Aemocratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 15, 1904.

TURNING ANOTHER LEAF.

Another new leaf! Yes, again 'tis the time When we pause 'mid the pleasures of feasting and rhyme

And listen, while conscience reminds Of the things that we ought and we oughtn't

to do.

The many small vices that cause such expense

Must be banished for aye with a virtue in And the greater ones, too, if there happens to

Any left in the make-up of you or of me. And yet, when I carefully look o'er the list

Of the earthly temptations which I must re sist. In candor I'm bound to confess it appears

Like the very same leaf I've been turning fo years.

-Washington Evening Star.

A THEFT CONDONED.

One of the seven houses in Pawnee faced toward the south. It was the house where Mrs. Dyer lived. The other houses faced the west. The railroad track was acros the street from these houses, with a broad plank walk and a little unpainted box of a station.

The houses in Pawnee were all one-story wooden buildings, with the gable-ends to-ward the street. Mrs. Dyer's house was painted a dull red; the other houses were

It had been a warm day and the sun shone glaringly on the unbroken prairie around Pawnee.

The town was on a slight rise of ground. You could see more than twenty miles in three directions. A narrow strip of woods broke the view on the north, half a mile

away. Mrs. Dyer stood in her front door and looked off over the prairie. The railroad track wound away toward the south and disappeared where the earth and sky seemed to meet. The sun was going down and the short thin prairie-grass looked white and gold. The railroad track shone like silver. There were no clouds. In places the blue of the sky was so light that it was almost white. The air was cool and clear after the warm day. "The sun's going down without any fuse

to-night," Mrs. Dyer said, sitting down on the doorstep. "Just droppin' off the edge, like the string that held it had been cut."

She folded her arms in her lap and turned her face from the bright light. She was a small, old woman with thin features. She wore her hair, which was still very black, combed smoothly behind her ears. Her eyes were black, with a keen look of resistance in them. This look was emphasized in the lines around her mouth. Mrs. Dyer lived alone. Her son kept a little store and the postoffice in the front room of one of the other houses. Two years before when her husband had died

Mrs. Dyer had come west to be near her Her son had invited her to live with them, but she had refused. "You ain't got room for your own. I didn't come out here to be beholden to

anybody. I'll have my own place, and you'll see enough of me, dodgin' in and out, as it is."

She had spent the greater part of the time watching the carpenters at work on her house, during her forced stay at her son's, urging them to work faster, and at

An express train was coming from the to the wagon and make him give it up. south. The light from the engine could Like's any way he'll hitch right up and get be seen for some time before there was any noise from the train. Night had come quickly. It was already quite dark. Mrs. Dyer took off her gingham apron off without waitin' for it to he light." She decided that it would not do to risk the safety of the money in the can again, and after counting it the second time, she tied it into on old stocking-leg and buried and put it over her bead, and stood watch-

ing the light from the engine as it drew nearer, and finally when the train had dashed by the little station she turned and "There ain't any use goin' to bed again rooms in the house. There were but two rooms in the house. There were but two small bed room opening out of it. Mrs. and then get the carpet-rags down out of Dyer went over to the window and looked the loft and look them over and see if

out. "It does beat me how soon night comes out here," she said; "back in York State we had a little between-time. There's the save up the rest of the money the way I moon shinin' away as if the sun hadn't begun. Or perhaps she'll wait for the only just left. You can see the movers balance." The morning was clear, and the sun, plain as if it, was day. They're much as

half a mile away, too. They've got a big fire. 'T ain't likely there's any more harm in them than there's in me. I'm goin' to dance and sparkle like jewels. get out that money and count it. They

Mrs. Dyer waited impatiently for the first light to see if the movers had broken camp. When it came she saw that they were still there, though evidently making preparations to go. It was broad daylight when Mrs. Dyer

