

Sunday School Lesson

February 21. Lesson VII—Jesus the Good Shepherd—John 10: 1-16. Golden Text—The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.—Psalm 23: 1.

ANALYSIS.

- I. FALSE SHEPHERDS AND TRUE, John 10: 1-6.
- II. "I AM THE DOOR," John 10: 7-10.
- III. "I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD," John 10: 11-18.

INTRODUCTION—John 10: 19-29 should follow 9: 41. The anniversary services commemorating the dedication of the Temple (10: 22) would remind all patriotic Jews of the Macedonian heroes who had purchased so dearly the temporary freedom of their country. During the years of bondage which followed, many false Messiahs won the confidence of the people, incited them to revolt, and left them only in greater disaster and servitude.

The religious leaders were little better. They used their holy offices for their own ends. They were "thieves and robbers" in contrast with the true shepherd who loves his sheep.

- I. FALSE SHEPHERDS AND TRUE, John 10: 1-6.

Perhaps no other picture brings home more appealingly to the hearts of men the love of Jesus than this allegory. In the name "good shepherd," "good" means kindness, beauty, genuineness, all in one.

Jesus never forgets his Galilean boyhood and the stories he often heard the shepherds tell how often he had to protect their flocks from prowling beasts of prey. He knew also that Israel's leaders in times past were sometimes called "shepherds." Num. 27: 17; Jer. 23: 1. Wounded in heart at the cruel way in which the "shepherds" of Israel had treated the man whom he had healed, he could not but think of them as false shepherds.

They had not come to their position of leadership and power by the God-appointed way—the door of love, but by some other way, v. 1. The true shepherd, coming in the fold in the morning, is admitted by the "porter" (v. 3), the night watchman. Several flocks have been in the same fold for the night. The shepherd gives his peculiar whistle or call, and his own sheep follow him into pasture. Eastern shepherds go before their flocks. They give them pet names as we name horses and dogs. A Scottish traveler once changed garments with a shepherd in Palestine, and thus disguised, tried to call the sheep to him. They did not move. But when the shepherd, dressed like a Scottish traveler, gave his call, they came to him at once.

II. "I AM THE DOOR," John 10: 7-10. Said Jesus to the man whom the Pharisees had debarred from the religious community, "I am the way of entrance—not they." No ecclesiastical court on earth has the power to shut a man out from the kingdom which has come through me. They who came before him (v. 9) were the false leaders, political and religious, who had been deceiving the people.

The true pastor of God's flock (this is the meaning of "any man" in v. 9), entering upon his work through love shall have security (read "safe" instead of "saved"); he will have freedom to render his bit of service to his fellows (go in and out), and will be able to provide spiritual nourishment for his flock (find pasture).

