

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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Lesson for January 30

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JESUS USES HIS POWER TO HELP

LESSON TEXT—Mark 4:35-41; 5:15-21.
GOLDEN TEXT—Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?—Mark 4:40.

Help—that is what man needs, and nothing but the power of Christ will suffice to meet his fears and sorrows. Christ appears in Mark as not only the matchless Teacher of the parables we have just studied, but the mighty Worker.

This is the Gospel in which Christ is presented as the Servant of Jehovah, who came to use His infinite grace and power for our deliverance. Two great fears gnaw at the vitals of man's existence. Life is full of awful dangers, and death is so dreadfully final and sorrowful. He is afraid to live, and afraid to die—apart from his faith in Jesus Christ. We find the answer to both these fears as we here see—

I. Jesus' Power Overcomes Fear of Life's Dangers (Mark 4:35-41).

The long day of teaching had ended (v. 35), and the disciples carried out His request that they go to the other side of the lake to rest. Just "as he was" they departed, and before long the tired Jesus was asleep. We know how He felt, and what it is even more blessed, He knows how we feel when we are tired.

As He slept, a sudden storm (common on the Lake of Galilee) brought deathly fear to the hearts of His disciples. For the moment they saw only the angry waves, the smallness of their boat, and the hopelessness of their situation.

Had they forgotten Jesus? With Him in the boat, they had no reason to fear. They called on Him, and in His majestic and authoritative "Peace be still" the wind and waves recognized their Master's voice.

Should we not learn that in this day of fears and alarms, we may (if we are Christians) count on His presence and His power. If we look at the overwhelming waves of circumstances and think how frail we are, surely our hearts shall fail us for fear. But if Christ is with us, we are in no danger.

Now they were struck with awe at His power. "Sometimes the deliverances wrought by our Lord so reveal His presence and power that His followers are more deeply moved than they were by the perils which threatened. Whether mastering the storm, or standing unseen in our midst today, He appears to the eye of faith, clothed in divine energy and power" (Erdman).

II. Fear of Death's Deep Sorrow (5:15-21).

Trouble is a visitor in every home. It does not matter how securely that home may be founded upon wealth or social position. Frequently, death chooses a shining mark in taking a dearly beloved child. Children strike their roots deep into our hearts and when they are torn from us our whole beings are rent and convulsed. Such was the great storm of sorrow which had come upon the home of Jairus, leading him to make "the brave step of faith and hope which brought him to Jesus."

Then as Jesus turned to go with Jairus a woman touched Him. He stopped to seek her out and commend her for her faith. The seeming delay must have greatly troubled Jairus, particularly when the servants came and informed him that he need no longer trouble the Master since his daughter was dead. Not infrequently we have similar experiences, where it seems that while God has promised to help us, He has been turned aside and has forgotten us. The psalmist in Psalm 42:3 cries out, "My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?"

Our Lord was not troubled at all by the message of the servants of Jairus, but He showed His thoughtful consideration of the father by reassuring him with the words, "Fear not, only believe."

Everywhere fear blocks the way of human peace and progress. Divine wisdom offers a remedy for it all—only believe. We excuse our lack of faith by the conditions which confront us, but none of us face conditions worse than those which confronted Jairus. His daughter was dead and he was told to believe! He obeyed and his faith was rewarded.

When He said, "The child is not dead, but sleepeth," our Lord did not mean that actual death had not taken place, but He meant that in the sight of God death is like a sleep. In the eyes of Christ spiritual death was undoubtedly far more terrible than physical death. A man may be physically alive, and yet being spiritually dead be worse off than a man who, though physically dead, is spiritually alive.

After putting forth the mourning scene, the Lord performed a miracle by simply speaking to the child and saying, "Little girl, arise."

Here then is the Lord who can overcome every fear, in both life and death. Is He not the one we need as our Saviour?

UNION CHURCH HAS SUCCESSFUL YEAR

The annual meeting of Union Presbyterian Church was held on January 10th, in the basement of the church, with a splendid attendance of members.

Before the business session began, a congregational chicken supper, provided by the Women's Association of the church, was enjoyed.