The can in which she kept the money was on a shelf behind the stove. She went over and took it down, and then sat down in an old rocking-chair, not far from the age had nearly forsaken her, and at one window. The moonlight shone in bright- time she had given up the idea of going at y. She took the cushion out of the top of all, but when she saw that they were get-

lap. There was quite a pile of it.ing ready to go the sense of her loss was"One would think there was considerable
more 'n there is to look at it,'' she said,
fingering the money. "If you could call
these pieces dollars 'stid of nickles, 't
would he. Might as well say five dollar
pieces while I'm about it, I suppose."ing ready to go the sense of her loss was
too strong to let her remain.
It was a longer walk to the wagon than
she had thought. The prairie-grass was
still very wetand draggled her dress. She
was tired after the long night, and before
she had not come.

She began counting the money, dropping each piece into the can as she did so. She enjoyed the sound of the money's rattling. She found the men bitching the horses. There were two of them. The one woman of the camp was sitting up in one of the wagons, ready to go. She was very thin and looked sick. Her blue calico sunbonnet hung loosely about her face. She looked so weak and child-like that it went ing the money up in her dress. She went over and looked out of the window. The to Mrs. Dyer's heart. "Good mornin' !'' she said, looking

prairie was flooded with moonlight. The "Good mornin'!" she said, looking first at the men and then at the woman. No one made any reply. The woman looked at her absently with pale blue eyes. "You're sick, ain't you?" Mrs. Dyer said, going up to the side of the wagon. "Yes, I be," she said, in a whining tone, hardly looking at her visitor. ight from the fire in the movers' camp lit in the white canvas-covered wagons.

Everything was perfectly still. She went over and locked the door. "It must have been a cloud passing over the moon. They ain't any chance of a person's getting out of sight so quick, un-less he just went round the house." She stood listening for some time. "It's

"What's the matter with you? I should not think you'd be travelin' over the counall my imagination. I'm going to put the try this way when you can't hardly sit They up. ain't no such great rush about its being

"That's what we're trav'lin' for. Jeff's taking me out to Arkansas Springs. They say it'll cure me. I don't believe it will. We've got out of money and I don't get enough to eat. I feel like I'd die before I get there. I wish I would, I get so tired ridin' all day."

fully, counting it as she did so. "There, they's five dollars and fifty-five The other wagon with one of the men had started. The woman's husband went around to the other side of the wagon and sprang in, sitting down beside his wife. "Stop your gabblin' to everybody that comes along side of the wagon," he said roughly, and taking up the lines he started off across the prairie after the other wagon. Mrs. Dyer stood watching them for a minute, and then walked slowly back to-

ward the house. . "To think of that sick woman ridin clear out to Arkansas Springs to get well, and they out of money and her goin' hun-gry? I declare I feel as if I ought to made them wait and give her every cent of that lamp and put down the window curtain and gone to bed in a natural way, I'd been all right." She lit the lamp and drew down the cur stole it all."-By Gertrude Smith, in the

tain. It was a dark-green paper shade. Then she went into the little bedroom, undressed quickly, blew out the light, and

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT. Save for my daily range Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ, I might despair. -Tennyson.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

First Quarter. Lesson III. Mat ili, 13-iv, 11 Sunday January 17, 1904.

BAPTISM AND TEMPTATION OF JESUS Jesus' consciousness of his divine mission, which had been first quickened into life in his father's house eighteen years be-fore, had now flowed out into the full apprehension of his Messianic character and work. He wiped the sweat of manual la-bot from his brow for the last time. He laid down his tools of his craft, and closed

the door of the carpenter-shop behind him forever. His forerunner had come more than half-way up the Jordan Valley to meet him. Indeed, he was a scant twenty miles away. With what sacred emotions Jesus went to his epiphany, his inaugura-tion in the sight of heaven and earth ! At the close of one day's preaching, when perhaps this torch of truth had flamed most fiercely, and the last con-cious-stricken sinner had taken upon him the seal of a new life, the Nazarene approached the Bap-tist. By signs infallible, John knew the Messiah stood before him. There was nothing fortuitous in Jesus' request. He left his Galilean home for the express purpose of receiving baptism of the forerunner. It seemed incongruous to John that the less should bless the greater. He was in the act of hindering him. He who had been father-confessor to the nation, now turned confessionist and cried, "I have need to be

