Sunday School Lesson

March 2. Lesson XII—The Use and Abuse of God's Gifts—Luke 12: 16-21, 41-48. Golden Text—Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the spirit.—Ephesians 5: 18.

ANALYSIS.

I. A CERTAIN RICH MAN, 12: 16-21.
II. WATCHFULNESS, 12: 41-46.
III. THE COMING OF "THE SON OF MAN," 12: 47, 48.

I. A CERTAIN RICH MAN, 12: 16-21.

V. 16. This story is not so much a parable as an illustration, but an illustration of what? There are two morals which might be drawn from it, and it is not clear which is primarily intended. First, the story illustrates the extreme uncertainty of human life; man who "knows not what a day may bring forth" is always making plans for the future; indeed some men so "live in the future" as we say, that they never enjoy today. Let us make the most and make the best of life while we have it, for we do not know how long it will be ours. But while this might be the chief meaning of the story it is not probably so. Rather, it seems we are given a picture of an entirely selfish and unspiritually minded man. He has put together enough wealth to last his own life-time, and that is all he cares about. For the future he intends to "have a good time." His idea of a good time is a life of eating, drinking and merry-making. His ideal of life, therefore, is that of one long, easy, unadventurous and selfish holiday. He had found no happiness in his work as a piece of human service; his work was a bore, and his life begins where his work ended. It has often been noted, in modern times, that men who make money very quickly and then retire to enjoy themselves, rarely live to a full age. A life that has no real, unselfish interest to feed ... is apt to flicker out. Let a man, then, find his true life and happiness in faithfully and hopefully performing each day's task as it comes.

. 19. "Soul" does not mean here the higher and spiritual part of our nature, but rather the "self."

V. 20. The man has had no real love for anybody in his heart. The wealth that he has so laboriously accumulated is useless to him, and so far as he is concerned it all goes for nothing.

II. WATCHFULNESS, 12: 41-46.

The subject of this parable as of that which precedes it is "watchfulness" as a duty. Peter here asks whether the duty devolves upon everybody or only upon the disciples. The answer is that it devolves in a special way upon the disciples, for they are "stewards of the mysteries of God," and it is their task to "feed my sheep." It seems that the Church of later years understood this parable to apply to ministers and church officials. As the expectation of the immediate second coming of Christ began to fade away, and he seemed to "delay" (v. 45), there was a tendency for the church leaders both to grow lazy and self-indulgent, and also to "lord it over" their congregations. The parable is used as a warning to them.

"Temperance is not confined to the use or non-use of ardent spirits. It operates in every sphere of life. The lavishing upon self of the gifts of God is intemperance of the highest order. Therefore let us not be drunk with goods, wherein is excess, but strive to be filled with the Spirit."

III. THE COMING OF "THE SON OF MAN," 12: 47, 48.

When we speak of the duty of watchfulness, we are generally thinking of watchfulness against temptation; that is not at all the meaning here. Here is a watchfulness for "the coming of the Son of Man." What are we to understand by this? The Early Church believed that Jesus would very shortly return to inaugurate the kingdom of God in power and glory, but Jesus did not come again, at least not in the way expected. The Church as a whole today no longer expects the speedy second advent of Christ, and this teaching, therefore, presents grave perplexity to many Christian hearts. It is an essential part of the Christian hope that the kingdom of God will surey come. The day and the hour are known to God alone; but it is far from clear whether the old expectation of a physical return of Jesus to this earth on the clouds of heaven is what Jesus really meant. It is clearly suggested in the Gospel of John that the coming of the Spirit is the second coming of Christ (John 14: 18), and this may be nearer to the mind of Christ. Again, every great crisis in our own lives or in the life of the world is, or may be, a coming of the Son of man to us, if we will let him come to us in our extremity. The Church plods on its weary way with doubts and deficits and inertia. "Dare great things for God," said William Carey, "and expect great things from God." The Son of man is always coming to us, if we are watchful. If this does not exhaust the meaning of the passage, it is at least a truth we can clearly grasp.

PAVLOVA DEAD

(January 31, 1885—January 23, 1931)
(From Poetry)

Pavlova, will you dance no more?
Will the tulip shut up in the earth?
Will the swan forever fold white wings?
Will the flute go silent
And the ray full of rainbows flicker and fall?

Pavlova, your foot is lighter than the perfumes of lilies,
Brighter than the sparkle of waves,
More musical than the thrush at twilight.
Somewhere—oh, softly—

Pavlova, will you dance no more?
—Harriet Monroe.

