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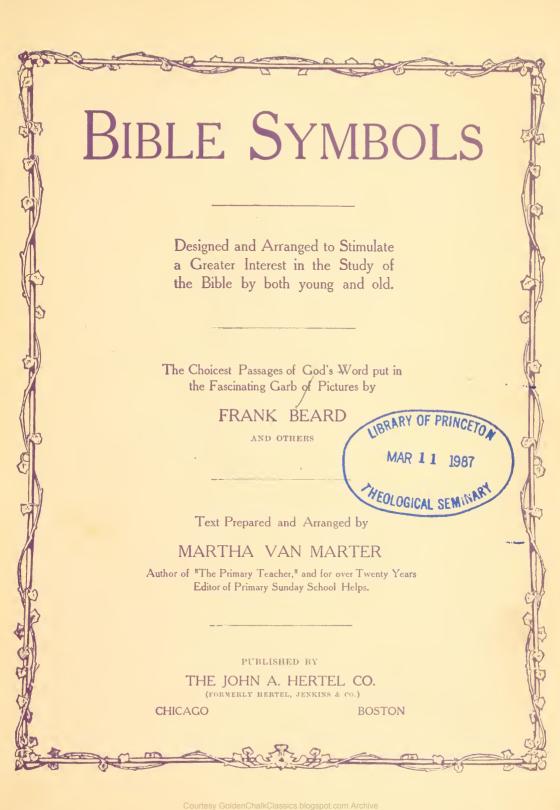


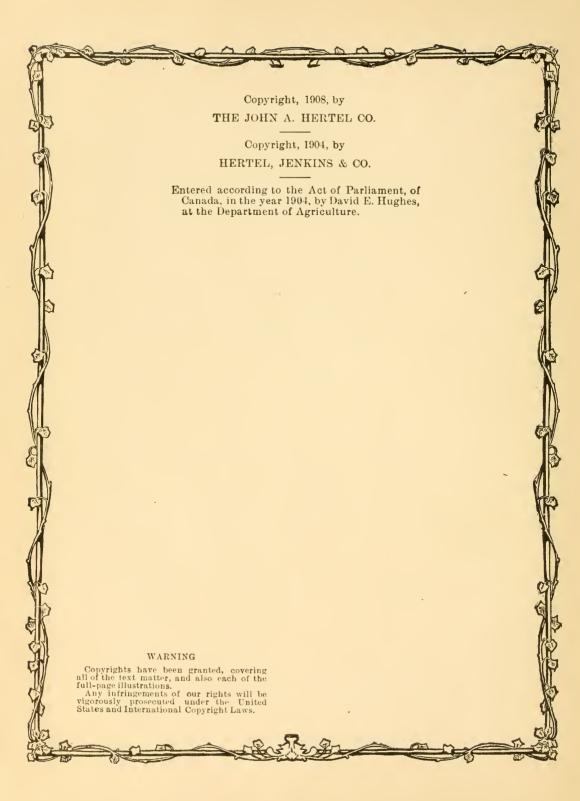
SCC # 12/003





THE GOOD SHEPHERD.





INTRODUCTION.

HE Bible is a universal book. It is applicable to all classes and all countries. The Hindoo of India and the highly civilized Caucasian of Europe and America alike find in its teachings a responsive cord. It is equally interesting to the children and adults.

Where else can be found such fascinating stories as in the pages of this old Book? Baby Moses in the bulrushes. The innocent, pathetic figure of the little Ishmael, left to die by himself in the wilderness, but lifting up his little voice to God and not in vain! Joseph, the loving son and true brother, and David, the shepherd lad who became a great King—what endless charm these stories of real life, when the world was young, hold for the mind and heart of both young and old! A young collegian, writing of a charming, restless boy of nine years, temporarily under his charge, says, "I am reading the story of Joseph to H—out of the Bible. It is wonderful to see the little fellow with his eyes fixed upon me, never speaking,—scarcely moving for as long a time as I choose to read!"

What entrancing pictures of real life we find in the Bible: Old and young pressing close to the Christ as he sits by the wayside, to win a word of love and blessing from his gracious lips. People of all ages waving their palm-branches and singing Hosannas to the King whom they understood and loved, as he rode in triumph toward Jerusalem. The beloved daughter of Jairus called back from her dreamless sleep by the Master's voice. The healing of the nobleman's boy, and the quick response of the little lad who cheerfully parted with his midday lunch at the word of the great Teacher whom he had doubtless learned to love. These, and many another picture of child life adorn the pages of this greatest of Books, and assure us that the Bible is indeed "for the child," and should therefore be brought easily within his reach.

It follows that any winning and reverent device which may serve to attract young minds and hearts to the priceless truth hidden away in the Holy Book, deserves a welcome.

Such a device is presented in these pages, where Bible narrative and precept are brought before the eye in symbol form, and the eager, questioning mind of the child is led through the pictured word to a real interest in and love for the words which Christ declared are "spirit" and "life."

THE BIRLE IN PICTURES

"Through the eye to the heart," has long been a recognized principle in primary teaching. Hence, the use of the blackboard and of everyday objects by primary teachers. The untrained thought must be caught and held, if it is to be directed rightly.

The home is the starting place in the race of life, and the mother is the starter. The old song says truthfully:

"Baby's skies
Are mother's eyes."

As mother frowns or smiles, so does baby. As mother thinks and feels, so does baby, during the most impressible period of his life. Great is the mother's responsibility! Great is her opportunity! When she realizes the one or the other, how gladly she hails any help in molding the young lives entrusted to her care! And there is no such helper as the Word of God. Happy is that home in which it is known and loved and reverenced as being God's own Book!

But how are the children to become acquainted with its sacred sweetness and life-giving power except as the parents introduce it to them? If father and mother are acquainted with its hidden treasures, and show by word and by deed, that they delight to turn to it for counsel and for comfort, then the children will in the great majority of cases learn to love and prize it too.

A book largely made up of strong, clear pictures, setting forth through forms of life already known to the children, many of the precepts and promises of the Bible, as well as many of the striking stories told in its pages, can hardly fail to at least assist in making it known to the child.

The little one who bends his brow in earnest thought over a pictured text, calling upon mother again and again for help, will thenceforth carry a picture in his thought which will help to imprint the words upon his mind,—to come forth perhaps some future day in a time of stress and supply the needed bread of God for his soul's famine!

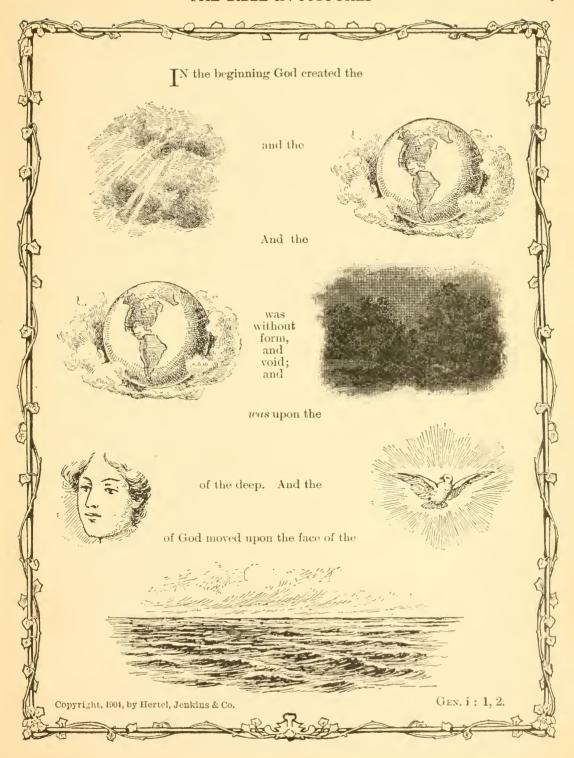
And the mother, — what opportunities are thus afforded her for speaking the "word in season," opening the low door to some rich, sweet truth, or clothing with life the story which is here but outlined!

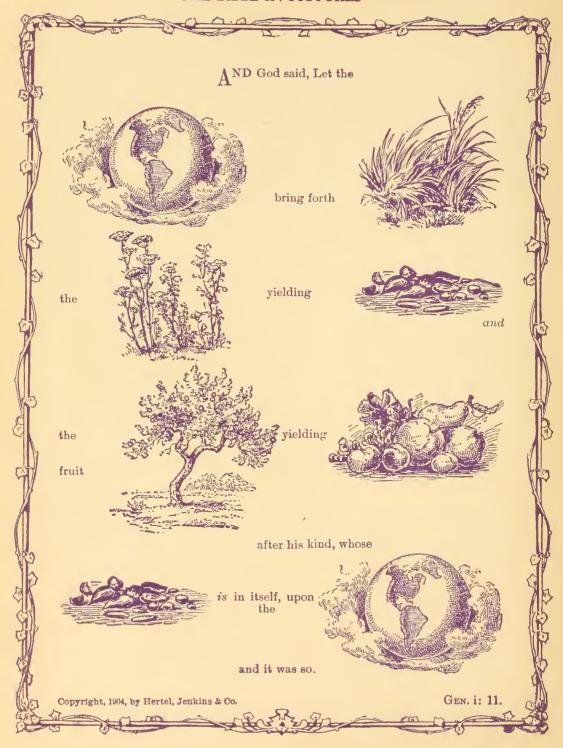
In confident belief that this fascinating volume will prove a safe and strong helper in many a home, leading by pleasant paths to an interest in and love for the Word of God, it is sent forth on its mission.

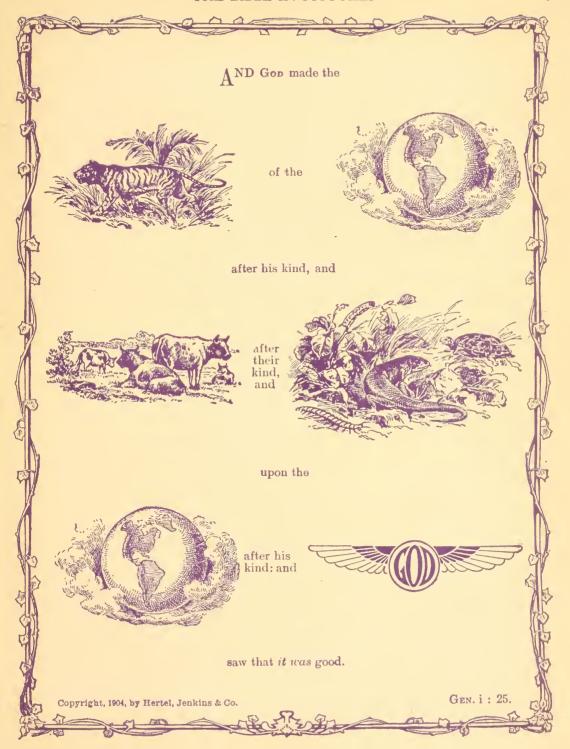
"The paths that lead us to God's throne Are worn by children's feet."

