

Sunday School Lesson

July 29. — Lesson V.—The First Foreign Missionaries.—Acts 13: 1-5; 13-16, 44-49. Golden Text—Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: 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.—Matt. 28: 19, 20.

ANALYSIS
I. THE INVITATION, 1-5.
II. THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN, 13-15.
III. THE RESULTS OF HIS SERMON, 46-49.

INTRODUCTION—With the 13th chapter we enter upon the second part of Luke's history of the apostolic age, which is concerned with the carrying of the gospel to peoples other than Jews and with the part taken by Paul, Luke's hero.

I. THE INVITATION, 1-5.
This is the account of one of the most important movements ever undertaken by the church; it was the beginning of the world mission of Christ's church. The following things may be noted in connection with these five verses:

(1) The new departure starts; not from the mother church at Jerusalem, but from the church at Antioch, which is a self-determining community, that feels justified in originating so important a step.

(2) It was due not to the direct action of the official at Jerusalem, but to five prophets and teachers mentioned in v. 1.

(3) The short passage shows that these men realized the deep significance of their action. They remained long in committee seriously canvassing the situation. By prayer, fasting and deep meditation they sought the direction of God. It is the Holy Spirit which is now leading them to this decisive action.

(4) There is an act of separation, when they laid their hands on two of them and sent them forth. This laying on of hands was familiar to the Jews, and here it probably was the impressive outward symbol of the sanction of the church. Some suppose this was the definite ordination of Barnabas and Saul. If it was their ordination, then it would seem as if no apostle was present at the time. If it was merely the dedication to a new mission, the symbol of laying on of hands must have been used for other purposes than ordination to an official ministry.

II. THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN, 13-15.
The two men select Mark as their companion and direct their course first to the island of Cyprus the home of Barnabas. Two places are mentioned as the scene of their preaching, and one striking example is given of Paul's decision in action, vs. 13-16.

V. 13. From Cyprus they go to the south coast of Asia Minor and reach Perag in Pamphilia, but carry on no mission service. Some change seems to have come over their plans. Perhaps they had intended to proceed to Ephesus, a large centre of population, and Mary may not have approved of the journey into the interior. The difference, whatever it was, did not affect the friendly relation between Barnabas and Saul.

V. 14. His journey to Antioch has been the theme of much discussion. Some scholars think it may have been sickness which directed them to the healthier region in the north to escape malaria which was a dread disease in Antioch. The road to Antioch was rough, dangerous and long. The city was in the province of Galatia and was a colony, that is, a centre of military rule where western soldiers were the leading citizens.

V. 16. Paul now delivers in the synagogue a missionary address intended for the Jews. It is naturally the principles which Paul set forth, and Luke must often have heard similar sermons at a later time. There is a decided difference in the sermon which Paul preached to the Jews and those with which he addressed the heathen audience. And even when Luke was not present to hear these sermons, he could obtain information from Paul himself, who would naturally be aware of Luke's desire to write a history of the early church.

III. THE RESULTS OF HIS SERMON, 44-49.
The Jews at first did not seem to realize the full significance of this new teaching and they invited Saul to speak again in the synagogue the following Sabbath. This leads to a crisis.

V. 44. The whole city. During the week these preachers must have carried on their work talking to many in private and using every opening to get forth Jesus. Among those whom they met would be many Gentiles, Greeks and Romans, and the fame of Barnabas and Paul was so spread abroad that when Sabbath came the synagogue was packed with all classes of Jews and Gentiles, who had come to hear the word of God.