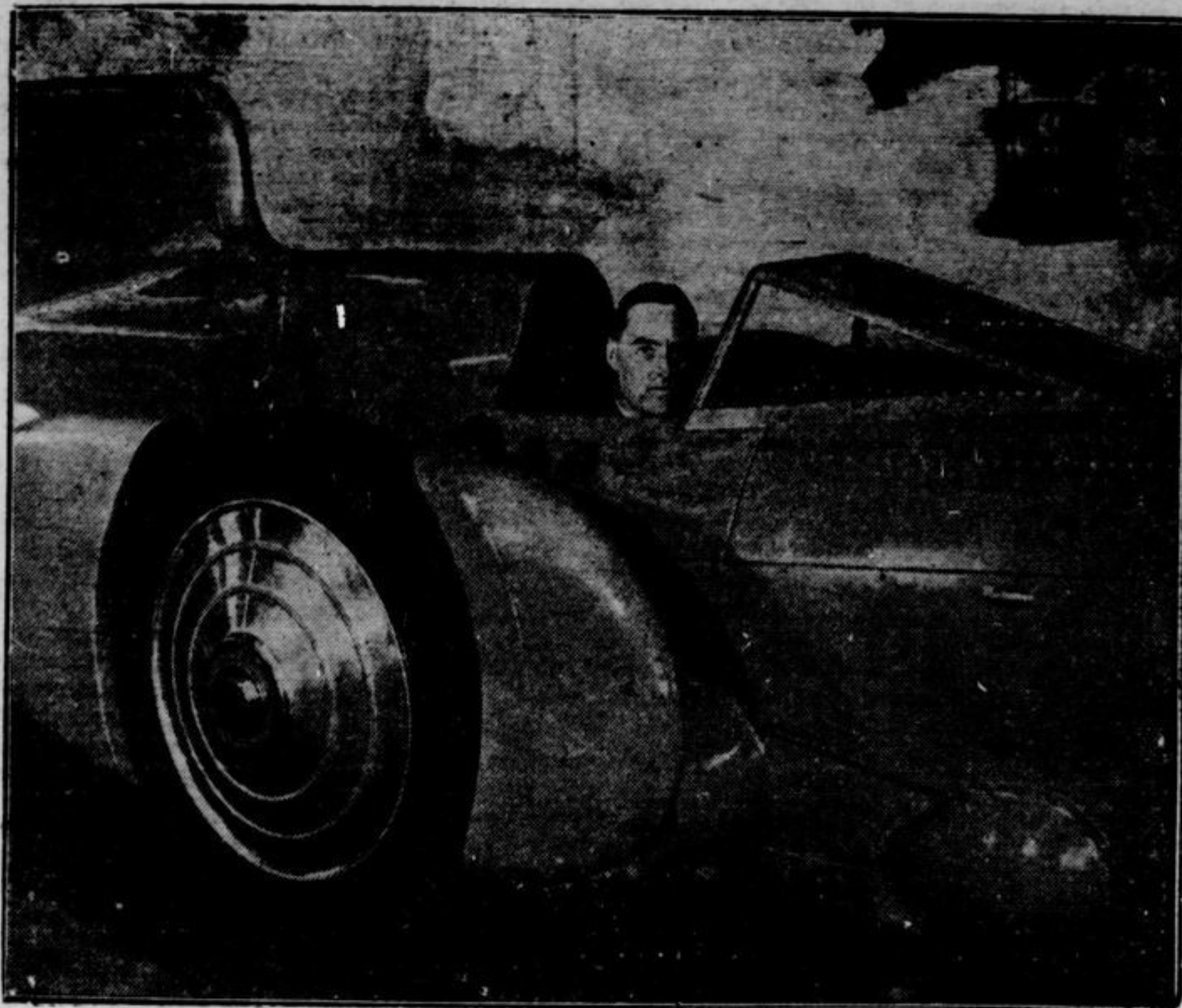
The thief (v. 10), those false national and religious leaders—seeks only his own advantage. He bluffs his way along, but those who are in real touch with God are not deceived. Christ, men's true leader and shepherd, makes life a richer, lighter thing for every man, makes the man himself a bigger man, more vital, v. 10.

III. "I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD," John 10: 11-18. The abundant life that Christ offers is possible only through the sacrifice of his own. Hence the simile changes. The false teachers are no longer "thieves and robbers," but timid men who run away when faced by danger; they have no real interest in their flock.

From the mountain top of his vision, the inspired writer sees beyond the confines of the Jewish fold to the Gentiles. They are lost and wandering, but some day Christ will bring them in too. Such was David Livingstone's vision. Engraved on the slab in Westminster Abbey which marks his grave are these words, "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

One fold, and one shepherd (v. 16).

Sir Malcolm Campbell Seeks New Record



The Blue Bird has had several slight alterations, mainly streamlining under the direction of Sir Malcolm Campbell who plans on sailing shortly to Daytona Beach, where he hopes to better his speed record of 245 miles an hour.

Garden Chats

Article No. 1
Planning Will Help

But why bother about gardening now, with the echoes of New Year's celebrations just dying away, your average person may ask. True, here in Canada we have a bit of winter still before us and it will be some weeks before we can sally forth, spade in hand. But right at this point we might as well start shattering illusions by explaining that a good deal of success in gardening, and not a little pleasure too, lies in planning. The more we picture what we are going to do, the better the results. It is not necessary to worry over lack of means or experience. Study plants when you are drawing up plans. Put shade plants in shady places, sun plants in sunny places. Try to remember, if you haven't kept a diary, which plants did well and vice versa last year. Do not forget that annuals should not be planted year after year in the same location. Disease carries over in the soil. A good seed catalogue will help us considerably in this planning.

