

# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course.)

## LESSON FOR DECEMBER 27

### JESUS, THE WORLD'S SAVIOR AND KING.

(Review.)  
 READING LESSON—II Cor. 5:14-21.  
 GOLDEN TEXT—Far be it from me to glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. 6:14 R. V.

With the exception of the temperance lesson, all the lessons of the quarter have to do with the death and resurrection of our Lord. In the first quarter we considered Jesus as the great Teacher; in the second, he is presented chiefly as the seeking Savior; in the third, we observed him as he acted in judgment upon Israel and sin; in this last, he is seen in his supreme office as Savior and King. The King of love, he is also the world's Savior. Deny him his kingship, refuse to become a subject of that kingdom of which he is the head and we bring upon ourselves the condemnation of a righteous judgment. This past quarter particularly reveals him in that final ministry which resulted in the initiation of the new enterprise of proclaiming his gospel, to the end that his kingdom shall be established. We shall consider the lessons under four headings:

#### Story of Love.

I. Those of Preparation for His Passion. These embrace the first three lessons. (1) In the first, we have the beautiful story of the love which animated him for burial, which he accomplished and immortalized. This was because of the greatness of the gift and because of the appreciation of it and of his words. (2) Here serves him presiding over and in that lasting memorial, the table feast, wherein the old passes and the new dispensation is revealed in. (3) In the third lesson we saw the agony of the garden wherein he dedicated himself to the coming suffering. "Not as I will, but as thou wilt"—absolute surrender and delight in the Father's will.

II. Those That Preceded His Passion. These next five lessons lead us through those dark shadows, yes, through a darkness which is yet unfathomable and which ended in the total darkness of Calvary. (4) In this lesson Judas is presented, the incarnation of evil, and the agent of Satan, who betrayed his Lord and "Friend" by a kiss. Here we see the utter ruin of a soul which chose private ambition instead of fellowship with Jesus. (5) This is a presentation of the greatest and most appalling travesty of justice the world has ever seen. Humanity never descended to any lower depths, yet he is serene, calm, dignified and strong. (6) The Temperance Lesson. (7) This lesson considers the heart-breaking rashness of Peter. (8) This is the story of the ignoble failure of a weak, vacillating, time-server.

#### Story of the Cross.

III. His Passion. (9) This brings us to the story of the cross itself, as considered in this sequence of lessons. Before that awe-inspiring, wonder-creating event we stand with bared head. Here sin was unmasked and did its utmost. Here also we behold grace unveiled and active. (10) IV. The Post-Passion Lessons. We are now in a new atmosphere and light, a new glory is to be seen. (10) In this lesson we behold the empty tomb, for "He could not be holden of death." We share with them the glorious, the joyful consciousness that he whom we have just seen die in ignominy and shame and suffering is now alive and "ever liveth" to be our advocate and ever-present friend. This is a glorious fact, that of the literal, bodily resurrection of Christ from among the dead. Hallelujah! (11) In lesson eleven this same thought is again emphasized and with the suggestion of its accompanying obligation, in that "we are witnesses of these things."

In "Tarbell's Teachers' Guide" is a good suggestion for review Sunday, viz., that a series of elliptical phrases be written upon a board or chart, that will fix the chief idea or serve to recall the lessons, as follows:

- (1) Let her alone . . . . . (2) For ye have the poor . . . . .
- (3) Where-soever this gospel shall be preached . . . . .
- (4) Verily I say unto you, One . . . . . (5) For the Son of Man goeth . . . . .
- (6) This is my blood . . . . . (7) Take ye . . . . .
- (8) My soul is . . . . . (9) Father, all things . . . . .
- (10) Watch and . . . . . (11) My God, my . . . . .
- (12) Why seek ye . . . . . (13) Ye shall be my . . . . .

These phrases may be written upon cards or slips of paper and distributed to classes or individuals, the entire sentence to be recited when called for. It would also be well to make mention of the two years' work in the Synoptic Gospels. Define what the gospel is (I Cor. 15:1-4), what the word synoptic means, and wherein these Gospels differ from the Fourth Gospel.