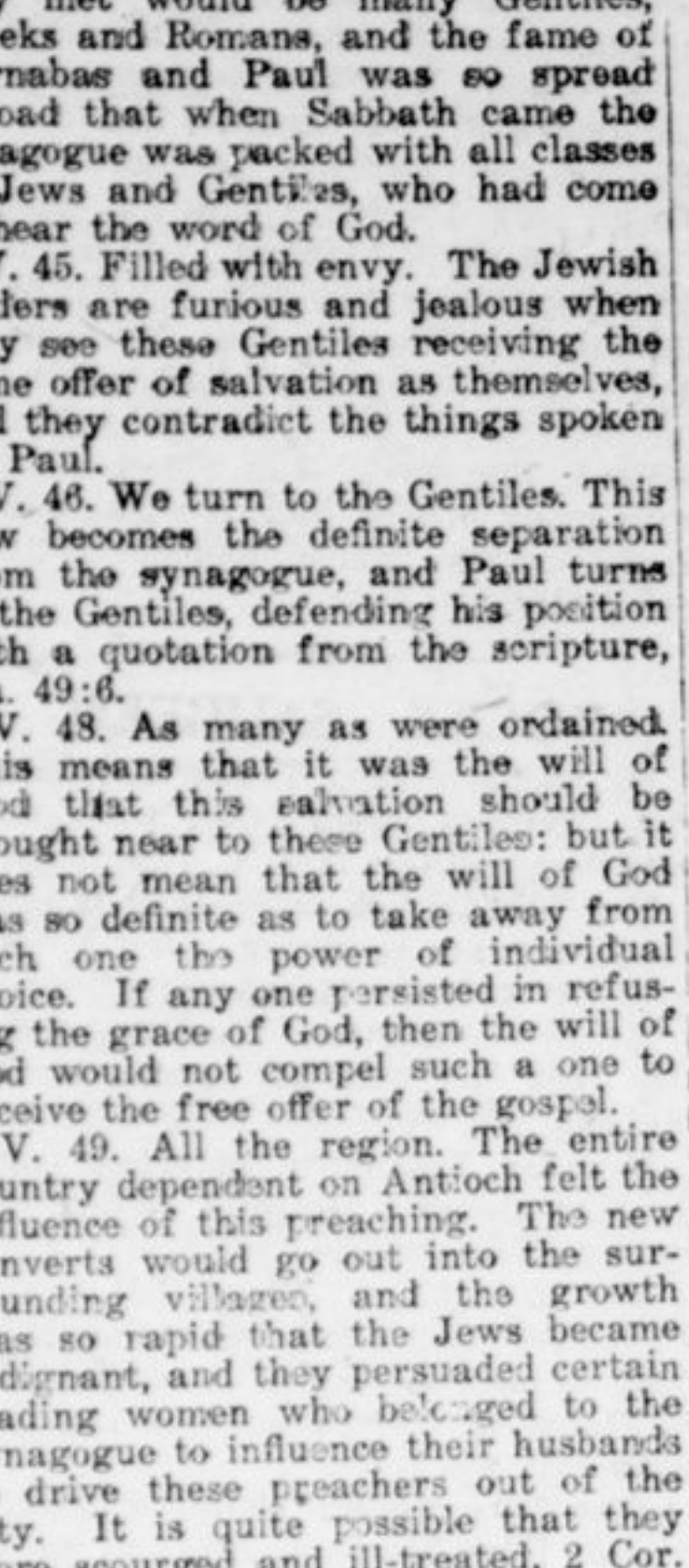
V. 45. Filled with envy. The Jewish leaders are furious and jealous when they see these Gentiles receiving the same offer of salvation as themselves, and they contradict the things spoken by Paul.

V. 46. We turn to the Gentiles. This now becomes the definite separation from the synagogue, and Paul turns to the Gentiles, defending his position with a quotation from the scripture, Isa. 49: 6.

V. 48. As many as were ordained. This means that it was the will of God that this salvation should be brought near to these Gentiles; but it does not mean that the will of God was so definite as to take away from each one the power of individual choice. If any one persisted in refusing the grace of God, then the will of God would not compel such a one to receive the free offer of the gospel.

V. 49. All the region. The entire country dependent on Antioch felt the influence of this preaching. The new converts would go out into the surrounding villages, and the growth was so rapid that the Jews became indignant, and they persuaded certain leading women who belonged to the synagogue to influence their husbands to drive these preachers out of the city. It is quite possible that they were scourged and ill-treated, 2 Cor. 11: 25.

SNIPPING PRETTY MARY'S NICE CURLS



This shows the second operation on the universally known Pickford tresses. It was performed in Chicago a few days ago. The first cutting of the curls on the road to boudoir was done in New York.