What New York

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

An exceedingly smart morning dress with kimono sleeves that can be easily made in an hour or possibly two. The small cost will prove a revelation.

The fronts cross and close at the left side creating a charming slenderizing effect.

Style No. 2953 is designed for sizes 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust. The 36-inch size requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material with ¼ yard of 18-inch contrasting and 2½ yards of ribbon.

Rayon novelties, printed batiste, linen, printed dimity, gingham, men's cotton shorting and tub silk appropriate.

The tiny vestee is removable. It is merely fastened at each side with snappers. The skirt cuts in three sections and is stitched to the bodice under the removable belt.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

The Salic law was the old French law that prevented succession to the Crown by or through a woman.

Two Celebrities

An informal snapshot of Charlie Chaplin, foremost screen comedian, strolling with Ramsay MacDonald, premier of Great Britain, about latter's estate at Chequers. A knighthood for Charlie is rumored.

The Control of the Apple Scab

Experience has shown that good commercial control of the apple scab can be obtained by proper and timely use of any standard fungicide, whether in solution or dust. Formulas for lime-sulphur, bordeaux mixture, copper dust, and sulphur dust, four of the most popular sprays and dusts used for apple scab control, are given in a new pamphlet on the Apple Scab, issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture. In order to be effective all control measures must be taken before the injury or disease commencs to show on the plant. The growing leaves and fruit must be protected as soon as possible after they are formed. The first application should be made when the leaf buds are in the "green-tip" or "mouse-ear" stage of development. The second spraying or dusting is applied when the flower buds are showing pink and are separating from the clusters, and the third is given when the petals have mostly fallen. From ten to fourteen days then it is necessary to protect the developing fruit during periods of prolonged wet weather. Dusts may be applied on wet foliage but sprays should be applied only on dry foliage. If it is considered necessary to spray during full bloom no poison should be used. A special application of fungicide about a month or six weeks before harvest is advisable. The pamphlet may be obtained from the Publication Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.—Issued by the Director of Publicity, Dom. Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Easter Animals

The date of Easter depends upon the moon. It falls upon the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the moon that happens to be reigning at the time of the spring equinox.

This is the reason why the hare is always associated with Easter. For many centuries the hare has been regarded as the symbol of the moon. The hare feeds by moonlight, and its young, unlike those of most other warm-blooded animals, are born with their eyes open. Indeed, the old fable is that the hare never closes its eyes. In the Egyptian language the word for hare meant also a period of twenty-eight days, or that of a lunar month.

Other creatures are associated with the geat festival of spring—the ass because it was upon an ass that Christ rode into Jerusalem; and the fish called the dory, for this is the creature from whose mouth the silver piece was taken, and upon either side of whose head are said to be the marks of the sacred finger and thumb.

An Aberdeen lady was suggesting to her husband that it was time she possessed a motor-car. "Na, na," he replied, "ye'll jist be content wi' the splendid carriage nature has given ye."

Belgium's Gift to Britain

Rupert Brooke's dream of a little corner of some foreign field that should "be for ever England" has received a striking fulfilment. Over in Belgium, in the Ypres district, where so many of our dead lie buried, about six hundred British people are engaged in caring for the cemeteries. There is, in fact, a little British settlement at Ypres, a community which is in some ways unique. It has been granted legal status under the school law. It has its own church and parsonage, a school in which about one hundred children are being educated as British citizens, and a rest room for pilgrims. When he introduced the bill to regularize an entirely British Community in a foreign country, the Belgian Minister of Justice said that his government had framed it "in remembrance of what we owe to the British nation and in homage to the spirit that inspired the creation of these establishments in the Ypres district." Needless to say the British people everywhere are pleased with this evidence of continued friendship and good will between the two countries.—"The New Outlook" (Toronto).

Owner of "Soundproof" Farm Cleared of Murder

Sydney, Australia.—Because his little farm was in the "sound shadow," or depression to which outside noises did not penetrate, a farmer was acquitted here of the murder of his father.

When his wealthy seventy-nine-year-old father was found battered to death within 200 yards of the farm, Cecil Charles, fifty-two, was arrested.

A material factor against the accused was his steadfast denial that he heard his father's cries for help although farmesr on the other side of the ridge heard them distinctly.

Then, by accident, it was discovered that the farm was in a "sound shadow." Men shouted, gelignite was exploded and bombs burst at the spot where the old man had been killed. The sounds could be heard all over the surrounding districts but not on the farm.