Drill the school in giving book and chapter of the following: The Lord's Prayer, the parable of the good Samaritan, the mustard seed, the leaven, the prodigal son, the great commandment, the last supper, Gethsemane, the trial of Jesus, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the great commission, the ascension.

## THE MAN WHO RULES THE WORLD TODAY



### A Real Christmas

HER name was Philippa, a royal name for such a very small, poor English maid, but she had always been called "Flip," and she lived in Duchess row. Duchess row makes you think of something stately and grand; but, alas, here it meant just a row of narrow, grimy houses standing in a dark and dreary street, where the sunshine never seemed to come—a place of poor people in the heart of tolling London. Flip lived at 9 Duchess row with her mother, a widow. They had the topmost room of the house, and of all the poor people in Duchess row I do not think any were quite as poor as Flip's mother, who had to work day and night to earn a scanty living by making buttonholes in coats and waistcoats for a ready-made clothes warehouse. It was a hard life for the two, but Flip possessed a brave and stanch little heart beneath her threadbare frock and when she came out of school each afternoon would sit until her eyes were burning and her poor little fingers raw and aching, helping her mother.

And it was so she sat one afternoon a week before Christmas day trying to catch the last gleams of murky daylight which came through the window



GAZING IN AT THE BRILLIANTLY LIT WINDOW.

of their room. It was a bitterly cold, cheerless day, not a typical Christmas with frost and snow, but leaden skies and a biting east wind made all folks shiver and long to be home by a cozy fire. But fires are a luxury in Duchess row, and there was but scant warmth in the room where Flip and her mother sat, working hard.

"If we can get these finished tonight you can run out with them, an' when you come back we'll 'ave a bit more coal, an' I'll git a bit of fish from round the corner, an' you shall 'ave a nice 'ot supper, deary," said the pale mother with a loving look.

"That'll be just splendid," replied Flip, "an' then we'll set before the fire, an' you'll tell me about them real Christmases, you used to 'ave when you were a girl."

"I don't like talking of them days," said the mother with a sigh as she folded up the last bit of work. "Ere you are, deary. Jest put on yer 'at an' run with these." And in another minute or two the light little figure, laden with a large bundle, was speeding up the great busy thoroughfare.

Sometimes, with all the good will in the world, the constant journeying to the warehouse seemed to her long and weary, but tonight her thoughts of Christmas made her forget all fatigue.

"Ow lovely it would be," she thought "if we could 'ave a real Christmas, with plum pudding an' 'oly

an' presents! Fancy if I could give mother a present! I know what I'd like to give'er—one of them cases to 'old needles and thimble an' a bodkin which I saw at 'Amilton's bazaar. But it ain't much good wishing." And here her reflections came to an end, for she found herself at the warehouse.

She had soon delivered her parcel to the fat manageress and received the poor payment due and, threading her way cleverly back through dusty corridors and down winding stairs, soon found herself in the jostling street again. She turned her footsteps home, when a gleam of something bright on the dirty pavement caught her eye. She bent down. It wasn't—no, yes, it was—a silver sixpence! She picked it up. Could such luck be true? A silver sixpence found on the ground and therefore her very own, to do what she liked with!

"Why, now I'll be able to git mother a real Christmas present. It's jest like a fairy tale," she thought, her blue eyes shining with excitement. "an' I know what I'll buy, an' I'll git it, too, before I go 'ome, 'cause it won't take me a minute."

Hamilton's bazaar was not very far away, and, sure enough, in five minutes Flip was gazing steadily in at the brilliantly decked and lit window at a needecase in red velvet and gold, an article which for all its gorgeousness was marked but sixpence three farthings.

"I want a needecase with a thimble an' a bodkin an' a reel of cotton, like them up there," said Flip, with all the dignity of a possessor of wealth.

"Well, you must wait a bit!" snapped the assistant, turning to another customer, a stout, cheery looking man, accompanied by two rosy, well dressed children.

