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Jesus the Good Shepherd

The International Uniform Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 14: Jesus the Good Shepherd.—John 10:1-5, 11-16.

By WM. E. GIBBY, D.D.
Editor of The Congregationalist.
The figure of Jesus as the good shepherd is one that has become indelibly fixed in the imagination of the world.

Some one has pointed out that no less than 500 times in the Bible is God's care for his people illustrated by this figure of the shepherd and his care for his sheep.

The figure has been even more enforced by the way in which artists have caught and portrayed its meaning. The shepherd's crook through the bishop's staff has come to symbolize in some communions the herding quality of the church.

So much has been said about Jesus as the good shepherd following the illustration as it relates to shepherding in eastern lands that it seems unnecessary that we should emphasize the details in the analogy.

The Good Shepherd.
Jesus leads his sheep; he draws them by the richness of his love and the intimacy of his care and knowledge of them.

He portrays the kindest and best of earthly shepherds in all this tenderness of care and affection, and then he makes the application to himself, "I am the good shepherd."

Is there some strange conceit in the words? How quickly any such

thought disappears as Jesus links this goodness with service and sacrifice.

It is in love and in the willingness to give that the greatness of Christ is revealed. Note how often in this lesson he makes this reference to laying down his life. Note also how Jesus emphasizes the mutual aspect of this relationship between shepherd and sheep. "I know mine and mine own know me."

Other Sheep.
What does Jesus mean by the reference to other sheep which are not of this fold? We have interpreted it to mean that there are many who have the spirit of Jesus, who would desire to know him and follow him, who have never heard of him, and who have never had the opportunity or who have never understood the meaning of his teaching and appeal.

These words have constituted great missionary impulses in the life of the church, but the response to these impulses have been entirely inadequate. Suppose that we who have known Jesus were to speak and tell of him more freely and widely as the good shepherd, can we not believe that many who are now drifting about as sheep without a shepherd would welcome a place in his fold?

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family visited at Mr. Michael Hermer's.

A few cars are still running about here but have much difficulty in conquering the numerous drifts of snow.

Several teams of Mr. J. Flake are engaged in drawing hay to Plavna.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stevenson, Saskatchewan, recently spent an evening visiting at Mrs. T. Burke's and at Mr. Charles Dunham's.

Entertained The League-Sabhy, Feb. 11.—Mr. and Mrs. V. Booth entertained the League on Monday night and all reported a good time.

The W.C.T.U. ladies met at the parsonage, on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Vera Ballance spent a few days recently at J. McCormack's, Switzerville. A number are on the sick list around here.

Mrs. Batsone returned home on Friday last. Miss Grete Dudgeon left on Saturday last for Rochester, N.Y., to train for a nurse. We wish her success.

Mrs. Sarah McKino is spending sometime with friends at Centerville. A Frisken received word, on Monday, that his brother David had died suddenly at Winnipeg. Miss F. McCauley spent Wednesday at F. Jackson's.

On Saturday evening, Mrs. Charles Dugham, who has been visiting friends in the vicinity of Perth and Smith's Falls, returned to her home here. For the present the road work has been suspended but is likely to be resumed later.

Last Wednesday afternoon the Ompah Ladies Aid met in the church.

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THE YELLOW STUB

By Ernest Lynn

Henry Rand, 55, a business man, is found murdered in a cheap hotel in Grafton. The only clues are a woman's handkerchief and a yellow ticket stub from a theatre.

Jimmy Rand, Henry's son, and Detective Mooney trace the ticket to a Thomas Fogarty, who says he gave it to a woman named Olga Maynard. Police search for her.

Jimmy meets and falls in love with Mary Lowell, and gets a job in her office. Later he accidentally encounters Olga Maynard. He meets her at night and confronts her with the evidence against her. She faints when he says she is suspected of murder. He is in the street holding her when he sees Mary Lowell and a man companion watching them.

The next day Jimmy learns Mary's companion was Samuel Church, a wealthy lawyer. Mary refuses to speak to Jimmy and later in the day he is discharged. He gets a phone call from Police Lieutenant O'Day to come down to headquarters.

Chapter XV.

The anonymous note followed by the mysterious telephone call, left Jimmy Rand bewildered. He got little sleep on the train ride to Grafton.

He was not sure whether it was a practical joke or whether the note was from someone who really had an object in getting him out of town.

He tossed about, recalling in sequence the swiftly moving events that had transpired since he came to Chicago, and trying vainly to unravel the plot that seemed to be weaving about him.

Perhaps his father's actual murderer, or someone who was involved in the crime, had learned he was in Chicago and feared detection if he remained.

That sort of melodrama would never run him off, he told himself. His mind refused to work as he wanted it to. Invariably his thoughts would come back to Mary Lowell.

It hurt him that she should cut him coldly without giving him an opportunity to explain the position she had found him in with Olga Maynard. Why should people—especially Mary Lowell—be so ready to believe the worst of him? His jaw set grimly. Well . . .

Back in Grafton, he went straight home to his mother's house. Her old sharp air and scolding manner were gone. In their place was an attitude of resigned dejection. He knew without being told that she brooded incessantly over Henry Rand's death.

"Are you back home to stay, James?" she asked while his arms were still about her.

"No, mother. Just for a day. I've got to see Barry." Briefly he told her why, and she went silently.

"Where's Janet?" she asked. She had gone to do the marketing. Martha Rand told him. Just then he saw Janet coming along the old familiar boardwalk, her arms full of bundles.

She greeted him with a long kiss and clung to him, but she seemed cheerful and composed.

