

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for July 1, 1900—Jesus Walking on the Sea.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.] THE LESSON TEXT.

Matthew 14:22-33.

22 And straightway Jesus constrained His disciples to get into a ship, and to go before Him unto the other side, while He sent the multitudes away.

23 And when He had sent the multitudes away, He went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, He was there alone.

24 But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; for the wind was contrary.

25 And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.

26 And when the disciples saw Him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, "It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear."

27 But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

28 And Peter answered Him and said, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water."

29 And He said, "Come." And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus.

30 But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, "Lord, save me."

31 And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, and said unto him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

32 And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased.

33 Then they that were in the ship came and worshiped Him, saying, "Of a truth Thou art the Son of God."

GOLDEN TEXT.—Of a truth Thou art the Son of God.—Matt. 14:33.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

This lesson follows in chronological order those of last quarter, the events occurring during the evening and night following the feeding of the 5,000, in April, A. D. 29.

After this great miracle, which was the crowning act of a busy day of teaching and healing, Jesus spent a night in prayer. He persuaded His disciples to leave Him to dismiss the multitudes and to cross to the other side of the lake at some point where He would meet them later.

Then "He went up into the mountain apart to pray." Thus He spent the latter part of the afternoon, and darkness coming on closed about Him, still alone with God. This suggests one of the two profitable lines of study opened up by the lesson.

Jesus spent a very busy life among men, but not the opportunities made for solitude, a sacred loneliness when even His nearest disciples were not permitted to be by Him.

Adoration and prayer are children of solitude. Note all this particularly in the recorded life of the Saviour, but also in all the great characters of the Bible.

The other line of study that might be taken up pertains to the miracles of Jesus. There have been many opportunities for this before in our study of the life of Jesus, and it was touched upon briefly in the study of Jesus feeding the 5,000, but it is even more suggestive and pertinent in connection with such a miracle as that of the present lesson, showing, as it does, Jesus' power over nature.

Three incidents are suggestive of experiences that come to every life: 1) The tossing of the waves raised by a "contrary wind"; (2) the fright of the disciples at sight of their Helper; and (3) Peter's experience, resulting from his wavering faith.

The first suggests the contrary winds which arise in the sea of life. Storms come up very suddenly on small, inland bodies of water. The disciples sailed during a bright afternoon upon a calm sea. They had gotten no more than half way across when their frail fishing boat was at the mercy of tempestuous waves. The analogy suggests itself. We know not the hour or the circumstance which will turn our fair day into a cloudy, storm-swept one. Happy is he who knows to whom to turn for help at such a time.

"And in the fourth watch of the night (between three and six o'clock in the morning) Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. And when the disciples saw Him walking on the sea they were troubled." This experience of the disciples can hardly be called unique, for it often happens in life that we mistake at first our best friend for an enemy. We are frightened at the appearance of our helper. Providence moves in a mysterious way, and the help we may be even expecting comes in a manner so totally unexpected that we mistake it for a new evil. The disciples took their Master for a phantom, more to be feared than the storm which threatened them.

Thirdly, Peter's experience is often duplicated in our own lives. When Peter recognized Jesus he boldly stepped from the boat upon the water in imitation of his Master. But once upon the water the boisterousness of the waves affected his mind more than the presence of Jesus. Doubt began to fill his heart. With us he boldly ventures upon a good work full of a great faith and purpose, but suddenly we become aware of the dangers that threaten and of the difficulties of the way. "Faint heart never won fair lady," and faltering faith never performed any great miracles. The voice of Jesus comes: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Power with man proceeds from power with God.

The saddest truth is less severe than the merriest lie.

The sun is always shining to the man who walks by faith.

Christ's rule is everywhere, but His throne is in the heart.

The Bible is the mirror of conscience held up to man's heart.

The human heart is like a graphophone cylinder and the sweetest records are often cut by the stylus of pain.—Sam's Home.

What They Said. "Did the girls say anything when they heard of my engagement?" He asked with natural curiosity. "Very little," was the reply of her dearest friend. "But they said something?" "Oh, yes; they said something." "What was it?" "Well, most of them merely exclaimed, 'At last!'" There was a pause, and then she asked: "Well, what did some of the others say?" "One of them said: 'Who'd have thought it?' another, 'Will wonders never cease?' and a third—" "Oh, never mind the rest," interrupted the fiancée. "I never did have much curiosity."—Chicago Post.

Poor Man. Perry Patetic—Please, lady, help a poor man what's been outer work fer more'n a year. Kind Lady—Here's a quarter, poor man. Can't you find anything to do at all? Perry Patetic—No, lady, it's so long since I done a job o' work dat I don't tink I'd reckernize one now if it come up an' took its hat off ter me.—Philadelphia Press.

Memory. "I suppose you find a good memory of great assistance in your work?" "No, sir," said Senator Sorghum. "Remembering is all well enough in its way, but a good forgetter, who can change his opinions on short notice and not worry over promises is the man who gets on best in my part of the state."—Washington Star.