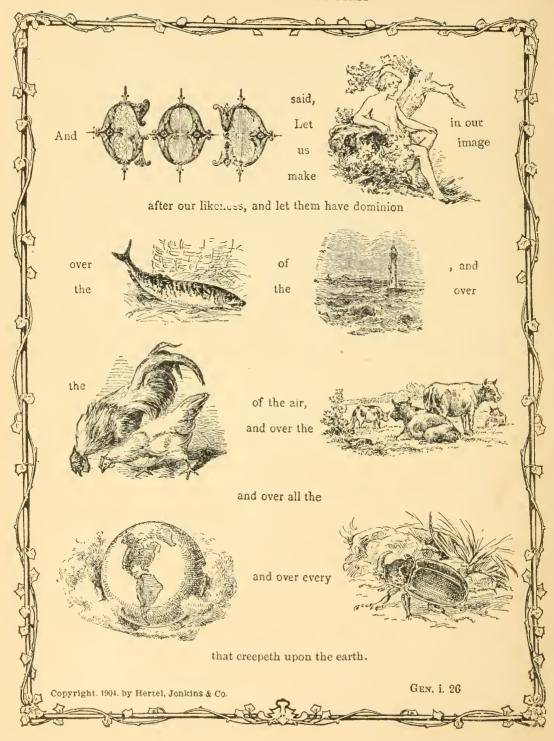
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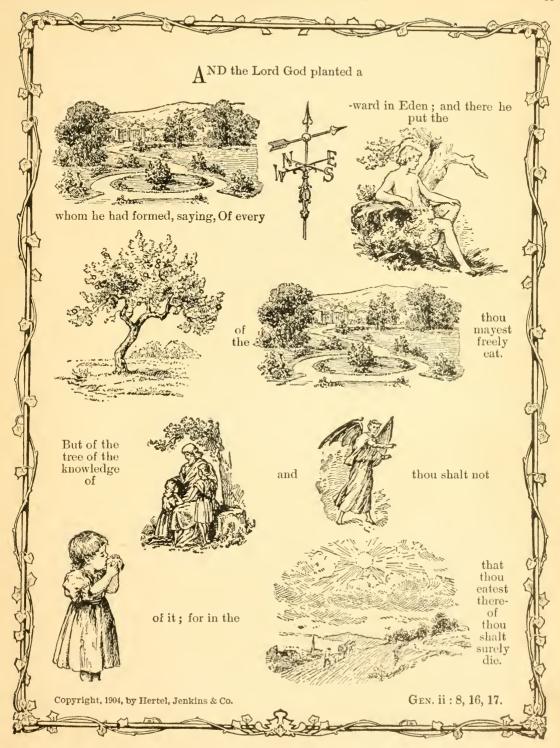
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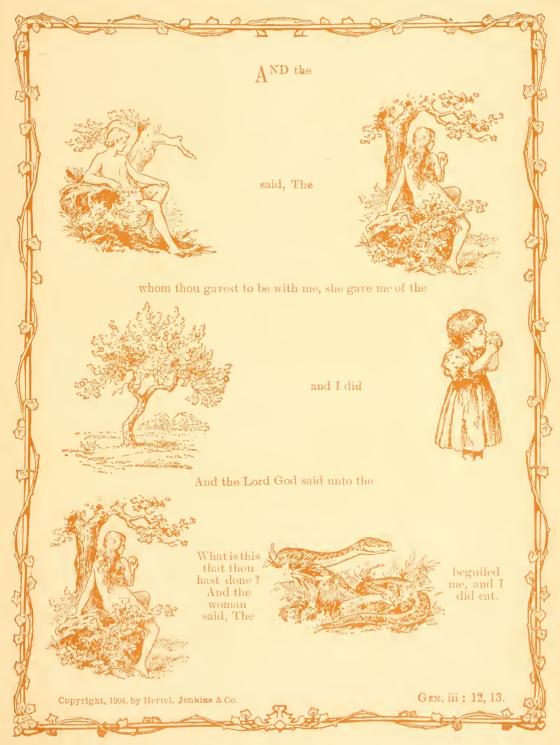


