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A woman who attempts to cook according to her husband's idea is apt to make a mess of it.

NEW MEMORIES OF OLD CAPERNAUM

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 19th is "Jesus In Peter's Home."—1:29-39.

By William T. Ellis.

I have been to Capernaum. My feet have stood on the very stones of the porch of the synagogue where Jesus Himself often stood and looked out across the lake He loved. Now that I take up the regular Sunday school lesson which opens at this same synagogue—doubtless the one given to the Jews by the Roman centurion—and continues in the city of Capernaum, and proceeds to the adjacent territory, I find myself dwelling upon the setting of the story, which makes it all so real to me.

At Tiberias, late one afternoon this summer, I had hired a boat and three men to take us to Capernaum, expecting to be back in the hotel by dark, for a belated dinner. Instead, we had contrary weather, and did not reach the ruins of Capernaum until nine o'clock, long after the stars were out and the shores were shadows—except for the stubble fire that was sweeping over the hillside site of old Bethsaida, eventually flaring up into a great blaze as it reached the wheat stacks. The flames crawled like a giant red worm over the night-enshrouded hills. From the lake, it was a spectacular sight, and gave a wild touch to the silence and gloom of the scenery of the night.

Barking Dogs Amid City Ruins.

When at length our boat was beached, amid the trees at the water's edge, the leading boatman helped ashore his two passengers, my son and myself. He knew the way to the gate of the wall which surrounds the house and workings of the Austrian Franciscan archaeologists; and his knocking at the gate brought no response for a long time, except the fierce barking of big dogs. At length a servant was aroused and responded with alarmed questions concerning the late evening, and he quickly surmised the facts—and a few days later told the King-Crane Commission how two Americans had come in upon him at night, and had seen the ruins by star-light and lantern-light.

The old man was really glad to see us. He pleased him that anybody should think enough of his dear ruins to outfight the storm, instead of turning back to Tiberias. He pressed us to spend the night with him, but, learning that this was impracticable, he cheerfully went with us over the wonderful ruins of the marble synagogue, with the carvings still almost as fresh as when the eyes of Jesus and His friends looked upon them.

The entire plan of the synagogue has been made clear by the archaeologists' spade, and one may see the pillars and their places; the aisles, the walls and the readers' platform. There are the very stones, with their beautiful carved pomegranates and olives and stars of David, which once heard the tender tones of the voice of Jesus—Ah, if they could but echo back a single word of that Teacher who spoke as never man spake before.

A Porch and Its Memories.

There are only a few spots in the Holy Land, where, despite the accumulations of the centuries, one may say with certainty, "Jesus walked here; His feet trod these very stones." Old Jerusalem, for instance, lies many feet below the present surface of the city; and so also do Bethany and the Mount of Olives. But here, alone of all the lake of Galilee region, where Jesus lived and walked and taught, is the one place where the traveller can assuredly say, "I am standing in the footsteps of the Saviour."

This porch of the old synagogue is as it was when built. Upon it the Master walked again and again; and even as I watched the startle, wind-whipped waters of Galilee from this vantage point, so He used to gaze upon the lake where His friends had tolled for a livelihood, and where He had accompanied with them, in storm and in calm, as one strong man with others. The Man of Galilee seemed very near, as we stood on the verge of His familiar place of worship in His own home city.

Thoughts of the church-going habits of Jesus; of His quiet acceptance of the forms of worship of His day, imperfect though He knew

them to be; of His own musings as He reflected upon the inability of His hearers to grasp the fuller meanings of the words He had uttered when standing by these pillars; of His interest in the fellow-worshippers who joined Him upon this very porch; and of His compassionate interest in all the thronging, busy, cosmopolitan city spread out before him, filled my mind as I stood in the moonlight on the marble porch of the Capernaum synagogue, one of the most precious treasures that archaeology has given to the world.

A Mother-in-Law Story.

It was from this porch that Jesus and His four disciples descended that spring Sabbath long ago, when He became the guest of Peter, somewhere near by. There He found His friend's mother-in-law ill, and He healed her; for it was instinctive, and a life passion, with Jesus to help everybody whom He touched.

There are two mother-in-law stories in the Bible that naturally spring to mind, and both are beautiful; and truer to universal conditions than the miserable mother-in-law jokes that unoriginal humorists keep in currency to-day. One is the idyllic story of Naomi and Ruth; the other is the incident which opens the present lesson. Evidently, there was harmony and helpfulness in Peter's home, and the illness of his wife's mother was a calamity to the household. It was the mother-in-law, healed by the compassionate touch of Jesus, who "ministered unto them," in that goodly fellowship of noble women who have been immortalized as the friends and helpers of the Saviour. Jesus seemed purposely to set His seal upon the sacredness of family life, and of woman's part therein.

A Sunset Scene.