Bonds of Sympathy. Mrs. Ollabont—I thought you and Mrs. Selldom-Holme were hardly on speaking terms, but I saw you talking with her last evening in the friendliest manner imaginable. Mrs. Gottfrequent—Yes, I found out she'd been having the same kind of trouble with her hired girl that I've had with mine.—Chicago Tribune.

Amiable But Pathetic. "What is your object in dwelling so persistently on abstruse philosophic topics?" "Well," answered the man, with a very gentle but unprosperous look, "I suppose it's because it's one of the few places where I can dwell without paying rent."—Washington Star.

Oh, Love, Sweet Love! "You have not kissed me," she pouted, "for 15 minutes!" "I know it," he said. "I have a very sensitive tooth, which is liable to ache if I do." "What do you mean, sir?" "Why, you are so sweet, you know!"—N. Y. World.

An Exception to the Rule. Bronxborough—They say "two heads are better than one." Richmond—That is all a mistake. Both my wife and I want to be the head of the house, and it doesn't work at all.—N. Y. Journal.

A Fair Exchange. Angry Post (rushing into the office)—See here, sir! That check you sent me for my poem is no good! Editor (coldly)—Neither was the poem. Shut the door, please.—Harlem Life.

Inequality. The orator of charms the crowd; His talking—men adore it. The auctioneer talks just as loud And gets no notice for it. —Washington Star.

SHUT HIM UP.



Snigaby—Ah! my dear young lady, I remember you when you were the same height as that umbrella. Miss Smart—M—yes; and I should say we're about the same age, judging from the look of it.—Ally Sloper.

At the Minstrels. "Ah say, Bones, doan' yo' know Ah cyaan't get dat fellow out ob mah haid." "Who's dat, Tambo?" "Why, Dan Druff."—Chicago Daily News.

In Brooklyn. "Jones thinks his baby is a real good thing." "Yes; he may be seen almost any evening pushing it along."—Town Topics.

Will Be a Woman. "Henpeck's baby is tongue-tied, they say. Is he going to have its tongue cut loose?" "No; he says he don't think he will. It is a girl."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Had Been There. "Watts has a striking personality, hasn't he?" "Yes; so striking that I always try to dodge him when I have a cent in my pocket."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Reverse. Snarley—Did you take in the Paris exposition? Yow—No; quite the reverse.—Syracuse Herald.

Correcting Him. "I will make you walk the chalk!" exclaimed the angry customer, as he led the milkman through the stream of spilled milk.—Baltimore American.

Two Main Points. "My dear," said a New York man to his 15-year-old daughter. "I wish you would do your best to captivate the heart of our coachman." "And flope with him, papa?" "Yes, my dear." "Ah, I see; you dear, cute papa! You want all the papers to say I am a fascinating beauty and a reigning belle." "Well, that would help a little; but that is not the main point." "What is it, then, papa?" "Why, the papers will all say you are the daughter of a millionaire, and that will enlarge my credit. See? Now, you run out to the stable; that's a good girl."—Ohio State Journal.

Prejudiced Against It. Friend—Pat, what do you think of this new-fangled "absent treatment" that we hear so much about nowadays? Pat—Bogoroy. Oi don't tink much of it. Oi was absent only one night recently and the treatment Oi received from the wife of me buzzum upon me return was a discredit to the family. It cured me all right, but Oi can't care for no more absent treatment in moine, tank ye.—N. Y. World.

Evil Associations. "I understand," said Mrs. Kostique, "that you have been seen promenading with my husband; is that true?" The governess drew herself up defiantly. "Yes, it is," she replied. "Well, Miss Primer," the other continued, calmly, "if you wish to remain here you'll have to keep better company."—Catholic Standard and Times.

She and Revenge. "Do you know," he said, "that every time I look at you I have thoughts of revenge?" "Why?" she gasped. "Because," he answered, "revenge is sweet." Then she told him she thought tomorrow would be as good a time as any to see papa.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Putting Him Next. Bunco Steerer—Ah! ain't this my old friend, Joshua Squanch, of K-back? Farmer Hornbeak—Wa-al, no; not exactly. But all the same, young man, you've struck a good thing in me if you jest work it up right.—Puck.

Paper for Jokers. Mr. Funniman—I see a kind of paper is now being made from seaweed which is transparent. Mrs. Funniman—Why don't you get some of it to write your jokes on, so that people could see through them?—Yonkers Statesman.

Hereditary Garments. Tommy—Pop, what is the meaning of "hereditary"? Tommy's Father—Anything that descends from father to son. Tommy—Then your old clothes that ma makes over for me are hereditary, ain't they?—Philadelphia Record.

No Danger of Emergencies. Mother—Does your fiancée know anything about cooking? In case of an emergency, you know. Son—Well, no; but she's an ex-college football player, and could easily prevent any cook from leaving until we secured a new one!—Puck.

For Fatherly Consideration. You may find the fount of knowledge. Yet not know how to drink; You may drive your son to college. Though you cannot make him think. —Philadelphia Press.

BEST SORT OF EVIDENCE.



Lotta Coyne—Clara is a puzzle. Cuttine Hintz—Yes, I know three men who have given her up.—Chicago Chronicle.

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