

## AN AMERICAN'S ADVENTURE ON GALILEE

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 26th is: "The Stilling of the Storm."—Mark 4:35-41.  
By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

"Over and over it comes to me, The thought of Christ on the stormy sea."  
To have been caught in a storm on the Lake of Galilee—what a privilege it was to a "lover of the life and of the word, I can close my eyes now and see the pleading faces of my three Arab boatmen, as by signs they indicated the hopelessness of progress, and entreated me to give the order to turn back. How could they understand that to me the adventure amidst the beating waves and driving winds of this fitful lake meant more than any smooth and swift passage could possibly do?

My son and I had set out from Tiberias for Capernaum in the afternoon, without an interpreter, on the boatmen's assurance that we could easily be back at the Tiberias hotel in time for dinner. When we reached the middle of the lake, we stopped for a swim in the sweet, clear, cool water; just as the disciples must often have refreshed themselves on hot days.

We had scarcely got started northward, with the two older Arabs manning the heavy sweeps and the big boy at the tiller, when one of the sudden storms for which this hill-girt sheet of water is celebrated swept down upon us. The waves were whipped into hills by a contrary wind. Both boat and boatmen labored in the heavy sea. There was no rain, only a relentless and gusty wind. Not long ago an American relief work was drowned in the Lake of Galilee during one of these storms.

Galilee is not a large lake, despite its prominent place in history—in no wise comparable with the Great Lakes that lie between the United States and Canada. The entire shore line is visible from almost every point on the lake. Yet to our cumbersome fishing boat, Capernaum, at the northern end, seemed almost unattainable.

**Boatmen and "Bakhsheeh."**  
Our boatmen's rather theatrical gestures of despair had an element of humor; for they dared not turn back on their own initiative, lest they lose the sum that had been agreed upon for the trip, and their expected "bakhsheeh" besides. If the passengers could be persuaded to give the signal to surrender to the elements, they would swiftly drive before the wind to Tiberias, and their pay would be sure and their labors ended.

Naturally, the two Sunday School men in the boat were enjoying not only the novelty of the adventure, but the thrill of comradeship with those disciples of nineteen hundred years ago, who, in a boat doubtless exactly like ours, were storm-tossed by a great wind that threatened to sink the craft. Fellowship with the experiences of Christ and his friends is the chief reward of travel in the Holy Land.

After the sun had set over the hills of Galilee, the wind began to abate, and the brilliant Syrian stars shone upon the white-capped waters. On a hillside to the northwest, a grain field was aflame. The flames spread rapidly, and finally burned themselves out as we watched. Better progress was made soon by the rowers, and by nine o'clock we reached the cluster of trees that marked the nearest point to the enclosure where a friendly and hospitable Franciscan monk guarded the wonderful excavations of Capernaum, a town which Jesus knew so well.

By the light of the stars and of a lantern which the monk brought, we examined the ruins—which are another story. Resting the friendly caretaker's urging that we spend the night with him, we made an easy voyage back to Tiberias before midnight, sleeping part of the way in the hinder part of the ship wearied by storm-tossed hours on the very part of the Lake of Galilee where were enacted outstanding events of the Gospel story, including the present Sunday School Lesson.

**Getting Away From Crowds.**  
Nothing could be more natural than the setting of this Lesson miracle. Jesus had been teaching from a boat-pulpit the multitudes that thronged the western shore of the lake, midway down its length. His congregation continually swelled on the landward side, and boats thronged him on the water. Only the public speaker or the teacher can understand the nerve-exhaustion that follows the prolonged utterance of vital truth. Used the shades of evening.

ming began to fall, Jesus had been pouring out of the depths of his heart his message to the multitude.  
Then he sought the solitude he needed by bidding his friends move the boat—either towards his home at Capernaum, or toward the Gadarae shore on the East. Wholly spent, he curled up on the seat in the after part of the little boat, and slept the sleep of utter weariness, heed not the musical lapping of the water against the sides of the craft to lull him to rest. Some one of the company—I warrant it was John—slipped a pillow under his head.

