work developed a healthy interest. She ceased to mind the stickiness,

magenta became a beautiful color in her eyes, and she created many lovely strains in white and lavender and rose. "I never undertook any kind of work which I disliked," she commented later, "that I did not learn to love it."

Twenty years have passed.

New interests have come into her personal life. She is active in civic matters. She has many friends. Though her days are busy, she finds time, not only to send flowers often to the sick, but to brighten their bedsides many hours by her cheery presence. Perhaps no other in the community is so widely loved by the Spanish-Indian residents of the West End.

She quotes reverently:

"A garden is a lovesome spot, God wot,  
The veriest school of peace,  
And yet the fool  
Contends that God is not.  
Not God! in gardens  
When the eve is cool?  
Nay but I have a sign  
'Tis very sure  
God walks in mine."

## A Mother's Mistake.

ALICE L. WHITSON.

THE Stanley household was in a state of great excitement—mother Stanley was going on a visit—never did any of the Stanley children, who numbered seven, remember of the mother being absent from home. Of course, she had been ill a few times, but she had always been in the house, where her advice could be had if the occasion demanded, but now it would be different.

Aunt Fanny, mother Stanley's sister, whom she had not seen in years, had happened to a streak of good luck, and her first move had been to send for her sister to come pay her a visit, and to insure against excuse, she had enclosed a check that would pay for the ticket and any extras that she might need.

At first mother Stanley had declared she couldn't leave home; but one by one the objections were laid aside by the grown-up children, until finally mother Stanley, in a smart tailored suit, had gone away for her first visit.

Oh! How she was missed. Nobody but mother had ever attempted to make the biscuits for breakfast; mother always made the cake for Sunday dinner, and it was mother who knew exactly where to find a

lost cap or ball for the two smallest children. It was mother who knew exactly how to press the creases in Tom's and Bill's Sunday trousers; it was mother who always accepted and rejected the company for her girls to keep. Mother knew when the house was in order; there was never any puzzling over the meals when mother was there. "Why couldn't they remember some of the many dishes mother prepared?" Ellen exclaimed one morning when she heard the older boys complaining of the same old breakfast every morning.

"Then cook it yourself," Ellen had retorted, angrily, to which the boys immediately apologized, for very well they knew they could not do even half so well as their sister had done.

For three weeks the family suffered the penalty of ignorance. Mother was the sweetest, dearest woman in the world—but she had failed to do her duty by letting the children grow up in idleness, while she made a slave of herself. And, to her own surprise, after she got away, she really enjoyed her visit, and not until she saw how her sister's children shared her labors, did she realize what a mistake she had made raising hers.

"I've got to go home," she announced one morning as they all sat on her sister's comfortable porch, where all were busily engaged in some sort of fancy work.

"Why have you decided to go so suddenly?" the sister asked in surprise.

"Because—because—" the woman answered, "I want to get back to rectify the mistake I've made in letting my children grow up idle."

And she did—she went home and was received with open arms—but henceforth she was one of her girls, as well as the mother, sharing their joys and sorrows, and in return they shared the work of the home that had always been denied them.

And that place today is pointed out as one of the happiest households in the South, because one mother saw her mistake and became a companion to her girls as well as a mother, instead of their slave.

## Where Shall They Live?

JENNIE CAMPBELL DOUGLASS.

THE selection of a home is a serious consideration, involving more than generally is realized. Too many people shape conditions to the home instead of fitting the home to conditions. Here shall be not merely an abiding place, but a pleasure resort, a strong retreat, a sanctuary. To accomplish this ideal the choice does not depend upon the pace set by a friend, the custom of ancestors, or superficial appearance. In a true home each personality involved has space for growth.

"But," says the homemaker, "there is the matter of income to consider." Yes, truly. And upon the best use of income depends much of life's success. But cheap rent is not always an economy, and perhaps a cheerful home, an all-round satisfactory spot, may curtail expenses which seem necessary when one lives in a less attractive place. There are many viewpoints; for example, an apartment seems to cut down cost in the matter of help, fuel, and small details, but suppose a family including growing boys and girls take instead a house in an unpretentious suburb. May not these youths divide certain parts of the labor in a way to prevent expense, while developing the physical, and at the same time forming habits of independent thought and action?

Cooled up in a city apartment lived a family of six—father, mother, sons and daughters. Father and mother were "nice" people, thoughtful of the comforts of others, consequently "hush", "walk quietly", were the words the children learned first. Too much of mother's influence was directed toward enforcing these two injunctions, and life seemed to those active boys and girls a series of don'ts. More and more the children found their best times away from home, gathering at meal time only, and often turning those meetings into occasions for dissension.

Callers came one day and left behind them a trail of light, which when followed served as a double illumination. They were a mother and daughter left quite alone on an ancestral estate designed for a large family. Looking about the apartment, the daughter said: "How ideal, mother, such an apartment would be for us." Then, turning to their hostess, she explained: "Mother and I are lost completely in our great house. We have no one to take us out evenings, and the section is too lonely to admit our returning to it unprotected late at night. Consequently we are starved for music, lectures, and all interests which we might cultivate to our hearts' content if we had an apartment in the city."

That night the tired mother began to grope her way out of their darkness by means of this little trail of light. In the end it was arranged that just as a venture the two families should exchange settings. In this old-fashioned home the family of six spread ideally. The boys shouted in ecstasy when they found they really could leave books and tools out in their own rooms until they were through using them. The girls had no excuse now for quarrelling over ribbons and handkerchiefs. Each had sufficient space for her possessions. There was a study room, where school work could be accomplished in quiet, leaving the man and wife the privilege of conversation. Privacy, without which no individual can thrive, was now possible to each member of the family; who can expect privacy in an apartment occupied by six?

No family lived down stairs to mind when the boys indulged in a rough and tumble, so many a dispute that had caused endless wordy wranglings turned into a good natured fistcut. There was tennis, and then there were the grounds to keep in order, so nerve irritation being worked off in the open, there were comparatively few occasions for

dissension. Physically, mentally, morally, they developed as never before. The man of the house threw back his shoulders and hastened home with a smile of satisfaction. He was a householder, the father of a fine, happy family.

And what of the mother and daughter? They lost their lonely, jaded looks. Life was now filled with bright possibilities for growth instead of being darkened by sad memories and crippled by restrictions. They had plenty of room for privacy, yet they could be cozy and close at a moment's notice. If one wished to go out and the other to remain at home, both were perfectly secure and comfortable. Both families had homes suited to their conditions, and both expanded.

So, when selecting a home, think seriously of your personal needs. Sometimes a tempo-

rary nesting place in the little apartment will provide an opportunity for putting aside funds toward building the ideal permanent refuge in just the right spot. What is the pace set by the neighborhood where you consider laying your foundations? Are the incomes of these householders similar to your own? May you without a feeling of restraint live your lives there? If you enter the social life of the neighborhood, must you undertake expenses that will make you spend to your limit, with no thought of provision for possible, as well as probable, contingencies? Many a home has sacrificed its happiness by lifting itself in too pretentious a neighborhood. Social climbing by means of externals in house building may wreck the interior of the home. Choice should fall on that spot in which both soul and body of the inmates may reach full development.

## A Service for Shut-Ins to Render.

JAMES ELMER RUSSELL.

A SHUT-IN member of the Home Department, who has been confined to a chair for many years by rheumatism, was lamenting to her pastor one day that her life seemed so useless, that she was a burden of care to others, and seemed to be of very little, if any, help in the world.

Her pastor said to her: "I'll tell you a helpful ministry which is open to you. Keep watch for people who are going through some hard experience, and send them some little word of cheer, even if you are a stranger to them. Just a word penciled on a postal card would mean much. And then you can save up all the comforting and cheery poems and sentences you find in papers and magazines and send them one by one to others who are shut-in or who are in some other trial."

## Shadows and Sunshine.

SALLIE OWEN JOHNSON.

"Do be quiet, Bobby!" cried Mrs. Melvin complainingly, as her eight-months-old boy fretted and tugged at her skirts. "I can't take you now."

The finality of tone was the last drop in his already overflowing cup of unhappiness, and Bobby dropped down on the floor in broken-hearted walls. Mrs. Melvin worked on, decisively wringing out piece after piece of clothing and throwing them into the rinse tub.

"Oh, how quickly it gets dark!" she said, nervously. "It's nearly night, and every piece must go through another water and be put out before time to get supper."

By the time the clothes were ready to be hung, Bobbie's walls were growing fainter.

"Going to sleep," whispered Mrs. Melvin; but she fastened the door carefully, for if he heard, Bobby would be sure to try to follow her into the little square of a yard, so damp and chilly, with its net-work of clothes lines.

The next time the pastor called, the shut-in Home Department member told him of her first attempt to follow his suggestion. Writing was very hard work, because of the stiffened fingers, but by taking a day or two for the task she was able to send quite a letter to an old friend who was sick unto death. And she said: "In my letter I quoted Whittier's lines,

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

And as she told her story of letter-writing her pastor saw that however much the receiver might have been helped by the letter, it had also been as great a benediction to the writer.

"Oh! How dull and cold and shady it is out here." She shivered, as she set her pan on a box, and began shaking out and pinning the clothes to the line as fast as she could. "But not as near night as I thought," she mused, for she could see the sunshine on the houses above her.

Suddenly, as from the sky above, a child's voice rang out in sweet, clear tones, a little song:

"Keep out of the shadows  
That make you afraid,  
Where gladness is there you can stay.  
It's under the sky and out of the shade,  
That all little children should play."

Mrs. Melvin paused and listened almost breathlessly. She looked around about her, and up everywhere, but could not tell where the singer was, only from above her the song seemed to fall.

"The crooked and ugly grow up in the dark,  
The rough and the things not right.  
In shadows they hide,  
Where crawly things bide,  
Away from the sunshine and light."

The voice went on, accompanied by a little skip in perfect time with the music. How the sweet childish tones were reaching into her burdened heart! The tight reins she'd held over troubled feelings all day threatened to grow slack, as the woman listened, and again came the clear baby tones of advice:

"Then live in the sunshine  
And never be cross,  
Or once lose your temper and scold,  
Who stays in the brightness  
Will never know loss,  
Or harden their heart, and be old."

When Mrs. Melvin stooped for the big empty pan her cheeks were wet with tears. Bobby was asleep where he'd dropped, and wiping his tear-stained face with her damp apron, his mother gathered him close in her arms and tucked him warmly in his bed.

Just then someone tapped at her door. It was the neighbor from the third floor above. Mrs. Melvin had seen quite a good deal of her neighbor, when first she moved in; but Mrs. Cook has gone home for such a long stay that the intimacy had not been kept up as closely as before.

"I came to ask you to come up and see our Sacred Lily. It's all open beautifully today," said Mrs. Cook.

"I'd love to," Mrs. Melvin answered; "but it's getting late, and I must be fixing supper."

"It isn't late, Mrs. Melvin. It gets dark so early these winter days, especially down here. It's only half-past four."

"I'll come. Hasn't it been cold and disagreeable today, Mrs. Cook?" she asked, as they climbed the steps.

"Why, yes; this morning was cold and cloudy, but the afternoon is quite springlike, and the sunshine is beautiful."

"Oh, it is beautiful up here!" exclaimed Mrs. Melvin, as just then they entered a big bright room with two large western windows. The furnishings were plain, the paper and pictures far from expensive, but the rays of the afternoon sun glided it all with a wonderful light and beauty. There was a cheerful fire in the grate, one or two comfortable chairs around, and a little table with a cretonne cover held a glass stand of apples and bananas, and the pot of lovely, heavily-scented flowers. Mrs. Melvin admired and hung about the fragrant blossoms, viewing them from every angle, but quite as often her eyes turned to the scene through the windows.

The setting sun was reaching long, golden arms across the river below them, and painting a sky of wonderful colors in its going. The bare branches of several great trees between them and the river were outlined against this gorgeous background, and a pale new moon hung just above the tree tops.

"Oh, isn't it lovely from here!" Mrs. Melvin exclaimed. "And not near so late as I thought. I never see the river. It is beautiful with the sun going down across it, and that afterglow! It must always be cheerful up here," she added, wistfully. "I didn't know a little while ago that the world could be so beautiful this gloomy day." Then turning to her neighbor, she asked: "Did Mr. Cook have his time cut down at the works?"

"Oh, yes, all the men did; but he says it won't be for long. Now the ice is breaking, there are great rafts of lumber on the way to be worked up, and Mr. Cook says every man will soon be working full time."

"Is that true? I am so glad." Mrs. Melvin's pale face colored with pleasure. "You know I was afraid!"

"Keep out of the shadows  
That make you afraid—"

Came the child's song again, close at hand, and Mrs. Melvin looked her surprise.

"That's Gracie," Mrs. Cook said. "Her father fixed her a swing on the back porch, and she's giving her dolls a ride this after-

noon. The porch is so protected that the sunshine has made it warm and comfortable; so she's been swinging and singing all the afternoon. She learned that song at school."

The two stepped to the door to see the long, bright porch with its swing and singer.

"It is such a pretty song," Mrs. Melvin said gently. "I heard it when I was hanging the clothes, but I didn't know where it came from." "I think it makes all the difference in the feelings, if one can see out, and the sun shines," she added, after a while.

"Indeed it does," Mrs. Cook agreed heartily. "And I wish you and Bobby would come up here every afternoon and stay an hour before time to get supper. Let Bobby see the sunshine on the river and swing."

"I would love to, and Bobby would enjoy it so much," Mrs. Melvin answered. "It is worth while to get up where we can see out sometimes," gazing across the river, which now looked like a stream of melted gold, to the hills beyond. "For blessings one must look up—ever up. In times past it was on mountain top God spoke with and blessed

his people. If we could only remember that he was lifted up to draw all men unto him, and if we would see him, we must needs look up." Mrs. Melvin spoke reverently, and after a pause, added softly: "For he delivereth me, and lifteth me up above all that rise up against me."

"Ah, Gracie, you are right, dear, that it's often the shadows that makes one afraid. And when we climb up and get nearer him, it is never half so dark as we thought it. I must run now to Bobby and my supper. I'll come again," she called back.

When Bobby awoke he sat up and rubbed his eyes. There was his mother bustling about putting supper on the table for daddy. But her face was not the same, all quiet and sad; but bright and pretty, and she was humming softly, "He Lifted Me".

And though he couldn't understand all it meant to "keep out of the shadows and live in the sunshine", which mamma was whispering to him as she hugged him close, he did know he was happy, for mamma was his sunshine when she looked like that; so he laughed aloud for pure joy.

## Why Sunday School Mothers Should Be Friends.

EMMA GARY WALLACE.

It frequently happens that a mother lives some distance from the other mothers of the pupils in the Sunday school class of which her child is a part. It may be that her friends are of an entirely different circle, due to location, nationality, or social interests, and so that mother argues that she has no particular occasion to include the other mothers of the class among her list of friends.

A little farther thought, however, will reveal the following accepted facts: The Sunday school is the training class of the church. Its work is divided into instruction and application of instruction. The highest type of instruction calls for concerted action of the home and the teacher that both may work to the same end. The finest kind of application likewise calls for the cooperation of the home and school as a whole, and particularly the home and the individual classes.

If John or Mary are to learn the spirit of helpfulness, of charity, of missionary endeavor, and of unity, they must learn these in conjunction with the other members of their class. It is as impossible that they should do this alone as it would be to play a tune wholly upon one key. It takes the octave at least of the keyboard to produce a harmony. Each class is, as it were, an

octave by itself, and John and Mary will only do their best work as they co-relate their efforts with the other members of the class effectively and well.

The mother of the Cradle Roll child should look far enough ahead to realize that her child will, if it remains in that class, be associated through childhood, adolescence, and possibly through maturity, with many of the same individuals which make up the cradle enrollment. Surely it is worth any mother's while to become acquainted with the mothers of the companions her child will have for so many years.