baptized of thee !" A mock humility would have persisted in the refusal. John showed his faith by obeying a command that was incomprehensible. Jesus' reply is the second recorded utterance of his lips -the first of his public ministry; it is his inaugural to his Messianic office, "Suffer it to be so now." That "now" signifies the transitoriness of his humiliation. "For thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness"-the perfection of his identification with bumanity. What was obli-gatory on man was binding upon the man Jesus.

The temptation of Jesus has been declared the most difficult of all the events of sacred history to interpret; but the diffi-culty is reduced to a minimum if one keeps in mind that Jesus had a true human soul, with all its natural powers. It has been well said that in this fierce conflict, Jesus raised himself from the state of natural and instinctive innocence to a holiness of choice-a perilous transit, in which the first Adam fell, but in which the second Adam conquered by the sole arms of faith and prayer, and not by girding on as an impenetrable panoply his eternal Godhead. Jesus had become aware of the mighty miracle-working power with which he was invested; also of the lowly and suffering way in which his Messianic kingdom was to be established. These disclosures were enough to impel him to some uninhabited place, where, free from interruption, he might adjust himself to his calling, and develop a plan of procedure. "The forty-day mountain," if that was the site of Jesus' trial, was a place strangely in harmony with his experiences. Just as Jesus emerged from his long period of absorbed meditation, and his physical nature as-serted its claims, the tempter injected the thought, "If you really are, as you imag-ine, the Son of God, command these loaf-shaped stones to be changed into bread, and by that means assure yourself of your divinity, and appease vour hunger." But Jesus responded: "The Israelites were forty years learning the dependence upon the simple word and promise of God.

exemplified. The sword of the spirit is the believer's trustiest offensive weapon. CHILD STUDY AND SUNDAY SCHOOL METH-

ODS. The danger is of leaning too hard upon The danger is of leaning too hard upon the "helps;" of deeming them indispensa-ble to the study of the lesson; of putting off preparation to the close of the week because the "help" is handy. It may be an "old saw," but it is a good one, "Mark, learn, inwardly digest." This is a work of time. Again, if one always uses the same help and follows it closly, he is predestinated to become stereotyped. Assert your selfhood Take the pleasure, occasionally at least, of a little independent research. Make your own analysis: find your own illustrations: own analysis; find your own illustrations; emphasize the points you think most im-portant. Your class will feel the pleasura ble thrill which always comes with orig-inality. You will feel it yourself. If not before at least as you start to the class, throw away the "help." Have nothing in your hand but a Bible. Have the rest of t in your head and heart. Don't hobble to the class on a crutch, or even a cane. You have seen, no doubt, the patent-medioine advertisement representing the rhenmatic, cured and smiling, tossing away his crutch and cane. That ought to be the picture of the model teacher as he starts to

his class. The best use one can make of lesson helps is to throw them away, after they have once been studied with care. Pity the teacher who must needs hobble to his class with a Journal under one arm and a Times under the other. Pity the class mora!

SUNDAY, JANUARY 24TH, 1904. Jesus Rejected at Nazareth, Lesson IV.

Luke iv, 16-30. That synagogue in Nazareth was a plain. nall, rectangular structure, its only effort at embellishment being in the form of a Greek portico, with the conventional He-brew-twisted foliage for ornament. Here stand the two alms-boxes-that on the right for the poor of the congregation, that on the left for the pilgrim Jew. The interior vies with the exterior in plainness. 'Plain as a pipe-stem'' certainly applies here. Common wooden benches seat the congregation. In a recess in the rear wall is a chest exactly proportioned after the ark of the covenant, only not overlaid with gold, and destitute of chernbim. It faces toward Jerusalem, and contains the scrolls of the law and prophets. In front is the reader's desk, and in front of it the elevat-ed stalla, the "chief seats," for which there was often an unseemly scramble. The congregation gathers. The angel, or president of the synagogue, is in his place, with veiled face. The rulers mount to the chief seats. They are on dress-parade, with their blue ribbons and white phylacteries. Strange sight this, an audience of men ! Where are the women ? Talk about separate sittings ! The women not only sit apart, but entirely out of view. In a gallery behind the minister sit the matrons and maids of Israel. Service begins. The