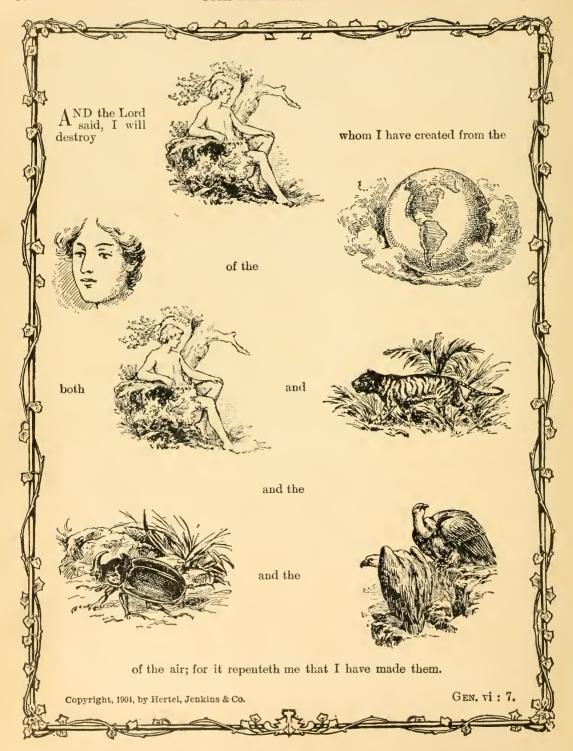


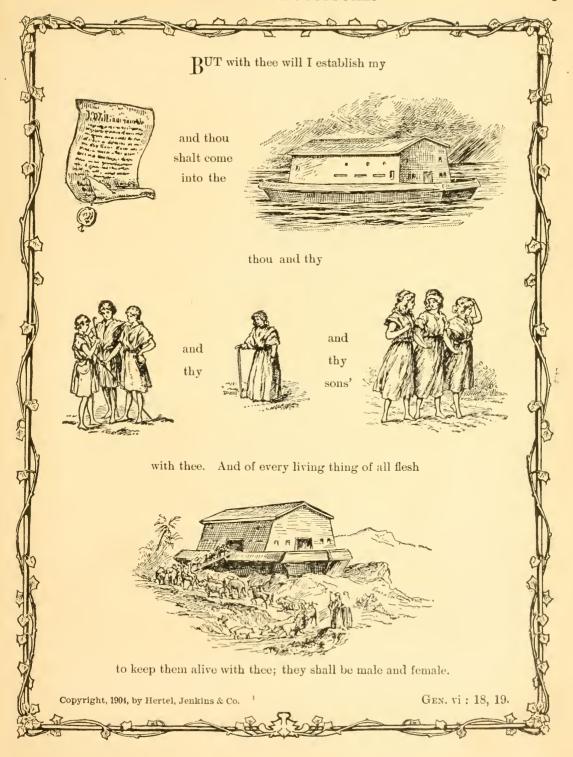


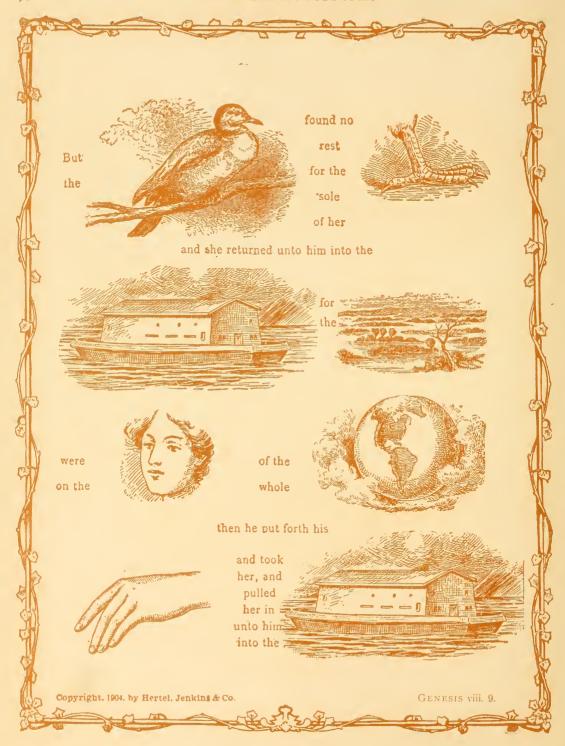


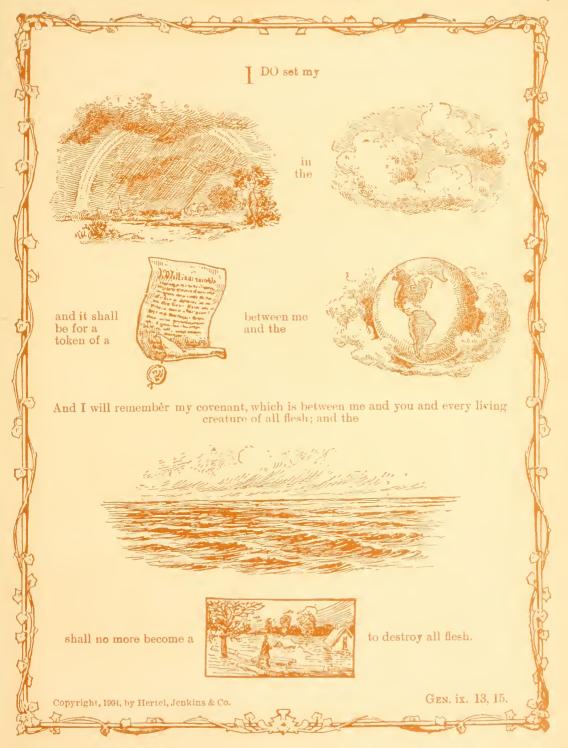


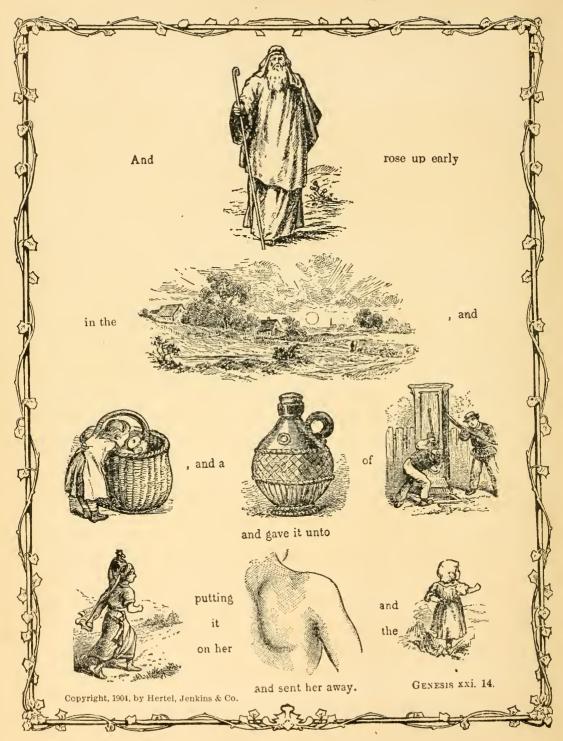


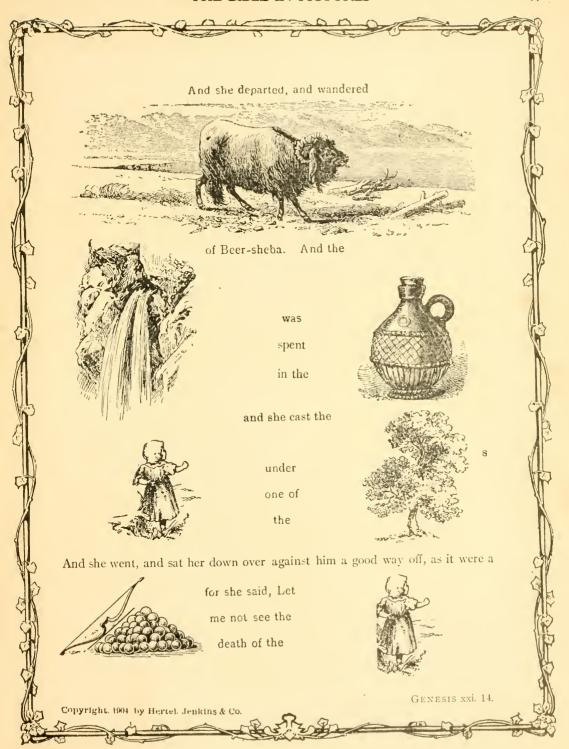




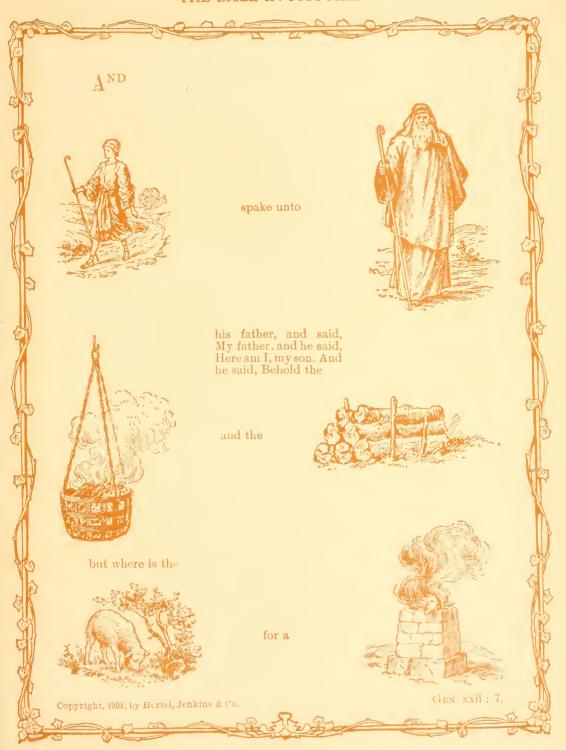




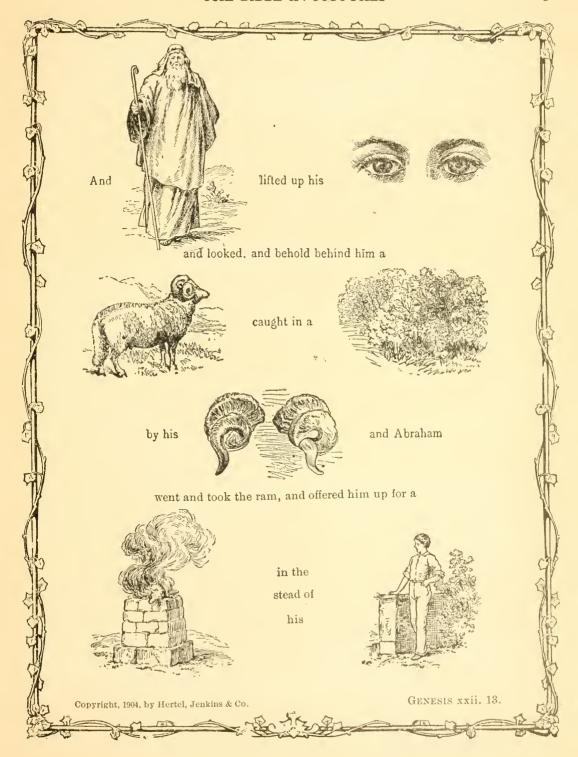




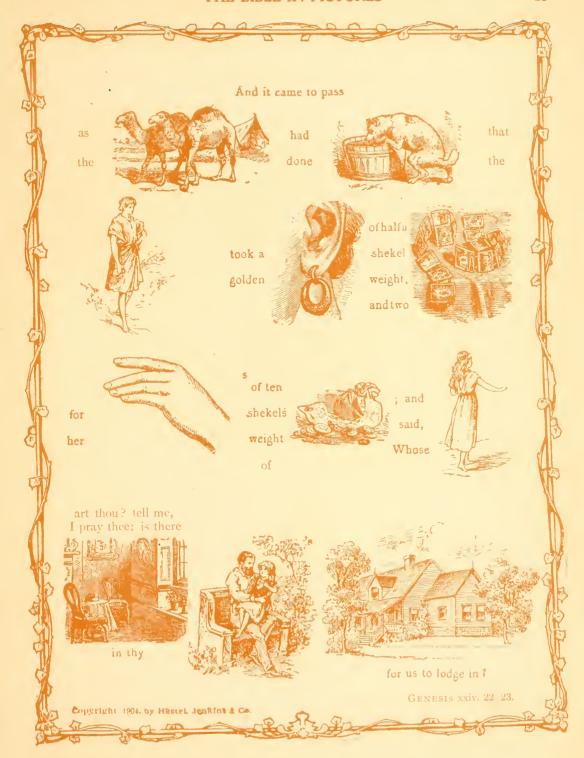


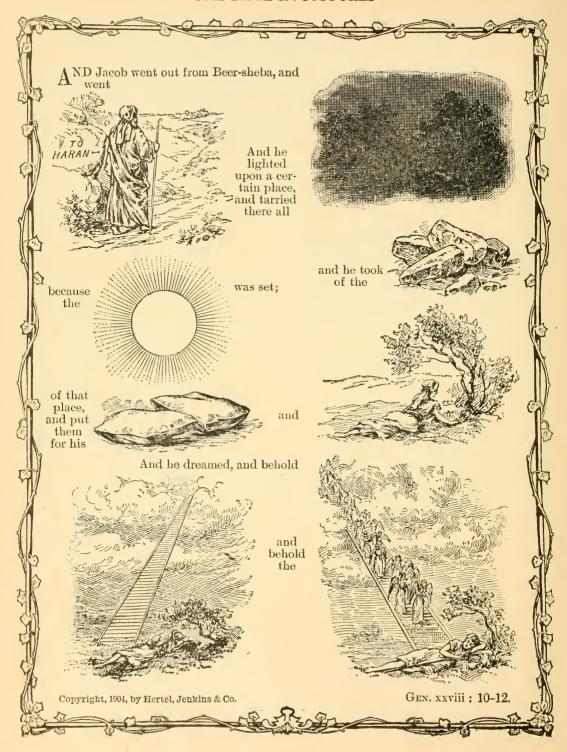


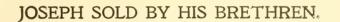












BEHOLD, this dreamer cometh." The words were spoken by one of a group of men in the fields of Dothan. They wore the loose, rough garb of the East, and their strong faces were browned by long exposure to an eastern sun.

"Come now, therefore," the harsh voices went on, "let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, some evil beast hath devoured him; and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

But one of the brothers said, "Let us not kill him, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness." This was Reuben, one of the sons of Jacob, and he wanted the life of his young brother spared for his old father's sake. And so when young Joseph, the dreamer, and the darling of his father, came near, the hard-hearted brothers seized him and first stripping off the beautiful "coat of many colors," which had helped to cause their jealousy and ill feeling, they threw him into one of the pits so often found in that country.

Why had these men learned to hate their young brother, the son of Jacob's old age, and the firstborn of the beautiful Rachel? More than once Joseph had dreamed strange dreams, which he told in the innocence of his heart. Always the dreams seemed to mean that he would one day be in high honor, and his brothers would bow down to him and serve him. These dreams, and the fondness with which his father looked upon this beloved son, had stirred their hearts to hatred, and they allowed the spirit of envy and jealousy to drive them to thoughts of murder.

But now a new thought came to one of their number. A company of traveling merchants came in sight, and they

agreed to sell their brother and let him be carried away into Egypt to be sold as a slave. This was done, and the "dreamer" was taken away from their sight, as they supposed, for all time.

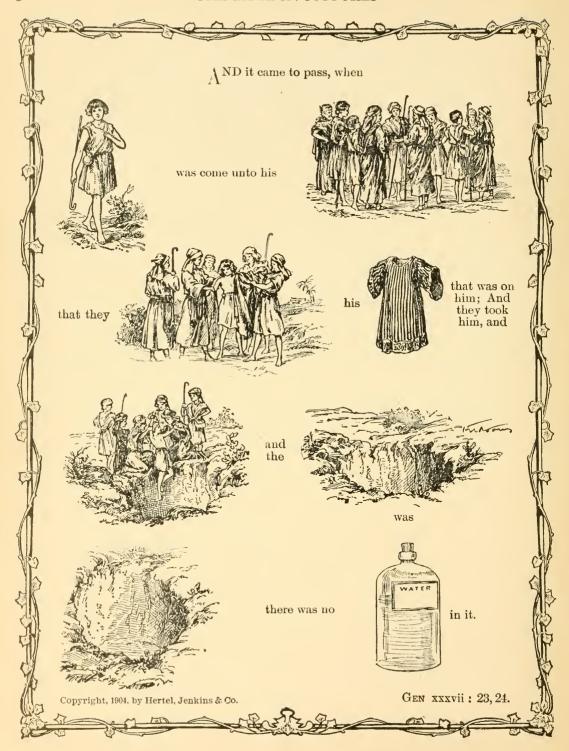
And now, see how God cares for his children who are true to him, as Joseph was. Sold as a slave to Potiphar, a high officer of King Pharaoh's, he soon became a trusted servant, and his heathen master saw and believed that "the Lord was with him." He even found that he himself was blessed and prospered for Joseph's sake, and that this noble, handsome young man was of great value to him.

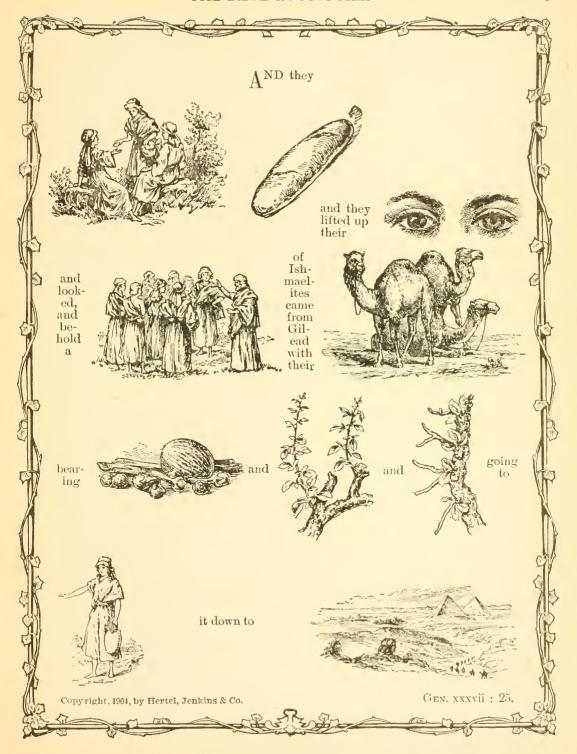
But trouble came through Potiphar's vain and foolish wife, and Joseph was thrown into prison, though he had done no wrong. Again we read, "But the Lord was with Joseph." Yes, even in prison and disgrace, the Lord stood by him, giving him wisdom and love, and sending him dreams, which in the end brought him out of prison, and placed him in still higher position than before!

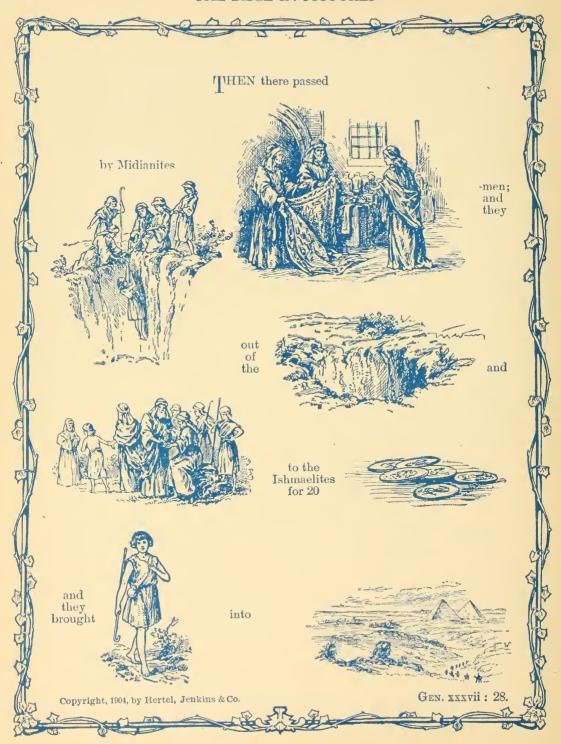
The King of Egypt, the great Pharaoh, had a wonderful dream, which no wise man could interpret. He sent for Joseph, and the Lord showed Joseph the true meaning. When the King learned that a great famine was coming, he placed Joseph in charge, and during all the famine years, and the years of plenty that went before, it was Joseph's wisdom that planned, and carried out the plans which saved Egypt from great trouble and loss.

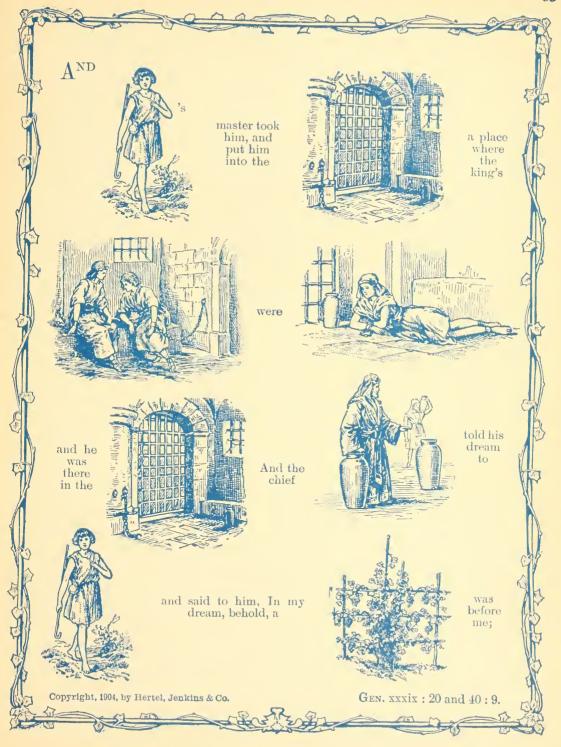
One day there came a company of men from Canaan, where the famine was sore, asking to buy bread from Joseph. He knew them at once for his brothers, but they knew him not. His loving heart went out to them, and when he at last made himself known to them, he wept aloud for joy and sorrow. The time had come, indeed, when the dreams of the dreamer had come true, and Joseph, the hated and despised brother, became, not only one to whom the brothers bowed down in love and reverence, but the one to whom they actually owed their lives.