If she knows the general characteristics of the children of the same age as her child, and learns just how other mothers have solved similar problems, it will help her to avoid errors, and possibly her own experience may be helpful to others. Then, too, by knowing the companions of her child, the wise mother can guard against imitation of weaknesses and encourage associations, activities and ideals which will make for greater strength of character in her own child.

The mother who fails to cooperate with the home and Sunday school, and who overlooks the importance of acquaintance with the other members of the class and their

## Unclimbed Mountains.

"What did I do with my morning?" said a visitor in Colorado, repenting in half-laughing, half-voiced way, the question she had been asked. "I spent the morning and my strength, too, in trying to climb a mountain I never reached. In this clear air it looked so near that I fixed my mind upon it as something worth undertaking, but it was still miles away when I had to turn homeward.

"However, if I didn't get a climb out of it I may get a bit of lesson," she added. "For when I found it still far-off, it reminded me of a trouble, still in the future, that I have spent a good deal of anxious thought in trying to surmount. But the difficulty may be much farther off than it has looked to me. In fact, I may never come to it at all, and it is only a pity to waste the pleasantness of the intervening road by keeping it in view. We worry so much over the mountains we never reach!"—*Exchange*.

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## A Prayer.

Nor more of light I ask, O God,  
But eyes to see what is.  
Nor sweeter songs, but ears to hear  
The present melodies.  
Nor more of strength, but how to use  
The power that I possess.  
Nor more of love, but skill to turn  
A frown to a caress.  
Nor more of joy, but how to feel  
Its kindly presence near.  
To give to others all I have  
Of courage and of cheer,  
No other gifts, dear God, I ask,  
But only sense to see  
How best those precious gifts to use  
Thou hast bestowed on me.

—Anonymous.

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## Only A Thing.

In a pretty sunny parlor, modest but tasteful, two women were arranging flowers. One was the hostess, the other a visitor, who was helping with the preparations for a tea that afternoon. It was from the visitor's hand that a delicate vase slipped and crashed to pieces on the hearth.

"Oh, Ellen, I'm so very sorry!" she exclaimed, in distress. "The Venetian glass vase your sister brought from Italy—the very one I can't possibly replace! It's too bad!"

"It was pretty, and I'm sorry, of course," acknowledged Ellen, frankly, burrowing

mothers, is losing a valuable opportunity in the training of her own child. Then, too, a class in whom all the mothers are manifestly interested all the time, will give rise to few problems in discipline, attention, lesson preparation, or regularity of attendance. The teacher will be greatly helped. Besides this, the children as a class will be inspired to do their best, knowing that their own part of the work in hand will be measured up along side of that of their associates by the interested mothers.

It is quite natural, too, that children should be more ambitious to do their best when they know that kindly and expectant eyes are frequently cast upon them. Each class would thus form a center of adult interest from which it could never get away, and the teen age problem of loss of membership would be in a measure solved.

Not long since a large number of a certain class entered into full communion with their parent church. A row of mothers watched them with shining eyes.

"Is it not splendid," said one, "that ten out of the twelve are now professed followers of Christ?"

"Yes," returned another, "and we must do our very best that in the weeks to come the other two will make the same decision. It surely will mean much that we are all praying for them and showing interest in them in many ways as the days go by."

"That is true," returned a third, "and it also seems important to me that we mothers do all we can to encourage and help the class to realize the full joy of Christian service. I know their teacher feels that it is a tragedy for older people to think that the work is done entirely when the children 'join the church'. It is then, really, that we must plan work for them to do and help them to habits of true Christian living."

Do you not suppose that the teacher of that class was helped and strengthened in her life and work, by the attitude of these mothers, and was it not possible to bind that class together in a way out of the question for those whose mothers were strangers to each other and to the class aside from their own children?

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The one who baked those five barley loaves, perhaps some mother in the home, could not have known whose hands were to break them, or what a feast they were to spread. We never know of any common duty, faithfully done, how far-reaching its effect may be; but this is sure, that if the Lord uses it, no result can be too great to be accomplished by it.—*Selected*.

promptly in a closet for her dustpan; "but don't stand there frozen with horror, and your face like a tragic mask. After all, it's only a thing."

Ellen laughed outright. "Most things certainly are things," she admitted, "and a few things are precious, but even then there's a difference. I forgot that you didn't know the family byword, and couldn't finish it out for yourself. You see, I was quoting my name-sunt, who was the dearest, cosiest, most comfortable, and yet the most wide-awake and spirited old lady in the world."

"When a heart, a promise, or a principle, is broken," she used to say, "that's disaster, but when a teapot is—a thing is only a thing. Laugh and take a brown pitcher, and the tea will taste just as good."

"I suppose it would," agreed Ellen's friend, reflectively, "if the laugh were genuine, but so many of us couldn't laugh. It's Emerson, isn't it, who says, 'Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind—its the housekeepers who are slaves to things?'"

"Oh not all of us," protested Ellen, cheerfully. "Suppose you put the pink chrysanthemums in that old Dutch mug and twist the trailing fern around the handle—I'm not sure it isn't going to be prettier than the Venetian vase, after all."—*Youth's Companion*.

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### Helping the Weak.

THE sweetest lives are those to duty wed,  
Whose deeds, both great and small,  
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,  
Where love embodies all.  
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,  
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes  
After its own life working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad:  
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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WE should be thankful that life comes to us in such little bits. We can live one day well enough. It is a blessing that this is all God ever gives us at a time.—*J. R. Miller*.

### The Shuttle Train.

SOME of the trains on Boston's elevated railroad run clear through the city and out into the suburbs; but there are shuttle trains, which merely run back and forth between the north and south stations. Their work must be very monotonous, up and down the same short track, turning the same corners, stopping at the same few stations, hour after hour, day after day. Yet they are probably more useful than the through trains. They probably carry more passengers, and are an essential part of the city's transportation service.

Many of us are sadly conscious that our lives are mere shuttle trains, back and forth in the same dull routine of duty. Well, what of it? Perhaps we are more important as shuttle trains than as through trains, and are a necessary link in the service of the Heavenly City.—*Exchange*.

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### The Art of Appreciation.

CECILLE JENNINGS looked back over her trimly clad shoulder at the little house fast disappearing from view in the pine trees. It was a tiny house, built of logs and roughly finished; but nestling in its pretty green setting it looked "homey" and inviting. Cecille Jennings regarded it approvingly.

"It's wonderful how Emily has transformed that place, isn't it?" she addressed her companion. "Last year it was just an old, deserted hut that no one but Emily would ever have thought of trying to fix up for a summer home."

"And now! Weren't the little rooms dear, with most of the furniture home-made, too; and those dainty curtains made of nine-cent serim! I declare, it was prettier than the little cottage mother and I paid a small fortune for at 'Pine Village.'"

Kate Owens whipped up her horse and said nothing.

"What's the matter?" inquired Cecille. "Didn't you like it? I'm sure it's the coolest, most inviting place I've been in this summer. And to think she did it all for seventeen dollars! Really, don't you think it's wonderful, Kate?"

Kate turned to her friend. "I wish," she said, sharply, "you wouldn't say anything about the place to me."

Cecille opened her wide blue eyes inquiringly. "Well, I'm sure," she answered, sweetly, "I don't see why I shouldn't say nice things about Emily's place. I thought you liked it, too."

### Your Boy and You.

You have figured a lot on his young career,  
You have dreamed and planned and thought;  
You have pictured him manly and full of cheer.

With a will for the fight you've fought,  
But he'll never come up to the dreams you dream

And he never will do his part,  
Till you get right down in his heart with him  
And take him right into your heart.

You cannot one minute believe he will care  
What hopes you have formed of his life  
If you haven't meant anything unto him yet  
As far as he's gone in his strife;  
You cannot look forward to having him rise  
To positions of honor and trust  
If you've never been comrades, with light in  
Your eyes,  
And with bare toes kicking the dust.

Why, maybe you never have known that he  
Was a member at home with you  
Of the little group of the tender and free.  
As a man with a family should do;  
You can't expect him, whatever may come,  
To fulfill every promise your heart  
Has made for him there in life's busy hum,  
Unless you have made him a part.

—*Baltimore Sun*.

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### Neighbors.

"No," Cynthia declared, "I haven't headache, toothache or neuralgia; my fortune—such as it is—is still intact, and my best friend and I are upon perfectly amiable terms. I am merely neighbored to death."

"Neighbored?" Marian asked, in bewilderment.

"To death. Your ears did not deceive you."  
"But I thought you had such nice neighbors," Marian protested.

"So I have. Only I have too much of them. For example, Mrs. Rankin ran over this morning with some fresh radishes from their garden. Mrs. Rankin is charming and her radishes are wonderful; but I was planning to write this whole morning, and she stayed nearly an hour. Ten minutes after she left, Miss Cottrell came in with a new magazine and stayed half an hour. Then Ethel Coulter called up to see if I'd go out snow-shoeing with them tonight, and this afternoon three others dropped in. It generally happens that way when I feel in a working mood."  
"And last of all—me!" Marian concluded.

"Liked it?" Kate exploded. "Didn't I just love it—love it for the expression of her that it is! And when it's all finished and looking like a bit of Eden, don't I just love her for asking us to see it first? And didn't I tell her so?"

"And you sat silently by, munching sandwiches and sipping chocolate, till she was ready to cry with disappointment at your indifference. Now that you're gone, you spout rhapsodies to me!"

"What do I care for your opinion of Emily's place? I didn't blister my hands making furniture and walk all over the city hunting bargains in floor matting and serim."

"Oh, but I told Emily I like it. I—"

"Oh, yes; you had a 'yes, indeed!' or an 'Isn't it?' for most of my opinions. But what wouldn't it have meant to Emily if you'd said the things to her you have to me?"

"She knows I'd like it. I've never had anything very nice or seen a real summer cottage or resort. But you—if you'd told her!—don't you see what it would have meant from you, Cecille?"

"Well, —"

"Oh, it isn't just this one thing," went on Kate. "When old Mrs. Miller cut her choicest double hollyhocks for you, you said, 'Oh, thank you; how pretty!' Then when we were well out of hearing, you told me that you really liked the old-fashioned garden flowers better than hothouse roses, and how hollyhocks took you back to your little girl days at your grandmother's."

"I wasn't regretting my ravaged flower garden in disappointment because, after all, my choicest blossoms had been only half-appreciated. And if you had told her about them—you who have a fortune in hothouse flowers every day! How it would have cheered the lonely old soul!"

Kate's face softened a little as she caught a side glimpse of the pretty, troubled face beside her.

"After all, Cecille," she said, more gently, "there's a time for all things—the expression of appreciation among them. If you can manage it at the right time—it's a real art, Cecille."

"And an art I'm going to cultivate," answered Cecille, earnestly. "Let me begin by thanking you for—showing me."—*Exchange*.

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SINCE it has been laid upon humanity at all times to be a cross-bearer, to have its Gethsemane and its Golgotha, so, as we read, must there have been also reserved for it a Resurrection and Ascension, and exaltation to God's right hand.—*Brierley*.

"Oh, you! I shouldn't hesitate to turn you out in a moment if there was hope of my accomplishing anything."

Just then there came the sound of singing from the kitchen. Maggie Daw had a powerful voice, and she enjoyed "lifting" it. Words had a way of playing tricks with Maggie, but she never lost an air. Clear and resonant her voice rang out:

"Blest are the salnts who from their neighbors rest."

The two girls looked at each other incredulously. It seemed too good to be true, but each reading corroboration in the other's astonished gaze, they laughed until they were exhausted.

"At any rate you won't be bothered with neighbors when you go to Philadelphia, Cynthia," Marian declared. "When do you start?"

"In two weeks," Cynthia replied. "I shall be delivered from my neighbors. I'm going to work."

Cynthia went in two weeks; she returned in three months. Marian flew out to her as soon as she heard the news. Cynthia's room was like a garden, her table like a section of a country fair.

"The neighbors have been here, I see," Marian said, laughing.

Cynthia's eyes filled with quick tears. "Yes, they've been here, bless them! I wanted to hug every one of them. I never dreamed what neighbors were till I lived three months without them. I nearly died of loneliness. I may need to systematize my work and my time, but never again will I try to systematize neighbors out of my life."—*Youth's Companion.*

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Who asks not—the chambers are darkened.  
Where his soul sits in silence alone;  
Who gives not—his ear never harkened  
To the love-call of zone unto zone.

Ah! the asking, receiving, and giving  
Is the soul of the life that we live,  
All the beauty and sweetness of living  
Is to ask, to receive, and to give.

—F. D. Munsey.

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Do you scold when things go wrong? Did you ever see any good accomplished, or any one benefited, by scolding? Someone may be a little more afraid of you because of your display of temper; someone may dislike you more, but in every case, you have hurt yourself and helped no one else.—*Selected.*

### Compensation.

O THE compensating springs! O the balance wheels of life,  
Hidden away in the workings under the seeming strife!  
Slowing the fret and the friction, weighing the whirl and the force.  
Evolving the truest power from each unconscious source.

How shall we gauge the whole, who can only guess a part?  
How can we read the life, when we cannot spell the heart?  
How shall we measure another, we who can never know  
From the juttings above the surface the depth of the vein below?

Who would dare the choice, neither or both to know,  
The finest quiver of joy or the agony-thrill of woe?  
Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite bliss,  
For the heart that is dull to that can never be strung to this.

Great is the peril or toll if the glory or gain be great;  
Never an earthly gift without responsible weight;  
Never a treasure without a following shade of care;  
Never a power without the lurk of a subtle snare.

Then hush! O hush! for the Father knows what thou knowest not,  
The need and the thorn and the shadow linked with the fairest lot;  
Knows the wisest exemption from many an unseen snare.

Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what thou couldst not bear.

Hush! O hush! for the Father portioneth as he will  
To all his beloved children, and shall they not be still?  
Is not his will the wisest, is not his choice the best?  
And in perfect acquiescence is there not perfect rest? —*Selected.*

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A HAPPY man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. The entrance of such a person into a room is as if another candle had been lighted.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## International Sunday School Lessons.

### STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

#### LESSON I.

JANUARY, 7 1917.

### Jesus the Life and Light of Men.

MOTTO TEXT.—"In him was life; and the life was the light of men." (John 1: 4.)

LESSON PASSAGE, JOHN 1: 1-18.

MEMORY VERSES, 11, 12.

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#### Lesson Text.

1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning with God.

3 All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

4 In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

5 And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

6 ¶ There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

7 The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

8 He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

9 That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

10 He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

11 He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

12 But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:

13 Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

14 And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.

#### Majesty of Jesus.

JOHN'S Gospel begins with a profound conception of the greatness of Jesus. It is esteemed the gem of all the evangelic records. The other Gospels begin at Bethlehem. John begins with the "bosom of the Father." Genesis and John both start from "the beginning." Matthew aimed at the conversion of the Jews by demonstration of the Messianic character of Jesus. Mark discredited his activity as an evangelist in Israel. Luke presented his work as a Saviour for the whole world. Coming later, John aims at intensifying the force of the other gospels by giving exalted views of the nature of the person, Jesus of Nazareth. His prologue of eighteen verses embodies those conceptions of the majesty and glory of the Saviour, serving as a text, which it is the purpose of his Gospel to prove. Jesus existed in eternity; he was with God, shared the nature of God, and was God. Through him all things came into being. He was the life of all things, and that life was the Light of men. That Light shone on the moral darkness of men, and they comprehended it not. This was exactly Paul's interpretation of Jesus, a generation before, and John adopts it as the statement of eternal truth. Fact is, Paul is the supreme thinker of the Christian ages, and his thoughts have been clothed with a divine tenderness by the apostle of love.

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#### Glory of Jesus.