minister steps into the pulpit. The audience rises. They burst out into the reci-tation of the Shema. (Dent. vi. 4-9, etc.) The minister, with veiled face and hands spread toward heaven, chants a prayer. He opens the ark, takes out the roll of the law, finds the passage appointed to be read, calls a layman from the congregation, and has him read it. The scroll of the law was then returned, and that of the prophet brought out. It was just at this juncture, in Nazareth, that the minister, glancing over the audience, and noticing the benignant countenance of a stranger, calls him to the pul-pit and puts the roll of the prophet Isaiah in his hands. Jesus found the place where it is written : "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me." That audience could not have

a precipice being a lawful substitute for stoning. Jesus did not elude his enraged neighbors by either striking them with blindness or making himself invisible to them. Luke expressly says : "He passed through the midst of them." They saw him as he passed, but were powerless to de-tain him. They instinctively opened an aisle through the awed mob to let him pass. As Pfenninger says. "They stood, stopped, inquired, were ashamed, fled, separated." THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Despicable conduct, that of the Nazar-enes! Yes! but they only did what humanity is always doing.

Dejected preachers may find some com-fort in the fact that even the Master him-self sometimes failed.

A prophet not without honor, save in his own country. Fenn, the artist, met some ignoramus in Salem, who remarked to him: "Hawthorne writ a lot o' letters. I hearn tell he wrote a scarlet letter or two, whatever that is !" *

Au ideal preacher was Jesus. He "took An ideal preacher was seeds. He tonk a text." His style was expository. He sought a common ground with his hearers. He read their minds and shifted his matter to suit their changing moods. He faithful-ly, firmly, fearlessly made his application.

Did Jesus return to Nazareth? Stier says well: "The denial of his return strikes out of his life a trait as beautiful as it is significant." That he came again to it is significant." That he came again to "his own," the probability is strong, though the chronology of the visits may trouble us. But see the inveterate charac-ter of prejudice and unbelief—they rejected him again !

* * * * * CHILD-STUDY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL METH-ODS.

Jesus thought it not beneath him to study the child. No teacher, ancient or modern, has ever shown a more appreciative or sympathetic interest in childhood Hie own genuine boyhood prepared him for this. He had all the various experiences, the hopes and fears of the average youth So the children can say, "We have not an high priest who can not be touched with a feeling for us." Jesus and the child has formed a favorite theme for artist and poet. The incidents are among the most familiar of the Bible. He said, "Suffer them to come." He took them in his arms; he set a child in the midst; he worked more miracles of mercy on children than on any other class. He granted the Magna Charta of childhood when he said, "Of such is the kingdom."

Heroism at the frequois Horror.

The fire at the Iroquois was a bitter test for human nature, writes H. M. H., in the Chicago Tribune. The coward never had less chance to conceal his craven spirit, the grave man never a better opportunity to display magnificent courage. Both cowards and heroes were in the theater that afternoon. The complete list of either of them can never be made out. But from the stories told by hundreds of the survivors enough may be gathered to make sure of the general facts. And these facts, on the whole, are much to the credit of the American man.