March Miracle

Yesterday the twig was brown and bare;
To-day the glint of green is there
To-morrow will be leaflets spare;
I know no thing so wondrous fair,
No miracle so strangely rare.
I wonder what will next be there!
—L. H. Bailey.

The weekly crop reports of the county representatives of the Ontario Department of Agriculture would indicate that the majority of the farmers have sufficient supplies of feeds to bring their livestock through the winter in good condition. A greater number of cattle will be carried over for summer marketing.

Home Chats

By MARIE ANN BEST

A Prayer

(The following is to be found in Chester Cathedral).

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
And sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
To keep the pure and good in sight,
Which seeing sin, is not appalled,
But finds the way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh;
Don't let me worry overmuch.
About that fussy thing called "I."
Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness in life
And pass it on to other folk.

Windows

Very often do we not find that houses express the personalities of the people living within its walls? This question can best be answered by asking another. Did you ever notice the different look a house puts on when another owner or tenant dwells within? Perhaps you have had occasion to go back to your old home after a long absence. The house is occupied by strangers and as you look over the old familiar rooms somehow they are familiar no longer. It seems so different one might almost think the plan of the house had been changed.

Sometimes, even though it were our own loved home, we must admit the change is for the better. The furniture may be more suited to the different rooms some of which are newly painted and papered. A window may be draped in a manner unthought of by you and be much more artistic, so that thinking magnanimously, we are glad the old place has blossomed out. Then again it may be everything has deteriorated. The walls are smoked up, the once carefully kept floors are scratched and dull and the rooms cold and uninviting.

So each house reflects unconsciously the personalities within. The windows smile their welcome or look dingy and forbidding and it doesn't matter if the home is large and commodious or small and commonplace, those windows with curtains plain or gay and silky, sparkle and shine, telling of the cheery housewifely care within or are dull and uninteresting. The windows are the eyes of the home.

And the personalities within that home mirror from the human eye the window of the soul. The cheerful look expresses the bright personality within and gives glimpses of thought and purpose. Character is revealed and all unconsciously we tell what we are.

These Are Good — Seafoam Candy

3 cups brown sugar, ½ cup boiling water, 1 tblsp vinegar in water. Let boil till it hairs from the spoon in a long hair. Beat the whites of 2 eggs, then beat syrup into whites of eggs. Add ½ cup nut meats if desired. (This can be made with white sugar as well when a little vanilla improves the taste).

Butterscotch Pie

Put 1 cup of milk in double boiler to scald. Combine 3 level tblsps. cornstarch and ¼ teasp. salt with ½ cup cold milk. Then add to hot milk, stirring until smooth and thick. Cook 2 tblsps. butter and 1 cup brown sugar until sugar is well mixed and bubbly but do not cook to caramel. Stir sugar into cornstarch mixture. Then add 2 yolks of eggs beaten light first diluted with a little of the hot mixture. Turn the filling into a baked pie crust and cover with a meringue of the white of the two eggs and ¼ cup white sugar. Let bake slowly 10 minutes. Serve when partly or wholly cold.

Twilight Hour Story — About Wee Chickies and Other Little Friends

Chapter 14

Do you remember about the lovely black and gold butterfly Mamma Lady found nearly frozen on the porch two mornings ago? Well, all day long it stayed on the window very quiet in its little corner. It didn't seem to be dead, but it wasn't very much alive either. So she just let it sit there because it looked so pretty. But when she came down this morning to get breakfast it was on the curtain with its wings tightly folded together. Good old Mr. Sun had kept on shining on its cold stiff little feet and dainty wings to make it well as fast as he could. But today, when Mamma Lady touched it and said "Good morning" it really answered her and said "Good morning" by spreading its delicate wings out an back, out and back, out and back, slowly and gracefully. All at once it fluttered its wings and flew onto a plant in the window, then before Mamma Lady knew what it was doing it flew over onto her shoulder and stayed there while she got breakfast. I wonder if it was asking for some breakfast. It had to ask in a different way because it couldn't talk. It couldn't say "meow," like the kitty cats, or "peep, peep," like the chicks or "Bow-wow" like Rover, or "I'd like some breakfast, Mamma, please," like little girls and boys can.