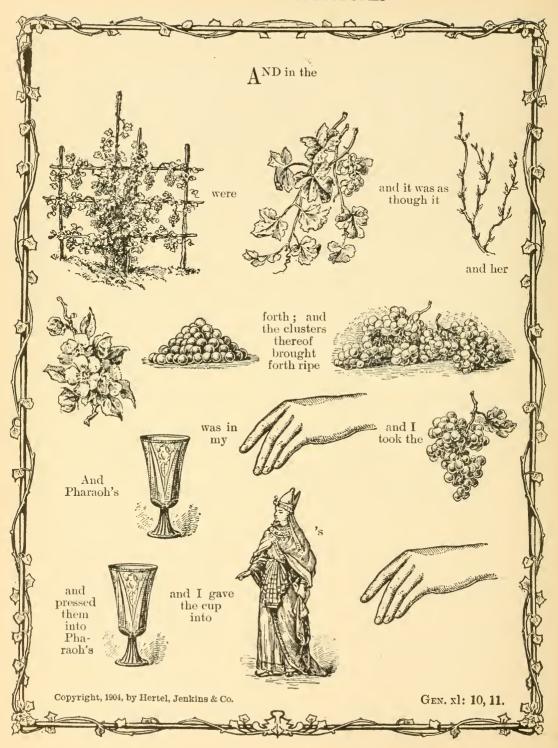


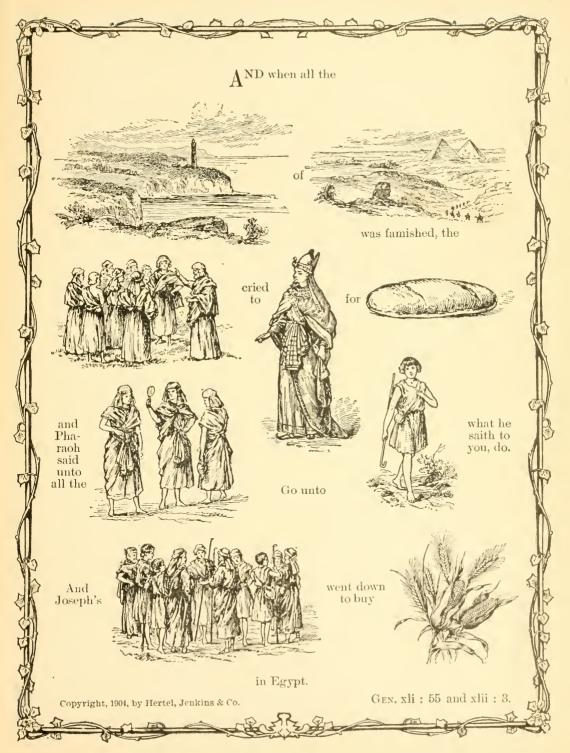




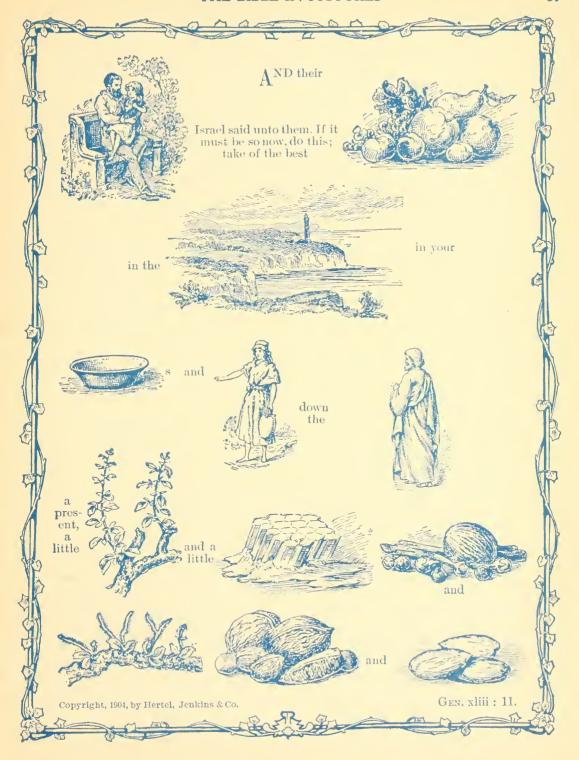


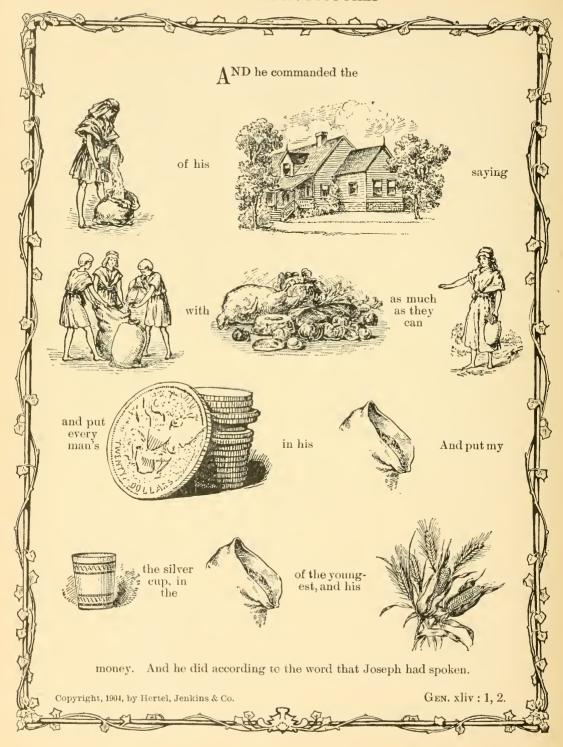


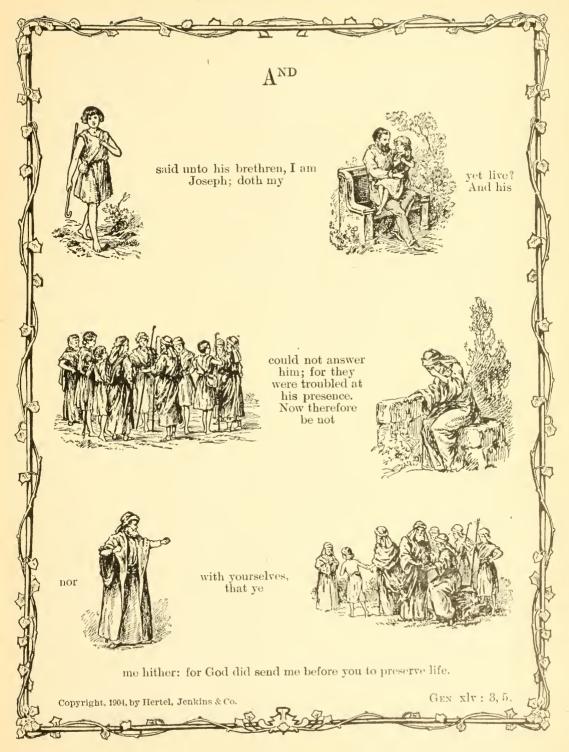








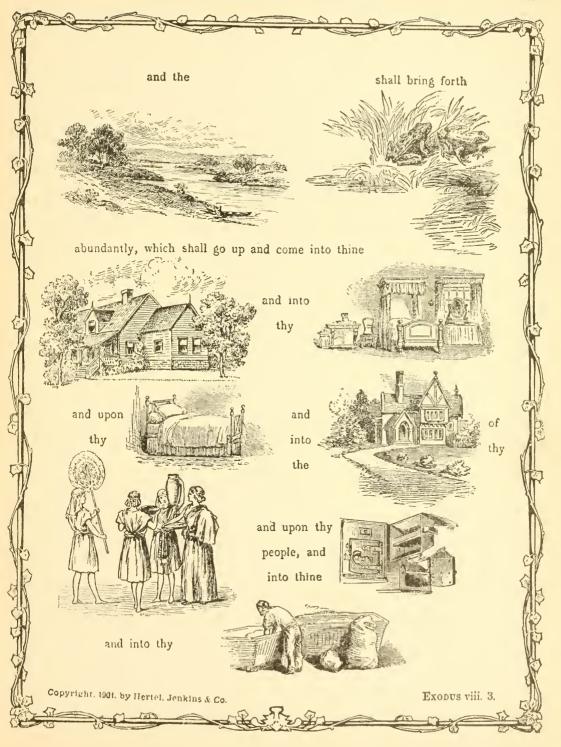






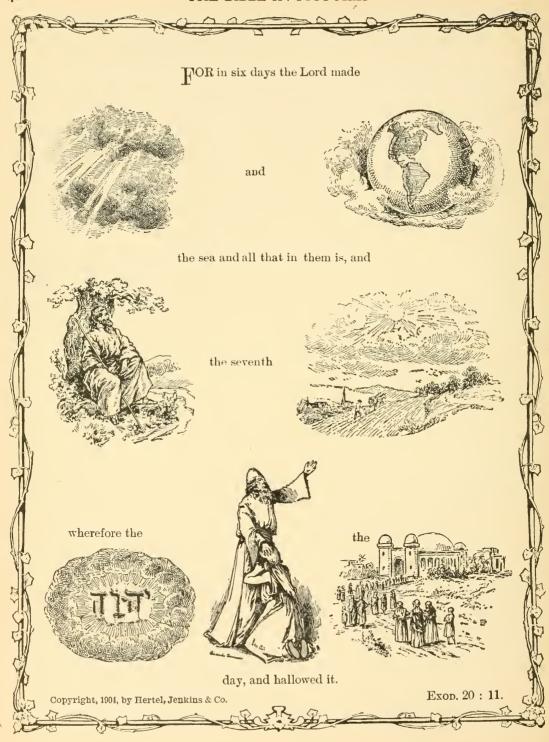


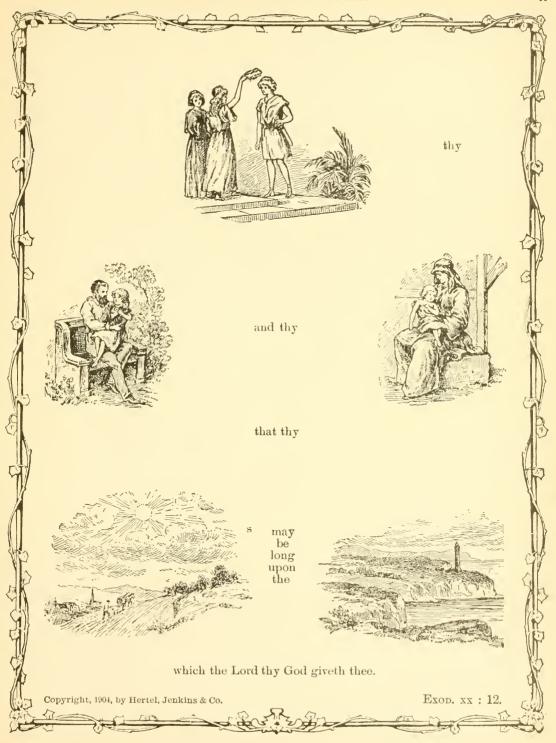


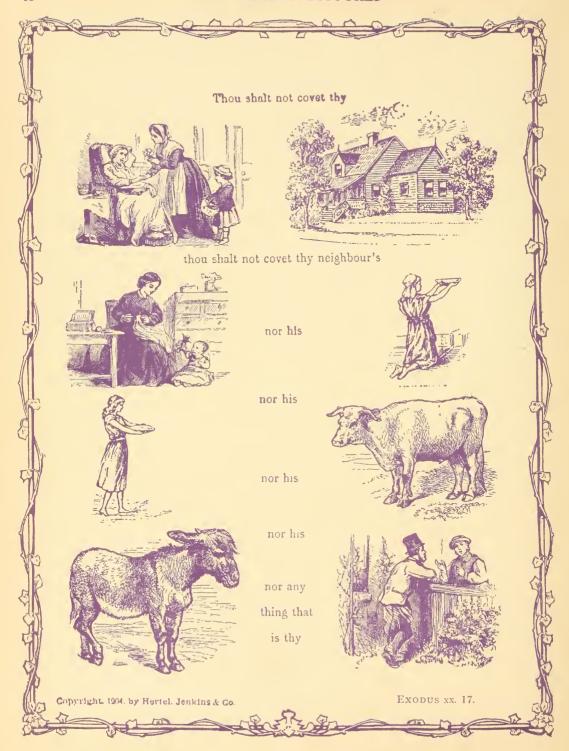


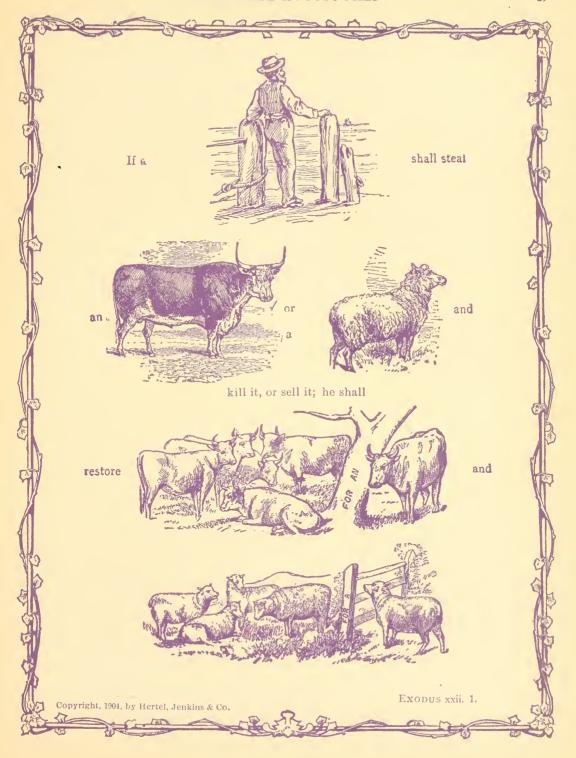


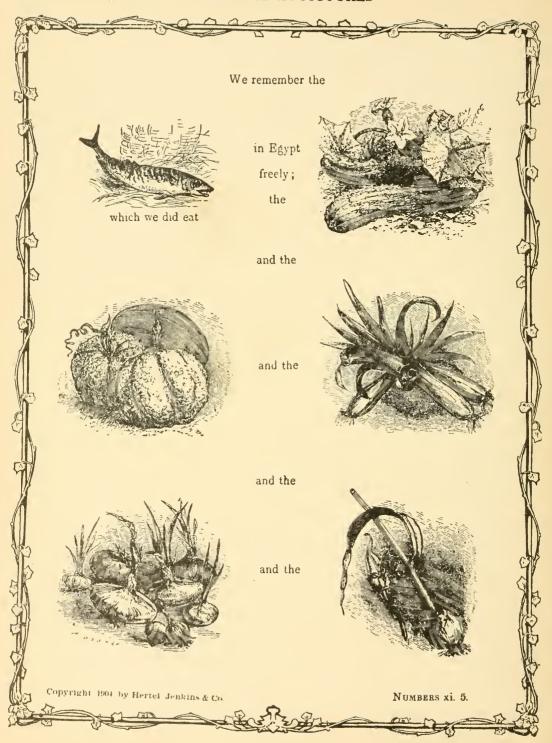


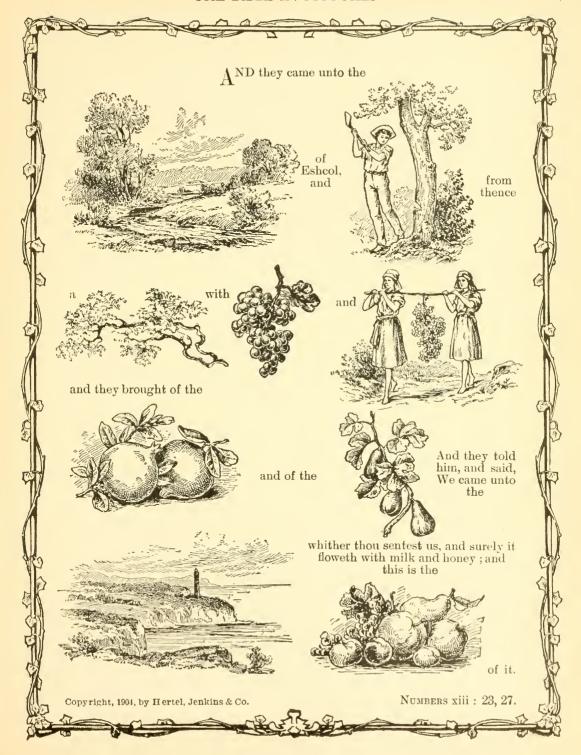


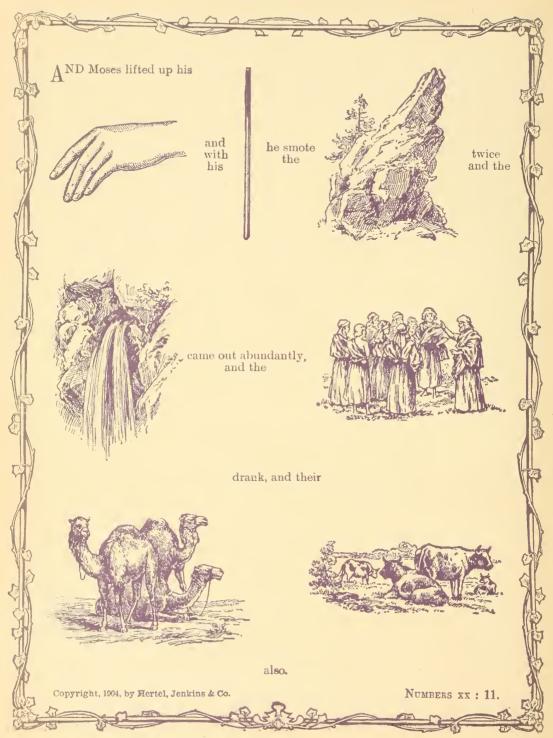


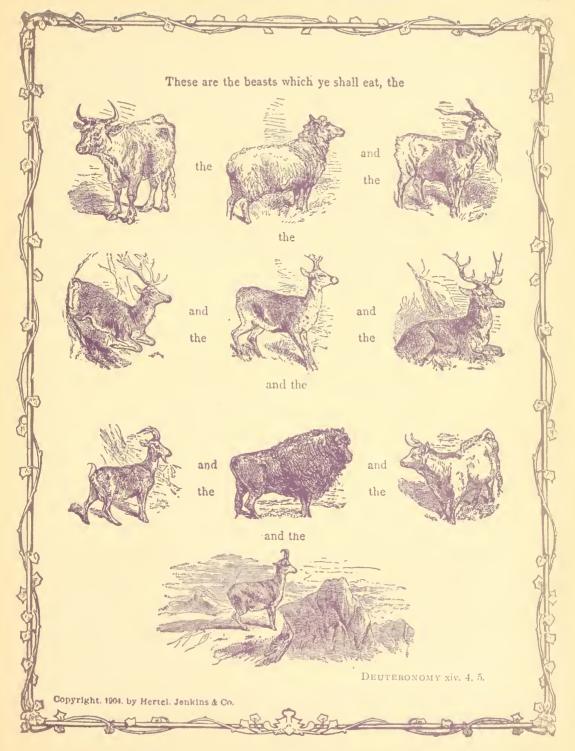




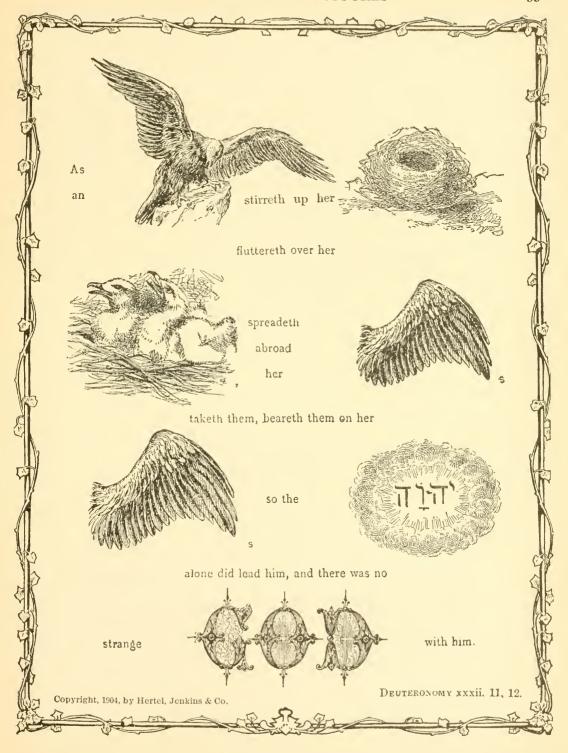












A TRUE STORY OF LOVE AND FAITH

NTREAT me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be

buried—the Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

It was a young woman of Moab who spoke these noble and beautiful words to a woman old and sad, and bowed by many sorrows. Years before a man of Bethlehem in Judah took his wife and two sons, because of famine, and went into the land of Moab to dwell for a time. His name was Elimelech, and his wife was called Naomi. Elimelech died in this strange land, and Naomi was left with her two sons, who married wives from among the daughters of Moab. And then came a sad time when the sons died, and Naomi was left alone with her daughters-in-law, Orpah and Ruth. They loved one another and dwelt in peace and union, but the mother's heart turned in her loneliness more and more toward her own kindred, her own land, and above all the God of Israel whom she had loved and served in her happy youth, and whom she still loved, though among a people who knew him not.

The longing desire grew in the heart of Naomi, until she could no longer abide in the land of strangers, and one day she turned her face toward the land of Judah, and Orpah and Ruth said they would go with her.

Naomi bade them return, each to her mother's house, and she kissed them tenderly, while all three women wept as they tried to bid one another a long farewell. Then Ruth, her heart running over with love and faith, spoke the words which have lived, and will always live in the world while love and faith are dear to human hearts.

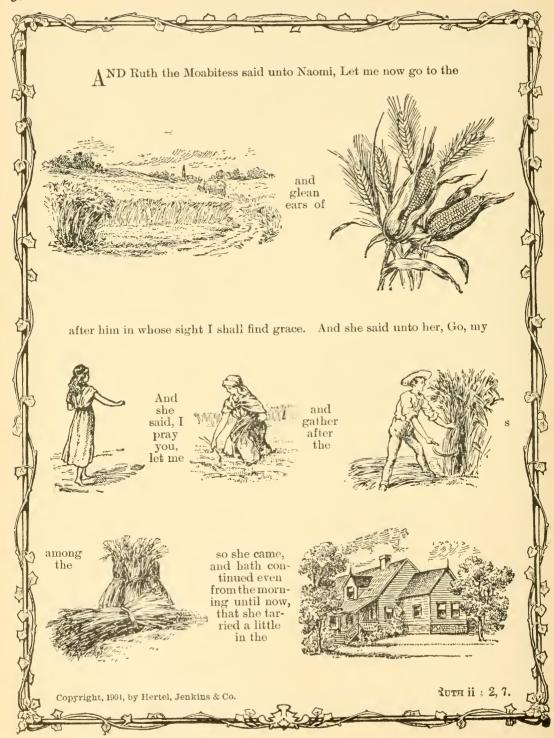