Don't think of the glory of Christ as a flash of splendor or the pomp of power. This is the shallow conception of some people. What was the glory he had with the Father, before the world was? The glory of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Love, service, sacrifice, are the elements of

his glory. This is the glory that he wants you to share with him. Not outward spectacular pageantries, but inward realities of heavenly character. The Word became flesh and dwelt among us. Incarnation was his self-emptying entrance into the lowly human lot. He brought truth and grace to men. There was no other way to impart them but by living a divine life in human nature. He was full of grace and truth. The grace of gentleness, compassion and pardon, for sin and helplessness; the truth of the good and holy God, for our ignorance. He was life and health, peace and comfort to men, and this was his glory.

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#### The Results.

By some he was despised and rejected. He came to his Father's house and the door was shut against him; to his own Israel, and they received him not. Here is the incurable folly, the desperate wickedness of the human heart. Never did a great beneficent thought get lodgment in humanity without blind and malignant opposition. True human progress has ever been slow, is yet, and will likely continue so. But Jesus believes in men, and we must hope and struggle on.

John records that some did receive him, and to them he gave the gracious standing and rights of the children of God. Faith welcomed him into individual hearts, and to them he became the power of God unto salvation. So the coming of the Word into the world was greeted by two opposite principles; unbelief on the one hand, with its fatal results of temporal ruin and spiritual death; and on the other, faith, uniting the soul with God's life and blessedness. John's prologue affirms the transcendent majesty and amazing glory of the Person, Jesus; with the heightened opportunities and responsibilities of men.

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MONDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jesus the Life and Light of Men. John 1: 1-9.

MONDAY'S VERSE.—"He was not that Light."

This statement about John the Baptist sounds singular in the connection. It is polemical in tone. Evidently some teachers were putting an undue dignity on the forerunner. Jesus alone is the Light, and John is his witness. The honor of being a voice in the wilderness, calling the people to make ready for the coming One, was all that he ever claimed. Yet it seems that ardent, mis-

guided disciples exalted him into Messiah. He bore witness to the true Messiah, baptized him, and pointed to him as the Lamb of God. The next lesson declares John's humbleness before the majesty and glory of Jesus. He is the bridegroom's friend.

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TUESDAY SCRIPTURE READING.—The Word made Flesh. John 1: 10-18.

TUESDAY'S VERSE.—"Grace and truth came through Jesus Christ."

The Law came through Moses. It was a code for perfect conduct, holy, just, and good. Do and live, was its principle. It had no remedy for sin. It was a straight path and no man could walk in it. It could not meet the needs of sinful men. Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. Moses' moral code was absorbed into his beautiful life, with its added charms of grace and truth and obedience to law was transformed into meek and loving submission to our Saviour. "Follow me," is the last and sweetest call of God to men. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." This good news is the gospel.

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WEDNESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Revelation through the Son. Heb. 1: 1-9.

WEDNESDAY'S VERSE.—"Therefore God hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness."

Even Moses could not keep the law ministered through him, but Jesus kept it, every jot and tittle. Perfect was his righteousness, and in him was the revelation of the compassionate heart of our Father, God. His life was a sunburst of the divine perfections and a call to men to ascend into them. Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect. Receive him by faith into your hearts and he will help you to overcome, for God hath laid help on Jesus. Let grace and truth wash away all offenses, awaken blessed hopes, and energize all our faculties. His joy of Saviourhood is the oil of gladness. Thy saints adore thee.

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THURSDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Gospel of Life. 2 Tim. 1: 8-14.

THURSDAY'S VERSE.—"Who abolished death."

"The wages of sin is death." Sin is getting at cross purposes with God's eternal principles on morality and religion. It is separation from the fount of life, and can

result in nothing but decay and ruin to a man's spirit. Jesus abolished death by abolishing its cause. He bore away the sin of this world and lived a divinely pure life in this world. In his own person he rebuked and overwhelmed all evil. Faith joins us to his own divine life, and secures us against all sin's penalties. The grave could not hold sin's conqueror. By him and through him we shall be more than conquerors. Immortality, eternal life were brought to light in Christ.

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FRIDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Refusing Life. Mark 10: 17-22.

FRIDAY'S VERSE.—"He went away sorrowful."

Jesus became poor, that all through his poverty might be made rich. If we would be Christians indeed, we must have the mind and spirit of our Master. There is no other way to eternal life. It seems so hard for us to grasp our Lord's meaning. He insists that we put the kingdom of God and his righteousness above all objects of desire. Like the young ruler, we want eternal life without the qualities of love and sacrifice which are its essence. We deem it something compatible with the selfish possession of all our goods. Not so. Likeness to Christ is salvation. Do we honestly want to be like him? So many people are refusing life.

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SATURDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Power over Death. Luke 7: 11-17.

#### LESSON 2.

JANUARY 14, 1917.

## John the Baptist and Jesus.

MOTTO TEXT.—"Behold, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!" (John 1: 29.)

LESSON PASSAGE, John 1: 19-34.

MEMORY VERSES, 32, 33.

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#### Lesson Text.

19 ¶ And this is the record of John, when the Jews sent priests and Levites from Jérusalem to ask him, Who art thou?

SATURDAY'S VERSE.—"God hath visited his people."

Jesus entered into all human sorrow. Remember that he is the same yesterday, today and forever. Widowhood bereaved of its young comfort and stay, appealed to all his tenderness and power. He meets the funeral procession and turns it back. Death loses its victim and a mother her sorrow. He still attends the funerals of this world; he wipes tears from our faces and soothes our hearts into peace, as he whispers, "I am the resurrection and the life." The great human Brother moves amongst us yet, bearing our burdens and carrying our sorrow. Oh, how we love Jesus!

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SUNDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—The mind of Christ. Phil 2: 1-11.

SUNDAY'S VERSE.—"But emptied himself, taking the form of a servant."

The mind of Christ is the Christian's goal; the spirit of Christ is the prize of the high calling of God. Into that mind and spirit it is the plan of God that we shall all enter. That is salvation, that is life eternal. He was clean in his thought, pure in feelings, unselfish in act, gentle in speech, patient, loving and strong. He was a man absolutely after God's heart. Here is God's pattern of great and blameless living among men. Model your own life on this pattern. Strive to enter in. "I in you, and you in me." The Christian life is a divine life in Christ. Live it now.

23 He said, I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet E-sai'as.

24 And they which were sent were of the Ph'arisees.

25 And they asked him, and said unto him, Why baptizest thou then, if thou be not that Lord, nor E-l'i'as, neither that prophet?

26 John answered them, saying, I baptize with water: but there standeth one among you, whom ye know not;

27 He it is, who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose.

28 These things were done in Bāth-āb-ū-rā beyond Jōr'dān, where Jōhn was baptizing.

29 [The next day Jōhn seeth Jē'sūs coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

30 This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me: for he was before me.

31 And I knew him not: but that he should be made manifest to Ia'rā-āi, therefore am I come baptizing with water.

32 And Jōhn bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him.

33 And I knew him not: but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost.

34 And I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God.

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#### John's First Testimony.

JOHN delivers three great testimonies to Christ on three successive days. Now, why does the Apostle John choose the first of these three days as the starting point of his gospel? Because these were the birthdays, not only of his own faith and that of the other apostles, but of faith in general, in the bosom of humanity. On this brief season he puts a profound emphasis as the beginning of the saving work of the Son of God. The prologue has announced the divinity and Saviourhood of Jesus, and now the narrative opens with his introduction to Israel.

The Baptist's first testimony is presented to the official heads of the nation. The Sanhedrin of Jerusalem were the jealous guardians of religious rites and movements, conservative and unfriendly to innovation. At first they gave little heed to John's work. It did not pass; it grew until the whole people were stirred. Jesus had been baptized in the Jordan, and multitudes were submitting to the rite. Finally a committee from the Sanhedrin waits on the Baptist. They ask two questions: "Who art thou?" "What expected person are you?" Promptly and gladly he responds, "I am not the Christ." "Then are you Elijah?" "I am not." "Are you the prophet foretold by Moses?" "No." "Who, then, are you?" "What is your mission?" "I am a voice crying out in the wilderness, 'Prepare you the way of the Lord.'" Jehovah is on the point of appearing to manifest his glory. The committee was not sat-

isfied. They asked about his rite. "Why baptizest thou? seeing that thou art neither one of the forerunners?" His answer is not direct, but it covers the case. "Messiah stands in the midst of you, and you know him not." I know him, and he has approved this rite. He is great, and I am not worthy to unloose his shoes. The rite pleases him, and that is why I baptize. Such was the first testimony. The brave witness declares him to be the official class and religious guides of the nation, and they ignore it. The Light shines on the darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not.

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#### John's Second Testimony.

On the morrow, John saw Jesus coming to him. I wonder if he heard John's witness on yesterday? He at least knew the fact, and the sneering unbelief that greeted it. There and then began the official jealousy and hate that culminated on Calvary. The deputation is gone, and today John stands amid his disciples and the friendly people. Jesus is there. John sees him approaching and jubilantly exclaims, "There he is! Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." This is astonishing intelligence of Jesus' universal saving mission, and the first sublime utterance of Christian faith. It was music to the ears of the Master. It was this world's finest salute to the sovereign grace of God. In that atmosphere of reverent hope, John's eloquent tongue was at its best and the testimony will thrill the hearts of men forever. "This is the man who comes before me, for he was before me," continued John. This refers to his precious testimony to the pre-existence and divinity of Jesus. How delicious to the soul of the aged apostle are these memories of his young manhood. He was an eye and ear witness to these sacred incidents in the Jordan Valley long ago. The Baptist explains how he came to know Jesus with such divine certainty. God signified him to me the day I baptized him by the Spirit descending and abiding on him in the form of a dove. I have seen and know that this is he that baptizes in the Holy Spirit. I bear witness that this is the Son of God. So ends the testimony of the second day. The fire of God was burning in human hearts. It was a great birthday of human faith.

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MONDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—John's Dis-claimer. John 1: 19-28.

MONDAY'S VERSE.—"What sayest thou of thyself."

"I am only a voice in the wilderness." Such humility was disconcerting to the Jerusalem committee. They went away with practically no information as respects the heavenly depths and meanings of the movement. If God was about to do great things in Israel, he would, of course, begin at Jerusalem among the scholars and theologians, and not among the ignorant common people. That was too plain for debate, and so they returned in disgust. It is simply fanaticism, but it will need to be watched. They got that point, and right thoroughly did they attend to it for the next few years. Thank God, spiritual religion will not die, though the rulers and guides forget it.

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TUESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—John's Testimony Concerning Jesus. John 1: 29-34.

TUESDAY'S VERSE.—"This is the Son of God."

John was a powerful young preacher, stirring the heart of the nation. He was on every tongue and eclipsing the fame of the rabbis. Conceit and vainglory did not spoil him, though the temptation was present. He could easily have exalted himself, but he had too much sense and religion. Egotism hurts a preacher. The people could not spoil John. He rubbed his name off the board. "I am only a voice." Jesus was his theme. Let him alone be exalted. He is above all and before all. Hide behind his cross. Jesus said John was great. He withstood *vanity* in the tide of success, and what is more, he withstood *jealousy* when the tide was going out.

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WEDNESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Elijah and John. Matthew 17: 1-13.

WEDNESDAY'S VERSE.—"Elijah is come already."

Another supreme compliment to John. The common expectation of Elijah's return was in the most literal realistic sense. They looked for the reappearance of the historical hero and defender of the ancient faith. The teachers in Jerusalem stamped as orthodox such crude conceptions. Jesus says, "Elijah has already appeared. His old-time spirit of iron courage and unflinching faith have shaken the nation, and they have done to him what they would." Instantly the disciples knew that he meant John the Baptist.

In a very true sense, that man is Elijah who has the spirit of Elijah.

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THURSDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—The Voice in the Wilderness. Luke 3: 1-6.

THURSDAY'S VERSE.—"Make ye ready the way of the Lord."

In those old days, it was the customary thing to mend the road over which a city was expecting the visit of the king. He was a fine figure for John's work. The heavenly King is coming, and his way into the hearts of the people must be cleared by repentance. There must be a moral straightening of the crooked way; the rough places smoothed; the high places leveled down; the low places leveled up. Clean hearts are the highway of the great King. Repentance is the spiritual instrument in the work. He is coming and the nation is not ready. This greatly offended the rulers.

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FRIDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Fruits of Repentance. Luke 3: 7-14.

FRIDAY'S VERSE.—"What then must we do?"

The multitude responded to the preacher's intense appeals. What is repentance for us? Turn from your selfishness and help the poor. Publicans asked the same question. Quit your dishonesties and extort no more unjust taxes. Passing soldiers bowed to the message, and asked, "What shall we do?" Cease from your violence and lawlessness and be content with your wages. What does John's doctrine of repentance mean for you and me? Cease from pride and evil speaking, abandon meanness and littleness and turn to the higher and better life.

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SATURDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—The Greater Baptism. Luke 3: 15-17; 21-22.

SATURDAY'S VERSE.—"He shall baptize you in the Holy Spirit and in fire."

John's baptism is outward, Christ's is inward. John submerges the body in water in token of an inward spiritual cleansing; Christ submerges the soul into the purities, energies and sanctities of his own nature. The two ideas are complimentary; cleansed of evil, filled with the good. "I in you, and you in me." "I will so indwell you that your minds and hearts shall be inundated with the ocean of God's love; shall be animated with the divine motives of righteousness."

ness. Your whole being shall be saturated with the spirituality of God." This is the great baptism, and holy living is its end.

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**SUNDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Jesus' Testimony Concerning John. Matthew 11: 7-15.

**SUNDAY'S VERSE.**—"There hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist."

Precious is the Master's praise. The incident of the embassy from John might have

appeared as a sign of weakness to the disciples, so Jesus is prompt to guard his reputation. No braver soul, no stauncher believer, no grander spirit, no greater man was ever born. Indulge no belittling thoughts of John. His distinction is more than king-ly. He introduced the Son of God to the human race. He laid enduring stones at the basis of the kingdom of God in this world. His manhood was of the sublime order. John's immortality in heaven and on earth is secure.

## LESSON 3.

JANUARY 21, 1917.

## First Disciples of the Lord Jesus.

**MOTTO TEXT.**—"Jesus saith unto him, Follow me." (John 1: 43.)

**LESSON PASSAGE,** John 1: 35-51.

**MEMORY VERSES,** 35-37.

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## Lesson Text.

35 ¶ Again the next day after John stood, and two of his disciples;

36 And looking upon Jē'sūs as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!

37 And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jē'sūs.

38 Then Jē'sūs turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? They said unto him, Rāb'bi, (which is to say, being interpreted, Master,) where dwellest thou?

39 He saith unto them, Come and see. They came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day: for it was about the tenth hour.

40 One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was An'drew, Si'mon Pē'ter's brother.

41 He first findeth his own brother Si'mon, and saith unto him, We have found the Mēs-s'ās, which is, being interpreted, the Christ.

42 And he brought him to Jē'sūs. And when Jē'sūs beheld him, he said, Thou art Si'mon the son of Jō'nā: thou shalt be called Cē'phās, which is by interpretation, A stone.

43 ¶ The day following Jē'sūs would go forth into Gāl'ilee, and findeth Phill'ip, and saith unto him, Follow me.

44 Now Phill'ip was of Bēth-sā'i-dā, the city of An'drew and Pē'ter.

45 Phill'ip findeth Nā-thān'ā-ēl, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Mō's'e in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jē'sūs of Nāz'ā-rēth, the son of Jō-sēph.

46 And Nā-thān'ā-ēl said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nāz'ā-rēth? Phill'ip saith unto him, Come and see.

47 Jē'sūs saw Nā-thān'ā-ēl coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Is'rā-ēl-ite indeed, in whom is no guile!

48 Nā-thān'ā-ēl saith unto him, Whence knowest thou me? Jē'sūs answered and said unto him, Before that Phill'ip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee.

49 Nā-thān'ā-ēl answered and saith unto him, Rāb'bi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Is'rā-ēl.

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## John's Third Testimony.