"I bin waitin' a long time. Why can't you git me one down?" replied Flip, with the perseverance of the east end child.

"The girl impatiently detached one of the needecases.

"Where is your money?" she asked.

"Ere, of course. Wot d'yer think?" said Flip, handing her the coin.

The saleswoman took it, looked at it once carelessly, again narrowly.

"Why," she exclaimed, "this is not a sixpence at all—it is only an imitation one!" And, turning quickly, she beckoned the tall, imposing looking shopwalker, who stood near. "This child is trying to pass false money," she said as she gave him poor Flip's treasure trove.

He examined it and then, taking hold of the child's thin arm, said:

"Come, come; where did you get this money from? Tell the truth now."

Flip's face went red and then very white. She did not realize or understand her offense. She only knew that if the sixpence was bad she could not buy the dearly coveted gift. Her heart seemed ready to break, and she burst into a flood of tears as she sobbed out:

"I found it in the street—it's true, it is. But I can't buy the present now."

The shopwalker hesitated, and then the cheery looking customer who had been waiting his turn to be served broke in by saying in a voice that had a strong country twang in it:

"Don't you cry, lassie. You don't mean any harm, I guarantee. Let me see that coin," he continued, turning to the shopwalker, who did as he was desired, for he was being addressed by an old and valued customer.

"Well, I don't know," said the cheery man. "It is not a sixpence, I agree, but it is a half sovereign and a very good one too." And in the twinkling of an eye he had deftly exchanged the imitation sixpence for a gold coin from his waistcoat pocket.

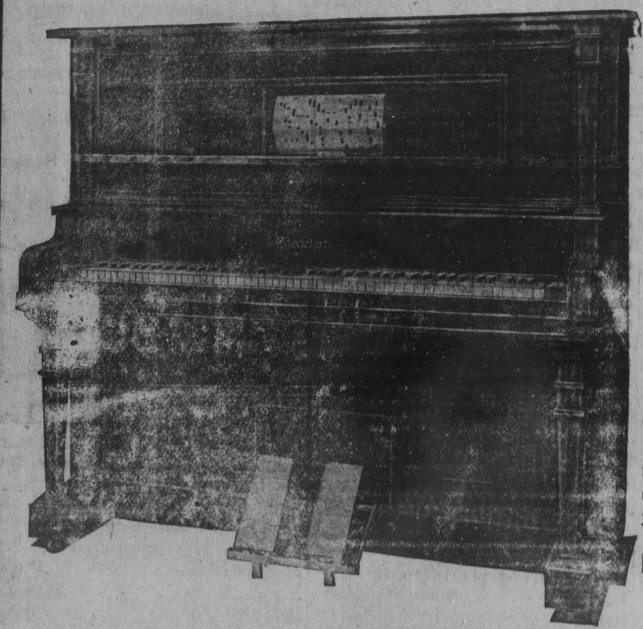
"There, my lass, take your money and run home."

Was it a dream? Flip pinched herself when she was in the chill streets again. No, it was all true—a happy reality to find a bad sixpence and then see it transformed into a golden half sovereign. She had forgotten the velvet needecase; she had but one thought—to get home—and home she soon was, where her anxious mother heard all her wonderful adventures.

So, after all, it was a real Christmas!

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### RULES OF CONTEST

1. No name of contestant will be known.
2. No name of contestant will be published.
3. Every contestant is credited with 2,000 votes when placed in nomination.
4. Every contestant get a number.
5. Standing of contestants number published weekly.
6. Contestants having the largest number of votes on May 29, 1915, win the piano and other premiums.
13. No church, school, lodge, society or public institution can become a contestant directly or indirectly.
7. All votes must be in Wednesday for Recording.
8. Votes cannot be solicited in or about the store.
9. Tie votes in packages, with your number and amount on top slip only.
10. Color of votes will be changed monthly and must be recorded weekly by count.
11. Votes not transferable only before recording.
12. All parties to a tie will participate equally.

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