Again Naomi bade the loving daughters return to their own people, and not seek to follow an old and broken woman upon whom the hand of the Lord had been laid. The daughters again wept aloud, and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law again, and turned to go to her own people. But Ruth, glowing with love and the spirit of self-sacrifice, clung to the older woman. When Naomi saw that Ruth was of a steadfast mind and would not leave her, we may well believe that hope and courage entered into the soul of the sad-hearted woman and she went on her way with a heart lightened and cheered by the love and tenderness of this dear daughter.

Ruth gave up her own people, her own land, and the gods she had been taught to serve. What did she gain?

She gained the undying affection of a lonely woman, the love and respect of all who saw her devotion to duty, and above all else the favor of Israel's God and King! She gained, too, the honor of being an ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ, and her name will be known as long as he is loved and worshiped on earth.

A good and noble man saw this sweet woman gleaning in the field after the reapers. His heart was drawn to her by her beauty and modest ways, and he made her his honored wife, giving her a name and high position, and a dear child was given her, who became the father of Jesse, the father of David, the great King of Israel, from whom in a direct line "was born Jesus who is called Christ."





DAVID AND GOLIATH

ONG ago when the world was young there lived a clear-eyed, noble boy who feared nothing but evil. He was a shepherd lad, keeping his father's flocks on the wide, grassy plains of Bethlehem. He was the youngest son of Jesse, and had several brothers

older than himself. A brave and faithful lad he was,—so brave that when peacefully watching his sheep one day, a lion came out of the rocky gorge not far away, and tried to carry away some of the tender lambs, their young shepherd, thinking not of his own safety, slew the lion, and saved his flock! Another day a hungry bear came seeking food, and young David fearlessly slew him—again saving his flock.

There came a day when there was war between Israel and the Philistines. The armies came in plain sight of each other, and the Philistines sent their champion—the great giant Goliath—to dare any man to come out and fight with him and thus settle the quarrel between the two armies.

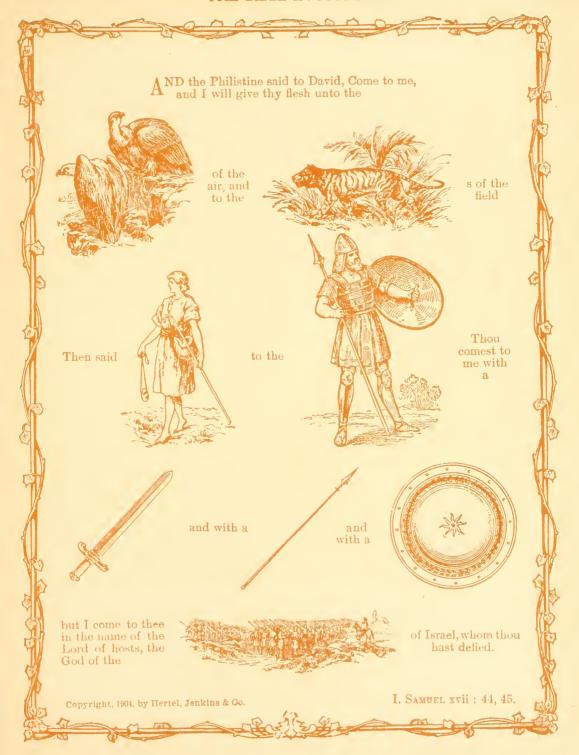
Goliath was taller than any man you ever saw. He wore a great helmet of brass on his head, and his body was covered with a coat of mail. He had a big voice and a fierce look, and all the soldiers who heard him were afraid to fight him. Every day the giant came out and taunted the Israelites and called them cowards, and King Saul's heart was full of trouble and dismay.