At the great bazaar fire in Paris a few years ago Frenchmen left their women to perish in the flames and fought together like frantic wild beasts for escape. They even, if the stories told since may be believed, trampled upon struggling women and climbed over their prostrate bodies to

So far as one can discover by reading the

stories of women who escaped from the

no such poltroonery was displayed by the

fights for exit, and in so doing doubtless

hindered the efforts of others, but they

were struggling for the lives of their loved

ones and are not to be set down as miser-

On the other hand, there are many wom-

en, young and old, who owe their lives to

the efforts of utterly unknown men, who,

when the crisis came, picked them up in their arms and, so loaded, fought their way

"I was in the awful crush, not able to

move one way or the other, when some

man grabbed me in his arms and pulled

me through the mob. I don't know how

he got out, but pretty soon he left me ly-

ing on the sidewalk outside, and I saw

him go rushing back into the theater. I

never saw him before and I should not be

That, in substance, is the story told by

many of the rescued women. It is the

story of the unnamed and unknown men

who voluntarily many times risked their own lives in the effort to save the

lives of the trapped women and children

and who, when further effort was useless,

melted away into the crowd. They were

A young woman, with hair and dress aflame, broke with bleeding hands the

glass in a second-story window, leaned far

out over the stone pavement and shrieked

in helplessness as she saw the fatal leap be-

A man standing below. roughly dressed,

hatless, face covered with soot, braced him-self with legs far apart, and held up both

"Jump !" he cried. "I'll catch you."

The desperate woman took the leap. She struck full against the uplifted arms, and

the momentum of her fall was tremendous.

The man, tall and broad shouldered as he was, was knocked backward to the pave-

ment-but the girl was uninjured. In-

stantly the man was on his feet again,

picked up the girl in his arms and ran

with her across the street to a drug store. "Fix her ! She's burned !" he gasped

as he laid her in a chair. Then he dropped

flat, unconscious from the shock and strain

the real heroes of that fateful afternoon.

able to recognize him again."

able and utterly selfish cowards.

to the streets.

last in her impatience moved in before they had finished shingling the roof. She had decided to postpone the plastering until some time when she should go away on a visit.

The sun had gone down. The air was a soft gray and very still.

'Well, I mustn't sit here gettin' the cramps," she said, getting up from the step. "I do say I ain't seen them mover wagons before. I wonder now if they've stopped since I been sitting here. They camped near enough ! I suppose they'll buy something up to the store. The movers bring in John quite a little off and on. There comes John up this way. I wonder now what he's comin' up here for. What you want, John? They ain't any thing the matter, is they?" she called.

John came slowly toward her. He was a large man, but his clothes, which hung loosely, gave him the appearance of being thin. He wore a soft felt hat pulled over his forehead. His eyes were like his mother's in color, but there was none of the determination in them.

"Have you seen the movers campin' over vonder ?" he asked, pointing across the prairie.

"Yes, I just was lookin' at them when I see you comin' up."

"Well, they was just two of them up to the store, and they was evil-lookin', I can tell you. Marthy was in the store and see them, and she would have it you must come over and stay to our house to-night." "Why, I ain't afraid of movers, as I know of."

"She don't want to think of you stavin' here by yourself, and I'll own I don't neither.

"Well, I ain't goin' to leave my bed cause some movers happen to be campin' near. There's always movers comin' and goin.' I guess if they stole me the'd drop me when it come light enough to see what they'd got." "Well, I think you'd better come.

Marthy won't feel easy unless you do."

"I ain't goin' to be so silly, to please Marthy or no one. I ain't got anything they want, without it's that money I've saved to have my carpet-rags wove up, and they'd never think of lookin' in a can for it. It's one of them cove oyster cans. I've made a pin-cushion that fits down into the can, and sewed a silk cover around the out-You'd never know it was a can to look at it. I see one made something like it when I lived east."

"You ain't got much money in it. have you !"

"It's all in nickels. I've been savin' of it up for near two years. Oh, I guess they must be four or five dollars. I ain't count-

ed it just lately." "Well, I think you're foolish to stay here by yourself, when you can just awell come over. I think you'd better change your mind and come along."