Rev. J. L. Self, minister, was chairman for the meeting and gave the report of session. Mrs. Leslie Young was appointed secretary for the evening. The reports of the various organizations were given as follows: Y. P. S., Mrs. Arthur McKane; W.A., Mrs. Clarence Anderson; W.M.S., Mrs. Laverne Thompson. All departments showed a substantial credit balance this year. Owing to the lateness of the hour, it was decided to hold a separate meeting for the Sunday School report the following Wednesday evening.

The Missions report was given by Mr. George Leale.

In the election of officers for the coming year, Mr. F. L. Thompson was re-elected treasurer, and Mr. Leslie Young re-elected secretary. Three new managers were appointed: Messrs. Ben Young, Albert Dolson, Fraser Macdonald.

A motion was made to replace the present furnace when materials for doing so become available again. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Miss Nora Lyons for her faithful work as organist.

The meeting closed with the benediction.

At the Sunday school meeting the following Wednesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Thompson, the following officers and teachers were elected: Superintendent, Andrew McDonald; Asst. Supt., George H. Leslie; Secretary, F. L. Thompson; Treasurer, Mrs. Geo. Leslie; Pianist, Ethel Leslie; Ass't pianist, Mrs. Leonard Smith; Cradle Roll Supt., Mrs. A. McDonald; Primary Class, Gertrude Watson; Ass't. Mrs. Lloyd Crichton; Senior Boys' Class, Mrs. Jack Macdonald; Ass't. Eleanor Macdonald. A beginners' class from the cradle roll will begin Easter Sunday with Ethel Leslie and Emma Rutledge teachers.

BRAMPTON

John Hooper, Reeve of Toronto Gore was elected to the high office of Warden of Peel County Council at their opening session on Tuesday afternoon.

A former pupil of McHugh Public School has now won for herself a high place in the ranks of the professional art figure skaters on this continent. She is Diane Woods, daughter of James W. Woods, who resided on Guest St. some years ago. Mr. Woods was a former employee of the Copeland-Chattherson Ltd.

Alterations are now proceeding at the property recently taken over by Mr. Wally Large on Main St. north. Carpenters are busy and Mr. Large expects to move in in the near future. Dr. O. T. Walker was elected as chairman of the Brampton Board of Education at their inaugural meeting last night.—Gazette and Conservator.

STEWARTTOWN

At the special school meeting called last week, Mr. Ross Thompson was elected as Trustee in place of Mr. Norman Devereaux, retired.

The annual Vestry meeting of St. John's Church was held in the church Tuesday evening, Rev. S. R. Colebrook presiding. The minutes of the last meeting were read by Mrs. C. G. English, Vestry Clerk. Mr. Colebrook reported 4 Baptisms, 1 wedding, 1 funeral. A slight decrease in church attendance which was accounted for by the removal of families and men going overseas. Mr. J. Sanford, People's Warden reported a good year financially. All apportionments and obligations were met and a balance in all departments. Report of the Sunday School showed increase in attendance and offerings, with a balance on hand, part of which was invested in a Victory Bond. Reports of the W.A., Junior W.A. and Little Helpers were given. All obligations met by the W.A. with a balance on hand. Membership increase in the Juniors; membership and offering increase in the Little Helpers. Mr. Colebrook thanked all those who had contributed to the church during the year in time, talent or money. Mr. John Bird was re-elected as Rector's Warden, Mr. J. Sanford, People's Warden, Mr. C. G. English, Lay Delegate to Synod.

Envelopes were given out on Sunday in the Church for the relief of the Indian and Chinese people.

The W.A. meeting was held at Mrs. Hunt's home last week. It was a sewing meeting.

Mr. G. Appelbe was taken quite sick last Friday. We are glad to know he is somewhat better and still improving.

Rev. Griffin Thompson, of Hamilton, who is staying with his sister, Mrs. W. D. Johnston in Georgetown, was a welcome visitor at church Sunday afternoon. Mr. Thompson attended this church when a boy.