It Might Have Been Your Cat

JEANNETTE E. ROBERTS.
The day's work was finished. The last book had been dropped, last scratching pen stilled, last "Good-night, Teacher" emilingly acknowledged and the clattering footsteps died away in the distance.
I stood in the quiet beauty of a Nevada sunset and gazed happily at the gorgeous coloring of Nature's own canvas.
Suddenly every nerve of my body quivered in sympathy as an unearthly scream of a live thing in pain shattered the evening's happy stillness.
I ran hastily toward the spot from whence the agonizing howls seemed to issue, and there, whirling, twisting, scratching and clawing was a tiny black kitten with its poor head stuck fast in a discarded salmon can. I almost echoed the frantic meows of pain of the suffering baby thing. I reached to help it, but with the instinctive fear of any animal in pain, it leaped from the garbage heap of numberless jagged broken bottles and gaping sharp-edged cruel cans.
"itty, kittty, oh, let me help you."
But no, even when with tender fingers I caught and held the suffering kitten, endeavoring to free it, heart-rending cries and scratching claws rewarded me.
The poor little neck was swollen and bleeding. Evidently the little thing had been struggling for hours. Desperately I worked and at last succeeded in extricating the swollen head and quieting the vicious claws. It was just a little alley cat, no home no food, and no one to care. But it amply repaid me for its adoption and developed into a sleek and shining beauty.
But the mission of this little tale is: Won't you, housewives and heedless campers, press down the top of those cruel, jagged-edged cans? It is so easy to do, a habit which takes only a second and will more than repay your slight trouble by a warm feeling of happiness around your heart when you remember that perhaps you saved some of Nature's children from needless suffering.
A chattering, happy quirello stilled and quiet, after agonizing hours of an investigating hungry woodchuck caught in the relentless teeth of a half-opened corn can. Or, hayhap, your own Persian or Angora darling that disdained the richest of yellow cream, but eagerly answered the call of the wild to forage for itself in the dusky twilight!
Close the can, you tourist, on your joyous care-free jaunt across the continent when you rest in the forest glade or beside the tumbling brook. Eager eyes are stealthily watching from the treetops and brambles. Eager pattering feet will be speeding to your picnic ground almost before the hush of silence covers your departure.

Welcome Music

The Singer on the Hob
"She's boiling!" someone exclaims, as we sit in circle by the fireside awaiting our afternoon cup of tea. How the sound of the words makes us thrill with delight as we anticipate receiving the cup that cheers!
But why "she?" we ask. Surely just because of her winsome personality, for undoubtedly there is something lovable about the household friend, the Kettle.
Among all the articles of every-day use, "she" is the most indispensable, for be the home ever so humble there's always a kettle.
Just as there are types of individuals, so there are different types of kettles. There is the ordinary one used in the kitchen, always to be found in her accustomed place on the hob, and singing merrily all the day long. She is ready for all emergencies, usually at boiling point or very near thereto, ready to welcome the individual members of the family as they return home at meal times at all hours of the day. Even the children interest themselves in the homely kettle, for oftentimes they may be observed acting their well-known nursery rhyme—
"Polly put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea."
Then who does not cherish pleasant recollections of the big, fat family kettle, all black and shining, brought out for duty only on high festive occasions? Some, on the other hand, may perhaps recall just that same "outside" kettle, as being dreary and dull, when she endeavored to make the best of her song on washing days. Of course we all know that it is not the kettle, but the water in the kettle that sings, but that is one of the things we do not want to understand aright. We are content to go on thinking of the singing kettle, and to listen to the tuneful melodies as they pass from andante, legato, crescendo, to fortissimo movements.
On a slightly higher social scale we have the parlor kettle, black it may be too, but more genteel,—or perhaps bright and all radiant in aluminum or copper. It, too, fills a place as a sweet singer. But since, as often as which it sits, it is probably for that reason the worst tempered of all types of kettle. Having no fixed abode, the parlor kettle is shifted about "from pillar to post," and ought really to have our sympathy. How often is she compelled to listen to all the latest gossip as it is recounted by friendly neighbors during their afternoon calls! Indeed the conversation on such occasions is sometimes so brisk, that the poor kettle gets neglected until it has to proclaim its presence by hissing out very high staccato notes as it topples over into the fire!
Perhaps our best recollections of all centre round the spirit kettle, that familiar friend of our travels. Thoughts of her send us back into the rosy past as we trudged up hill and down dale ere we found a suitable secluded spot for our picnic. What joy we felt on those holidays when, after succeeding in puffing an unwilling fire of wet twigs to take light and burn, we heard the glad shout: "She's boiling!"
But, unlike the brook of poetic fame, a kettle's life does not "go on for ever." There comes a day when a hole appears. She gets patched up, once or perhaps twice, before being finally wrapped up in newspaper and relegated to the shelf among the unwanted pots and pans.—Ida Maesie.

Is Youth to Blame?