Water and hills assure lovely sunsets; and more than once I have witnessed them from the Lake of Galilee. In a few graphic words, Mark tells how Peter's humble home was thronged at sunset with the sick and afflicted. In every community there may always be gathered a company of the suffering. If we keep our eyes open to the truth, we shall touch life more softly and sympathetically. He who has not experienced or visualized the daily scene of the crowded waiting rooms of city physicians is unaware of a side of life which must be understood by all who would know this world in reality. Healthy youth scarcely comprehends the significance of the large part that healing plays in the earthly ministry of our Lord.

Our own times, too, are sick. In spirit and in body they are sore and distressed. Every sensitive soul is perplexed and wondering about it all. What may we say to this suffering era of ours? Surely the answer it—and I who write abhor cant and stereotyped phraseology—that the world, with all its present pain and fever, should be brought to the presence of Jesus, that He may heal the touch of Christ is the supreme need of our time.

The Two-Sided Healer.

Symmetry is strength. Most of us are lop-sided. We have developed one phase of our nature at the expense of others. We are alive to business and pleasure, but dead to idealism and aestheticism. Or we have cultivated force and forgotten tenderness. We may be righteous but we are not merciful. Or we are dreamers, but not doers. Character four-square is not common. In the present lesson we have two characteristics of our Lord: He was a mystic, and yet He was also an adventurer.

After the nerve-sapping Sabbath in Peter's home, when he had spent himself so lavishly for all comers, the Healer might reasonably be expected to sleep late the next morning. On the contrary, "rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." There we have the mystical side of Jesus. He deemed communion with God more vital than rest or work; the harder He toiled, the more He prayed. So His spirit flew from the multitude into the desert place, probably east of the lake; and there, to the howls of the late-coming jackals and the first chirp of the awakening birds, He laid hold upon His Heavenly Father for strength.

This trusting place with God was known to the disciples, indicating that the Master was habitual with the Master; and they were impressed with the popularity that had come to Jesus, found Him and cried jubilantly, "All men are seeking Thee." To them it was an exciting fact that their Leader had "made a hit" in Capernaum.

Lo, the news affected Him not at all as they expected; for His pioneer spirit was not content to settle down and sip the sweets of success. So He met their clamors for a return to Capernaum by the announcement that He was going to tour Galilee! He was the adventurer, the man of

To The Electors Of Frontenac

Ladies and Gentlemen:

If you believe my services to the County merit your support I ask your votes and influence.

Election Day October 20, 1910.

Anthony M. Rankin

PROVINCIAL ELECTION

Having been unanimously chosen as the standard bearer for the United Farmers' Association for South Frontenac, at the convention held on September 20th, I respectfully solicit your votes and influence to help elect me as a member of the Ontario Legislature.

WM. FAWCETT.

ONTARIO ELECTIONS, 1910

Dr. W. Spankie

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE FOR FRONTENAC

In accordance with and supporting the Farmers' Platform in its entirety, I respectfully solicit the votes of the electors.

outreach and activity. The regions beyond ever beckoned Him; the "other sheep" who needed shepherd were ever before His vision. What an insatiable soul was the Saviour!

FATHER AND SON.

"I must look to the sheep in the fold. See that the cattle are fed and warm. So, Jack, tell mother to wrap you well. You may go with me over the farm. Though the snow is deep and the weather cold, you are not a baby at six years old."

Two feet of snow on the hillside lay. But the sky was as blue as June; and father and son came laughing home. When dinner was ready at noon, Knocking the snow from their weary feet, Rosy and hungry and longing to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said, "That I feared I could scarce get through."

The mother turned with a pleasant smile—

"Then what could a little lad do?"

"I trod in my father's steps," said Jack;

"Wherever he went I kept in his track."

The mother looked in the father's face.

And a solmen thought was there; The words had gone like a lightning flash.

To the seat of a nobler care: "If he treads in my steps, then day by day How carefully I must choose my way!"

"For the child will do as the father does, And the track that I leave behind, If it be firm, and clear, and straight, The feet of my son will find He will tread in his father's steps and say "I'm right, for this was my father's way."

Oh, fathers, leading in Life's hard road, Be sure of the steps you take; Then the sons you love, when gray-haired men, Will tread in them for your sake; When gray-haired men, to their sons will say, "We tread in our father's steps to-day."

When a man gets lonesome he begins to realize what poor company he is.

Ever notice that most of the things you are prepared for neglect to happen?

Uneasy sits the tooth that wears a misfit crown.

To the Electors of the City of Kingston and Village of Portsmouth

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Having been presented with numerous signed petitions asking me to offer myself as a candidate for Kingston in the Dominion Election for the unexpired term of the present parliament, I hereby offer myself as a candidate and, if elected, will do all in my power to represent worthily the city of my birth.

H. L. DRAYTON

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Round trip tickets \$1.25, with a 10c. rebate on return trip, having a lovely outing for 75 cents. Tickets good to return on date of issue only. Bus connections at Cape Vincent from morning boat, giving nearly 4 hours in Watertown and returning to connect with steamer leaving for Kingston.

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