TERRA-COTTA

"We are pleased to learn that Mrs. J. Eaves, who has been confined to her room with pneumonia is now improving rapidly and her many friends here hope soon to hear of her complete recovery."

We are also pleased to learn that Mrs. W. F. Hunter and family are now able to be around again as usual after their illness.

Mrs. Pasco spent the week end with Toronto friends.

Pro. George Stringer, who went overseas some time ago, has arrived home again. He looks fine, and has some local stories to relate about merry old England.

Word was received here recently of the sudden passing of James Stringer, of Dean Lake, Algoma. He passed away on Christmas morning. Deceased was an uncle of John Gordon Stringer of this place, and we all join in extending our sincerest sympathy to the bereaved friends in their sad loss.

Wonderful weather for January. We are pleased to learn that our Sunday school is still going strong under the able supervision of Miss Pearl Kennedy, Georgetown. We all join in wishing her continued success in the good work here.

The Herald regrets the error that crept into the Terra Cotta news budget last week, and offers its apologies.

ASHGROVE

The January meeting of the Ashgrove Women's Institute took the form of a quilting held at the home of Mrs. George Nurse last Tuesday. During the afternoon 3 quilts were completed. After a short business session, conducted by the President, Mrs. R. Hepburn, lunch was served by the refreshment committee.

Mr. Bert Beers, brother of Mrs. Geo. Nurse, Sanford, Manitoba, has been visiting friends and relatives in this community for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nurse, of Erin, were welcome visitors at church last Sunday.

MILTON

Mr. Waller Laneless has been promoted from factory manager to Superintendent of the Merrickville Eng. Co. Friends and neighbors from the Ligny School district honored Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Wilson, recent bride and groom at a gathering in the school, when the building was filled to capacity.

Last evening's Toronto Telegram carried a story from Italy, telling of the heroism of a small company of the Saskatoon Light Infantry, who went to the rescue of the 48th Highlanders, which had been cut off by the Germans. Among the list of heroes who went to the aid of the 48th are mentioned two men from this district, James Wallace and Karl Frank, both of Nasagaweya.

A rehabilitation committee is to be formed in Milton for discharged personnel of the armed services. A representative was requested from the Women's Institutes, the Manufacturers and the Business Men's Association, also two members from the Canadian Legion and two members of the Council.—Champion.

LIMEHOUSE

Mr. A. McDonald, of Georgetown, held the winning ticket on the hooked mat, donated by Mrs. E. Miller. The Limehouse W.I. fund was increased by over \$17 in the raffle.

Mr. E. Miller and Mrs. A. W. Norton were highest scorers in euchre at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Mitchell on Friday evening. Eight tables played and proceeds were for the local branch of the W.I.

We extend sympathy to Mrs. W. Millere, who received a cable on Sunday, advising her of the death of her sister, Mrs. Goring at London, Eng.

Mrs. H. Norton is out again following an attack of pleurisy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lane and daughters, of Toronto, visited his mother on Sunday.

Mrs. W. I. Newton, of Barrie, spent the week end with the Newtons.

Mrs. J. R. G. Sutherland spent a few hours with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Benton on Saturday.

Mrs. W. G. Marshall, of Georgetown, and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Taylor, of Ripley, called on Mrs. F. Benton on Sunday.

The first of a series of classes in care of clothing and sewing was held at the home of Mrs. Kirkpatrick on Monday evening led by Mrs. Elerby. The ladies of the community are invited to attend these classes.

Several local lads overseas have acknowledged receipt of the Christmas parcels sent them by Limehouse W.I. called on her uncle, Mr. Thos. McEwen at Nasagaweya on Sunday.

Miss Gladys Hall, of Guelph, visited Mr. Hall and the Gordons during the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Gray and Mr. D. S. McDonald visited friends at Rockwood on Sunday.

All Hope Turns Ashes

By L. A. CUNNINGHAM
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

BY STANDING on tiptoe and clutching the window sill, Caleb Garion could look into the big, untidy room where Brian Girard wrote his novels. It was deepening dusk but the afterglow of the sunset through the windows showed Caleb the typewriter, the papers and books scattered on the table and floor, the great pile of manuscript in the wire basket that represented Girard's work for the last year or more. "Dust of the Temple" was the name of it.