THE aged apostle now comes to the most decisive and happy hour of his life. The old man's memories flow back fondly to that golden time, sixty years ago, when he and his brother James and his comrades Andrew and Peter were crowned with the friendship of Jesus of Nazareth. All have passed, and himself stands solitary in the lonesome years. The holy companionship and the wonders of those three years with him are his mind's most distinct possessions. His unfaded memories are so clear that his record sounds like a diary, written on the spot. Those testimonies of John the Baptist, on successive days, and that gathering of the first disciples, how minutely given. He even recalls the hour of the day in which he met

the Lord. It was the day when John made his third witness to Jesus, in the presence of his disciples. He did not say, "Go to him," but that was his meaning. I have declared him, your duty is plain. Jesus had come back from his conflict in the wilderness after his baptism, and John is happy to turn over to him all of his devoted friends and followers. That was the joy of his mission. Not one of the prophets ever had such honor. That day began the link of union between new hearts and Jesus. A new society of kindred souls emerged in human history that day.

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## First Group.

After the third testimony, Jesus passed on to his private abode. Two men, deeply impressed and tenderly drawn, timidly followed. Jesus, turning, graciously saluted and welcomed them to an interview. John says it was about the tenth hour. Why tell us that unimportant fact? Ah, but it was the supreme incident of his life, and the grand old saint lovingly recalls the exact time of the day when it occurred. This very particularity in detail shows the preciousness in which the whole experience was held. You and I can name certain holy hours in our own comradeship with Jesus. I wish John had told us something of the conversation in that visit. Not one word. He says later in his Gospel that the world would not hold the books that could be written about those three years with Jesus. He restrains his pen and records the practical results only. He and Andrew went away to seek their own brothers, to bring them to Jesus. Thus the leaven worked, from soul to soul. This is the eternal method in building up the new spiritual society. Thus it began; so shall it ever be. Men are not saved in masses, but as individuals.

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## Second Group.

Peter is number three, in membership. Andrew brought him, and Jesus gave him the compliment of a new name. Jesus saw fine qualities of steadfast manhood, and changed "Simon" into "Peter," which means "rock." Jesus looked for the good in people and strengthened it. James was number four, though John says not a word of his presentation to Jesus. The next day, which was the fourth, Jesus finds Phillip and makes him the fifth addition to the new society. Phillip brings his friend Nathaniel, who makes the sixth member. Says the Baptist,

"He must increase, but I must decrease." Six of his finest disciples leave him to follow Jesus. "Therein do I rejoice," declares the great forerunner. Once for all, these six have joined themselves in faith to Jesus, for communion, imitation and obedience. You shall see angels ascending and descending. This is a hint of the great tract of yet un-comprehended knowledge of himself which lies before them.

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**MONDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—First Disciples of the Lord Jesus. John 1: 35-42.

**MONDAY'S VERSE.**—"John stood and two of his disciples."

"Behold the Lamb of God." That was the brief form of John's third testimony to Jesus. It was made to two disciples, John and Andrew, and they immediately followed Jesus. Added to their personal inclinations, they felt it to be the wish of the Baptist that they should do so. Their minds were thrilled, their hearts were won, and their human destinies were changed from that hour. He baptized them with his own spirit and made them captive to his will. Their new enthusiasm took the easy course of natural affection and each went after his own brother. So Jesus laid family love under contribution to the kingdom of God.

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**TUESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Personal Work. John 1: 43-51.

**TUESDAY'S VERSE.**—"And he findeth Phillip."

He came to seek and save the lost. Invitations to come to Christ are both general and particular. Each is indispensable. The first makes holy impressions and stirs right impulses; the second, by personal touch, works decision of the will and moves to action. The converted soul wants to bring others. Friend is effective with friend. Fishermen have power with fishermen and so in all ranks and vocations. Personal work built the original Christian group. Every member came by personal appeal. Did you ever invite a soul to Christ? Yes; your good life is light and power and that qualifies you for fruitful personal work.

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**WEDNESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Calling of Fishermen. Luke 5: 1-11.

**WEDNESDAY'S VERSE.**—"Henceforth thou shalt catch men."

On returning from the Jordan, Jesus and his six friends went to their several homes, and the fishermen resumed their work. A little later Jesus visited them as they piled their tasks. He used Peter's boat to preach in, as the crowds pressed him on the shore. Then he guided Peter and others in casting their nets, and a great draught was taken. Peter was greatly moved by the fact, and Jesus said to him, "Henceforth, thou shalt catch men." That was a call to continuous discipleship. It was made to the two pairs of brothers who joined him in the Jordan valley a few weeks before. All obeyed.

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THURSDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Calling of Levi. Luke 5: 27-32.

THURSDAY'S VERSE.—"Levi made him a great feast."

That was a bold move, to invite a despised publican to his inner circle. Jesus honors worth and ability, ignoring our little social prejudices and distinctions. Levi was converted and instantly longed for the salvation of his outcast friends. He cunningly invited them all to a feast, and Jesus was there to win them. Sweet impressions were made on their poor, starved hearts, and probably many were won to faith and love. That was a good start of Levi's in the Christian life. He justified the Master's confidence in a growing, useful life. He is Matthew, who gave to the world one of the great biographies of our Lord.

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FRIDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Calling of Saul. Acts 9: 1-8.

FRIDAY'S VERSE.—"Who art thou, Lord?"

Here is another illustrious instance of our Lord's personal work. Saul was a profoundly religious Jew, exerting himself daily, in all good conscience, to square his life with the commandments of God. He honestly mistook the meaning of Jesus' gospel, and became a bitter persecutor. Jesus appeared to

him, spoke to him patiently and tenderly. The truth flashed on Saul's heart; the old enmity died within him, and he became instantly obedient to the heavenly vision. Saul's conscience was good, but his intellect was dark to the mind of Christ. Jesus won his greatest servant in Saul.

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SATURDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Fidelity to Calling. Eph. 4: 1-16.

SATURDAY'S VERSE.—"Keep the unity of the Spirit."

There is one Lord, one faith and one baptism. Christ's servants are one body, under guidance of one Spirit. Paul exhorts all members of Christ's churches to preserve the unity of the Spirit. That means simply this: Let each one strive to live the life of Jesus. Have his mind and spirit. This is the one supreme solitary aim of Christianity. Men and women enter into salvation, rich and full, in the measure of their conformity to his image. The unity of the Spirit means the constant culture of lowliness and meekness, longsuffering and love. Faith and baptism point that way.

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SUNDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Reward of Discipleship. Matthew 19: 23-30.

SUNDAY'S VERSE.—"Shall receive a hundredfold."

Christ's religion is its own reward. It means the health of the soul, the peace of the heart, the approval of conscience, the joy of the Spirit, and every capacity of a man's nature developed to its finest and best. Fullness of being, with the purities and perfections of God—that is the high calling of God in Christ. There is reward for all pains and sacrifices in the Christian life. Peter could not see it. He asks the childish question, "What shall we have? Will God pay us for what we have given up?" It was a bargaining spirit, but Jesus humored and answered it in the only possible way.



## LESSON 4.

JANUARY 28, 1917.

## Reverence of Jesus for His Father's House.

MOTTO TEXT.—"My house shall be called a house of prayer." (Matt. 21: 13.)

MEMORY PASSAGE, John 2: 13-22.

MEMORY VERSES, 15, 16.

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## Lesson Text.

13 ¶ And the Jews' passover was at hand, and Jē'sūs went up to Jē-rū'sā-lēm,

14 And found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting:

15 And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables;

16 And said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise.

17 And his disciples remembered that it was written, The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.

18 ¶ Then answered the Jews and said unto him, What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?

19 Jē'sūs answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.

20 Then said the Jews, Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?

21 But he spake of the temple of his body.

22 When therefore he was risen from the dead, his disciples remembered that he had said this unto them; and they believed the scripture, and the word which Jē'sūs had said.

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## Inauguration.

Jesus will publicly announce his Messiahship at the proper time and place. Passover week will be the time, and the place, Jerusalem. Short was the time that intervened between his leaving the Jordan and his appearance in Jerusalem, possibly a month or six weeks. With his six disciples he attended

the marriage at Cana and there changed the water into wine, thus greatly strengthening their faith in him. Then with his mother, brothers and disciples, he went to Capernaum and spent a few days, considering, probably, the scheme of making that city his home. Later, he did make the move, the populous center offering greater advantages to his ministry than his native mountain village. The Baptist has announced his Messiahship. He has acknowledged it, and is now in its preliminary stage. The Passover is at hand. He goes up with his disciples, in loyal reverence, to the institution. The hour of his inauguration as Messiah of Israel has struck. He will openly declare his heavenly dignity and offer himself to the recognition of the authorities of the nation. Imagine how grotesque and absurd it will seem from the point of view of the rulers. An obscure carpenter of Nazareth, three months ago, now claiming the religious pre-eminence in Israel, and calling all the people, with their priests, rabbis and elders, to submission. To these latter it looked like insanity. It was, to them, a monstrous farce, too shocking to be laughable.

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## First Public Act.

Jesus resented the desecration of his Father's house. The court of the Gentiles was noisy with the chatter of a market place. His conscience was aroused; he must assent the honor of the temple. To leave this situation unrebuked would be at the outset to belie his position as Messiah. Holy anger burns in the heart of the Son, and he proceeds to scourge avarice and irreverence from the sanctuary, waving a whip of small cords, the emblem of his authority. He moves against the traders and the money-changers. They flee from him—men, oxen and sheep. "Take these doves hence," said he to the others, and suddenly the Gentile court was cleansed for the quiet worship of God. His disciples looked in wonder, astonished at the zeal of the Master for the rights of worship. Thus was his inauguration signified to the capital of the nation.

## Rejected.

Priests and rulers looked for Messiah, but they expected a worldly prince, clothed in splendor and power. In vain the Nazarene has thrown himself against that long cherished obstinate conviction. This is the central article in their orthodox creed. Temple officials ask Jesus for a spectacular sign of his divine commission. Work us a miracle that we may know. Flaming zeal for God and spiritual religion, was no sign to them. Jerusalem, sordid and blind, rejects God's Messiah. Jesus sees that unbelief has dugged a chasm between himself and the leaders of Israel. This very inauguration day an unhealable breach opens between him and them. He sees plainly that envy and hate will steadily grow, and finally smite him to death. He foretells to them the nation's crime and his own resurrection and triumph. They sneer at the prophet and propose to forget the prophet. Jesus has showed himself to Israel, as becomes him, right at the beginning of his work. Jerusalem will fight him, and finally kill him. He will rise again, but Jerusalem will perish.

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MONDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Marriage at Cana. John 2: 1-12.

MONDAY'S VERSE.—"Jesus also was bidden and his disciples."

Just from the Jordan, with the new exaltations of his soul, he finds himself invited to a friend's marriage. He puts his divine endorsement on the sacred social rite. The embarrassing deficit of wine was likely due to the presence of his six disciples. His mother communicates the secret, and advises the servants to obey his orders. The water is turned into wine, and the ruler of the feast twits the bridegroom with keeping his best to the last. John does not narrate many of his miracles, but this one he mentions to indicate the deepening of his disciples' faith. His Gospel reveals two rapidly growing forces—faith and unbelief.

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TUESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Reverence for the House of God. John 2: 13-22.

TUESDAY'S VERSE.—"Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

Reverence in the house of God is a virtue dear to our Saviour's heart. He is impressing it yet on all congregations. Is it much insisted on in your church? Do the people

behave well? Are they devoutly still and attentive? Are you? Worship is God's hour with our souls. Can we hear his voice of gentle stillness in confusion and disorder? Let us go deeper. There may be outward quiet and yet men may, in their thoughts, be selling oxen, sheep, lambs and goods. Women may be studying the fit of a hat or a dress, or devising plans, social and domestic. Is that reverence in the house of God? God reads our minds. He knows.

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WEDNESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Dedicated in the Temple. Luke 2: 22-38.

WEDNESDAY'S VERSE.—"They brought him to Jerusalem."

A babe six weeks old, Jesus was presented to God in the temple, by his mother. Every babe, yours and mine, has the sacred right of being given to God, and reared in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Do you put emphasis on home religion? Have you consecrated the little ones to your Saviour's service? Defect in home religion is the weakness of Sunday school and church. We reject infant baptism and yet, too often, utterly neglect the spiritual training of our children. I know Baptist parents who take more care of pigs and colts than they do of the religious interests of their little sons and daughters.

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THURSDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—The Boy Jesus in the Temple. Luke 2: 41-52.

THURSDAY'S VERSE.—"All that heard him were amazed."

On the day of his declaration of Messiahship, Jesus cleansed the holy temple. It was sacred in the memories of his boyhood. It was dear as the dedication spot of his infancy. "My Father's house," was to him the emblem of all that is holy, pure and good. Its sanctity was a great passion of his soul. At the age of twelve, his wisdom astonished the learned doctors, as he talked with them in the holy place. Who helped him to that knowledge? His precious mother. It is common to say that great men are due to great mothers. Is your boy going to be a noble man? God grant. What are you doing to mould him?

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FRIDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Vision in the House of God. 1 Samuel 3: 1-14.

FRIDAY'S VERSE.—"Speak, for thy servant heareth."

Samuel became a great man, because under God he had a great mother. She felt that her infant son was a gift from God, and nobly she devoted him to the service of God. The service of God is really service to men. The well-bred, well-instructed lad grew into a mighty leader and a blessing to his people. Who gave to private virtue and public usefulness this distinguished citizen? Hannah. Good citizens, splendid men and women, come out of good, intelligent homes, and the queens of these homes are sweet, devoted, aspiring mothers.

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SATURDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Joy of Church-going. Psalm 122.

SATURDAY'S VERSE.—"Peace be within thy walls."

"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." Here was a man who had, most likely, been trained from his youth to attend the religious services of his people. He had learned the secret and blessedness of true worship. He found comfort and peace, soul stimulus

and courage, in the companionship of devout people, who made the sacrifices of thanksgiving and praise. We all need God; we need to commune with the invisible. Is the worship of God a pleasure to you? Do you go and invite others to go with you? God helps us all.

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SUNDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—A House of Prayer. Matthew 21: 12-17.

SUNDAY'S VERSE.—"Ye make it a den of robbers."

It is a curious fact that few of us know that Jesus' first and last public act in Jerusalem were the cleansing of the temple of its desecrations. His ministry began with protest against irreverence in the house of God. It closed in the very same way. The last act was the same in details as the first, but his speech was sterner. "You make my Father's house a house of merchandise," was the first rebuke. The second was, "You make it a den of thieves." This was his blighting charge against the priests and rulers, who rejected him.

## LESSON 5.

FEBRUARY 4, 1917.

## Jesus the Saviour of the World.

MOTTO TEXT.—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life." (John 3: 16.)

LESSON PASSAGE, John 3: 1-21.

MEMORY VERSES, 5, 6.

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## Lesson Text.

5 Jē'sūs answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

8 The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

9 Nic-ō-dē'mō's answered and said unto him, How can these things be.

10 Jē'sūs answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Is'rā-ēl, and knowest not these things?

11 Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness.

12 If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?

13 And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.

14 ¶ And as Mō'sēs lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

15 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

16 ¶ For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

17 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

## Drawing Men.

THE rulers of Israel rejected their lowly Messiah from the moment of his self-presentation. His own received him not, and at once he laid aside the public claim and attitude of Messiah, devoting himself to the work of a prophet. The common people will recognize and receive him, won by the demonstrations of grace and power. It is a notable fact that on the last day of his ministry a multitude of these same common people proclaimed his Messiahship in Jerusalem with acclamations of praise and joy. It is sometimes asked why Jesus did not invite some of the prominent, educated men into his band of disciples. He did. His first public appearance was a bid for their confidence and support. They spurned him, and he gladly chose the fishermen that John had prepared for him. Yes; the Nazarene was a mighty, spiritual magnet, fairer than the sons of men. He pulls on the heart-strings of this world today. He would have saved Jerusalem from desolation, but she would not.