He turned and went back along the grassy road toward his own home. He walked with his head bent down and with a shambling gait. He was dreading his wife's reproaches that he had not been able to induce his mother to come back with him. He did not believe there was any real danger in letting his mother stay

"I guess I ain't goin' to set up for a

got into bed, leaving the door into the other room opon. She did not go to sleep, but lay there listening, the fear growing every minute stronger and more beyond her control. Once she sat up and looked out into the

must be most enough to have the carpet

wove by this time. Six dollars, they say it'll cost me. They never charge no such

Two or three times she forgot her count,

and emptied it back into her lap and be-

gan again. Suddenly she started, gather-

money right back and go to bed.

She sat down and put the money care-

fully back into the can. She did not let it

fall in this time, but put each piece in care-

cents, -- 'most enough,'' holding the can between her hands and looking toward the

"Now I'm goin' to bed. I ain't goin'

to be so silly as to think any one's goin' to get it. They'd never think of lookin' in

this can anyhow. They'd never know it

She put it back on the shelf, then turn-

ed and looked quickly toward the window,

trembling. "Well, I didn't think I was so silly, but

seems like I see somebody goin' by that window again. I hadn't any business countin' the money and thinkin' about it.

That's what's upset me. If I'd lit the

She lit the lamp and drew down the cur-

shelf and then toward the window.

counted, auvhow."

was a can.'

price as that back east."

other room. Then she got up and pulled aside the curtain in her little bedroom and looked out. The moon had gone under a heavy cloud and the night was growing dark. She could see the other houses of the town from this window. There was a light burning in the back room of her son's house. It gave her a wonderful sense of security. She went back to bed and was oon asleep. Some time near one o'clock she woke suddenly and sat up in bed. The wind was blowing around the house and it was raining.

"There, that rain-trough ain't put up so's I'll catch any water in that barrel ! The tubs ought to be put out, too. I ain't had any soft water to wash with I don't at the death of her daughter. know when."

All the fear that she had had in the evening was gone. She began to think of putting on her clothes and going out to place the tubs. As she sat there in bed, the window in the other room was opened softly. A spool of thread that stood on the

upper casing fell to the floor. She heard green paper shade give way-then she knew that some one was in the room. "Well, I wonder if I'm goin' to set here stiff and let them take that money," she thought. "Just as like as not they'd kill Ruth Cleveland was born me if I'd interfere. They no doubt have

their weapons ready." Everything was perfectly still for some time. Then she heard the movement of some one crossing the room.

"Sounds as if they was makin'n' straight for that shelf ! They are ! I can feel their during her father's second term in the hand moving right along the shelf toward White House. Mr. and Mrs, Cleveland hand moving right along the shelf toward

She sprang out of bed and shut the door between the two rooms with such force that the house trembled. At that minute the can containing the money fell with crash to the floor. The coins flew in all

directions. Mrs. Dyer partly opened the door and looked out. In the dim light she could see the form of a man. He had one hand on the window sill ready to spring through the open window.

"If you've got any of that money, you drop it !" Mrs. Dyer screamed, forgetting all fear and coming out into the room. "Don't you leave this house till you drop

could see him for a short distance running across the prairie. He was going in the direction of the wagons. She put down the window and lit the lamp and drested.

gan creep around the floor, picking up the scattered money. It was a long and diffi-cult task. The money had rolled and hid-

den itself in every conceivable nook and crack in the room.

At last she gave up the search. She had found all but six of the pieces, and these she decided the man must have taken. Her loss could not have troubled her more if it had been her entire hoard.

"To think of my standin' in there and

entereus ant sunde bebaristice person and thinks and and an are all ranges element.

Ruth Cleveland Dead.

xpired from Heart Failure During Attack of Diphtheria. She was III Four Days.

