

The Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS, 1887

FOURTH QUARTER.

Sunday, Nov. 20.

JUDGMENT AND MERCY.

Mat. 11:28-32.

Parallel passages: Luke 10:12-16. GOLDEN TEXT.—Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. (Mat. 11:28).

Our Lord is still speaking to the people after the disciples of John the Baptist had departed. He had told the silly rejection both of himself and John by that generation, and now goes on to say that rejection was wicked as well as unwise.

Where most of his mighty works—his miracles, but a small part of the miracles he worked are recorded in the gospels. Here we are told that the greater part were done in the cities near the Lake of Galilee. Jesus singles out those which had been especially blessed, and yet we have no record of any miracle wrought in two of them.

Chorazin and Bethsaida. The first of these places is said by some to have been two cities by others united from Capernaum. It is now known only in this place and in Luke 10. Jesus, on two different occasions, denounceth it upon it. There were two Bethsaias (house of fishing), on opposite sides of the lake. The other was called, by Philip the tetrarch, Bethsaida Julias, in honor of the daughter of the Emperor Augustus. Near it the five thousand were fed.

Tyre and Sidon. Two cities of the Phoenicia, on the coast just west from Capernaum and Chorazin. They were famous for their wealth, their great commerce, their splendor, and also their wickedness. The Pharisees of Galilee felt themselves far above the wickedness of these heathen Gentiles in Tyre and Sidon not only for their piety but also on account of their descent from Abraham. From Tyre and Sidon Jesus had come, and with him the Baptist came, the prophets, and especially denounced these cities, especially Tyre. (Ezek. 26, 28.)

In sackcloth and ashes. Mourning in the East put on a black garment like a sack, made out of goat hair, or of hair from the arms, and straw ashes on their head to express grief and desolation. (Job 3; 2 Kings 6:30; Dan. 9:3.)

And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven. Referring to the fact that he had put down Capernaum in making it his home and doing so much of his preaching there. We know of several miracles which occurred there—the nobleman's son, who died; the woman who was blind; the paralytic; the woman with the issue of blood; and Jairus' daughter. But it is in his denunciations among them and his teaching, as we have his name mentioned in the gospels in calling Capernaum "exalted to heaven." It is evident, for many reasons, that Jesus refers to the spiritual blessings of Capernaum—so far as temporal prosperity was concerned, also was very far behind Tyre and Sidon.

Out down to hell. As heaven is here the emblem of the highest divine favor, hell is that of the deepest misfortune. (Ezek. 38.)

His wickedness was proverbial, according to Tyre and Sidon, and his terrible destruction well known. Even that worst of all cities would have repented had he been favored as Capernaum was, as would have remained in that day. Paul never taught election more plainly than Jesus does here. One knew that Tyre and Sidon—that Sodom, even—would have repented had they been favored as were Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum. It is impossible, in the face of this declaration, to try to reduce "election" to "foresight" according to works, for God knew they would have repented, and yet did not. Capernaum, Tyre, and Sidon, and Sodom shall not be justified or excused in that day—it shall simply be more tolerable for them. The Savior is himself to be the Judge, and he knows whose he will affirm. Never was so plain like this to-day—knowing the character of dead Sodom as of living Tyria; knowing what they would have done in a given case, and what their future life would have been, and yet knowing what should come to pass in the day of final accounts.

I think thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth. Jesus has just used heaven and earth, God's sovereignty, identifying himself with "Lord of heaven and earth," and here it is to do as will, and to show none can say "Nay." However, even professed Christians are in danger of attempting to say "Nay," and of flouting faith with the Almighty

Christian character to bow at a shrine that is an abomination in the sight of God. How often is this question propounded to me: "Bro. May, do you think it wrong to attend theatrical performances?" My reply is: "I cannot you, brethren, by the merits of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Can we do this when we attend some modern drama, and then present ourselves in God's sanctuary with our limbs covered by unnatural excitement, and ourselves intoxicated by the seductive wine distilled from the sensual representations of such vile books as "Tangled Lives," where virtue is abused and murder applauded; as "Clara," a foreign importation, where the principal role is a prostitute alluring men to destruction by her "siren smile"; such spectacular extravaganzas as "Black Crook" and "Devil's Auction," that even in "Queen Bee" reign would have been witnessed only by women of doubtful veracity but undoubted wealth. Can Christians witness such presentations during worship, and then present themselves as holy, acceptable to God "on Sunday? I answer, most emphatically, "No!" for their moral and spiritual being must necessarily be more or less debased by such worldly excitement and such sensual display of female limbs.