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## He Draws Nicodemus.

Rejected by a class does not mean necessarily rejection by every individual of the class. Here is a cultured rabbi, with more than usual openness of mind, whose spiritual sensibilities are not all withered. Now, why this general abuse of Nicodemus for coming by night? I take no stock in it. It is cheap and shallow to call him a coward. Jesus was busy and thronged by day, the night season was best for a satisfying interview. Why not take the charitable view? The germ of high respect and faith were in the rabbi's heart and it grew. Just before the incident it is recorded that Jesus would not trust himself to the crowds who are said to have believed on him, for the miracles he wrought. They had enthusiasm, but their faith lacked intelligence and depth. To this courteous visitor by night, Jesus does trust himself unreservedly. He opened his heart to Nicodemus, the man so habitually slurred and unwarrantably banned.

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## The New Birth.

Ignoring Nicodemus' complimentary speech, Jesus presses on him human nature's fundamental need. You must be born again, you must be made anew from above. The Spirit of God is the agent of this moral revolution. The teaching puzzled the rabbi, and

Jesus expressed surprise that a preacher of religion should be ignorant on this matter. You want me to explain heavenly things, and yet are dull to the earth fact, which calls for the heavenly things. The conversation touches the depths of human and divine nature. The great Teacher begins with the disease of the human heart. The first lesson must deal with this appalling earthly fact.

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## The Heavenly Things.

On the admission of man's ruin and helplessness, they become pertinent and understandable. The heavenly things do not exist to him who denies the need of a new birth. They are, first, the universal love and pity of God. Second, they include the gift of his only begotten Son, who shall live God's life among men and lay it down for them. This is love's grandest sacrifice. Third, men's faith must lay hold on the Son, and thus alone can they be lifted up from sin unto everlasting life. Receive the Son into your heart and the new birth is accomplished. "I am that Son, I am the Saviour of the world." How preciously Jesus entrusted himself to Nicodemus. So does he to you and me.

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MONDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jesus and Nicodemus. John 3: 1-8.

MONDAY'S VERSE.—"A man of the Pharisees."

The Pharisees were the clergy of Israel—the theologians, pastors and religious teachers of the people. Fiery patriots, studious of the Old Testament, and zealous for Jehovah and Judaism, they were the best representatives of religion in the world. But they had lost spiritual conceptions of God, and degenerated into the patrons of an outward dead formalism. Our Christianity has the very same peril. Pharisaism is the perpetual temptation of all the churches. Yes; you and I are by no means exempt from its encroachments. It refused admittance to the spiritual Christ to his own temple and people. It did not satisfy the soul of Nicodemus and he turned to One who did.

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TUESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jesus the Saviour of the World. John 3: 9-21.

TUESDAY'S VERSE.—"He that doeth the truth cometh to the light."

"I am the Light of the world." Men walk in darkness and stumble and fall. My light shines upon the darkness. I am living a divine life in humanity and the evil one finds nothing in me. I am the way. Follow me. My life is pure and full of joy. No other way of life is fit for men. Come unto me. I in you, and you in me. Inward goodness alone is pleasing to God. My manner of beautiful and happy living is God's call to salvation. If you aspire to be good and do the truth, that is coming to my light. If we honestly want salvation there it is; becoming like the Master in word and thought and deed.

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WEDNESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—John's Final Testimony. John 3: 22-36.

WEDNESDAY'S VERSE.—"All men come to him."

John's disciples were sensitive to his fame. Jesus' larger congregations excited their envy. "All men come to him," said they to John. The great soul responds, "No man comes to him," meaning that his crowds are far smaller than his deserts. Envy never touched his generous soul. He believed in the Christ. He is before me. His success is given him of God. The people, the bride, are his. He is the bridegroom and I am his friend. You make my joy full by your report, I am glad to decrease, that he may increase. There is man for you. The little preacher, the little man has his eternal rebuke in this example. Let us rejoice in every good man's success.

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THURSDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Effective Prayer. Luke 18: 9-14.

THURSDAY'S VERSE.—"God, be thou merciful to me, the sinner."

Jesus contrasts the extremes of society in the matter of prayer. The hollowness and poverty of Pharisaism. He exposes with a relentless fidelity. In the sacred office of religion it affronts God. The Pharisee, even in prayer, betrays his self-esteem and his contempt for others. His egotism hides sins and nullifies worship. He thanks God that he is so good. He needs no new birth. He fancies that the Lord delights in him. The poor publican, contrite and humble, gets at the heart of things. Confessing sin and shame, he begs for mercy. He finds the bosom of God and goes away with the comfort of a pardoned soul.

FRIDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Seeking to Save. Luke 19: 1-10.

FRIDAY'S VERSE.—"I must abide at thy house."

See the delicate grace of the Master. One way to get at the heart of a man is to get a favor from him. Jesus invites himself to that man's hospitality. It was the highway to his soul. Did Jesus talk of official meanness and dishonesties that day, in Zaccheus' home? Never. That is no way to find a man. He was brotherly, affable, sunny. The publican's heart was smitten with grief and shame, for the evil of his life. He fell in love with the divine guest and confided to him the new purposes now registered in his mind. Angel music was not so sweet to Jesus who exclaims, "Salvation has come to this house."

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SATURDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Gospel of Salvation. Rom. 1: 8-17.

SATURDAY'S VERSE.—"I am not ashamed of the gospel."

A better and stronger translation is, "I am proud of the gospel." It was Paul's glory and he thanked God for calling him to its blessed ministry. Why is he proud? Because it is the one sure method of saving men from sin to the righteousness of God. It means pardon of sins and entrance into a divine life with Jesus Christ. It saved Zaccheus and the Philippian jailor. It saved Nicodemus and Paul. It is God's power to save all the Jews and all the Gentiles. Glorious Paul! He could never tell the heights and depths of the riches of God in Christ, the Saviour of the world.

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SUNDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—The Only Saviour. 1 Tim. 1: 12-17.

SUNDAY'S VERSE.—"Worthy of all acceptance."

My admiration and love of Paul increases with the years. In him Jesus captured the finest brain and heart in all this world. Christ satisfied to the full that imperial intellect and waked to rapture all the sensibilities of that wonderful human heart. Conscientiously mistaken, he once persecuted, but God enlightened the conscience and won the mightiest trophy of redeeming love. If God can save me, no other sinner need despair. The grace of Christ that crowned me with sonship to God is worthy of all acceptance. Come to him, all ye sons of men, and be ye saved.

## LESSON 6.

FEBRUARY 11, 1917.

## Jesus and the Woman of Samaria.

MOTTO TEXT.—"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Timothy 1: 15.)

LESSON PASSAGE, John 4: 1-29.

MEMORY VERSES, 13, 14.

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## Lesson Text.

5 Then cometh he to a city of SĀ-mār'ġ-Ā, which is called Sy'chār, near to the parcel of ground that Jā'cob gave to his son Jō'sēph.

6 Now Jā'cob's well was there. Jē'sūs therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour.

7 There cometh a woman of SĀ-mār'ġ-Ā to draw water: Jē'sūs saith unto her, Give me to drink.

8 (For his disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat.)

9 Then saith the woman of SĀ-mār'ġ-Ā unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of SĀ-mār'ġ-Ā? for the Jews have no dealings with the SĀ-mār'ġ-ġ-ġns.

10 Jē'sūs answered and said unto her, 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.

11 The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water?

12 Art thou greater than our father Jā'cob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?

13 Jē'sūs answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again:

14 But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

24 God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

25 The woman saith unto him, I know that Mē-si'ās cometh, which is called Christ: when he is come, he will tell us all things.

26 Jē'sūs saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he.

## Historical Connection.

It was not possible for Jesus to act as a national Messiah after the rejection by the rulers in Jerusalem. That incident compelled him to appeal to the common people, among whom he taught and labored as a prophet. In no other way could recognition of his Messiahship be won. Had the nation's leaders welcomed him, what would have been the course of religious history in Israel and the world? No man can tell, but certainly the world's evangelization would have advanced far more rapidly. The new great ideas of the kingdom of God had to take the route of the plain people. The vested interests and ossified theology of Jerusalem blocked the way of progress. Jesus was evangelizing the country of Judæa. His success was exciting the envy of John's disciples, and what was far more serious, it was stirring the suspicion and hostility of the powerful Pharisees. He would avoid collision with them in the early stage of his work, so he decides on withdrawal to Galilee. In that remote province his activities will be less exposed to interruption. Yes; they spurned their Messiah from his holy city and drove him out of Judæa. Of course, they thought they were doing God service in suppressing a dangerous religious fanatic. Men can be sincerely wrong. Sincerity may be a blind enemy to truth and drive on to its own destruction.

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## The Samaritan Woman.

Taking the straight road to Galilee, he passed through the despised province of Samaria. Jesus sat at noon day by Jacob's well, hungry, thirsty and travel-worn. A woman coming for water finds him waiting the return of his disciples. He knows that one way to win the confidence of a soul is to ask a service from it. That is true insight into human nature, and many a business man has acted on it. You inevitably like the man in whom you have invested a kindness. It unbars your heart to him. How tactfully the Master turns the conversation to matters of religion. That woman's soul is precious to him and he will set her face to the better life. The water in the well becomes

a figure of the living water. From the physical fact, her thought is gracefully lifted to the spiritual. Her mind, now vaguely interested in that better thing, Jesus drops figures of speech, and turns on her conscience. She admits the evil of her life. The soul-winner has lodged two saving impressions: First, of a pure and satisfied life; second, of an impure and unsatisfied life. She perceives a prophet and tries to parry further personal questions by asking solution of theological disputes. He holds her thought on God and says to her, "I am the Messiah." The disciples come and the woman goes away, forgetting her water pot.

That convicted woman became a missionary to her friends. Presently she returned with all the villagers. All became interested. They would not let him leave. His journey was arrested for two days. A great revival broke out in the Samaritan community and a large number accepted Jesus as the Messiah. Blessed results were won in a most unpromising and unexpected place. It gave comfort and courage and confidence to the heart of the rejected Jesus. This soul-refreshing experience was all due to one casual conversation with one sinful soul. Jesus despised not the day of small things. The good seed was sown and it sprang up into an abundant harvest. Work with the individual. That is indispensable. So the Christian movement began, so must it continue. Are you in the work?

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MONDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jesus and the Woman of Samaria. John 4: 1-14.

MONDAY'S VERSE.—"He would have given thee living water."

Some church people object to revivals. John Wesley shocked his Episcopal brethren by going to the poor unchurched masses with the gospel. Revivals have their abuses which ought to be avoided, but that is no reason for abandoning a scriptural method of winning men to Christ. The meetings at Sychar were quiet and orderly, intensely personal and uncommonly fruitful. With that lowly ignorant community, Jesus began with the love of God and the beauty of holy living. That is the best way of waking the consciousness of sin and leading to repentance and faith. Jesus' method is well worthy of study.

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TUESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—True Worship. John 4: 19-26.

TUESDAY'S VERSE.—"In spirit and truth."

God is Spirit, gracious, loving and universal. He is everywhere. This blessed revelation, says Jesus, will abolish localized worship. That is, neither this mountain nor Jerusalem can claim longer to be the sole places of approach to God. He is Spirit, and desires that men "worship him in spirit." Every place in the world is filled with God, and there men may find him in prayer, praise and adoration. Locality gives place to universalized worship. "In truth." The gospel reveals God and man and the relations between them. The truth of the holiness and love of God, the truth of man's sin and need of pardon. Meet God everywhere with penitence and praise.

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WEDNESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—One Soweth, Another Reapeth. John 4: 27-38.

WEDNESDAY'S VERSE.—"The fields are white already unto the harvest."

The common law of religious work is, one sows and another reaps. Sunday school teachers and pastors sow and others will reap. Their own reaping is due to others sowing. It was so with these disciples. In the present revival, himself had sown the seed, but they were to enter into the joyous harvest. They have been reaping from the sowing of John the Baptist. So the labors of the kingdom overlap and so the laborers are vitally interlinked. In this instance Jesus is the sower and the reaper. It is an exceptional case. Greater things shall you do, but it is I who have scattered the seed.

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THURSDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Faith of the Samaritans. John 4: 39-42.

THURSDAY'S VERSE.—"We have heard for ourselves."

It was the woman's testimony that first interested her neighbors in Jesus. They frankly admitted that her work had brought them to the Saviour of the world. What a sacred joy to her heart! Did any soul ever put such a compliment on you? Peter could say, "It was my own brother who led me to Christ." Can any loved one say that of you? Will there be any stars in your crown and mine? But to Jesus is the glory. We believe in him for his own word. The woman could bring them, and that was all she could do. That was all that was necessary. The great work of salvation Jesus does by himself.

FRIDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Gospel in Samaria. Acts 8: 4-13.

FRIDAY'S VERSE.—"There was much joy in that city."

Persecution drove many of the Christians out of Jerusalem and they went everywhere preaching Jesus. Philip, a good deacon of the church, entered into the city of Samaria, and a great revival sprang up under his ministry. The city was mightily moved, and the joy of salvation flowed down her streets. Every pastor needs to be in two or three good meetings every year. They bring him freshly back to the verities of the gospel. He needs to see demonstrations of the un-failing power of Jesus in converting men to a better life. That requires in him a new approach to the heart and mind of the Lord.

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SATURDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—No Respector of Persons. Acts 10: 34-43.

SATURDAY'S VERSE.—"Who went about doing good."

Peter was cautious about going among Gentiles with the gospel. It was a hard lesson for him to learn, that before God a Gentile is just as acceptable as a Jew. Racial religious pride and prejudice are hard

LESSON 7.

## Jesus Heals a Nobleman's Son.

MOTTO TEXT.—"As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." (Matt. 8: 13.)

LESSON PASSAGE, John 4: 43-54.

MEMORY VERSES, 49, 51.

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Lesson Text.

43 ¶ Now after two days he departed thence, and went into Galilee.

44 For Jesus himself testified, that a prophet hath no honour in his own country.

45 Then when he was come into Galilee, the Galileans received him, having seen all the things that he did at Jerusalem at the feast: for they also went unto the feast.

46 So Jesus came again into Cana of Galilee, where he made the water wine. And there was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum.

to overcome. The Jews had a long-cherished conviction that they were the favorites of heaven. Jesus broke down that conceited illusion. There is no favoritism with the Father of all. All men who try to live right are welcome alike to his bosom. Go among people and lose your self-importance as you find people as respectable and bright as yourself. Snobbery is contemptible in every class.

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SUNDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Salvation for All. Romans 10: 11-21.

SUNDAY'S VERSE.—"The Lord is rich unto all that call upon him."

A great light dawned on Peter's mind in the case of Cornelius, which the Jerusalem church hesitatingly received. Some, however, refused outright to accept it and formed a party that was a thorn in the side of Paul. The glorious universality of the gospel broke on his mind at his conversion. When this party tried to put Jewish customs on his Gentile converts, he resisted with all the energy of his nature. Christ alone saves men, and that on the ground of faith without the deeds of the law. He saw that Jesus had broken down middle walls of partition and put all men on the same plane of advantage in religion.

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47 When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judaea into Galilee, he went unto him, and besought him that he would come down, and heal his son: for he was at the point of death.

48 Then said Jesus unto him, Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.

49 The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die.

50 Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth. And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way.

51 And as he was now going down, his servants met him, and told him, saying, Thy son liveth.

52 Then enquired he of them the hour when he began to amend. And they said unto him, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him.

53 So the father knew that it was at the same hour, in the which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth: and himself believed, and his whole house.

54 This is again the second miracle that Jesus did, when he was come out of Judaea into Galilee.

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Welcome Home.