Ruth Cleveland, the eldest child of ex-President Cleveland, died at the Cleveland home in Princeton, N. J., on last Thurs-day very unexpectedly, the immediate cause of death being a weakening of the heart action during a mild attack of diphtheria. Dr. Wyckhoff the attending physician, said that Miss Cleveland had been ill with a mild form of diphtheria for four days, and that the heart affection was not anticipated. She was 12 years old. The other children show no signs of diphthe-

Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, who has for many years been the family physician of the Clevelands, was summoned from New York, but did not arrive until after Miss Cleve land's death. Mrs. Cleveland is prostrated

While enjoying her Christmas vacation Miss Cleveland contracted a severe cold, but no disease of a serious nature was evident until a few days ago when she was taken ill and was unable to leave her room. In response to many inquiries, former President Cleveland gave out the following statement. "After a few days' illness, which began

with an attack of tonsilitis, and developed suddenly into diphtheria, our oldest daugh-

Ruth Cleveland was born on October 3, 1891, in her father's residence at 618 Madison avenue, New York, after Mr. Cleveland had served his first term as president, She was named after Mrs. Cleve-land's grandmother, and as "Baby Ruth" was a great favorite in Washington society case.

have four remaining children, Esther, who was born in the White House, September 9, 1893; Marion, born at Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, July 7, 1895; Richard Folsom Cleveland, born October 28, 1897; and Francis Grover Cleveland, born at Gray Gables, Buzzard's Bay, July 1903.

Refused to Pay for Cold Ride.

Aged Woman Defies Company and is Sent to Jail

NEW YORK, Jan.9. - Mary Cunningham "Don't you leave this house till you drop every cent you stole !" The man disappeared through the win-dow. Mrs. Dyer went and looked out. She One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street.

Sheeban said the woman refused to buy a ticket, and when remonstrated with, de clared that the company had no right to demand fare for ladies in cold cars.

Then she found a nail and fastened the window securely. After this was done she got down on her hands and knees and be She was fined \$3 and locked up.

A FRIGHTENED HORSE.-Running like mad down the street dumping the oc-

cupants, or a hundred other, accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves every-body to have a reliable Salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Piles, disappear quickly under its soothing

effect. 25c. at Green's drug store.

With their example I ought to learn the lesson in forty days." Again Jesus felt himself to be standing on a dizzy height. The devil wanted bim to entertain in his mind the purpose of casting himself down; but Jesus considered that to make an emergency for the sake of display would be despicable. Finally, Jesus knew he was to set up a kingdom on earth-slowly, and by his own suffering. Now, the kingdom displayed to him as in a panorama too. are offered to him instantaneously by the god of this world, if he will serve him as well as his Father, and make his mission a temporal one, such as the Jews were ex-

"Be gone !" to the tempter. THE TEACHER'S LANTERN

In his baptism Jesus was both identified with and separated from sinners. After all the people had been baptized, he apart from them, received the rite. and John expressly affirmed that he stood in no need of it as a sign of repentance or cleansing: but for exemplary purposes, he on his own part proposed to submit to it. Having been circumcised—"redeemed" by his parents—baving offered his sacrifices and attended the feasts, so would he be faithful to this latest ritualistic requirement, and thus fulfill all the ceremony that typified the desire for righteousness.

Some time since, there was talk of a patent bullet-proof cloth, which could be cut and made into garments, which should

absolutely protect the wearer. Did the divinity of Jesus form such an impenetrable armor? 'Then, how was he tempted, as we are?' His was r/ sham fight in that

The human was not overslaughed by the divine. The appeal of the tempter was to the human soul of Jesus. Yet he was sinless. The prince of this world found nothing in him.

It is entirely an indifferent matter whether one believes this a literal approach of a personal devil or a figurative description of a moral struggle entirely subjective The outcome is the same. In this exposition personification is used merely as a matter of convenience, not as an expression of belief.

***** The devil showed Jesus a short out to his kingdom. He is doing the same for men to day. He whispers to the bank ashier: "why plod along at this slow pace? Why let these funds lie idle? Under your skillful manipulation you can make them double themselves. You can readily re-place them: and, if your conscience ever troubles you, you can put a poultice on it by endowing a college."