You Can't Bring Up a Child on the "Smack-and-Cuddle" System and Get Good Results
By MAUDE CROSSLEY
Some modern people seem to be leading us a pretty dance. Often I hear parents complaining bitterly of their children.
"They'll do what they want to do, and they won't listen to their parents now-a-days," sighs mother.
"They think they know everything!" declares father heatedly.
Finally: "They think their fathers and mothers are fools!" both parents exclaim together.
Now, all this sounds very dreadful, but, although I hold no brief for these out-of-hand youngsters, now in their late teens or early twenties, I always feel tempted to turn round on such complaining parents and say: "You have only yourselves to blame!"
The Easier Way
Right from the cradle these young people have been brought up by the "easier way" method.
"Mind you, all parents are not of the 'easier way' kind. There are, I am thankful to say, hundreds and thousands of splendid fathers and mothers and fine and devoted sons and daughters, bearing witness to what home can be.
But there has been precious little discipline for many years in some homes. The children have been brought up from babyhood on what I call the smack-and-cuddle system. The baby grows into the toddler, very sweet and cuddlesome and amusing, but just able to get about a bit on his own and start smashing things. What happens? The smack-and-cuddle mother lets him "get on with it," as they say, until he smashes something that matters, or does something that interferes with the work on which she is engaged. Then she gets "worked up properly," and gives him a smart slap. He sets up a howl. This sets the mother's nerves on edge. She cuddles the child up and gives him a halfpenny or a cake or whatever is handy.
What a Reward!
But how much wiser it would have been to have taught him why he should not have done that naughty thing.
The other day I saw a well-dressed little boy steal an apple in a big store. His mother saw him take it, but she allowed him to commit the theft.
If a child grows up all wrong and is a vexatious problem to its parents and the world; if, at eighteen or twenty, it becomes the despair of father and mother, make no mistake, the blame lies generally with its upbringing.
These young people have never been taught obedience, tolerance, or respect.
I always think that to be a good mother or father is to attain to the highest and most strenuous ideal in the world. You have to endure suffering, make endless sacrifices, and learn and practise infinite wisdom.
But—what a reward!
How They Will Choose
Far from ignoring or refusing your advice, your young people will seek it. They will tell themselves that you always knew best, and know best now. They will respect you. They will be devoted to you.
That boy of yours, looking for a wife, will instinctively look for the girl who, in her splendid qualities, reminds him of "mother." That girl of yours, vacillating, perhaps, between the love entreaties of two men, will be tempted to choose, not necessarily the handsomer in looks or charm, or the better off, but the one who "somehow puts me in mind of dad!"
I have met such young people quite lately. But the youth of to-day, in too many homes, is headstrong, intolerant, pleasure-loving, lacking in respect.
Yet is youth entirely to blame? Think, parents!

My Night's Fishing

A Girl's Adventure

Last year I spent my holiday at a small fishing village on the Kilbrannan Sound, Ireland, between Campbelltown and Tarbert on the east side of Kintyre. I found it very easy to make friends with the fishermen whilst they were working at their boats down in the harbor, and they were more than willing to answer questions as to their occupation.

I had only been there a few days, when I was on intimate terms with several of them, and one morning I tentatively put forward the hope that I could have a night's fishing with one of the boats. To my secret delight, the skipper of the boat Nancy Lee, offered to give me a place in his boat that very night, and I eagerly accepted his offer.

Shortly after eight o'clock that evening, I left my lodgings, and started to walk down to the harbor. It was a warm, delightful evening, with one of those perfect sunsets, and the sky in the west showed crimson and gold, with little pink and pearl-colored clouds drifting about, and I felt in great trim for my night's adventure.

At the harbor all was bustle and preparation for the departure of the boats for the fishing ground. All the boats are power-driven, which is a great boon to the fishermen in their hazardous calling. The Nancy Lee was a trim boat, manned by four men and a boy, who acted in the capacity of ship's cook.

Soon everything on board was ready, and we drifted slowly out of the harbor towards the entrance of Loch Fyne, and arrived at the fishing ground shortly after nine o'clock. It was too early to start the night's work, and whilst we "lay to," the men passed the time by giving a last look over their gear, and getting the boat into fishing trim. This done to their satisfaction, we went down into the fo-castle and had the evening meal. It was grey dusk when we came on deck again, and I was surprised at the number of boats which had gathered at the ground. There were boats from Campbelltown and Tarbert, and as far south as Ballantrae, and drifting about on the fringes of the fleet, were the buyers' boats from Glasgow and Ardrossan. These boats follow the herring fleet, and hush the catches up to Greenock, Fairlie, and Ardrossan, in the "wee sma' boats," to catch the Glasgow Market.

After darkness had fallen, the skipper of our boat gave orders for full steam ahead, and we ploughed through the waves making for the Buteshire stretch of water between the Buteshire shore and Cook of Arran. Loch Fyne Illinois minister announces that anyone who refuses to vote for Herbert Hoover will wind up in hell, but the Legion of the Condemned goes right on cheering for Al Smith.

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. Patterns sent by return mail.