This actors live in an atmosphere of romance is an illusion, and the sooner dispelled the better. There is much real suffering, and amidst his pomp, his purple, his arsenic, his belladonna, and other poisons equally as stimulating and as deadly in their after-effects. It is to think that Christians, in patronizing our theaters, assist in the purchase of these opium, which destroy body and soul.

During a career of over three years on the stage, Christians all over the United States came out to see and hear me, yet never did one seek me to try and save my soul.

The manager of a New York theater called me to the curtain one night and remarked, "You are a man of great talents, heavy laden to burdens imposed by others. The primary reference is to those who were seeking salvation by their own efforts to be good, and by attempting to earn it by obedience to the tradition and regulations of the Scribes and Pharisees. There was no advantage to be gained in going to them—they found burdens impossible to bear on men's shoulders. "Come ye therefore unto me, and I will relieve you, who feel the load of their sins heavy upon them, and may be made to include all heavily laden with sorrow and afflictions, though the literal meaning has been corrupted and perverted to the sense of sin. The invitation does not mean that none are to come to Christ except those who labor and are heavy laden, but it is a fixed fact that all who feel their sins as a heavy burden—Christians would never have gone through the wicket gate to the Cross had his sins not been forgiven himself on his back.

My only answer to the pupil who submitted himself to the instruction of a certain teacher was sometimes said to take the yoke. (Broadly.)

Meek and lowly in heart. Therefore, the humblest and most lowly need the most abundant cleansing from sin. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light; easy to willing necks, easy with the help of the Spirit of all grace. In my yoke, nevertheless, Jesus' instructions are to be received with a cheerful and obedient. Compared with all other yokes of the law, the false religion, the world, the devil—how easy indeed is Christ's yoke." And how are we put in harness to him, and how do we choose of the yoke and the burden."

Calvary Cured. A Christian, after years of suffering from a chronic disease, was cured, and finally trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, who will receive the recipe free of charge.

A Christian's Attitude Towards the Stage. It seems to be the growing evil of the age, to bring the theater to the church, a fact that should be bewailed by every true child of the "Heavenly King." This is not more plainly demonstrated than by churches and churches paying their dues to the "Theatrical Society." The stage has been simply a summary of vice since the "Augustan Age" is an authentic fact. That Hannah More and "Mrs. Hemans had an almost equal share in the stage should be true, and that of their honest and earnest efforts were futile to place it on a higher plane of morality is also true. (Charlotte Cushman, one of the best, beautiful women of this century, who held an imperial court and undeposited away as a "Tragic Queen," failed in her lifelong attempts to elevate the moral tone of modern tragedy. It is a fact well known that the clouds of death that she uttered these words: "I have been sowing for many years; I have reaped a harvest of barren regrets." These facts, taken with the words of a consecrated child of God, should be proof enough that it is incompatible with the higher

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A Great Calvary.

Hayne was a pleasing, frank, stout and picturesque. He had met nearly all the writers, great and small, of the South—Henry Timrod, Gilmore Simms, Flinn, Randall, John R. Thompson and the rest; and of these he spoke in terms of generous friendship. Two or three visits to Boston and New York had brought him into the homes of Longfellow, Whittier and other famous Northern men. Speaking of the pleasure those visits had afforded him, he paused, and with a sigh added:

"There is a strange cloud upon my name in Boston, and it may never be quite removed."

He explained that an unscrupulous man had been presenting him in the role of a drunkard, who told all manner of absurd stories regarding imaginary travels in the Orient, and who did to his name many disgraceful acts.

"I have tried in vain to clear up my reputation. There seems to be no escape," he continued; "I am too poor and too far off."

Not long afterwards I met a distinguished man of Boston who told me that Hayne had been at his home and had criticized the ladies of his family with the story of a murder that he had committed while traveling in Palestine.