Pleasant fellow, Brian Girard. If he had been patronizing Caleb would have liked it better. He hated Girard, hated his success, his competence. Caleb had said, "I've written a book myself. Spent five years at it."

"Have you, now?" Girard had finished the page he was typing and turned to stare at Caleb. "No luck about having it published?"

"None," said Caleb. "Tried it everywhere." His face was sullen, his eyes hard. "Too much work and study and sense in it, I guess. Deals with a great shipbuilding and lumbering family, sort of a dynasty, in the early days of New England."

"Sounds good. Let's have a look at it sometime," Girard had said with interest.

But Caleb knew he wouldn't even read the battered script when he got it. The novel had been the rounds so often that the single carbon copy was better than the original. Think of the months, the years of hard, driving work he had put into his book—and this easygoing, laughing fellow could knock off a novel in a few months, sell it to a magazine, a book publisher, the movies—make a fortune on it.

The dusk deepened. Objects in the room grew shapeless. Girard hadn't been much interested in his neighbors, the Garions, who lived in the little cabin a mile up the beach. Not until he'd seen Lennie. Caleb hadn't realized just what good friends Girard and Lennie were until day before yesterday when, from behind a sandhill he had watched them talking so intimately, so eagerly. And then Lennie had thrown her arms about Brian Girard's neck and kissed him.

That was why Caleb's eyes were darkly narrow now, why he stared into that room with something starkly hateful in his pinched face.

Caleb hadn't said anything to Lennie. "I'm going fishing for a day or so," he had told her, and walked off. She didn't mind. She never did complain. Even though the income Caleb derived from book reviewing hardly gave them enough to live on. She was fed up, no doubt. Maybe she was planning to get clear of him, to marry Girard.

Caleb smelled smoke. He looked down. The discarded stub of his cigarette had set fire to the dry grass around the beach cabin. Already there was a merry little blaze. Caleb stared at it, grinning like a death's head. He could hear Girard saying, "I think 'Dust of the Temple' will go like wildfire."

Sure it will, thought Caleb, turning away. Nothing in the world to stop it. Caleb laughed. He had seen Girard driving up the road towards Leaffield, a fat man with him in the big open car.

Caleb, stroking away, looked back every once in a while, watching the flames shoot higher and higher, until there was a pillar of fire and smoke reaching up to the early stars. The high dunes all but hid it before he reached his own cabin. It wasn't at all likely that Lennie would have noticed it. He saw her, sitting under the green shaded lamp when he walked up on the veranda. She was reading a letter.

She looked up when he entered, then ran to him and flung her arms about him and kissed his lips. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come. Cal, I've news for you—grand news!"

"Get to it," he said, freeing himself from her arms.

"I asked Mr. Girard to read your novel. He did, and promised to get his publisher to read it. His publisher was visiting him—"

Caleb stared at her now. "I—I was so glad, I kissed him, Cal."

"Go on!" Caleb's voice was harsh. "You gave him a copy of the novel?"

"Both copies. I gave him both. One was so badly worn, you know—"

Caleb's mouth hung open. There were only two copies of his book in the whole world. And she—

"This note just came an hour ago from Mr. Girard," she continued eagerly. "Listen, Caleb! Mr. Hunter is wild about Caleb's novel. 'All Hope Turns Ashes.' He'll publish it and pay a substantial advance. He wants a few changes. We're taking my story, 'Dust of the Temple' up to the city tonight. I've left Caleb's novel in the wire basket on my desk with a memorandum about the alterations."

She looked up from the letter and her eyes flew wide at the sight of Caleb's gray face that had become so swiftly old and lined and haggard. "Caleb, what in God's name is it? Don't, Caleb—don't!"

He had started to laugh. He kept on laughing. He couldn't stop it. She had never heard such laughter. It sounded like something out of hell.

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Georgetown

General Sir Bernard Montgomery this very short, model little 20-campaign. It has been said that it is a great honor for the Canadians to be in the British Army, but I say that is a great honor for the British Army to have the Canadians.