CHEER UP FOLKS, ALTHOUGH IT MAY SEEM THAT WAY —

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Jesus Faces Opposition
Mark 2:3-8; 16-17; 3:1-5

Golden Text:—Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Romans 12:21.

Anyone who takes a leading part in public life is always the object of severe criticism. Of course leaders make mistakes which warrant criticism. But Jesus was exceptional. He never erred, yet he was intensely hated and envied and ultimately crucified.

Jesus pronounced forgiveness of sins upon the man sick of the palsy. This they termed blasphemy, for "who can forgive sins but God only?" But Jesus demonstrated that he was God by immediately healing the man. The man who had come carried by four, walked out carrying his bed.

Then they found fault because Jesus ate with publicans and sinners. He erred socially. He replied by asserting, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

The third criticism recorded in the lesson was that of healing on the Sabbath. The man with the withered hand in the synagogue was probably "planted" by the Pharisees. They watched. He asked the man to stand forth, and inquired. "Is it lawful to do good on the sabbath days, or to do evil, to save life or to kill?" They did not answer. He healed the man. Jesus was not seeking his own pleasure on the Sabbath, but was reather ministering to the needy.

Criticism did not make Jesus veer from His course, though He knew it would lead to the Cross. He continued to forgive sins, befriend the outcasts of society that he might lift them from sin and shame to happiness, and to do good on the Sabbath.

When we are censured it is well that we examine ourselves. One has said, "My critics are the unpaid guardians of my soul." We may learn some valuable lessons from our critics. But if we are following closely the example of Jesus, let us keep on despite the unkind words that may be spoken of us. Let us "overcome evil with good".

A Real Giant

One of the best-known giants in modern medical history was Robert Waldow of Alton, Illinois, who died in 1940 after reaching the amazing height of eight feet ten inches. His overactive pituitary was first observed by a doctor when Robert's father brought him to the hospital to find out why the boy was growing so fast.

Although he weighed only nine pounds at birth, he weighed 30 by the time he was six months old. At a year and a half he weighed 62. At nine, he had reached a height of six feet one inch, and weighed 178.

At 18, when he entered college, Robert Wadlow was eight feet three and a half inches tall and still growing, although his muscular development was beginning to slow down. Hitherto his appetite had been normal, but now it began to increase so rapidly that he had to have 8,000 calories a day, compared to the normal intake of 2,500 to 3,000.

It is easier to swim up Niagara Falls than to promote the Brotherhood of Man by inciting class hatred.

NEW and USEFUL TOO --

Finish of "Baked Enamel". A new paint for wall and woodwork coating is said to match in washability and appearance the baked enamel finish of refrigerators and other such appliances. Paint may be applied with roller or brush, and is ready to use as it comes from container. One coat finishes previously painted surfaces. Only two coats needed for new woodwork or plain plaster.

Screw Driver With Two Heads. Double-headed screwdriver for home, shop on industrial use. Screwdriver is a six-bit tool, each head having three nickel-steel bits of varying sizes—one for all standard slot-type screws and one for square heads. Bits can be changed in 3 seconds.

Corn-on-cob Holders. Made with aluminum handles and double prongs of stainless steel, these holders can be easly washed by any dish-washing method.

Non-Clog Oil Filter. An oil filter for cars, trucks etc. has permanent non-clogging element which makers claim cannot wear out. Element is cleaned in two to three minutes by dipping into gasoline. Automatic by-pass spring allows oil to pass between top of element and cover gasket should element become overloaded with sludge because it hasn't been cleaned frequently enough.

Self Cleaning Drains. Hydraulic device which is said to make sink-drainage system self-cleaning, thus eliminating need for chemical solvents to remove obstructions. Built into conventional sink traps, this device dislodges and flushes away obstructions by simple push-pull action. Unit can be installed in kitchens, bathrooms and laundry sinks.

Be Prepared

A short time ago David Western, whose father is a London Transport fitter, went to Buckingham Palace to receive the Albert Medal for Gallantry. When David and his parents had been to the Palace they told listeners to the BBC's "In Town Tonight" programme what it felt like to visit the King in his own home. "It all seems unreal now," said Mr. Western. "When we got to the Palace we were met by two ushers who took David away into another room. My wife and I were shown into a Grand Hall, and it took our breath away, I can tell you. It must be about two hundred yards long and it's covered with a red carpet. The ceiling is inlaid with gold, and there are beautiful oil paintings on the walls, and marble columns down the Hall. Two seats had been reserved for us in a line of chairs on either side of the dais, and a band played all the time we waited for the King to appear. If anybody'd told me, when I was in North Africa with the Desert Rats, or when I was a prisoner of war, that one day I'd be sitting in Buckingham Palace — well, I'd have said they were crackers!"

David, who received his medal for a very brave attempt to rescue two friends who had fallen through the ice on a frozen pond, and who was in icy water for twenty-five minutes, said of his visit, "I wasn't nervous — because I'm a Scout and we always have to be prepared."

Just The Same

"To me, life in Britain is exactly the same as it was twenty years ago. I like it very much except for the climate and the weather. The people still smoke their pipes, tell jokes, do the 'Times' crossword puzzle each day. They still grumble at everything, yet it is wonderful how they manage to keep their lives so faithfully ordered."

The Rt. Rev. M. H. Yashiro, the Presiding Bishop of Japan.

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Ignorant

Driving through the mountains of Tennessee, a young lady stopped to ask an elderly man the way to Coffee Hill School.

"Well, miss," said the native, "you go down here until you come to Hangin' Rock and then—you know where that is, dontcha."

"No," replied my friend, "I don't believe I do."

"Well, that's where you turn off and go on two miles until you git to Tumblin' Creek. You know where that is, dontcha?"