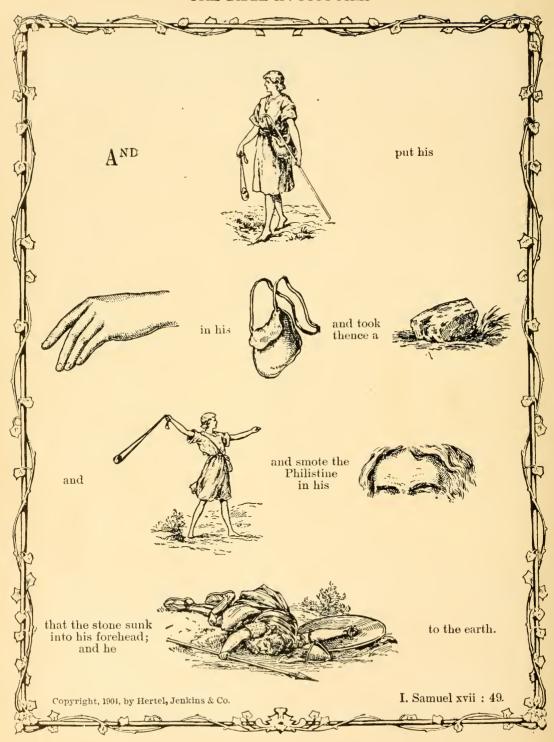
But one day he was told that a lad had come to the battlefield to bring food to his brothers, who said he would fight the giant! Saul said, "Bring him to me." But when he saw the fair face and slender form of young David, he was much disappointed, and said sadly, "Alas! you are too young and

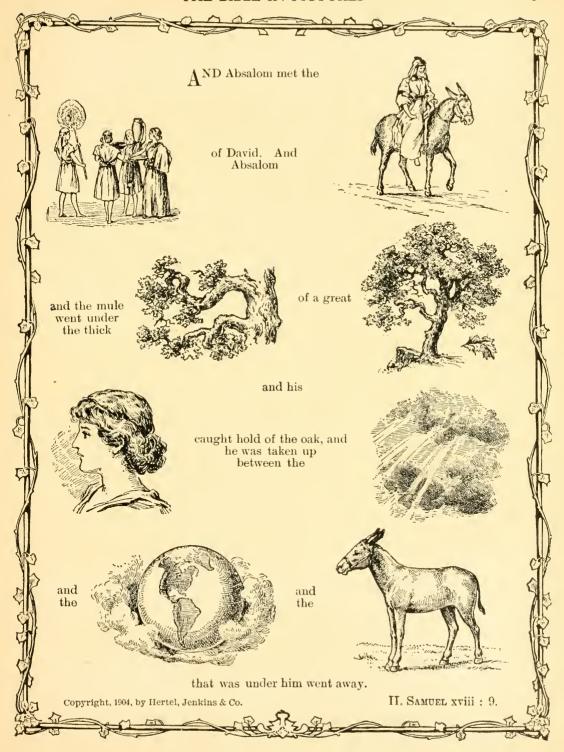
weak to fight a great giant like Goliath." But David, looking the king in the eye, said modestly but bravely, "The Lord who delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." Then Saul saw that David was not thinking of his own power or strength, but of the power and strength of the great God, and he said, "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

So David went, believing in his faithful young heart that God would humble the pride and wickedness of this powerful giant, and give the victory to His people Israel. He would not wear armor or carry a sword. He wanted all the people to see that God could use a weak boy to conquer evil, and he took only his shepherd's staff and his sling, and went cheerfully to meet the bad, bold giant.

When Goliath saw this fair, ruddy-faced boy coming to meet him, armed only with his shepherd's staff and a sling, he despised him and cursed him by his gods. But David said to him, calmly, "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts; this day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand." The giant came to meet him in great rage, rattling his armor and waving his sword, but young David, who had picked up a few smooth stones from the side of the brook, only took one of them from his little shepherd's bag, put it carefully in his sling, and threw it with so true an aim, and with such power in his young hand, that it struck the fierce giant squarely in the forehead, and he fell down flat upon his face! When the soldiers of the two armies saw this the Israelites shouted for joy, and the Philistines turned and ran away, for they saw that the God of Israel was fighting for His people.



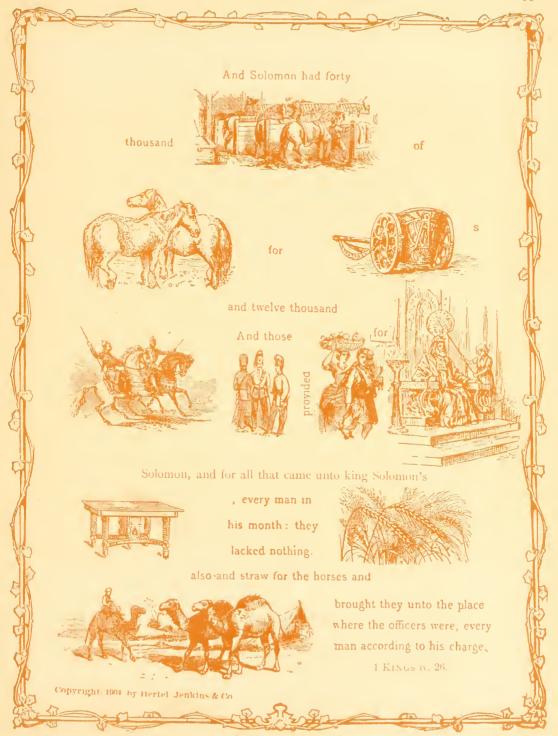


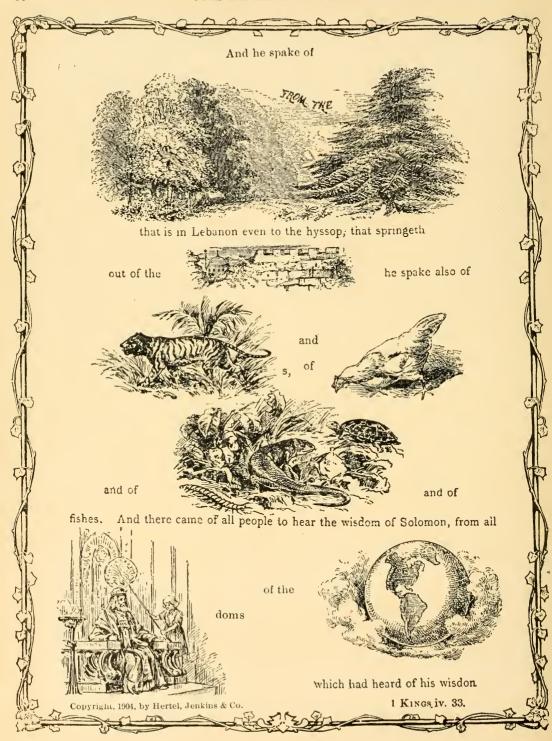


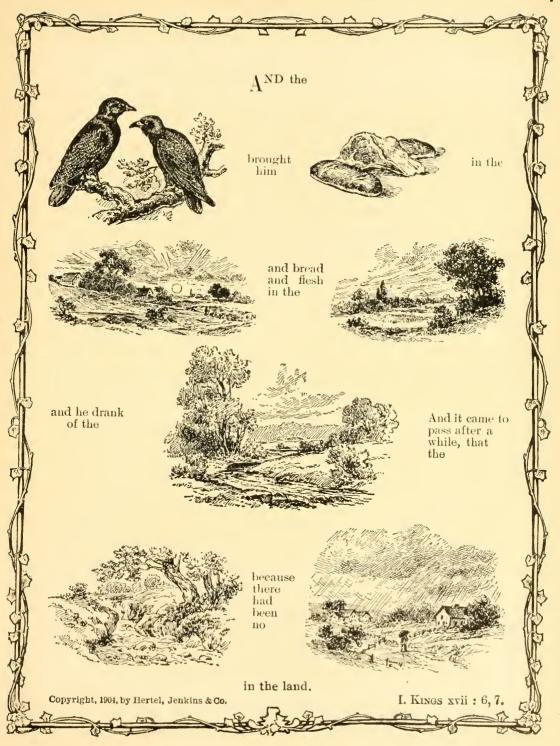


RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

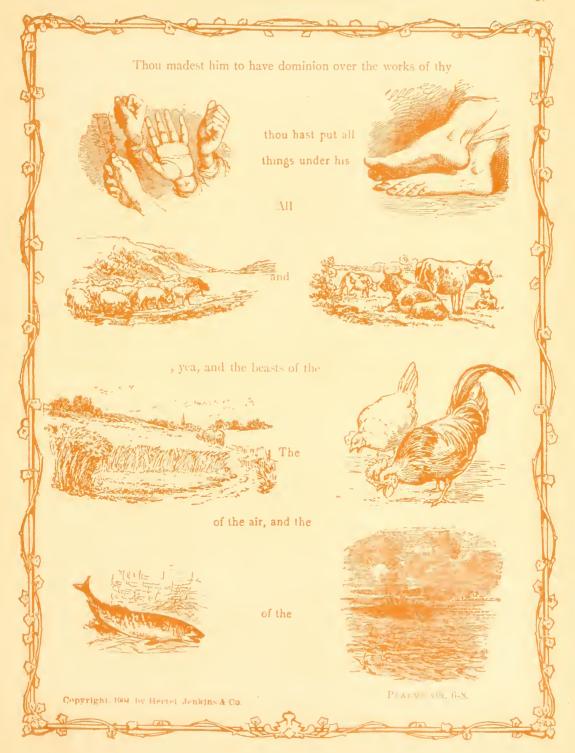
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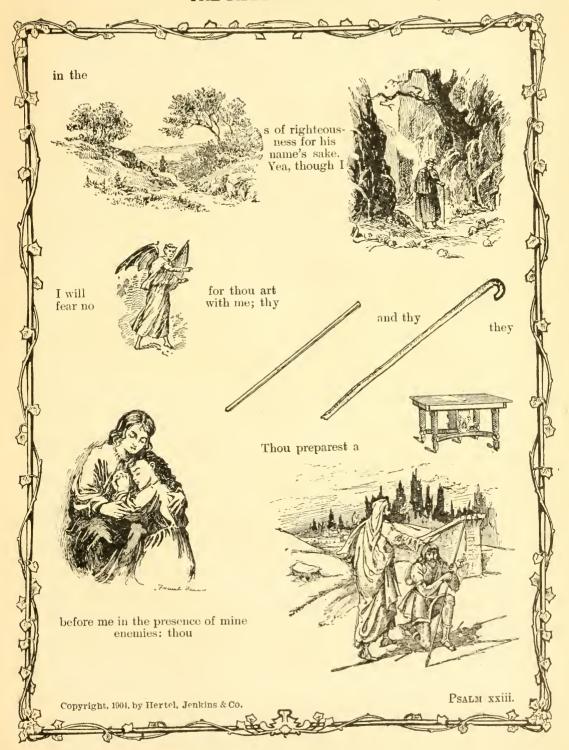