General Vegetable Hints

If we are fortunate in possessing a fair sized piece of ground we can use a horse or tractor to do most of the work. Sometimes this power can be rented from a neighbor if we are unable to supply it ourselves. Where used it is best to space rows of our ordinary vegetables thirty inches or a yard apart, and the bigger or spreading sorts like corn, potatoes, tomatoes or cucumbers three to four feet. This will allow easy and continuous cultivation right through until the work is no longer required, and very little hoeing will be needed. If, on the other hand, space is limited and we want maximum results we can reduce the width between rows to fifteen and twenty inches, respectively, and can further economize by alternating early and late stuff like spinach and carrots, peas and corn, so that the first named in each case will be used and out of the way before the later sorts require the full row. Of course, where one plans an intensive garden of this kind we will have more hand work, though this can be greatly lessened by the use of hand cultivators rather than hoes, and we should also use plenty of fertilizer. This may be either well rotted manure or a good balanced commercial mixture high in nitrogen, or better still, some of both. In all vegetable gardens it is essential to run rows absolutely straight, using a string when sowing. Not only does this improve the appearance but it conserves space and allows easy and thorough cultivation. Another thing to remember is to plow or spade the ground carefully before sowing and before we start, to have a plan on paper plotted roughly to scale. In our plan it is well



"Are you troubled badly with insomnia?"
"I should say so. If I were to sleep two hours on a stretch I would think I was a regular Rip Van Winkle."

"Come In"

A chorus girl who had evolved from Brixton to Broadway by becoming the understudy of a famous French revue actress, having changed her name and adopted the accent, found herself starred in Pittsburgh.
Holding forth to an admirer in the best of traditions about "zee difficulties of zee Engleesh," she found herself interrupted by a knock at the door.
"Entre nous..." she called out, brightly.

MUTT AND JEFF—By BUD FISHER



One Way Air Mail Service at Altitude Of 10,000 Feet Started in Ecuador

Guayaquil.—Ecuador's recently inaugurated air mail service from Quito to outlying towns is probably the world's highest and only non-stop service, since the take-off is more than 10,000 feet above sea level and the planes return to their point of departure without landing. Latacunga, capital of the province of Leon, near the base of the volcano Cotopaxi and sixty-one miles south of Quito, is the only town on the route that has a landing field.

Tulcan, capital of the province of Carchi on the Colombian border 100 miles northeast of Quito, is the furthest outpost of the route and there and at other towns on the route the mail is dropped from the plane attached to small parachutes. This brings mail to the town from the capital in less than two hours, but the return mail, since the air service is one way only, takes two and sometimes four days.

This will be one of the most difficult routes in the world to fly, both because of the high altitude and the lack

of landing fields. On the 10,000-foot Andean plateau the greater part of the country stands practically on edge. Another hazard is added by the snow-capped peaks of the Andes that poke into the clouds for another 12,000 feet.

The trip between the capital and Tulcan by ordinary means of travel takes two days or more while muleback means about four or five days, and it depends on the state of the roads whether or not motor cars can get beyond Ibarra, the present terminus of the railroad from Quito. A little rain makes the hills so slippery that it is hopeless to try to get through, although the surface of the roads may be hard enough. The greater part of the soil is a very hard clay called canagua which is a bit more slippery than wet soap.

Air service between the coast and the capital and the interior would be out of the question without a line of radio beacons as at present it is largely a matter of blind flying, because there is always a good bit of rain around 2,000 to 5,000 feet between the shores and the highlands.

Poet and Peasant

The sunset's golden rods have railed the west,
And steel-blue swallows cut with crescent wings
Across the tawny metal of the sky;
Like chinking of loose change a blackbird sings.

My pathway lies between these hills,
All close
Together huddled like creatures
Crouched in sleep,
The curving fang of my scythe swings
Loose behind
As my grass-wet boots crunch down
The open steep.

There at the brown path's end my cottage stands
With new blue paint upon its wooden eaves;
One wall all grey and flat and windowless,
One hung with a rough green rug of ivy leaves.

And when those trees have turned to rich black lace,
And when the stars are fastened on the night,
Quiet within my secret armory I'll sit
And burnish rhymes to beauty while I write.

—M. G. Gower, in Poetry.

Wouldn't Do

"Why are you looking so fed-up?"
"I bought a book called 'How To Make Love,' and now I don't know what to do."
"Biggest on earth," said the bishop.
"What's the name of the firm?" queried the drummer.
"Lord and Church," replied the imperturbable bishop.
"Hum; Lord and Church; never heard of it. Got any branch houses anywhere?"
"Branch houses all over the world," said the bishop.
"That's queer. Never heard of em. Is it boots and shoes?"
"No."
"Hats and caps?"
"Not that either."
"Oh, dry goods, I suppose?"
"Well," said the bishop, "some call it notions."—From Louisville Times.