"No, I don't."

"I'm sorry, miss," said the native shaking his head regretfully. "I don't think you know enough for me to tell you anything."

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

We had a near-tragedy in our animal family last week—and I was just about ready to give Honey her walking papers! It was after breakfast and I was busy in the pantry. Honey was running around as usual; Joseph Mark was asleep on a chair. Presently I heard a bit of a scuffle and then a plop; but I didn't pay any attention as the cat and the pup are always chasing each other around anyway. But when I did turn round there was Mark stretched out on the floor, stiff as a ramrod, mouth open and showing absolutely no sign of life at all. As I picked him up I wondered what on earth the pup could have done to knock him out so completely. "Perhaps she grabbed his throat—perhaps he needs air," I thought. So I ran outside to the front step and sat rubbing poor Mark's throat. Presently he started the most awful twitchings, like a chicken before it dies. "Oh dear, this is the end," I thought. "Poor Kitty, to think I saved you when you were small and then to have you die like this." However, I kept on rubbing—and Mark kept twitching. And then he opened his eyes!

* * *

Then he started to breathe very noisily—like something being rattled around in a tin can. By that time I had begun to hope and—to cut a long story short—my hope was justified. Mark actually did recover but for the rest of the day he couldn't walk properly, didn't eat and couldn't raise his hind leg to scratch his ear. He breathed noisily all day and was so scared all he wanted was to get out of the house. That I couldnot allow—you know how an animal will crawl away to a dark corner if it is sick or injured and you don't know whether it is alive or dead. So I kept Mark in the house but it meant a sort of Washington Post all day—taking Mark down the cellar and bringing up the pup; then after an hour or two taking the pup down the cellar and bringing up Mark. The cat, naturally, had to be kept away from the pup until he was able to look after himself.

* * *

And what did I do to the pup? Nothing at all. Honey had done no more than she had any other time —I think it was just that the cat, being asleep, was taken off guard. I believe the pup must have grabbed him near the end of his spine and he dropped like a log to the floor.

Believe me, we are certainly glad Mark recovered. Apart from the fact that he is a splendid pet, he is also more than worth his keep. No mouse is ever likely to become a grandmother while Mark is around —he is as quick as a flash.

* * *

Our next adventure was on Saturday. After dinner I was all set to go down town with an order of eggs and chicken when Bob came in. "You certainly can't drive downtown yourself," he said, "better get ready and I'll take you down in the big truck. That'll be the safest thing on the road today." I had no idea what he was talking about until I looked outside. Oh my — freezing rain and slippery as glass underfoot! I was glad enough to go in the big truck. And even that did a bit of slithering around on the road.

Later that afternoon my sister phoned — would it be all right if she came out for the weekend? "Sure it's all right,'" I said. And then added—"but the roads are terribly icy." She was so surprised. "But there is nothing but slush in Toronto," she exclaimed. A little later the phone rang again. Sister had missed the train. "But there is a train going to Georgetown in twenty minutes, could you meet me there?" she asked.

* * *

"We certainly couldn't — not on these roads," I answered. "You had better come out in the morning." So she did, and got a taxi from the station. On the way here the taxi-driver told her a bit about the awful driving conditions the night before. I was very glad he did because I was a little afraid Sister might think I had been making excuses and did not want her to come. But I needn't have worried because the paper on Monday morning had all kinds of stories about traffic tie-ups, as you very well know. Sometimes it is hard for people in the city to realise how different weather conditions can be in the country. So why beat about the bush? Better risk giving offence to someone than to risk life and limb on dangerous roads. Explanations can mend hurt feelings but explanations won't mend broken limbs.

Random Shots

The rescued airmen's account of their ingenuity in building shelters while marooned on a Greenland ice-cap suggests that they be put to work on the housing shortage.

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The only real certainty in 1949 is that political experts and pollsters can't possibly be as wrong as they were in 1948.

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A modern model house has steel walls. That should stymie a housewife who is always switching around the pictures.

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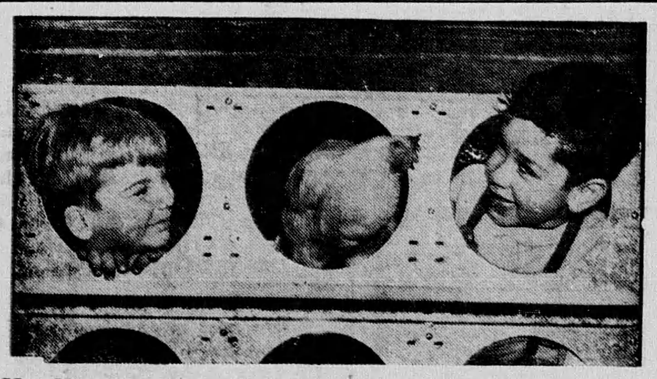
One musician we've heard of claims he can play 11 different instruments at the same time. Anybody need a new next door neighbor?

SALLY'S SALLIES

"Why can't I take the place of your hobbies, dear?"



Hen House Buddies.—Bobbie Alden, 4, left, and Joseph Fergul, 6, find out for themselves how it goes with this white leghorn hen being cooped up in a metal hen house all day long. The boys were visiting a poultry exhibition and decided to try the chicken house accommodations for size.

Honey and Hank

By Seeg

Reverence

An Irishman and a Scotsman were passing a Catholic cathedral in Montreal. The Irishman removed his hat; the Scot did the same.

After they had passed, the Irishman said: "I thought you were a Presbyterian. I was glad to see you take your hat off when you passed the cathedral."

"Cathedral!" said the Scotsman. "Mon, I thought it was the Bank of Montreal."

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