AFTER the two days' revival at Sychar, the Master resumes his journey to Galilee. Reasons have been named for his leaving Judaea, and now he states the reason of return to Galilee, for "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." That is confusing. Is not this the explanation: He has won honor beyond his country, in Jerusalem, and will now return with the reputation of a prophet, expecting to find a ready access to the hearts of the people. Galileans had seen his works in Jerusalem and had carried his fame back home, so the people welcomed him with a hearty good will. In Judaea, the scene of his first ministry, unbelief prevailed, due to the dominance of the Pharisees. In Samaria, faith had just burst forth, putting a new zest and hopefulness in the Master's soul. In Sychar, no miracle was wrought, his gracious words needing not that support. Galilee's state of mind was half way between that of Judaea and Samaria. The welcome was cordial, but it was based on the lighter, shallower faith elicited by miracles. Galileans expected fresh ones at his hands. This was disappointing to Jesus. Such was the quality of faith in those men in Jerusalem to whom he refused to "trust himself." He longs for faith based on what he is, in contrast with his mighty works.

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A Sick Son.

Trouble finds the good Physician. He becomes the center of the country's sorrow. Jesus was in Cana. In Capernaum, sixteen miles east, lay a boy dangerously sick. He was the son of an official in the court of Herod Antipas, the kinglet who murdered John the Baptist. The father had heard of the arrival of Jesus in Galilee. How swiftly the news had spread and how deeply had he impressed himself on intelligent minds. The officer comes to Cana himself, unwilling to trust the mission to a servant. Finding Jesus, he pours forth his passionate importunity. "Come down and cure my son, who is at the point of death." Jesus' response is

addressed more to the known mental attitude of Galilee than to the anxious father. "You want to see signs and wonders before you believe." In Samaria he had been sought as a Saviour of souls; here it is for bodily cures that his presence is sought. Note how jealously he guards the supreme characteristic of his mission. He utterly refuses to pose as a wonder-worker. The father can only renew his pleading entreaty, "Come down, sir, before my boy is dead." Jesus now turns from the general spirit of Galilee to the sorrowing individual heart before him. His pity and power embrace the suppliant, but one fond hope is disappointed. Jesus declines to go down to the sick room. He demands faith before seeing. Will he get it? "Go yourself; go thy way, thy son liveth." Will the nobleman believe that word and go in peace?

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Faith Rewarded.

The man rose up to faith. He believed the word of Jesus, independent of signs and wonders. Comforted, he went away alone, and before reaching home he met his servants running to tell the glad news of his boy's improvement. "When did he begin to grow better?" asks the happy father? "Yesterday at one o'clock the fever left him." Then he remembered that it was exactly at this hour when Jesus said to him, "Thy son liveth." That day he and his whole family believed in Jesus. Note how circumstantial is the old apostle's memory of the great days of fifty years ago. Vividly he recalls the order of events, day by day, and hour by hour. Time but the impressions deeper makes as streams their channels deeper wear.

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MONDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jesus Heals a Nobleman's Son. John 4: 43-54.

MONDAY'S VERSE.—"The man believed the word."

Jesus has a sublime faith in the capacity of men to become Godlike in character. To make them in his own image, to mold them into his own moral likeness, is the burden of his mission. Hence, his disgust with playing the role of a wonder-worker, to entertain and astonish. He craves men's faith in, and love for himself. He is the nation's true Messiah, the world's Saviour from sin. He can do nothing for men without their answering faith and love. Jerusalem rejects him and seals her doom to spiritual death and physical destruction. This horrible

slaughter in Europe is traceable to rejection of Jesus. In unbelief the nations learn war, and cut each other's throats.

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**TUESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Jesus the Healer. Mark 1: 29-39.

**TUESDAY'S VERSE.**—"All are seeking thee."

That holy sabbath was a wonderful day in the ministry of Jesus of Nazareth. At the synagogue service he healed a frightfully diseased man; at Peter's home he rebuked the fever of the mother-in-law, and at the late afternoon hour the streets were full of sick people, seeking his help. What a pathetic sunset scene was that! A city's misery congregated, making dumb appeal to the pity of God. The precious Christ moved among them, touching into health and sending away in joy. He is the same today. He can cure the vices and immoralities of the city now; he can touch into soundness all the diseased bodies and souls of men. Blessed be his name.

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**WEDNESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Healer of Body and Soul. Mark 2: 1-12.

**WEDNESDAY'S VERSE.**—"Son, thy sins are forgiven."

Steadily faith and unbelief, love and hate gather round him. These two opposed influences grow as his mighty ministry shakes the hearts of the nation. Galilee is now at a pitch of intense interest in the prophet who is intent on winning recognition as Messiah insolent and mocking Pharisees from Jerusalem are dogging his steps. His triumph is disaster to them. A poor paralytic is borne before him. Seeing his faith, he speaks forgiveness of sins. The enemy scowled at the alleged blasphemy. To refute the charge, he adds healing of the body to that of the soul. The sick arose and bore away his cot, and all the people glorified God. That day faith and unbelief were intensified.

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**THURSDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Faith and Healing. Matthew 15: 21-28.

**THURSDAY'S VERSE.**—"O woman, great is thy faith."

The fame of Jesus overflows the borders of the nation. Increasing hostility drives him out of Galilee, and in a region, northwest, he seeks the quiet of seclusion. Sorrow is there, and he cannot be hid. A mother

finds him and begs for his mercy. He is silent, but she pleads. He speaks, but his words exclude her from the sphere of his work. She falls at his feet and implores. He speaks again, but it is to classify her with dogs. She accepts the designation and cries for the portion of a dog. There is majestic faith. The apparent unwillingness of Jesus is conquered. Let faith have its way. Be it done unto thee even as thou wilt. The daughter was well.

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**FRIDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Healing Power. Acts 19: 8-20.

**FRIDAY'S VERSE.**—"God wrought special miracles by the hand of Paul."

The great missionary is making a profound impression on the city of Ephesus. This is the scene of his labors on the third missionary journey. Multitudes were brought to confession of Christ by the blood-earnestness of his preaching. God gave him power over the souls and bodies of men. The good Physician enabled him to help the sick and thus the effectiveness of his saving work was enhanced. But the vast significance of his labors was the overthrow of the city's idolatry. He proved Diana a myth of heathen superstition, and Jesus the Saviour of Jews and Gentiles. Ah, what a man was that!

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**SATURDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Spirit of Helpfulness. Matthew 25: 31-40.

**SATURDAY'S VERSE.**—"When saw we thee hungry and fed thee?"

Here is Jesus' plain and unmistakable utterance of a great truth, that we constantly ignore. Why do we manage to forget it? This it is, the service of men is the service of God. You can't show kindness to God. He does not need it. He makes the poor, the homeless, the distressed, his receivers. The man who says he has faith in God, and is not a helper of men, has no faith. The man who claims to be a servant of Christ and yet has no sympathy with human want, is not Christ's servant. Christ went about doing good. Let us not fool ourselves. To be a Christian is to live as he lived. There is no other salvation.

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**SUNDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Perfect Cleansing. 1 John 1: 1-10.

**SUNDAY'S VERSE.**—"We have fellowship one with another."

We love our brethren, we share our mutual joys and sorrows. We tear out of our hearts all envies and jealousies, and prefer one another in honor. We visit the widow and the orphan in their distress. We fight sin and sorrow; we pursue righteousness and peace. Why do we this? Because we are

Christians, having the mind and spirit of Christ. We walk in the light, as he is in the light. We know what religion means, and feel deep disgust for mere shams and shows. Christ calls us to live a divine life. Shall we live it, or have only a name to live? God help us all!

## LESSON 8.

FEBRUARY 25, 1917.

## Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda.

**MOTTO TEXT.**—"It was Jesus who made him whole." (John 5: 15.)

**LESSON PASSAGE,** John 5: 1-15.

**MEMORY VERSES,** 8, 9.

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## Lesson Text.

1 After this there was a feast of the Jews; and Jesus went up to Jerusalem.

2 Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches.

3 In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

4 For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

5 And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years.

6 When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?

7 The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.

8 Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.

9 And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked: and on the same day was the sabbath.

10 The Jews therefore said unto him that was cured, It is the sabbath day: it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed.

11 He answered them, He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk.

12 Then asked they him, What man is that which said unto thee, Take up thy bed, and walk?

13 And he that was healed wist not who he was: for Jesus had conveyed himself away, a multitude being in that place.

14 Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.

15 The man departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus, which had made him whole.

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## Again in Jerusalem.

The other Gospels tell a full story of Jesus' work in Galilee, but are scant in accounts of his activities in Judaea and Jerusalem. John's Gospel reverses the case exactly, making slight reference to the Galilean ministry and laying large stress on that of Judaea. This visit to attend a feast of the Jews is recorded by John alone. So with the former visit on which he cleansed the temple. So with later visits to the feast of tabernacles, and to the feast of dedication. John accents the work in Judaea, the others emphasize the work in Galilee. Why is this? The Synoptics are concerned with evangelization, and success in bringing the people to faith. Practical results were achieved mainly in Galilee, and with far less collision and debate with opposers. Jesus was more hated and hence more thwarted in Judaea, which facts made the details of his ministry there unsuitable to their purpose. The triumphs of the gospel is their theme. John takes a theme, more inward and personal, Jesus' revelation of himself. This is the standpoint of his narrative and not that of practical result. These sojourns in the capital brought him into bitter clash with his adversaries and in the profound speeches he made he disclosed his own glory more brilliantly than in Galilee. Their questions and denunciations afforded occasion for the affirmations of his divine char-

acter, dignity and mission. There is perfect harmony between John and the Synoptics. The text of his gospel is announced in his prologue, namely, the eternal glory of Jesus, and he finds highest proof in his memories of the Judean ministry.

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#### Wonderful Cure.

He is at the feast of Purim, which came several weeks before the Passover. Going among the sick in the porches of Bethesda, he finds a human wreck of thirty-eight years standing. "Wouldst thou be made well?" Jesus lovingly asks. The poor unfortunate explains to the stranger how impossible it is for him to get first into the water when it is troubled. Some man, less afflicted, always descends the stairway ahead of him. He has no hope, though he has himself brought daily to the pool. Jesus said, "Take up thy bed and walk." Instantly the man was well and took up his bed and walked. This was on the sabbath. The Jews saw him and charged him with violation of the sabbath. He pleaded in excuse the command of the man who made him well. They asked, not "who is the man who made you well," but "who is he that told you to take your bed and walk?" The man did not know, for Jesus had moved away in the crowds. Jesus met him later in the temple, and warned him, saying, "Sin no more lest a worse thing come upon thee." Then he went and told the Jews that it was Jesus who had made him whole. It was with no intention to embarrass his benefactor, but simply to rid himself of the dangerous accusation of sabbath violation.

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#### Persecution.

The Jews did not know he was in the city. He was there as a simple pilgrim, not as Messiah. Shocked and enraged at Jesus' irreverence for the sabbath, the Pharisees set upon him. Calmly he repelled the charge, affirming divine cooperation with his Father. "In accusing me, you accuse him." Through a long, fierce debate Jesus declared the proofs of his heavenly mission, and thrust them through with charges of spiritual blindness, incompetency and doom. In the face of foes, he daringly manifested his own glory. They drove him out of the city and he returned to Galilee. Already deliberate plans to kill him had been matured. Unbelief in Judaea was heading to the murder on Calvary.

MONDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda. John 5: 1-9.

MONDAY'S VERSE.—"Take up thy bed and walk."

"I was sick and ye visited me." He went about doing good, carrying our griefs and bearing our sorrows. He lived the Christian life and bade us follow his example if we wish to be his disciples in truth. The poor and needy in the community drew him. The sickness and want of any soul disturbed him. The spirit of sympathy and helpfulness is getting into the churches more and more. If our Christianity is not going to continue the work of the Master, the world doesn't need it. The church that forgets it will die. The Christian man or woman who forgets it will become a withered branch on the vine. Follow me.

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TUESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Lord of the Sabbath. John 5: 10-18.

TUESDAY'S VERSE.—"Making himself equal with God."

That was what the rejected Messiah was doing. "He that hath seen me, hath seen God. To this day my Father works, and I work with him." He knew he was sealing his death warrant when he said it, but he faltered not. The Jews read his meaning aright. "I am the Lord of the sabbath, and it is always lawful to do good on the sabbath." The Nazarene carpenter makes himself equal with God. To them it is the climax of absurdity and irreverence. They are the victims of their own narrow, heartless orthodoxy. He cured, the sick, but he violated the sabbath. "Let us kill him and save the holy day."

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WEDNESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Authority of the Son. John 5: 19-29.

WEDNESDAY'S VERSE.—"He hath given all judgment unto the Son."

The blind assaults of unbelief on his character and mission gave the natural occasion for his self-defense. But for the charges of his foes against Paul, we should never have known some of the immensely interesting facts of his life. He had to vindicate his character. The brutal attacks on Jesus in Jerusalem unseal his lips on the subject of his own divine nature and the glorious mission to which God has appointed him. In effect, he says to his persecutors, "I am the

light of this world. You reject me, and I am become your judge. Moses condemns you. I condemn you."

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THURSDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jesus' Defense. John 5: 30-47.

THURSDAY'S VERSE.—"My judgment is righteous."

So also in effect he says: "Many are the witnesses who have spoken to you of my divine mission and authority. John the Baptist declared it unto you, and for a season you gave him honor. In addition, my own good works, which the Father enabled me to do, bear the same testimony. Again, the scriptures speak plainly of my coming, and in attestation of my character and work. And above all the Father has borne witness of me. His approving voice was heard at my baptism. But you despise all this volume of evidence. I know you. I can read your hearts. The love of God is not in you. Vain ambition and the praise of men you seek."

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FRIDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Power over Disease. Mark 5: 25-34.

FRIDAY'S VERSE.—"Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole."

You talk of little faith. Here is a specimen. This woman feared to approach him openly, lest her disease offend him. She mistakenly fancied that magical power was in the hem of his robe. She thought she could get a blessing and steal away without acknowledgment. Her faith was cumbered with all this ignorance, yet she came and was healed. Jesus stopped the procession to purify her faith. Don't bother over great faith or little faith. The faith that brings your heart to Jesus is rewarded, whether

great or small. The power is in him, not in garment, church ordinance or anything else. Jesus saves.

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SATURDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Power over Death. Mark 5: 21-24; 35-43.

SATURDAY'S VERSE.—"Fear not, only believe."

Jairus was ruler of a synagogue. Pharisee though he was, his sick daughter impelled him to seek the good Physician. The sympathetic, impartial Jesus went with him. His charities are for all men who will receive them. While Jesus delayed to clear the faith of the woman healed, bad news was brought to Jairus. "Thy daughter is dead." Jesus comforted with the words, "Fear not, only believe." How he longed for faith in himself. He put the wailing women out of the room and took the child by the hand, saying, "Arise." Immediately she arose and walked, and he commanded to give her something to eat.

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SUNDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Power over Disease and Sin. Luke 5: 17-26.

SUNDAY'S VERSE.—"Arise and go unto thine house."

Fortunate man! The paralytic had friends to carry him to the Master. It is not every soul that has persons interested in his salvation. If we had positive faith in him, I think we should be more active in doing good. The sick man and his friends got the reward of faith. The neighbor's body was healed and his soul was pardoned. The Pharisees were terribly rebuked and confounded that day, and the fame of Jesus was greatly spread abroad. All the people were solemnly impressed with him, and gave glory to God who had sent him among men. Yes; he is the Messiah, the Saviour of the world.



## LESSON 9.

## Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand.

MARCH 4, 1917.

MOTTO TEXT.—"Give us this day our daily bread." (Matt. 6: 11.)

LESSON PASSAGE, John 6: 1-21.

MEMORY VERSES, 10, 11.

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## Lesson Text.

1 After these things Jesus went over the sea of Galilee, which is the sea of Tiberias.

2 And a great multitude followed him, because they saw his miracles which he did on them that were diseased.

3 And Jesus went up into a mountain, and there he sat with his disciples.

4 And the passover, a feast of the Jews, was nigh.

5 When Jesus then lifted up his eyes, and saw a great company come unto him, he saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?