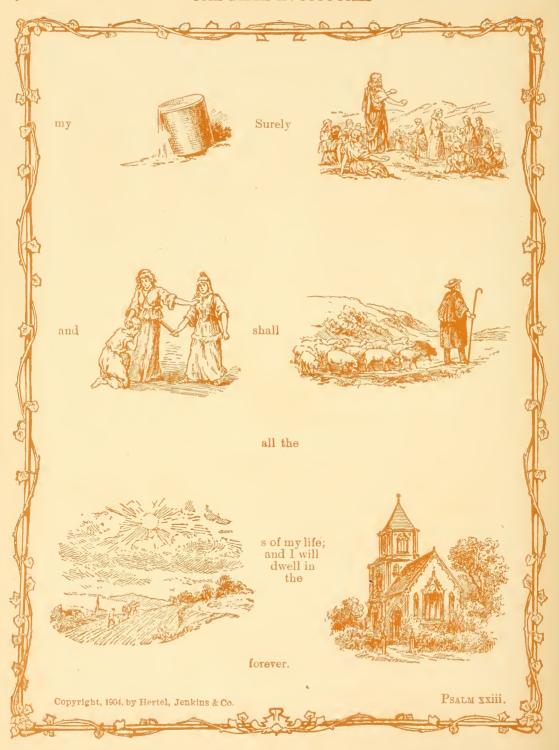


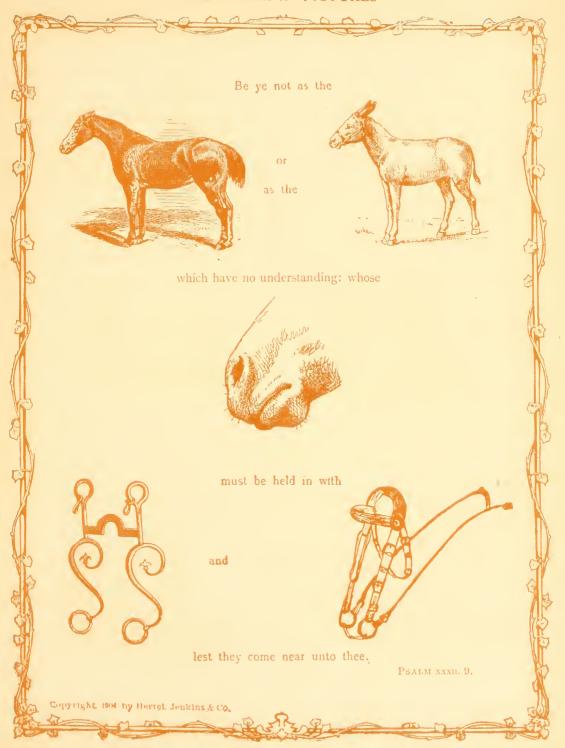


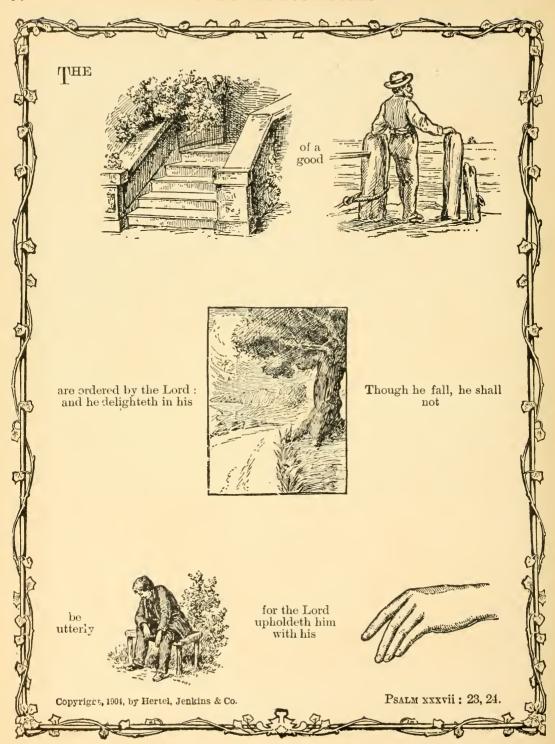


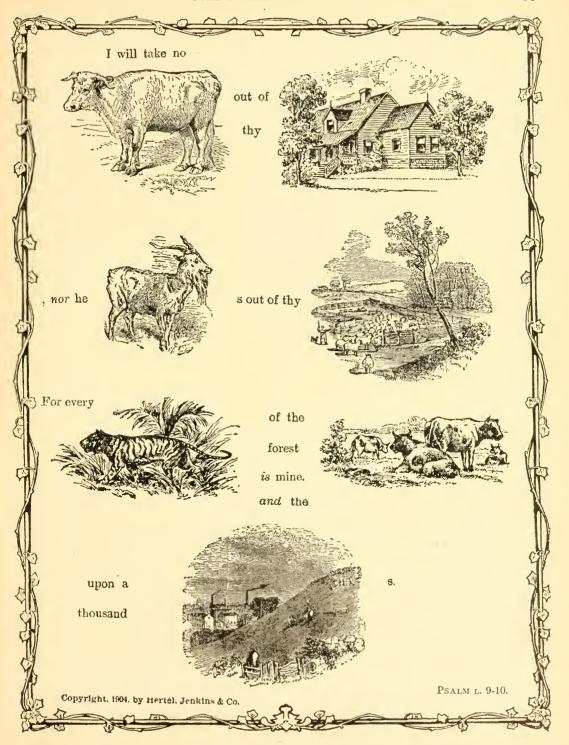


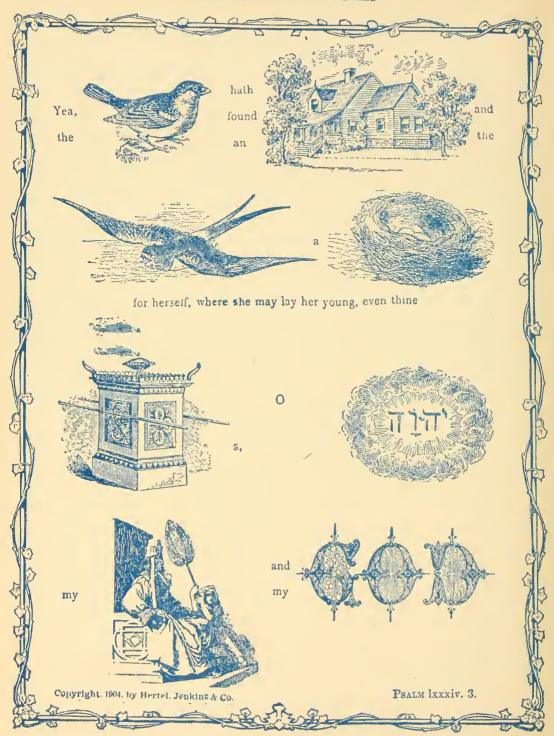


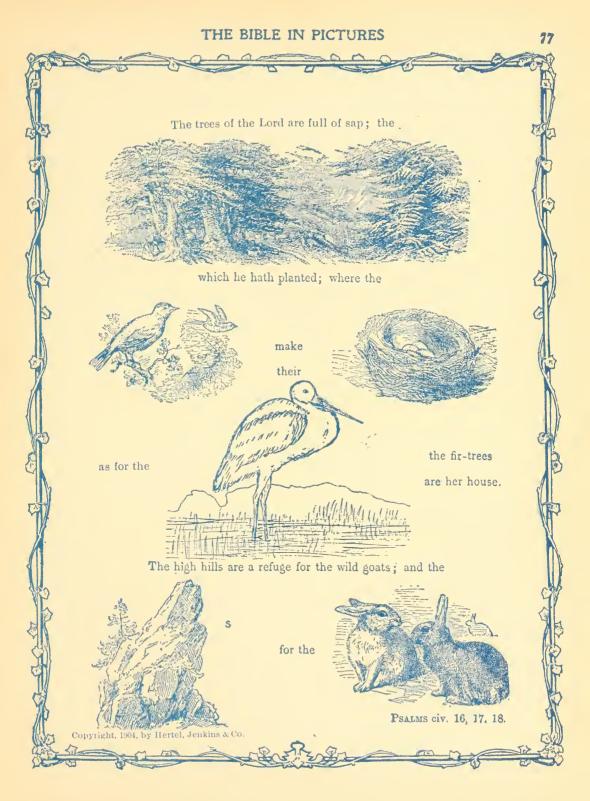


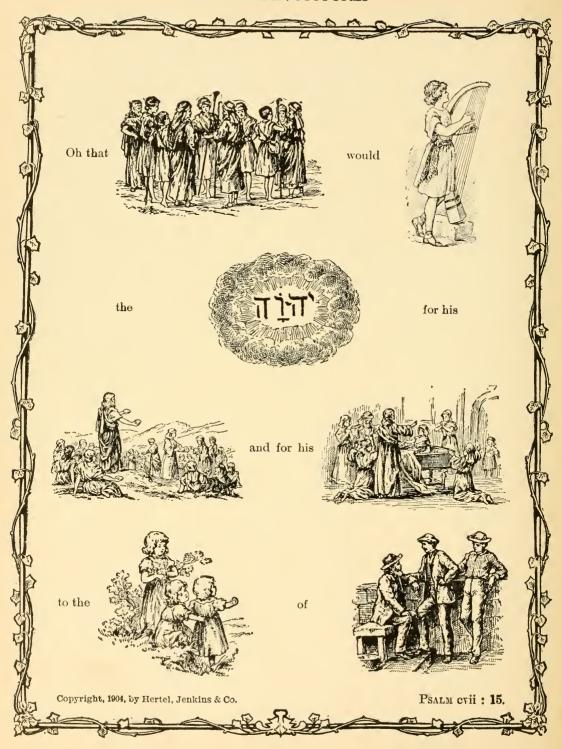


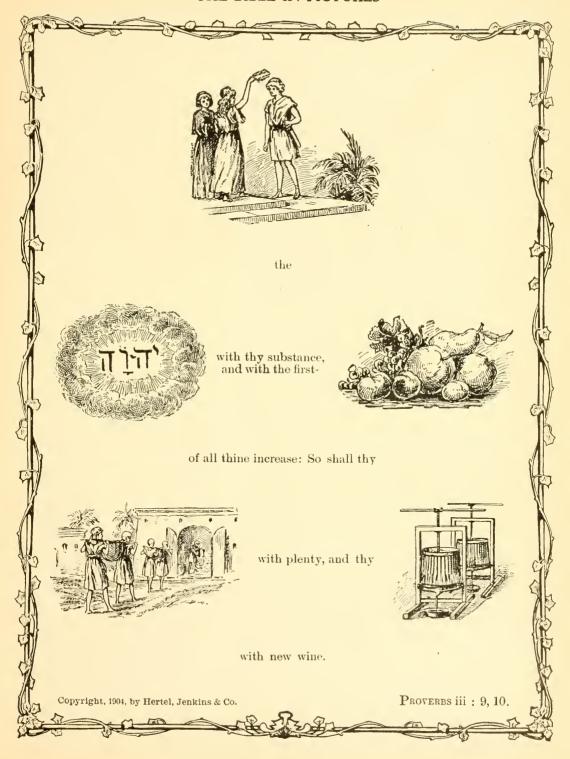




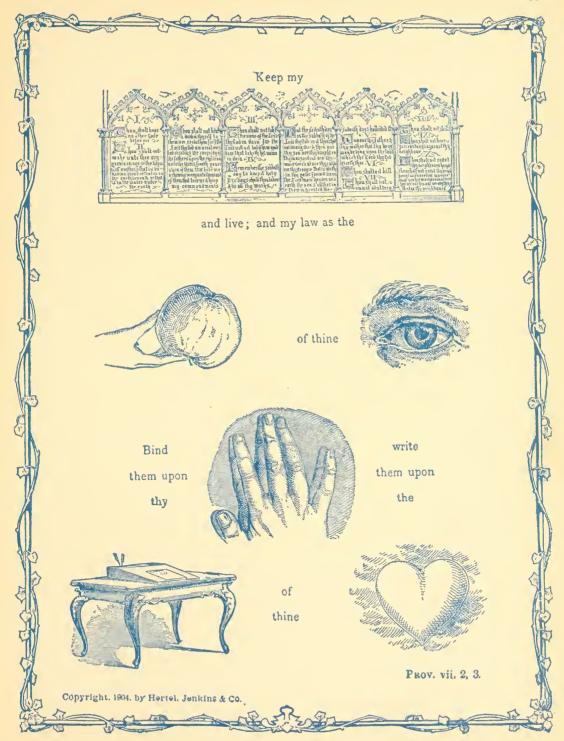


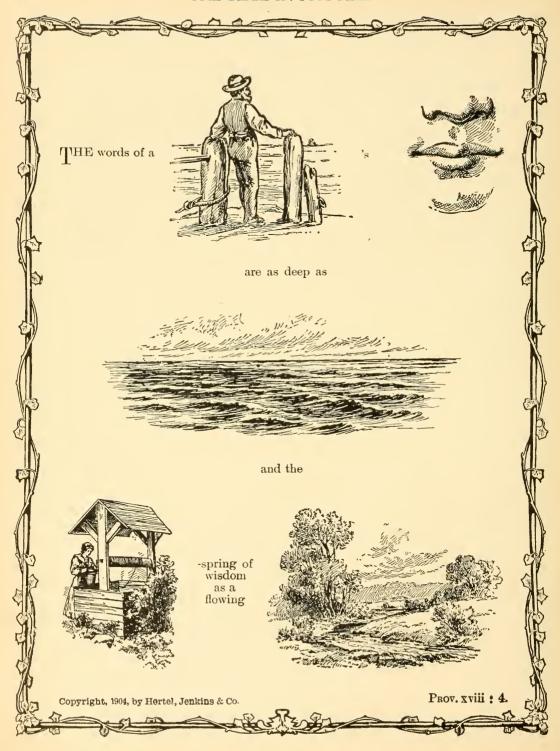