Never was there a gentler, more unassuming or more truthful man than Paul H. Hayne. The man who told the murder-story was surely he who sold drinks, music, and false representations against the poet's name in many a friendly home-circle. It is but simple justice that this should be said. [MATTHEW THOMPSON, in The American Magazine for November.]

LITERARY NOTICES.

Practical Hygiene, by Mrs. L. A. Lambert. Boston: W. B. Eerdmans, 1887.

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What the Virginia Baptists... the premises is not only to...

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE NOTES... B. C. Mitchell preached at Ludlow on...

SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION... The eighth annual convention of the...

The address of the future... of Alexandria Seminary and Dr. Peck...

Thursday evening a full house... Dr. Ellis of Fairfax Baptist church...

Friday morning a paper was read... R. Chadwick, of Bates Seminary...

Woman's Work, will receive a very... consideration. It is held that the...

What the Virginia Baptists... the premises is not only to...

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... and High Bridge on the 26th. He made a speech on foreign...

... carrying unique... curved swords or spears, around which...

... Sunday morning services were held... of Alexandria expressed themselves...

... Sunday afternoon the delegates... in an address by Rev. R. A. Goodwin...

... Monday forenoon, by special arrange... President Cleveland gave the Alliance...

... "All are to go, and to go to all... should be the motto of the world's...

... Some of the most concerted Christian... inverts in heathen lands. Mr. T. H. Ho...

... A daily laborer sent his annual contribu... of \$5 to the English Baptist Mis...

... An American, in England, writes to... the *British Standard* and *World* that...

... During Bro. Powell's trip among the... "ranches" in Mexico he received many...

... The Methodist Board of Missions has... just received the largest sum of money...

... Philip Armour has given \$400,000 for... the establishment of a children's mission...

... Twelve thousand dollars, contributed... during the summer by the building fund...

... In Europe there seems to be a remarkable... movement towards Christianity...

... "Witchman, what of the night? Are you... hearing the dawn?"

... The Church of England has one of the... largest and three clergymen who are...

... In Adams, Ga., 77 ministers join in... a request to the voters to vote for Prohibition...

... At a hotel in the White Mountains last... summer, the clerk and night watchman...

... This powder never varies. A marginal note... reads: "Be not deceived. More costly...

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... CHRISTIANITY BECOMING CHRISTIAN... What a grand success was the...

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that must be gone through. I seem to see the carpet all coming up at once with discouraging chaos all around, and it seems a distracting labor even to be prudent, to say nothing of all the rest.

place away from mother and me last night? "No, no; the big dogs played with me and were very good, and one of them lay here and kept me warm."

Our Little Folks.

Pluck. Pluck was the son of a poor Bulgarian shepherd—not an American boy, anyone would imagine from his name.

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fifty miles for the sake of an education, and was not ashamed to go to college in sheepskins and without a plastron, would not be easily discouraged.

"I'm perfectly satisfied," Pluck replied. "It's the best room I ever had in my life. I didn't come here to go away."

Obviously there was no getting rid of Pluck, and he was allowed to stay.

After he had gained his point he settled down to business, and asked some of the students to help him with his lessons in the evening. They formed a syndicate of six.

"Do you expect," asked the President, "to compete with those boys who have many weeks the start of you?"

"Yes, sir, I know," Pluck said; "but the boys have promised to help me out. One will give me a coat, another a trousers, and so on."

Nothing could keep back a boy like that, who overcame all the obstacles in his way.

After the examination, the President said to Professor Long:

"Can that boy get into that class?" "Yes," was the reply. "But that class isn't got into that way."

It was not all plain sailing yet. Although Pluck had passed the examination, he had no money, and the rules of the college required each student to pay two hundred dollars a year.

"I wish," said Professor Long, "that this college would hire Pluck to help me in the laboratory and give him a hundred dollars a year. He has proved himself very deft and neat in helping me there, and it would give me much more time for other things."

Pluck became the Professor's assistant, and was perfectly delighted with his good fortune. But where was the other hundred coming from?

President Washburn sent an account of Pluck's poverty and great desire for an education to Dr. Hamlin, the ex-President of Robert College, who was in America.

The doctor told the story to a friend one day, and she was so much interested that she said:

"I would like to give the other hundred."

And that's the way Pluck gained the wish of his heart.