6 And this he said to prove him: for he himself knew what he would do.

7 Philip answered him, Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little.

8 One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him,

9 There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?

10 And Jesus said, Make the men sit down. Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down, in number about five thousand.

11 And Jesus took the loaves; and when he had given thanks, he distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down; and likewise of the fishes as much as they would.

12 When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

13 Therefore they gathered them together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, which remained over and above unto them that had eaten.

14 Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world.

## Historical Connection.

IN March, Jesus had gone alone, it seems, to the feast of Purim at Jerusalem. At that time he was sending out the disciples, two by two, on evangelistic tours, so it was natural that he should go unattended. On that visit we have seen the evidence of the breach between himself and the rulers. Unbelief had become violent and aggressive in Judæa. In April, following, came the Passover. Jesus had returned to Galilee, and knowing the fierceness of his enemies, had decided not to go up to the great feast. "He would not walk in Jewry, because the Jews sought to kill him." At this time, news came to him of the murder of John the Baptist. He saw in that event a foreshadowing of what was awaiting himself. He knows that a crisis in his Galilean ministry is approaching. Fact is, he is now just one year from Calvary. His disciples come back from their missions in Galilee and report results. It is now the Passover season. He is weary and needs repose. Likewise, the disciples. Says he, "Let us go aside and rest." He craves a day of quiet seclusion with them, in which he may cheer their hearts, strengthen their faith and point them to the ominous signs of the times. The Captain of our salvation wants a day of sweet counsel with his lieutenants.

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## The Crossing.

Early in the spring morning, Jesus and the twelve begin the short voyage, in fishing boats, across the upper end of the Lake of Galilee. Starting from Capernaum, it is about six miles to the green slopes of the hills on the eastern shore. The lake was calm, the air was bracing, the blue skies were benignant, and pleased anticipation was in every heart. The brave forerunner is dead, but the great Messiah is with us. Unsuspecting as little children were they of the forebodings in the Master's heart. Out they leap on the beach to meet dark disappointment. Jesus cannot hide his movements. It is the season of the full tide of his popularity in Galilee. The people thronged him daily, in fond expectation of his declaring a visible kingdom of God. They

saw the direction of the boats and pressed around the head of the lake to meet him. No rest, no seclusion, no precious soul-conferences today. The patient, plying Lord, with the disciples, enter on a hard day's work, preaching and teaching.

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## The Miracle.

IN the afternoon the multitudes were weary and hungry. Jesus looked on them as his guests, and planned to feed them. Asking Philip about it, the disciple said that thirty-five dollars would not buy more than a crumb for each. Andrew ventured to mention the insignificant fact that a lad was present who had five barley loaves and two fishes. The fact, to him, only emphasized the destitution. Jesus asked for the boy's basket and ordered the disciples to seat the multitude in orderly ranks of fifties and hundreds. He gave thanks to God, divided the food to his brethren, and they to the five thousand men. All were fed and twelve baskets of fragments remained. Will that throng see the meaning and believe on him with a true faith? No; they do not see. Their vain hopes solidify into a daring resolution. We will make him our king, whether he will or not. He shall be our bread king, to feed us without work. That is the melancholy outcome. Jesus has manifested his glory and for that reason John tells the story. He dismisses the throng, sends the disciples to the boats and goes himself into the mountain to pray. His soul hungers for communion with God.

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MONDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jesus Feeds Five Thousand. John 6: 1-14.

MONDAY'S VERSE.—"This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world."

True, but of his spiritual mission they had not the slightest conception. We will crown him our bread king. They would use him for the satisfaction of bodily needs. Such is the moral stupidity of Galilee, after a year of his laborious ministry. Do you ever get discouraged at spiritual insensibility and worldliness in the church and community? Does your heart ache sometimes when you note the general superficiality of the ordinary Christian life? Looks like an empty show, doesn't it? So that great heart felt. It was an hour of solemn grief. He went in prayer to the bosom of God. So must you.

TUESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Influence of Jesus' Presence. John 6: 15-21.

TUESDAY'S VERSE.—"It is I, be not afraid."

That day opened brightly; it closed in gloom. The fond hopes of the morning had all gone to wreck. Often this is our own experience. How do you bear disappointment? Are you Christlike in patience, or do you become passionate and denunciatory? That is the very time for us to show the Christ within us. The day's close depressed the disciples. That night they labored in painful fear against the waves. A vision on the water alarmed them more. A voice said, "It is I, be not afraid." He always comes to his own in the time of trouble. Putting aside his own great sorrow, he comes to end the pains of his people. Blessed Jesus.

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WEDNESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Feeding the Five Thousand. Mark 6: 30-44.

WEDNESDAY'S VERSE.—"And they all ate and were filled."

We see the spiritual lesson. The good shepherd feeds his sheep. He is the true bread of life. He is the sum of his thoughts, feelings, purposes, principles and acts. That is our bread. His character is our soul's food. When he says, "Eat my body and drink my blood," it is a strong figure of speech, for the words, "Follow me," have the mind of Christ. "Be ye imitators of me." This is Christianity's supreme aim to make us like Jesus Christ. The more we are conformed to his image the more we are entered into heaven. He is the food of all this world's teeming millions. All may eat and be filled.

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THURSDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Feeding the Four Thousand. Matthew 15: 32-39.

THURSDAY'S VERSE.—"I could not send them away fasting."

Not long after the feeding of the five thousand, the miracle was repeated in the feeding of another multitude. This throng had continued with him three days and made even a deeper appeal to his sympathy than did the former. Seven baskets of fragments were taken up. The lesson is the same as in the first case. The wild enthusiasm to make him King does not reappear. Enthusiasm is dying down, and Jesus' popularity is on the wane. Truth is, he is now on his first journey of withdrawal from Galilee on account of the encroaching hostility of the Pharisees. A crisis is on.

FRIDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Widow's Meal and Oil. 1 Kings 17: 8-18.

FRIDAY'S VERSE.—"The meal shall not waste."

Here was a sore trial of faith. A famine withered the crops and sent hunger into the homes of the poor. A widow's food has all been used. She scrapes the bottom of the barrel and drains the last drop of oil to prepare a final meal and die. At that moment the prophet comes and asks that his hunger be satisfied first. He promises that she shall not famish. "Your meal and oil shall not fail until the Lord sends rain upon the earth." She believed, and gave the rights of hospitality to the man of God. The prophet's faith and the widow's faith defied the adverse conditions and its reward did not fail.

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SATURDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jehovah the Provider. Psalm 34: 1-10.

SATURDAY'S VERSE.—"They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

Shall not want any good thing. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. I have been young and now am old, yet I have not seen the seed of the righteous begging

## LESSON 10.

MARCH 11, 1917.

## Jesus the Bread of Life.

MOTTO TEXT.—"Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life." (John 6: 35.)

LESSON PASSAGE, John 6: 22-46.

MEMORY VERSES, 32, 33.

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## Lesson Text.

24 When the people therefore saw that Je'sus was not there, neither his disciples, they also took shipping, and came to CA-per-nā-um, seeking for Je'sus.

25 And when they had found him on the other side of the sea, they said unto him, RAB'bi, when camest thou hither?

26 Je'sus answered them and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled.

27 Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto

bread. Do good and verily thou shalt be fed." Confidence in the pity and power of God lived in the heart of the Old Testament saint, and sang itself in his hymns of praise. It is the man who feeds his soul on the bread of heaven, who most entertains this confidence in the supply of food for the body. Jesus says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

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SUNDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jehovah the Deliverer. Psalm 34: 11-22.

SUNDAY'S VERSE.—"Many are the afflictions of the righteous."

This world has always been unfriendly to men of high ideals of living. God is in favor of human progress intellectually, economically and spiritually. The old notions and usages of ignorance and sin hold the field and fight bitterly every scheme for real human betterment. Specially have God's prophets been hateful to these malignant forces. Religious living has always been persecuted. Its higher ideals and aims have involved horrors of afflictions. Call the roll of the heroes of faith. Which one escaped hate and torture? Not one. But God is with them and his kingdom shall prevail.

everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you; for him hath God the Father sealed.

28 Then said they unto him, What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?

29 Je'sus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.

30 They said therefore unto him, What sign shewest thou then, that we may see, and believe thee? what dost thou work?

31 Our fathers did eat mān'nā in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat.

32 Then Je'sus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Mō'sēs gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.

33 For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.

34 Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us this bread.

35 And Je'sus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

36 But I said unto you, That ye also have seen me, and believe not.

37 All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.

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## The Crisis.

ONE year remains to Jesus, and then Gethsemane and Calvary. The next Passover will mark the end. The foretokens of it he sees in the plotting hate of Judas. But has he not entrenched himself in the faith and love of Galilee? Far from it. Great throngs, with the noisy gush of enthusiasm, have followed and acclaimed him, but he is not deceived by such demonstrations. See the issue of yesterday's work across the lake. The multitude have no insight into his character and mission, and have no interest in knowing. To the Master's seeing mind, the outlook is dismal enough. Humanly considered, the movement started by John and promoted by himself, is doomed. Not so does it seem to the Captain of salvation. But he is hobbled by the inspirational crowds. He will be rid of them, by breaking their Messianic illusion. The opportunity is at hand.

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## Revelation of Himself.

The crowd of yesterday comes pouring into Capernaum looking for Jesus. Imagine his disgust when they find him and begin to ask, "When did you come here?" His answer is straight to the feeling that dictated the question: "You seek me, because of the loaves; not because you saw a hint of higher things in me. Why do you not seek the enduring food which I can give you? Turn your thought and labor to that."

Their second question is, "How shall we work the works of God?" Believe on him whom he hath sent. "Give us a sign," they say, "that we may believe. Feed us daily, as our fathers ate manna in the wilderness." "No," replied Jesus, "Moses did not give the true bread of heaven. It is my Father's gift, and the work of God is just to receive it. It gives life unto the world." "Give us this bread," they asked, not seeing what he meant. "I am the bread of life—and you

believe not." "I am come down from heaven." They growled their disappointment and disgust, alleging their knowledge of his history and that of his family. Yet he says he came from heaven! Their carnal minds refused the light. They want a bread king, not spiritual religion. It was heart-sickening to Jesus. He goes on, "I will give you my flesh for the life of the world." "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life." In this conversation, Jesus reaches the highest self-revelation he ever made, and he made it to the dullness and blindness of a carnal assembly. His strongest meat to weakest stomachs. It was his way of getting rid of their company. Their fanatical and selfish moral insensibility and their thronging after him as a wonder-worker, wearied him.

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## Desertion.

A year of declining popularity begins. He has willingly and knowingly sprung it himself. There was no other way. His truth is declared in love. If it repels, so be it. Some will see the light and believe on the Son. The preacher had better lose his audiences than pander miserably to low human views and passions. The light shone on the darkness and the darkness comprehended it not. No disparagement to the light. Love offers itself as the bread of heaven, and unbelief acts freely and rushes to its own doom. The crowds said this teaching is too hard for us; who can endure it? It sounds like the ravings of a lunatic. His congregation melted and disappeared. Many half-attached disciples went away. They gave him up. It seemed that he would be left alone. He turned to the twelve and asks, "Will ye also go away?" They, too, had been bewildered at his words, but they knew him too well to make the fatal mistake. "To whom can we go?" says Peter; "thou hast the words of eternal life." They believed he was the Holy One of God. They knew too much to sacrifice it to their ignorance.

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MONDAY'S SCRIPTURAL READING.—Desire for Signs. John 6: 22-31.

MONDAY'S VERSE.—"Our fathers did eat manna."

All the Gospels give us this story. A great many of the incidents in the Galilean ministry, John does not touch, but he joins the others in narrating this. His Gospel is spe-

cially concerned with the majesty of Christ and his self-revelation. This sixth chapter is rich in that material. How clearly he recalls this momentous season in Jesus' life, and the profound things he said about himself. To a sign-seeking generation he declares himself to be the supreme sign. He is the true bread of heaven suited to satisfy the hungers of the human soul. Faith is condition of receiving it. The doctrine went far over the heads of the hearers and the most forsook him.

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**TUESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Jesus the Bread of Life. John 6: 32-40.

**TUESDAY'S VERSE.**—"He that cometh to me shall never hunger."

This conversation was his last with that crowd of five thousand that ate the loaves. Their gross faith perished in the atmosphere of high spiritual truth. Don't you suppose Jerusalem was looking for Jesus at the pass-over? On his recent visit to a feast, he had given the rulers great offense by making high claims as a co-worker with God. It was not the good works of Jesus that angered them, but his claim to divine dignity and authority. They could endure his general religious teaching and deeds, but his theology they feared. His views of himself were dangerous to the influence of Sadducees and Pharisees.

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**WEDNESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Jesus the Bread from Heaven. John 6: 41-51.

**WEDNESDAY'S VERSE.**—"If any man eat this bread, he shall live forever."

Jesus spoke much in figurative terms. He loved to present his doctrines pictorially. It was the essence of wisdom as to method. The human mind is more easily interested in a picture than in a logical statement. To this instinctive relish, Jesus constantly appeals. He entertains the imagination. Besides, a picture holds more meaning than a logical proposition, and the memory keeps it better. Who can ever exhaust the significance of the words, "I am the bread of life"? From the physical bread, so familiar, he rises to spiritual bread. His meaning is pretty clear to us, but it bewildered the multitude.

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**THURSDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—The Giver of Life. John 6: 52-59.

**THURSDAY'S VERSE.**—"He that eateth me, he also shall live."

How hopelessly they stumbled at these words. They were shocked. Eating a man's flesh and drinking his blood! The thought of drinking any kind of blood horrifies the taste and conscience of a Jew. Surely his mind is gone. It is degrading to be caught listening to such a speaker! Oh, the poor, stupid literalists! They want plain proof from the supreme Poet. They want to eat and live in idleness. They want to start a revolution in Galilee, under a king who can spread a miraculous feast every day. Yes; they want food for the stomach, but no thought for the mind. They want physical care, but not spiritual religion. Such people are not all dead.

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**FRIDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Words of Eternal Life. John 6: 60-71.

**FRIDAY'S VERSE.**—"To whom can we go?"

Peter is making good progress in religious education. I will make you fishers of men. I will spiritualize your characters and give you the deep knowledge of God. You shall become lights and helpers to your fellow men. Companionship with Jesus was slowly accomplishing this preparation. But they, too, were confused at the terms in which he expounded his own glory today. They were not angered nor disgusted, but they were plainly perplexed. "Master, our confidence is too strong and our love is too deep to feel any temptation to go away. To us you are the Holy One of God, thou hast the words of eternal life." It was a brave confession.

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**SATURDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Opinions Divided. John 7: 1-13.

**SATURDAY'S VERSE.**—"Even his brethren did not believe on him."

Here was a damaging fact, that gave sorrow to Christ's heart. It played into the hands of his enemies. See, he has no influence on his own family. They regard him half crazy. His brothers recognized his strange powers, and with worldly wisdom advised him to show his works in Judaea where he could win more attention and fame. How ignorant they were of the deadly hostility in Judaea, gaining head every week. Meekly he advised them to go to the coming feast in Jerusalem, for to them there was no danger. They went. It was the feast of tabernacles. Jesus followed secretly. The people expected and looked for him in the city.

**SUNDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—"Righteous Judgment. John 7: 14-24.

**SUNDAY'S VERSE.**—"Are ye wroth with me because I made a man every whit whole?"

It is seven months since he was in Jerusalem. It was last March when he was at the feast of Purim, and healed the man who had been sick thirty-eight years. Attacked then by the Jews, he made claims for him-

self that intensified them into deadlier hate. It was then determined that he was too dangerous a citizen to let live. Now, seven months after that incident, he is privately in the city and they beset him at once. He argues Moses' circumcision, which may be performed on the sabbath, as warrant for healing a sick man on the sabbath. Let us be reasonable and just, says he, in our judgments.