However, Mamma Lady was sure it was asking for some breakfast. She looked at it very closely, but she could not see that it had a mouth. It had two big eyes alright, but she wondered how it could eat, what to feed it, for two long days since she found it was a long time, and it didn't have the yellow of the egg in its tummy, like the wee chicks had at first, either.

Then Mamma Lady thought she often used to see these dear little butterflies in the summer on lovely flowers that have honey away inside the blossom, but she never noticed how they got the honey out. Do you think, perhaps, if it liked honey it would like sugar? Well, Mamma Lady got a pinch of sugar and put a drop of water on it in a saucer on the window, then gently she lifted the butterfly off her shoulder, when it had its wings closed, and then she watched to see what it would do. I know you can never guess how it ate the sugared water. But it did drink it and it drank for a long time too, for it was pretty thirsty. This is what it did: Right in between the eyes it had a little curled up whistle, the kind that when you blow in the end the curl flies out straight, only this little curl was so very small, not any bigger around than a fine thread. Mamma Lady often noticed that curl on the butterflies, but she didn't know what it was for. Now as soon as it saw the water and sugar that little curl unfolded long and straight. It felt around for awhile with the point and then it dipped it right into the middle of the sugar and water and kept it there for a long time. Do you know what it was doing? It was sucking it up just like you do when you have an ice-cream soda and you drink up that good creamy juice through the straw. After it was through eating it grew pretty lively and started whirring its wings. Do you know what that is like? It means it stands still but makes its wings go so fast you can hardly see them. I wonder what it did that for. Just because it felt good, I suppose.

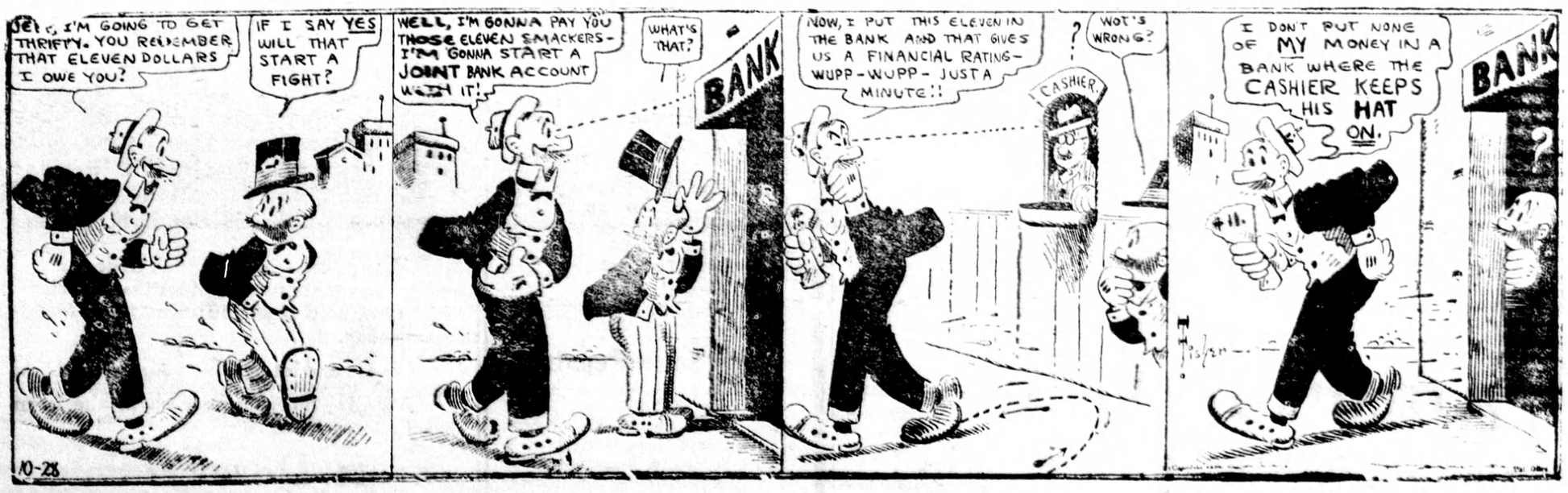
Next Week—"The Chicks Again."

March

By Mary Carolyn Davies

March is the month for such wonderful things!
The winds are white eagles; we feel their great wings.
March is the month when the whole earth is making,
Sleepily, drowsily, ready for waking.
April is coming, and May, and oh, soon
It will be June, June, June!

The courts have ruled that a college can compel its students to get vaccinated. We wish the same ruling could be extended to getting them educated.—"San Diego Union."

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

No Check Is Good On A Hat.