As he slept, one of the unexpected Galilean storms swept down upon the lake from the north. Waves broke over the sides of the boat, splashing upon the Sleeper; but he, an out-of-doors man, at home on the water, gave no heed, so far was he gone to sleep.

Stronger and stronger grew the tempest, until even these veteran fishermen became alarmed. The untroubled sleep of the Teacher had a curious effect upon their panicky minds. His repose irritated them. So they awakened Jesus, and with more petulance than was proper, these excited friends cried, in reproach, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" as if any boat that bore Jesus could sink!

Without censuring their scared ill-nature, Jesus arose, and spoke to the elements, the wind and the sea, as a master speaks to servants, and as a parent speaks to children, with calm assurance of authority: "Peace, be still." And straightway the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

**Unrealized Expectations.**  
Then followed one of the colossal assumptions that sometimes leaped from the lips of the Lord. "Why is it that ye are so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" It seems as if Jesus naturally took for granted that his friends should have faith enough to assume that he was master of wind and wave. To him, faith was so instinctive that he could scarcely conceive its absence on the part of those whom he had instructed. His mighty assumption was that faith—a faith great enough for all emergencies—should be normal with his disciples.

These men, affrighted by the apparent disaster they had barely escaped, were far, far below the level of Christ's expectations. He



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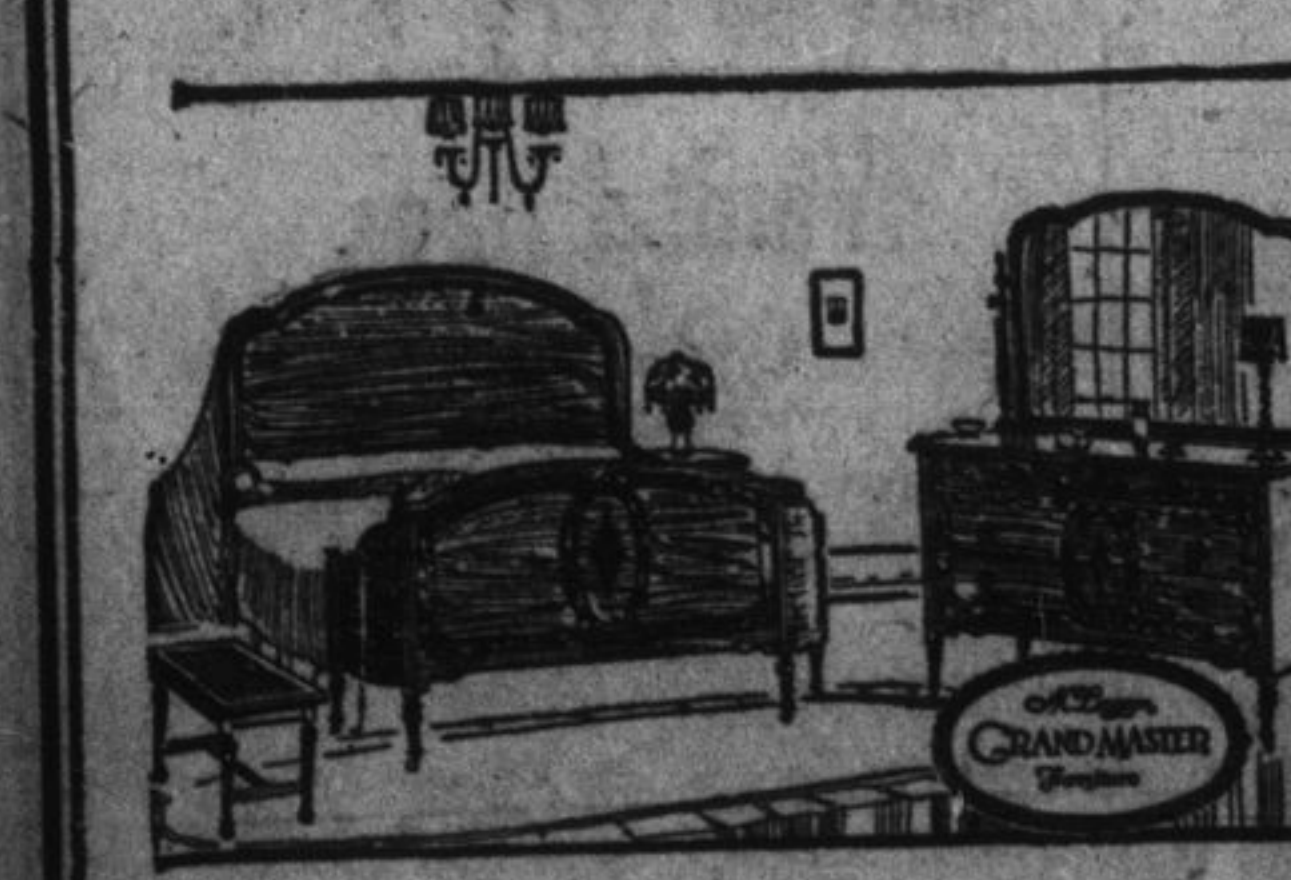
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This is the first picture of the new First Methodist Episcopal church in Chicago. The skyscraper, whose spire is 556 feet high, stands in the heart of the loop. The photograph was made in twelve sections, then pieced together and copied. The cameraman had to stand at four different elevations to get it all in.

