

Sunday School Lesson

July 23.—Lesson V.—The First Foreign Missionaries.—Acts 13: 1-4, 13-16, 44-46. 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 always, 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, 44-46.

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 Christianity fulfilling Christ's words in Matt. 28: 19. 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 fact justified in originating so important a step.

(2) It was due not to the direct action of the officials 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 not, it is a serious question as 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 action in action, vs. 9-10.

V. 13. From Cyprus they go to the south coast of Asia Minor and reach Perga 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. But 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 antiquity. 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 nearest outline, but contained 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, 44-46.
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 car-

ried on their work talking to many in private and using every opening to set forth Jesus. Among these 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.



Boys' Union Suit

Any boy from eight to sixteen years of age will feel comfortable during the warm weather, if wearing the athletic garment pictured here. It is an exact copy of the kind worn by "Dad," which will be sufficient recommendation of its worthiness. Nainsook or soft nainsook would be suitable materials. Pattern No. 1143 is cut knee-length and buttons down the front. The short sleeves may be omitted if desired and the armholes faced. Cut in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 10 years requires 2 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide. Price 20 cents.

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.



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 hobdod was done in New York.

My Night's Fishing

A Girl's Adventure

Last year I spent my holiday at a small fishing village on the Kilkbrannan 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 Ballartrae, and drifting about on the fringe of the fleet, were the buyers' boats from Glasgow and Ardrossan. These boats follow the herring fleet, and rush the catches up to Greenock, Fairlie, and Ardrossan, to the "wee sma' coors," 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 stretch of water between the Butts shore and Cook of Arran. Loch Fyne fishermen use the trawl-net, and each boat has a "neighbor." A man was detailed to keep a lookout for herring, and he lay on the bow-deck, peering down into the sea. After half-an-hour, he gave the shout that we had come on herring, and out she came, whilst our boat described a semi-circle, and our "neighbor" boat steamed to the buoy and picked up the end of our net. She continued steaming towards us, and thus a ring was made round the shoal. Our "neighbor's" crew then boarded our boat, and the hard, tedious job of pulling-in started.

The net fell into bag shape, and was a mass of silver, glittering, struggling fish, and baskets were quickly lowered into the net, and the contents emptied into the hold of our boat. The net was then hauled in, and the skipper lighted a flare to attract the buyers, and let them know we had fish to dispose of. Soon a buyer's boat was alongside, the quality and quantity of the fish appraised, and then a bargain being struck, the catch was handed over to the buyers. Off we steamed again, and after an hour's sailing, we got a shout that our "neighbor" had felt herring. The same operations were gone through, and the herring-ring this time was a very good one, which made the men very pleased with their night's work. The skipper told me that often they go out night after night without getting a decent catch, and there is the added risk of tearing their nets on rocky sea beds. The second catch of the evening was the best, and whilst the bargaining was going on with the buyers, everyone was in merry mood, and a good deal of chaffing and ragging took place.

I had been so interested in the night's adventure, that I had given no thought to the weather. It started to rain, and a stiff breeze sprang up which made the sea very rough and choppy. Soon I had a heavy, sinking feeling, and I could not help but notice the quiet grins on the faces of the men, as they saw what had happened to me; but I was to ill to care, so when the skipper suggested that I should go below, I gladly consented. Soon we were heading for the harbor, and I was a thankful person when I heard the throbbing of the engine cease. It was fine to feel the firm ground under my feet again, and although I had enjoyed my night's experience very much, I cannot say that I had much inclination to repeat it. Providence evidently never meant me to be a sailor or a fisherman.—D.M.N.

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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.

It Might Have Been Your Cat

JEANNETTE E. ROBERTS.

The day's work was finished. The last look had been dropped, last scratching pen stilled, last "Good-night, Teacher" smilingly 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 into the air and ran stumbling away from the garbage heap of numberless jagged broken bottles and gaping sharp-edged cruel cans.

"itty, kitty, 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.

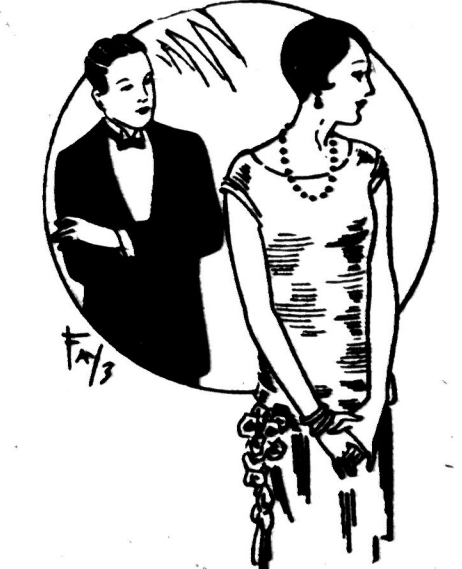
The poor little neck was swollen and bleeding. Evidently the little thing had been struggling for hours. Desperately I worked and at last succeeded in extricating the swollen head and quieting the vicious claws. It was just a little alley cat, no home no food, and no one to care. But it amply repaid 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 squirrel stilled and quiet, after agonizing hours of pain. An investigating hungry woodchuck caught in the relentless teeth of a half-opened corn can. Or, perhaps, your own Persian or Angora darling that disdain 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.

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.

Welcome Maud

The Singer on the Hob

"She's boiling!" someone exclaimed as we all in circle by the freshly swarming our afternoon cup of tea. How the sound of the words washed us with thrill with delight as we anticipated receiving the cup that cheerist friend, the Kettle.

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 moments.

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 not, there is no hob for her upon which to sit, 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 tramped up hill and down dale ere we found a suitable secluded spot for our picnic. What joy we felt on these 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 Massie.

Too Clever!

A restaurant keeper, noticing that two of his customers were evidently trying to eat their suppers in the shortest possible time, lest they should miss the boat, which was nearly ready to start, thought it would be very funny to frighten them. He went into a back room, and gave a remarkably perfect imitation of the steamboat's whistle. The joke worked well. The men heard the sound, and rushed for the boat, and the joker laughed loud and long, until suddenly it occurred to him that the men had gone off without paying. They he stopped laughing!

MUTT AND JEFF—Bud Fisher.



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