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PETER IS THE MOST POPULAR APOSTLE

He's So Much Like the Rest of Us, Explains William Ellis

MAN WITH THE BARK ON

Warmed Himself at the Wrong Fire, but Heart Was Right at That

THE SAINT MOST KIN TO US The International Sunday School Lesson for November 15 is, "Jesus and Peter."—Mark 14:27-31. 53 651. 66-72.

(By William T. Ellis.) "There is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us"

that we all have a friendly feeling for soaring, stumbling, saint-and-sinner Peter. Stained-glass saints somehow do not interest us, except in church windows; but Peter is so much like the rest of us that we are glad to sit down with him and learn what he has to tell us, from his ups and downs, for our own life.

"If a vote were taken for the most popular apostle," some one has said, "Peter would get a majority. He flames with contradictions, and yet we seem to understand him best of all. He visits very often in a little house called 'Myself' which stands hard by the dusty highway of life. Without his enthusiasm, his candor, his blunders and new starts, the gospel stories would have been poorer."

The Raw Materials of a Saint

Quarried from the same coarse clay as the rest of us, Peter seemed an unlikely candidate for sainthood and the apostle. A rough out-of-doors fellow, a man "with the bark on," Peter had been to school to the hurly-burly of the Galilean water front. He could take care of himself in a fight or in a storm. Whatever new was afloat, Peter was for it, with dash and daring. A man's man was he; and the sturdy Nazarene's heart leaped with gladness when this bold fellow declared himself ready to adventure discipleship.

No cloistered recluse was Peter. His temper was execrable, as his judgment was impulsive. He was a man of action, rather than of deliberation. He spoke first, and repented afterward. But those hot impulses were the impulses of a true man. And his swift insight often saw further than the colder analysis of his mates. Be it never forgotten that it was Peter who first of the Twelve acclaimed Jesus. "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Somehow, the Lord does not go to the conventional schools of Greatness for his notables. He calls the Martin Luthers, the Joan of Arcs, the Wesleys, the Moodys, the Billy Sundays, who are strangely like the common run of us to do his rarest work. Just as we are, everyday folk, God wants us for his service. He would not have us without our individuality; he would purify and sanctify and intensify that. I heard a group of converts testifying yesterday, and what some of them did to the English language would have given Lindley Murray hysterics; but their message punctured the indifference of the crowd as polished phrases never could have done.

The Repudiated Program

Ardent friend of the Master that he was, Peter yet refused to accept his Lord's program. Too much Peter was what ailed him; wherein again we confess ourselves in affinity with the fisherman whose name is now borne by the largest single church building in the world. The hard "practical" sense of Peter repulsion. Never yet was a worldly-wiseman willing to build a scheme of salvation with a cross in it.

When at the Last Supper, Peter indignantly denied that he would ever forsake his Lord—he would die first—he really meant it. But, alas, his love and sorrow. Without an hour love and sorrow. Peter was sound asleep at his sentinel post in the Garden of Gethsemane; and ere day broke he was cursing like the old Capernaum Peter, and the holy proving that he was no friend of Jesus.

In the interval between these two derelictions he had drawn his sword and cut off Malchus' ear, doing his Master no service thereby. Ah, Peter! Peter! There was too much of the ego in that lusty spirit of yours. You had yet to learn to let God have his own way with you.

The Fire That Warned Not

Of course it is easy to catalogue Peter's faults; when the only profitable exercise is to substitute our own name for his. It was a mistake for Peter to lurk outside the hall where his Lord was being tried, amid the enemies of Jesus. But the blaze built by the soldier could not drive the chill from his heart. Jesus in bonds was less miserable than Peter standing by the fire of his enemies.

If old Peter could come back to the friends of Christ to-day with an admonition it would surely be, "Stand with your own crowd. Cultivate the fellowship of the saints. Don't try to walk on the broad way with the crowd who are not friends to your Master. It is hard to stand true amid enemies. Keep away from the fires that are lighted by those who would crucify the Lord. Disloyalty to Christ follows desertion of Christ's company."

For Peter, haunted by a servant maid, denied that he so much as knew Jesus. Imagine it! the brave Peter striking his flag at the taunt of a servant girl! All the worst side of the old fisherman burst forth in cursing, as, to save his own liberty.

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be repudiated the Best that had ever come to him.

The Look That Stabbed

Then Jesus, from a distance, looked at Peter. Not a word; only a look. In it was remembrance and reproach and tender compassion. No bitterness or unforgiveness, but only melting love and sorrow. But it hurt Peter worse than a bludgeon. It broke the floodgates of memory, and the impulsive penitent rushed out and wept bitterly. His repentance was as deep as his sin. He had denied his Master, he had been false to his best friend; and by that one look he had seen the wound he had caused in that Gentlest of all spirits.

"I wish that there were some wonderful place Called the Land of Beginning Again. Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches And all of our poor, selfish grief Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat at the door, And never put on again."

"It wouldn't be possible not to be kind In the Land of Beginning Again; And the ones we misjudged, and the ones whom we grudge Their moments of victory here Would find in the group of our loving handclasp More than penitent lips could explain."

"So, I wish that there were some wonderful place Called the Land of Beginning Again. Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches And all of our poor, selfish grief

Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door, And never put on again."

Go Tell . . . Peter

In the city of Scranton, a few days ago, I was told a beautiful story of how the Billy Sunday "trail-hitters" stand by the comrade who has fallen. Some few of the confirmed drinkers have lapsed since "hitting the trail." Are they cast off? Ah, no; they still go to church, and their fellow disciples surround them with friendship and protection, to keep them from stumbling. For their Gospel is one of forgiveness.

How did Jesus treat Peter early on the Resurrection morning, with his spirit filled with unutterable thoughts concerning a whole world's redemption he yet took thought to say to the women "Go, tell my disciples . . . and Peter." A special word or the heart-sore penitent; that was the sort of loving Master Peter had.

The story is told—I find it in "Peloubet's Notes"—that a friend once showed Ruskin a costly handkerchief on which a blot of ink had been made. "Nothing can be done with that," said his friend, thinking the handkerchief ruined and worthless. Ruskin made no reply, but carried it away with him. After a time he sent it back, to the surprise of his friend, who could scarcely recognize it. In a most skillful and artistic way he had been a fine design in Indian ink, using the blot as a basis, making the handkerchief more valuable than ever.

A blotted life is not hopelessly a useless life. If Ruskin could make a beautiful and valuable handkerchief out of a blotted one, how much more can the Master himself make a beautiful and useful life out of one that is blotted by sin, if only it is surrendered to him.

NEW FIRE COMPANY

Anville, Pa., Nov. 13.—A new fire company has been organized at Cleona, two miles east of Anville, with Henry Helsey as president. At a meeting held last evening it was determined the company be named the Union Hose and Chemical Company, of Cleona. Committees were appointed to devise ways and means for providing a building and securing equipment. The fire company will use the water of the Lebanon Valley Supply Company.

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