* *

The devil has yet the subtle power to spread a mirage of all the kingdoms of earth; and all their glory and "barbario gems of gold" before the eyes of the am-bitions, and proffer them if only one will ing or benediction, as was wont, pronouncinstall him as master. Alas! how many fail to thrust the tempter through with the sword of the Spirit, and say, 'It stands written-an abiding, eternal commandworship the Lord, and him 'only shalt thou serve.? " * * *

coward, at my time of life," said Mrs. Dyer. "I wonder now if Marthy really thought I'd comet light is begins to get light I believe I'll go down

been ignorant who was occupying their pulpit that morning. The fame of Jesus safety. had reached the city where he had been Iroquois or by talking to them personally, brought up. His haptism by John Baptist his cleansing of the temple, -news of these men who were in the audience. It is true that some men who had their wives or daughters under their charge made terrific matters must have been brought by returning pilgrims. They had certainly heard of the miracles in Capernaum, if not at Cana, Jesus did his best to propitiate his audi

tors. He might have selected a paragraph setting forth his regal character. But, instead he chose one which pictured him as a pecting. The mortal nature of Jesus rises to its full height, as with holy wrath lowly messenger of helpfulness, and he carefully stopped short of the sentence which declared his judicial office. He had he scorns the very suggestion, and ories, purposely delayed his coming in order that the fame of what he did and said in other places might reach Nazareth, and overcome if nossible, the contempt which was bred by familiarity. He almost succeeded. There was a sweet persuasiveness in voice and manner. There was a veritable impersonation of humility-a self-obliviousness that was captivating to the last degree. The fate of Nazareth trembled in the balance. In audible terms, as well as by look and gesture, according to the free manner of the synagogue as well as to the demonstrative custom of Orientals generally, they indicated their admiration of both speaker and work spoken. But as the sermon proceeded, the reaction set in. Jesus was perfectly aware that it was coming. He knew what was in man. He knew he was to be rejected before he set foot in Nazareth; but love and sympathy for his townsmen constrained him not to pass them by. Those who a moment before were wondering at the graciousness of his words, were now vociferating about his low birth and humble

profession, and resenting his mild claim to the Messiahship. They were saying to him: "If you are really the promised one, why don't you work a miracle on yourself to be-gin with? Convert your poverty into wealth, your weakness into strength, and we will believe you !" Then their local pride, their village jealousy, began to as-sert itself as they oried : "Why did you not favor your own city with your miracles instead of Capernaum ?" Jesus half apolo-gizes for his fellow-townsmen as he says : I am only meeting the prophet's fate. My towns folks are not doing worse than Israel in general." But it was his next word which proved a veritable firebrand in their hearts. It was the suggestion that as Elijah and Elisha passed over the unworthy descendants of Abraham and conferred their gracious benefits upon Gentiles, so he, who was their prototype, must do likewise. "What ! the inalienable rights of the elect people go to Gentile dogs?" The syna-gogue is in an uproar. The pendulum of feeling has swung from the point of admira-

tion to the opposite extreme of vindictive batred. Service closed in a most uncommon and inseemly manner that day. There was no closing hymn, in which the soprano and alto came pouring through the lattice from the choir invisible, to blend sweetly with

the tenor and basso. There was no blessed by priest or invoked by laymen. The synagogue had judicial prerogatives. As Renan says, "Each was a little independent republic, each could pronounce sentence for penal offense." This is exactly what

the synagogue of Nazareth did. It excom-They call across to each other. The man with the babies takes the little girl in his

Here is a tall man, a giant in figure. He is fighting his way to the door in the second gallery. Under his right arm he carries a little girl and a small boy hangs

of the first landing. There his way is blocked. But not for a moment does he

On the other side of the whirlpool which blocks the way a second man is stauding.

lose his head.

Five minutes later he was revived and disappeared again in the crowd outside. The girl does not know his name, though twice a day since, on her knees, she has prayed for him.

of blocking her fall with his body.

about his neck. He gets to the awful jam at the bottom

fore her.

his arms.

(Continued on page 7.)