thought they knew him well enough to have faith in him. On their part, the disciples, in the case and awe of a new experience only could cry, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?" They had not yet attained unto anything like an adequate conception of the greatness of Christ: at every point, their faith failed to measure up to the occasion and to his expectation.

Perhaps that truth is the essence of this Lesson. Jesus is greater than even his best friends know him to be. The ages have not yet fully revealed his nature and power. Still his closest companions marvel at his mightiness: after a lifetime of experience of the wonders of Christ, we set about as did the disciples in the boat—cry out in amazement at his wonderfulness. A Sunday School class may well spend its full period in consideration of the unsearchable, uncomprehensible, incomprehensible riches of Jesus Christ as displayed in the emergencies of his friends' needs.

**Power For Present Purposes.**  
Only that unplumbed power of Christ can meet the world's present need. Each day's development of international events and of domestic affairs makes clearer this stupendous truth. Statecraft seems a shifty, compromising, inadequate thing. Politics lacks vitality. Even the casual observer sees that a new master dynamic is needed in the affairs of men.

On every side are storms that portend disaster. The best human effort seems inadequate. All the while, close at hand and available, awaits the adequacy of Christ, who alone can speak the word of "Peace be still!" to the tempest that threatens to shipwreck civilization.  
All the world is talking of peace (and not one word too much,) but what it needs is to talk more of Christ, who alone can bring peace that will prevail. Even as his closest friends did not suspect his full and present might on that tempestuous evening in the boat so the Christians of the world to-day are themselves unable fully to grasp the intensity of the meaning of the sovereignty of the Son of God over all the storms that assail society from within and without. The lesson of this lesson is that Christ can if His friends will.

**HARLOWE PRICES.**  
Potatoes Fifty Cents a Bag—To Reaching Methodist Church, Harlowe, Oct. 29.—Farmers are all through digging potatoes and report an abundant crop. The price is fifty cents a bag. Butter is selling at thirty-five cents a pound and eggs at thirty cents a dozen at Harlowe.  
There will be a chicken supper served in the Methodist church hall

on Saturday evening. The proceeds will go to get shingles for the church. Mr. Claud Parks motored to Harlowe on Sunday to visit with his sister, Miss S. Gray, Mrs. T. Connor and Mrs. J. Huffman, who have been visiting with friends at Verona, and returned home on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. J. Clancy, Dead Creek, motored to Harlowe on Sunday and attended the service in the Standard church in the evening.  
Percy Whitman, Smith's Falls, has been renewing acquaintances at Harlowe. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Holley were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Holley were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. White.



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