"Fine. Sis, I've come home to arrange with the district attorney for the release of a woman who may lead us to the murderer. Sounds mysterious, doesn't it? And it is, too. It's got me all up in the air."

He told her of the progress they had made in Chicago.

It seemed she had a job playing the piano in a moving picture theatre. Martha Rand sighed audibly as Janet told him.

"Mother doesn't approve." Janet smiled at him. "She doesn't like to have me out in the evenings."

"I don't either, Sis. Why did you do it? You don't have to work. There's enough money to keep things going for quite a while without me. Besides, I'll be back home before very long. What does Barry think of it—or don't you see Barry any more?"

Yes, she saw Barry frequently. He didn't like her working one bit. Told her she was a fool.

"That's the second time he's called me a fool," she said. "The other, you know—"

"Yes, I know," he put in hurriedly. "He was right both times. Sis, there's no need for you to keep this job. Quit it."

She would not, she told him. He didn't get her viewpoint. "With father dead, I'm sharing the responsibility equally with you. Do you think I intend to sit back and see you take it all?"

"You've enough to get along with," he said stubbornly. "There's no need for you to work."

"Enough to get along on, yes, Jimmy. But I'm not satisfied that way. I'm looking ahead. I've been odd in this family all my life. Father never said so, but my music lessons represented quite a sacrifice. Now they're going to pay dividends."

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A BARN AT OMPAH DESTROYED BY FIRE

Severe Loss Sustained by William Massey—Hay Crop Was Burned.

Ompah, Feb. 10.—Great consternation was felt by all last Thursday morning when about four o'clock the fire alarm was given on the phone. William Massey's barn was burned. The barn including this season's hay was completely destroyed. His cattle and implements were successfully removed. The loss, however, is considerable as no insurance was carried. The origin of the fire is unknown.

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Mother," he called.

District Attorney Gilbreath was affability itself when Barry Colvin introduced Jimmy as his best friend, but a frown creased his brow when Barry explained what Jimmy wanted.

"Impossible, Barry," he said. "Detective Mooney was in to see me last evening. From what he told me, this woman Olga Maynard, if she isn't actually the murderer, is certainly mixed up in it in some way."

The only way we'll ever run on to her partner is to keep her until she wears out and tells on him. They all do sooner or later.

"I'm about ready to go to the grand jury now and ask for an indictment," he added. "We want her here in Grafton."

"But you don't know it all," protested Jimmy. He told Olga Maynard's story of the red-headed man who had taken her to the cafe. "He's the man that registered at the Cabfield Hotel. I'll bet my life on it."

"Maybe that's all very true, Rand, but how do you know she isn't holding back his name? She might be afraid to tell on him."

"She's telling the truth—I know it," Jimmy persisted. "Just grant, for the sake of argument, that her story is true. How would we ever run onto this fellow? If she's turned loose she probably will find him in time. Chances are he's still in Chicago, cheerfully ignorant of the fact that we're looking for him."

The district attorney picked up a glass paperweight and toyed with it thoughtfully. "Rand," he said, "we've got to make an arrest in this case—aside from the fact that it has to be cleared up. I'm speaking from a selfish point of view. The town is worked up over it, and they look to the police and to me to clear it up."

"Suppose, now, that we let this Maynard woman loose and she cleared out. Why, I'd look like the biggest sucker in the world. I've got to think of next November, you know. That's election time."

"On the other hand," Barry put in, "if she turns up this man, the case will be cleared up and you could run for governor. Remember this, Jack. All you've got on the woman is circumstantial evidence. Nobody's going to convict her."

"If I were sure that she wouldn't skip out," Gilbreath answered slowly, "I'd do it."

"I'll be personally responsible for her, Mr. Gilbreath," said Jimmy. "Remember, my interest in this thing is even stronger than yours. That's why I'm staying in Chicago. I'll see that she reports every day to the police. We'll fix it so she can't get away if she tried."

Gilbreath smiled at Jimmy's earnestness. "That would be pretty hard to do, Rand. However, your inter-

ests in it are larger than the state's, I suppose. It's taking a chance—but I'll do it."

Janet met Barry and Jimmy at the door with a telegram in her hand.

"It just came, Jimmy. Is it important?" He opened it and read it, then crumpled it slowly in his hand. "No, Sis, nothing important."

He led Barry into the living-room, leaving Janet where she stood. She looked at him curiously, then turned away. He threw the telegram toward Barry. "Funny," he remarked, "and sat down."

"I don't get it, Jim," Barry was puzzled. He read it again: "Stay where you are." It was unsigned.

"I don't get it myself, Barry. Listen." With hands clasped on his knee and a puzzled frown wrinkling his forehead, he made Barry eyewitness to that last night in his room in Chicago—the finding of the anonymous note and the phone call that followed.

Barry sat in thoughtful silence. Then—"It has something to do with the murder, Jim. You're in somebody's way and they won't hesitate to remove you if you don't get out. I'm beginning to think that's the answer to your father's murder—he, too, was in someone's way."

"Jim, just how much of your dad's past life did you know? Were there any enemies? Did he know anyone in Chicago?"

"No one in the world, Barry."

and, as far as I know he never was in Chicago in his life."

"Jim—forgive me, old man—was there ever a woman?"

Jimmy shot him a piercing look. His mouth set in a hard, straight line. "You know blamed well, Barry—"

"Don't misunderstand me, Jim. Did your father ever have anything in his private life that—"

"His private life, Barry, was like an open book."

"You'd be surprised," said Barry softly, "how little we know of one another's private lives. This thing, Jim, comes out of your father's past." He repeated: "Out of the past."

(To Be Continued.)

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