He proved the truth of the old saying, that "where there is a will there is a way."

But his way was so hedged in that no boy without a strong will and great perseverance would have found it.

Of course such a boy would succeed. To-day Pluck is head master of one of the schools in his own country. [FRANK E. LINTON, in Independent.]

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The Pith of the Matter.

Mrs. Kingsley digged and placed her hand on her side as though some pain she felt there which she languidly said into an easy chair. Mr. Kingsley had just asked her if she had not better go to the evening prayer-meeting, and, reproaching the thought that men never knew how tired women get through spring-cleaning, she said:

"O, John, I am so very tired."

"Don't you think it might rest you to sit for an hour in the quiet vestry?" he asked.

She answered the question by asking another:

"Do you think, John, that after a particularly toilsome day at the office it would rest you to go out to the prayer-meeting?"

"It often has," Mr. Kingsley replied. There followed a few moments' silence, then the third lady said gently:

"I think I'll try and see if it will rest me, too."

It was very restful, better still, it was very helpful, for the subject for the evening was business-leaving, and the minister emphasized the fact to begin with that we are all burdened down in this world. This he went on to say, was not a new truth to any young person, but the question was how best to fit one's self to bear the weight of care and responsibility encountered in daily life. He argued that could men and women only learn to take duties one by one, it would be a great advance toward settling matters more comfortably, and he thought he could practically rely on promised aid as to the strength and the day, much worry could be avoided, and that, he concluded by saying, involved the pith of the matter. In business and in household cares there was often but small realization that not only in times of bereavement or great loss or some calamity was divine assistance necessary, but in the small details of common, every-day requirements, in the office, the shop, the nursery, and the kitchen, a firm, vital grip on the strength and the day was necessary to cheerful, hopeful existence from day to day.

All the best day the pastor's words lingered in Mrs. Kingsley's memory, and in fact, they never were forgotten.

"Is it true," she said to her husband the next evening, "that it helps amazingly to think of things one by one. When the clearest business up before me I think of all the plocks, all the bread-drawers, all the stacking chests

Pluck's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

Protected by Lions.

'Colonel Sparks Smith, of the British army, is responsible for the following interesting story:

"In 1872 I made an expedition, partly for hunting purposes, northward from Kurumah, past Marico, on the edge of the desert, right up to Limpopo. Near the banks of that great river, in the wooded Kou country, we fell in with some Boer travelers and hunters, forming a camp of four wagons and about twenty-two persons. They received us with great hospitality—tobacco, coffee, rum, and brandy, and the usual measures having been taken to secure our stock from attack or dispersal, we slept the sleep of the 'elephant hunter,' a much sounder one, by the way, than that of the just, who are intolerably restless, and awake at times. About twelve o'clock there was an alarm. A little child, a girl aged nine years, one of the daughters of the famous shot and flower-killer, Viljoen, was missing. A quiet search made for an hour or so had failed to find her in any of the tents or wagons, so it was surmised she was lost. Our encampment was three-quarters of a mile from the great river, a measure of security adopted because the actual hunters and banks are at night positively infested with wild animals going down to drink, and by lions, which more readily find their prey at the watering-places than at their water-troughs. It is the mark, right through and around the numerous clump or followed through the woods or over the vast forest trees of the river margin, while wild beasts of all sorts could be heard passing and re-passing, roaring, moaning, yelping, and sometimes rushing in flight or screaming with pain and anger, as they devoured or fell victims to one another. No hope was entertained of the poor child's safety. At the first glimpse of the morning, Kingsley and Boers, all good 'fiducians' and very experienced trackers, commenced a search for the child. I, with Captain Patterson, rode with the unfortunate father. Before the sun was up, however, the little one was found asleep in the center of a clump of giant grass, quite near the river.

"For the afflicting incident of the moment none of you would care. The interest of the thing to me lay in the fact, right through and around the numerous clump was marked everywhere with the spots of lions, and their foot-marks were plainly visible between that point and the river. How tall the child escaped, and how she could ride back to camp, her father she expressed neither surprise nor especial pleasure as one awaked from death, but was simply glad to see him, and that he had brought a horse so that she could ride back to camp."

"We were not afraid," Katrina, was a boy who had walked a hundred and

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