Dobbs—"Sobbs asked me to forget my troubles this morning."
Hobbs—"What for?"
Dobbs—"In order to give me a chance to listen to his."

According to Will Rogers, there is nothing but human nature to prevent success at the disarmament conference.—Mail and Empire (Toronto).

Birds of a feather flock together—where a generous supply of bread crumbs has been scattered over the snow.—The Christian Science Monitor.

Toads are not venomous, and scientists do not believe there is any connection with handling them and the appearance of warts.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



The separate satin crepe blouse in eggshell shade is tremendously smart this season worn with a black transparent velvet skirt.
And simple to make! Well, I guess you'll be so delighted, you'll immediately want to make another. The saving in cost too, will help you keep within your budget.
It's demurely flattering for more dressy afternoon wear fashioned of white printed georgette crepe with dots of metal embroidery.
It's charming of course in flat crepe silk and in fine weave jersey.
Style No. 3428 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.
Size 16 requires 2 1/4 yards 35 or 39-inch, with 3/4 yards binding.
HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 50c 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

"Yes, sir," said the barber, "my poor brother Jim has been sent away. He started to brood over hard times, and finally it drove him crazy. He and I worked side by side, and we both brooded a great deal. No money in this business now, you know. Prices too low. Unless a customer has a single or a shampoo, it doesn't pay to shave or hair-cut. I caught Jim trying to cut the throat of a customer who had declined a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me very sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him get on with the slashing. It would have been our revenge. Shampoo, sir?"

"What makes selfishness such a deadly sin is that it is such a self-deceiving one." A thief knows that he is a thief, a liar that he has told falsehoods; but a selfish man does not know that he is selfish; hence he never repents his sin, and it grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength.

TWO DWELLINGS
God has two dwellings—one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.—Frank Walton.

"The introduction of universal military service is the principal cause of the moral decline of the white race."—Albert Einstein.

"Prejudice is dishonesty—patriotic prejudice as much as any other kind."—Sir Arthur W. Lewis.

"I am sure there is far more sauerkraut in America now than there ever was in Germany."—Vicki Baum.

Witticisms

Visitor: "I have come to tell you that my wife disappeared three days ago." Police Inspector: "Why didn't you report her disappearance at once?" "Well, for the first few days I could hardly believe it true that she'd really gone."

The kitchenware demonstrator wanted to call the next day. "That's my busy day," said the housewife. "I usually have so much to do that probably you would find me in a whirligig." "Oh, that's all right," replied the demonstrator. "I'm used to seeing housewives in their kimonos."

A little boy had been reported to his father for stealing apples from the stall outside a fruiterer's shop, and the parent was pointing out the evils of theft. "My boy," he said, "you must have known it is dishonest to steal. And, in any case, didn't your conscience tell you the man was watching?"

A minister told his flock that he had a "call" to go to another church. One of the deacons asked how much more he was offered. "One hundred pounds," was the reply. "Well, I don't blame you for going," remarked the deacon. "but you should be more exact in your language, parson. That isn't a 'call,' that's a 'rise'."

Smick met Brown in the street and asked for a match. Brown went through six pockets and produced a bottle of aspirins from each. "Great Scott," said Smith, "are you becoming a drug fiend?" "No," said Brown. "I've been trying to buy a body-belt all the morning, and every time I go into a chemist's shop a girl comes forward to serve me."

He found an extra-ten-shilling note in his pay envelope one week and kept it to himself. The mistake, however, was discovered, and his next week's wages were ten shillings short. Whereupon he complained, and was asked why he had made no mention of the fact when he was given ten shillings too much. "Well," he replied, "I didn't say anything the first time, but when it comes to two mistakes it's time I spoke about it."

All the morning she had been trying to teach her pupils the mysteries of simple addition. One small boy seemed far behind the others at grasping even the simplest ideas. "Look here, Bobby!" she said, for the fifth time. "Let's suppose your father saves a pound every week for four weeks. What will he have at the end of that time?" Bobby had his answer ready. "A gramophone, a new suit, a wireless set, and new furniture for the house," he replied proudly.

She had been to a bridge party the previous night, and to her husband it seemed likely she had had more than ordinary bad luck. At any rate, breakfast next morning found her silent and depressed. "Have a bad time last night?" asked the husband at last. "Awful!" she snapped. "And it was your fault, too!" "My fault? Why, I wasn't playing." "No but you introduced me to the man you said was a famous bridge expert, and—" "Well, so he is, my dear." "Nonsense. He's only an engineer."

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