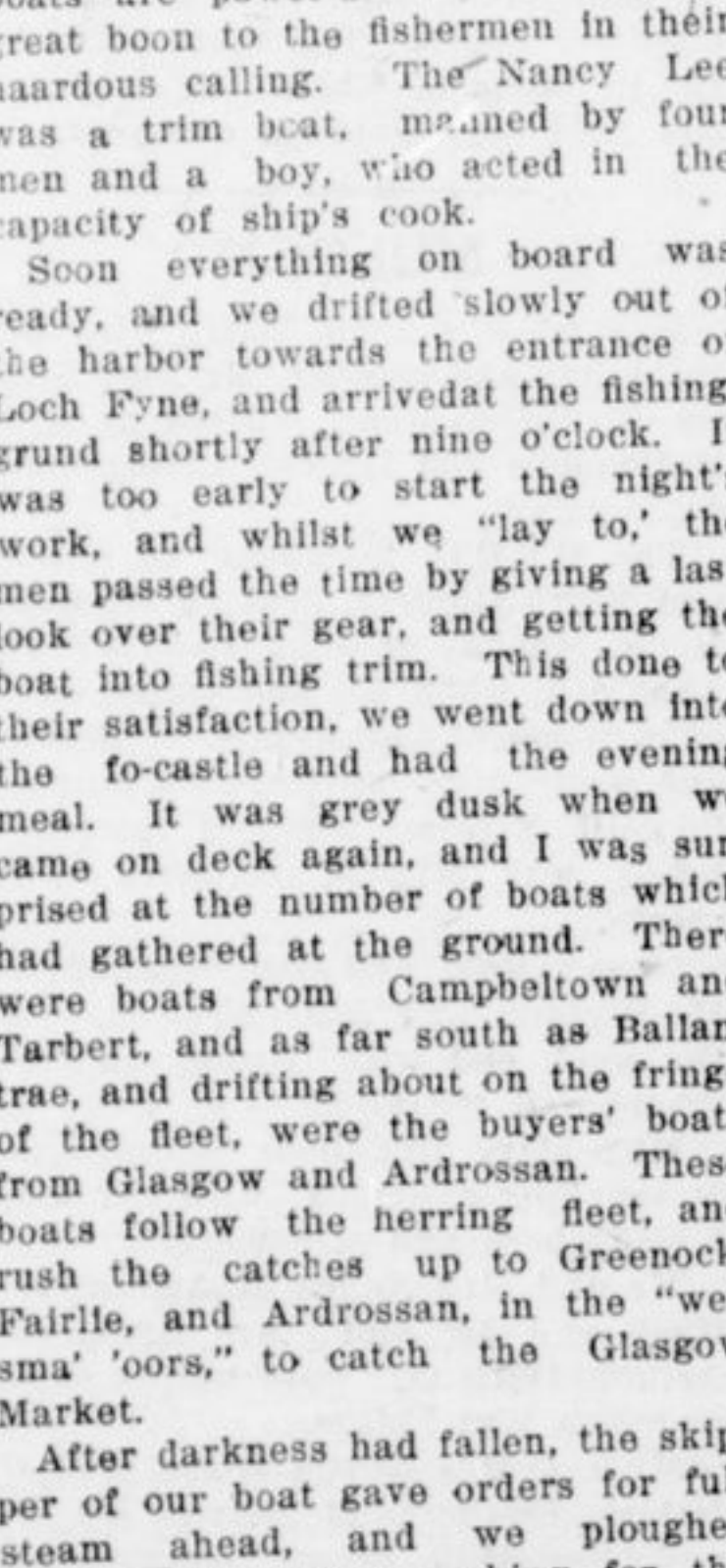
Girl stenographers employed by the Polish government are obliged to wear robes that conceal their necks, knees and elbows. Well, that's one way to get something done around the office.

NOT BY A LONG SIGHT

She: Don't you think love at first sight is the best?
He: Not by a long sight.
The circus manager advertised for a dwarf. A man called to say that he knew the very man for him. "Are you sure he is small enough?" asked the manager. "Quite," replied the man. "Why, if he had toothache, he would think it was his corns aching."
We believe that eventually the entire Arctic region will be explored by hunting for explorers.—Detroit News.

Jeff's Worries About His Bed Aren't Ended—Not Yet

MUTT AND JEFF—Bud Fisher.



Foreign Policy

M.P. in Manitoba: No method of entertainment of Emerson discovered. To alone requires time for consultation; very except the cumulative correspondence; approval involved; questions to be asked. Yet the point of the decision of necessity be reached.

WHAT HOME IS
Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two spirits in one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.

As ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win
A word of care without,
A word of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.

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