## LESSON II.

MARCH 18, 1917.

## Jesus Saves from Sin.

(Temperance Lesson.)

## In Jerusalem.

It was the middle of October of the year 29 A.D. Seven months had gone by since his visit to the feast of Purim. The Jews were in the mood to kill him then. Possibly they thought he would fear to come again from Galilee. Six months before this they had heard of his desertion by the crowds. This is the beginning of the end of him, they would gleefully say. His movement is dying out, and we shall soon forget the excitement he has made. But here Jesus is, to the astonishment of all. He came up privately and quietly, but not with timid and cautious concealment. He is openly in city and temple, and is teaching and preaching. Jews wondered at his intellectual force and unflinching courage. At this feast of tabernacles, fresh collision with enemies was inevitable. Contemptuously, some asked how this "uneducated fellow could manage to read?" Chapters seven and eight contain the report of the long discussion that followed, in which Jesus defends himself and again asserts his divine origin. Note how pertinent it all is to John's declaration in his prologue. The chief aim of his Gospel is to emphasize the eternal majesty and glory of Christ.

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## His Doctrine and Conduct.

Both have been denied and criticized. "My teaching is not my own, but his who sent me." Jesus demands that they give it a trial and see how it works. That is fair. If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God or whether I speak from myself. They do not want that test. It is easier to argue and denounce. You say my conduct is unrighteous because

**MOTTO TEXT.**—"If therefore the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John 8: 36.)

**LESSON PASSAGE,** John 8: 12, 28-37, 56-59.  
**MEMORY VERSES,** 31, 32.

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## Lesson Text.

12 ¶ Then spake Jēsus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

31 Then said Jēsus to those Jews which belived on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed;

32 And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

33 ¶ They answered him, We be A'brāhām's seed, and were never in bondage to any man: how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free?

34 Jēsus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.

35 And the servant abideth not in the house for ever: but the Son abideth ever.

36 If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

37 I know that ye are A'brāhām's seed: but ye seek to kill me, because my word hath no place in you.

56 Your father A'brāhām rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad.

57 Then said the Jews unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen A'brāhām?

58 Jēsus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before A'brāhām was, I am.

I healed a long-sick man on the sabbath. You hold me a sinner against God. Now, Moses authorized circumcision on the sabbath. If he allows a local and partial purification of a human being on that day, how much more may be made every whit whole on that day? The argument is overwhelming. His vindication is complete, but their minds are sealed.

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#### States His True Origin.

They shift the argument. We know whence this man is, say they, but when Christ comes no one knows whence he is. This feeble, critical objection leads Jesus to discuss his mission and person. True, you know whence I came. I did not give myself a mission, but I am really One sent. He that sent me is true. I know him, because I am from him, whom you know not. They understood this lofty claim, and in a rage sought to take him. Others, in the throng of listeners, believed on him. Division of sentiment and confusion of debate arose, and the priests sent officers to take him. They came back without him.

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#### Announces His Approaching End.

Jesus plainly knew what Jerusalem's fight on him would result in. Yet a little while I am with you, and I will go unto him that sent me. Ye shall seek me and shall not find me. They ask, scoffingly, "Will he go and teach the heathen Greeks?" They really did not know his meaning, but we know. He plainly indicated it when he asked them, "Why seek ye to kill me?" They tried to parry this thrust by saying, "You are mad, who wants to kill you?"

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#### Continued Self-Testimony.

On the last great day of the feast the intrepid Jesus reasserted his claims. "I am the fountain of life. If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink. I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness. I am from above, except ye believe that I am he, ye shall die in your sins. Ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth, which I heard from God." The indictment of Jerusalem was terrible. The officers could not take him, awed by his divine bearing and speech. The Jews

picked up stones to cast at him, but he hid himself and went out of the temple.

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MONDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Came from God. John 7: 25-36.

MONDAY'S VERSE.—"Many believed on him."

Never was there a more intense grapple between Jesus and the rulers, than at this feast of tabernacles, six months before the crucifixion. The new spiritual religion clashes with the old hollow formalism. The Nazarene carpenter, whitest, bravest soul on earth, announces the true kingdom of God, in fierce, apostate Jerusalem. Thank God, in the fury of that theological battle, Jesus won converts to himself. Those were noble souls, to join the cause of a man bitterly hated and doomed. Prudent men, as this world goes, would have been wiser. But daring loyalty to conviction was not dead in that day, nor has it yet perished from the earth.

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TUESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Speaking with Authority. John 7: 37-52.

TUESDAY'S VERSE.—"Never man so spake."

This was the report of the officers who came back without their prisoner. That was a sublime day in the life of Jesus. His manhood towered, his soul was aflame, a heavenly lustre was on his face, and a more than angelic eloquence was on his lips. He was clothed with a restless authority, because he knew the truth, and he knew it, because he had believed it. Do God's will and know, was his method of reaching conviction. The officers felt the spell of his power. Something within them mastered their hands. This man has done no wrong. Some strange majesty invests him; we cannot lay rude hands upon him. The hardened priests insulted them.

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WEDNESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—The Light of the World. John 8: 12-20.

WEDNESDAY'S VERSE.—"If ye knew me, ye would know my Father also."

They were bitter and cruel as death. Jesus was sweet and gentle as life. His calm and confident bearing intensified their anger. The rulers regarded themselves as the world's best light, but Jesus classified them as darkness. With even dignity and severity he impeached their competency to expound the Scriptures. Living selfishly, they had lost the power of insight into God's

Word. Their interpretation missed the heart of divine revelation. So that law of spiritual blindness still works. You can't see the spiritual realities if you do not live the spiritual life.

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THURSDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jesus Saves from Sin. John 8: 21-30.

THURSDAY'S VERSE.—"Except ye believe in me, ye shall die in your sins."

Think of it! Jesus is preaching repentance toward God and faith in himself, to the pastors, priests and theologians of Jerusalem. Could anything be more presumptuous and exasperating? He means that we really have no religion; that we are self-deluded hypocrites, defiling the temple of God. Correct, that is exactly what he means. By the standard of the new and true spiritual religion, Jesus impeaches the whole religious leadership of Israel. It was the deadliest offense. Then he does it in the presence of all the people. He is our peril. We must kill him. That is a dead priesthood's reply to our Saviour.

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FRIDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Children of Abraham. John 8: 31-40.

FRIDAY'S VERSE.—"Ye do the things which ye heard from your father."

The trouble is, Jesus and the rulers were standing on, and talking from, two different planes. They dealt with the natural; he with the spiritual. Descent from Abraham was their title to heaven, their sure passport. You are not Abraham's children; if you were, you would act as he acted. Blood relationship with him is nothing. Spiritual kinship is all that signifies. No; you are the children of the devil. He is your real spiritual father, and you are now planning

to do what he tells you. You seek to kill me. Spiritual truth tears off all our poor, foolish human masks.

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SATURDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Test of Sonship. John 8: 41-50.

SATURDAY'S VERSE.—"We have one Father, even God."

Before the people, the rulers must repudiate the charge of being the children of the devil. God is our Father, they protest. Jesus, standing on the plane of spiritual religion, denied it. He is my Father; you are planning my murder; you cannot be my brothers. If you were children of God, you would love me and accept me as your Messiah. I came from God and you plot my death. No; you do not understand my speech. We belong to two different worlds. You are from below; I am from above. Your father was a murderer from the beginning, and you are set to do his will.

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SUNDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Eternal Sonship. John 8: 51-59.

SUNDAY'S VERSE.—"If a man keep my word he shall never see death."

That Jerusalem aristocracy was shocked and outraged at what they considered the most daring arrogance and blasphemy of the Galilean peasant. Of course, his death warrant is sealed. But note how Jesus annihilates the physical passing of a Christian. He shall never die. The hour and article we call death, to him is a sleep. It is no break in the existence of a soul that trusts in Christ. Physical dissolution does not touch the life eternal. Jesus had no dread of it. It is a brief incident in the life of the children of God.



## LESSON 12.

MARCH 25, 1917.

## America's World Opportunity.

(Missionary Day in the Sunday School.)

MOTTO TEXT.—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3: 16.)

LESSON PARAGRAPH, Rom. 3: 10 and 23; Acts 4: 12; Matt. 28: 19, 20; Rom. 10: 13-15; Rom. 1: 14-16.

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## Lesson Text.

10 As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one:

23 For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;

12 Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

19 I Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

20 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

13 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

14 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

15 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

14 I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise.

15 So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also.

16 For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.

## The Light.

JOHN'S Gospel begins with the figure of light, just as Genesis opens with the words, "Let there be light." Nature's darkness is a type or symbol of the moral darkness of men, each alike displeasing to God. John taking these original words, applies them to the coming of the Son of God among men. He is the true light. He has enlightened our fathers and his shining is in our own hearts. This heavenly light is designed to break from soul to soul, as leaven works in the meal. We must send this truth to our brothers who know it not. Jesus' last command makes mission duty as clear as the sun. Take this light to all people who dwell in the shadow of darkness.

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## The Bread.

I am the bread of life. Here is another impressive figure, which sets forth the indispensable life-giving qualities of our Saviour. Daily bread is a necessity, but not more so than the mind and character of Jesus. Our souls' food is in the virtue, the wisdom and holy principles of our Master. In these we have our best life. In these we must live and have our being. By faith we take hold on him, lean on and bind ourselves to him. What of the hungry millions of our brothers? If Christ has not been preached to them, they are famishing for the true bread. Baptism is not more plainly required of us than that we send the bread of life to the unevangelized. Really, the time ought to be past when it is needful to press this point on Baptists.

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## Water of Life.

Isn't it striking how our Lord employs all our bodily needs as symbols of the needs of our souls? He spoke great truths in such simplicity that it might be impossible for even the plainest minds to miss his meaning. Our bodies must have water every day. Thirst is nature's cry for water. The soul of man thirsts for his truth and beauty. Only Christ's perfections in our character

can satisfy. We were made for God, to be like him and enjoy him forever. Are there souls athirst in Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea? You that drink at Life's fountain, will you withhold a cup from the perishing? "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things I say?" If any one duty in the gospel has been made clear to servants of Christ, it is the duty of spreading the good news to earth's remotest bound. What is your church doing? What per cent of the members recognize this obligation? Oh, beloved, let us not pain the Saviour's heart by cold indifference in a matter so dear to him. You are too good and noble to treat this matter lightly. Take hold of missions with the warmth and zeal of those redeemed by his blood.

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## America's Opportunity.

Half this Christian world, so-called, is cursed with furious war. Europe is a slaughter house, and all her Christian brotherhoods are paralyzed for missionary labors. The Christ of love and peace sees his work abandoned that heathenish battle may work ruin and death. The crime of the ages is enacting. Thank God our beloved nation is at peace! Our Christian obligations are increased. We must pay the frightful arrearages in the Master's world-enterprise. It is our opportunity to rise up and do our duty grandly. The Lord's business is in a great crisis. Can he trust his servants in America to see the need and redouble their efforts? Can he trust you and me?

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MONDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—John the Baptist and Jesus. John 1: 19, 23-24.

MONDAY'S VERSE.—"Make straight the way of the Lord."

Christianity began in sacrifice. It never made prayers by itself. It spreads and conquers as men make unselfish surrender to its claims. Nothing good ever goes, save on the basis of love and sacrifice. Jesus gave his life to it. The apostles gave their all to it. Adoniram Judson gave himself to it. The inspiration of his work put a new life in our denomination in America. This is a wonderful age of material and intellectual advance. The highest and sacredest interests of men must not lag behind. The name and cause of Christ must hold their rightful preeminence among men.

TUESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—First Disciples of the Lord Jesus. John 1: 35-49.

TUESDAY'S VERSE.—"Jesus saith unto Philip, follow me."

At first, the disciples were hand-picked. That law of Christianity's extension has never been abolished. One by one, they are added to Christ through individual approach. Men can't be lifted up in mass; it is as individual units that they are brought to the Saviour. "Ye are the light of the world, the salt of the earth." Go out in the highways and bring them in. Your excellent personal worth is the magnet, but your personal word and touch are needful. When did you speak to a soul for Christ? Do not neglect this. It will help your own soul.

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WEDNESDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jesus and the Woman of Samaria. John 4: 5-14; 24-26.

WEDNESDAY'S VERSE.—"A well of water springing into eternal life."

Here Jesus seeks the individual and wins. The woman seeks her neighbors, and wins. The human and divine cooperation succeeds. Out of our holy conversation a revival sprang up and blessed a whole community. In some such way the times of refreshing came to your church and community. Lend yourself to the Spirit of God, and you will be astonished at the good you may do. Oh, the good we all may do as the days are going by! I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me. He will use his people as his co-workers in saving this world.

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THURSDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.—Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda. John 5: 1-15.

THURSDAY'S VERSE.—"Take up thy bed and walk."

The worst cases may be saved. Never lose hope for the conversion of any man, improbable as it may look. Jesus seeks one man. It is the Lord's way always. He gets hold of every man's conscience, every man's brain and heart. His personalized interest, his method of one by one, is never to be forgotten. You bring your children to him, one by one. To each son and daughter you give personal appeal and encouragement. It is a good plan to keep some individual on your heart for Christ, all the time. Let us do it for him and the health of our own souls.

**FRIDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Jesus the Bread of Life. John 6: 24-37.

**FRIDAY'S VERSE.**—"He that cometh to me shall not hunger."

There is no conceivable good superior to union with Christ by faith. Paul teaches that faith joins the life of a man to the eternal, divine life of Jesus. "I in you and you in me." It is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth within me. For that reason he was never cast down and in despair. All the confident hopes of his heart were centered on him; all his supreme satisfactions and joys came from spiritual union with his Saviour. Nothing outranks moral resemblance to him. That is salvation. Christ is all and in all. We live on this bread.

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**SATURDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—Jesus Saves from Sin. John 8: 12, 31-37, 56-58.

**SATURDAY'S VERSE.**—"He saw it and was glad."

Abraham saw my day. That speech puzzled the Jews. Jesus meant that when Abraham devoted himself to the invisible God, by faith, he seized the eternal central principle of the gospel. He believed God and

that was accounted unto him for righteousness. That life is bound to be righteous, that is anchored in God, by faith. The Jews refused to believe in the Son of God, and so Jesus accounted them as not the true children of Abraham. He is the human father of believers, the spiritual ancestor of men of faith, and not of unbelievers.

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**SUNDAY'S SCRIPTURE READING.**—America's World Opportunity." Romans 3: 10, 23; Acts 4: 12; Matthew 28: 19, 20; Romans 10: 13-15; 1: 14-16.

**SUNDAY'S VERSE.**—"I am not ashamed of the gospel."

A better rendering is, "I am proud of the gospel." It is the way of salvation for all men, Jews and Gentiles. Christ is this whole world's Light, the true Bread, the Water of life. He is the revelation of God, King of the truth, the long-expected Messiah, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. There is no thinkable good beyond and higher than Christianity. Here is the perfect wisdom and power of God. Paul is proud of it, and thanks God for putting him into its ministry. Let us rejoice with him and send the good news round the whole world.



Calendar

JANUARY

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
...	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	...	...	...

FEBRUARY

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
...	...	...	...	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	...	...	...

MARCH

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
...	...	...	...	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

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## One of These Days

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Say, let's forget it, let's put it aside,  
Life is so short and the world is so wide,  
Days are so short and there's so much to do;  
What if it was false—there's so much that's true,  
Say, let's forget it, let's brush it away?  
Now and forever, so, what do you say?  
All of the bitter words said shall be praise,  
One of these days.

Say, let's forgive it, let's wipe off the slate,  
Find something better to cherish than hate,  
There's so much good in the world, that we've had,  
Let's strike a balance, and cross off the bad;  
Say, let's forgive it, whatever it be;  
Let's not be slaves, when we ought to be free.  
We shall be walking in sunshiny ways,  
One of these days.

—Exchange.