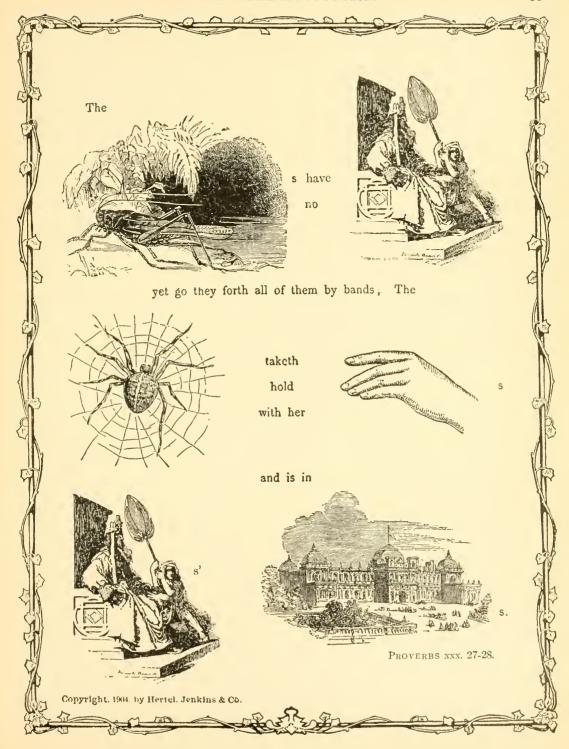




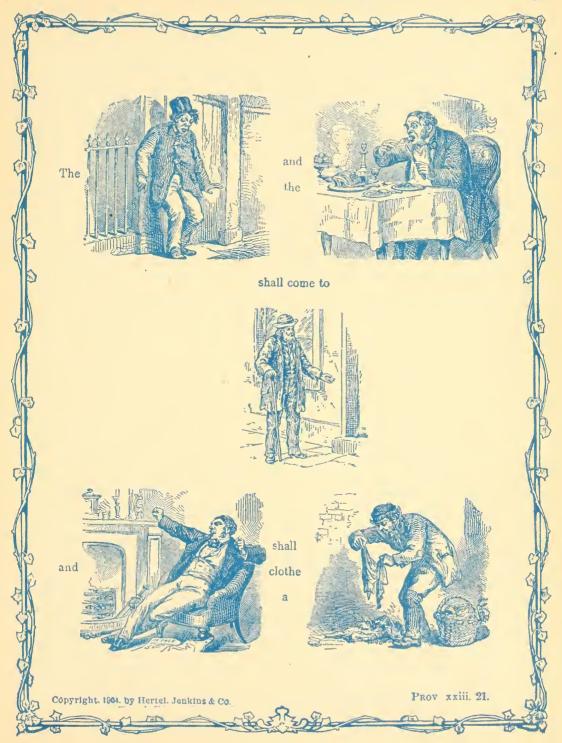


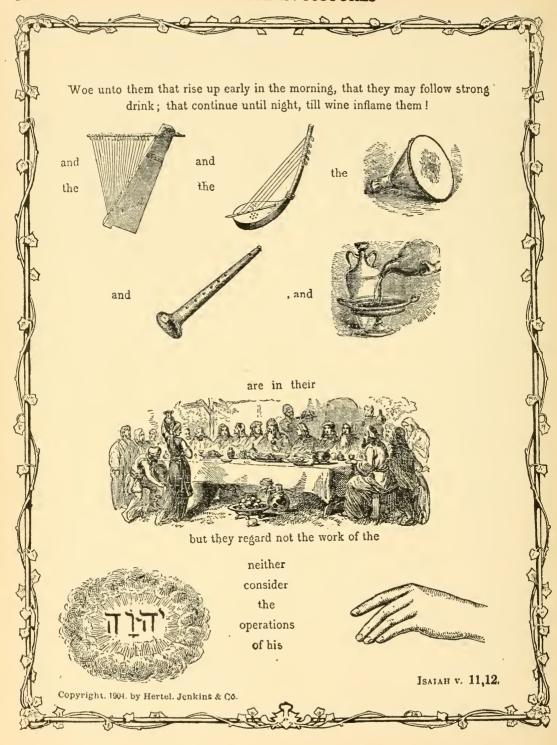


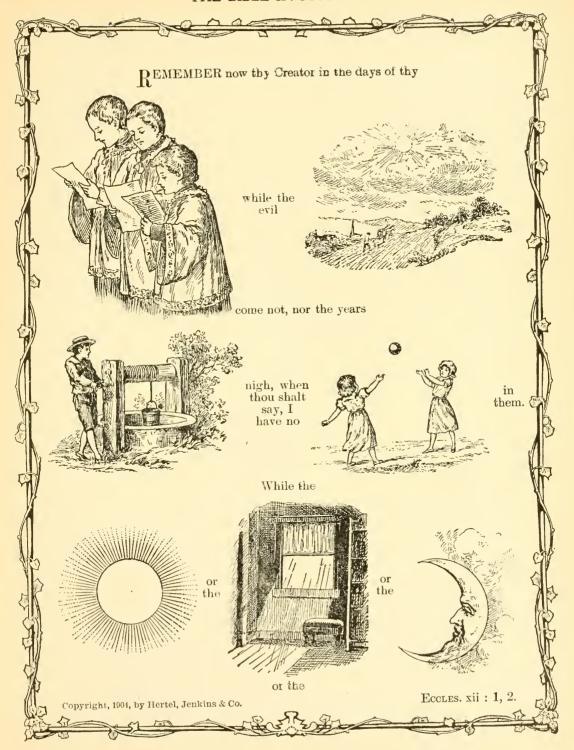




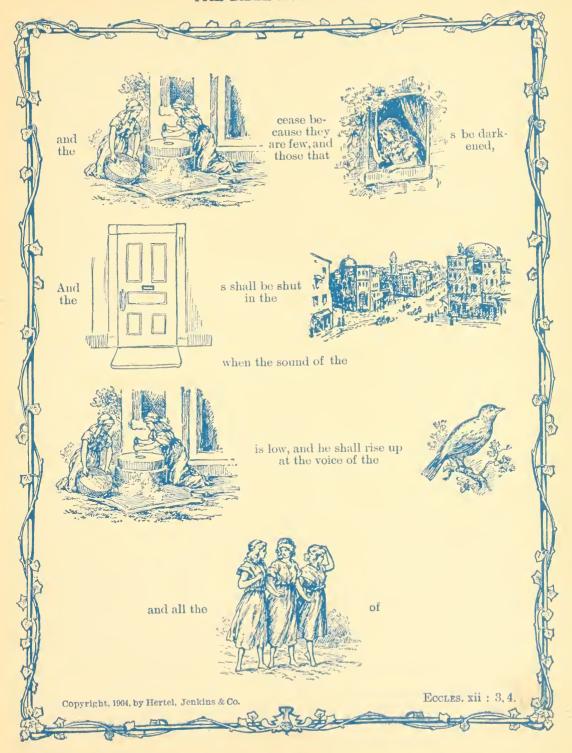


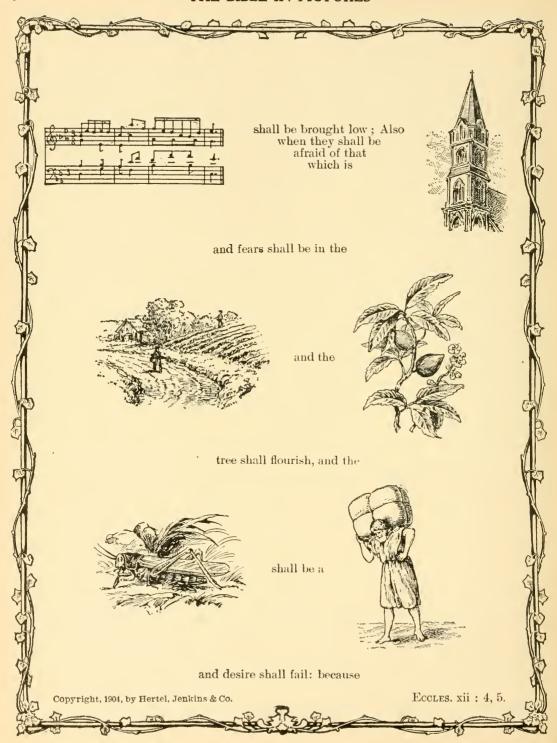


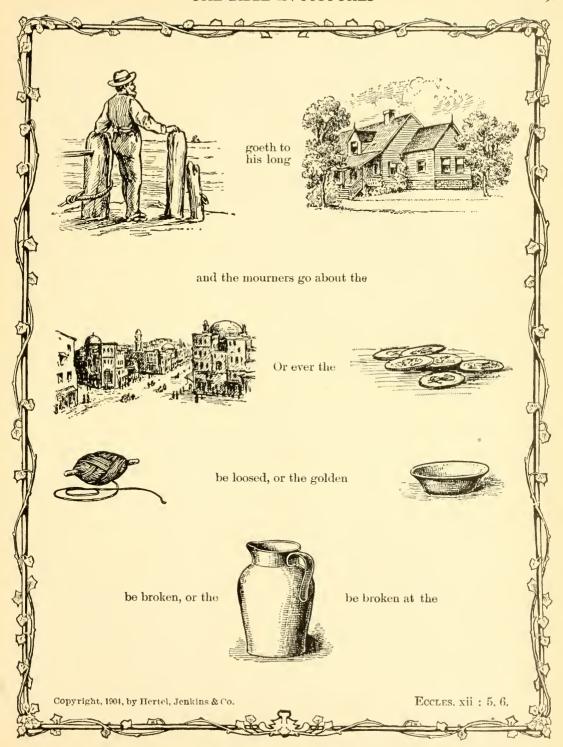


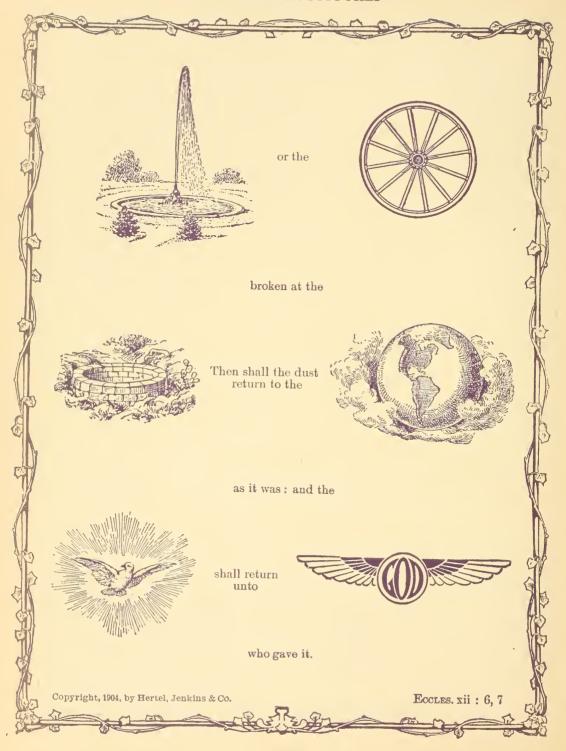


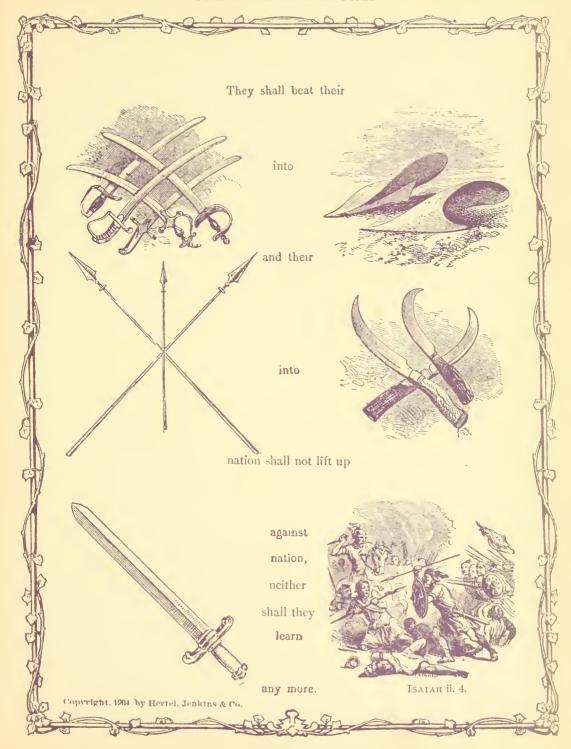


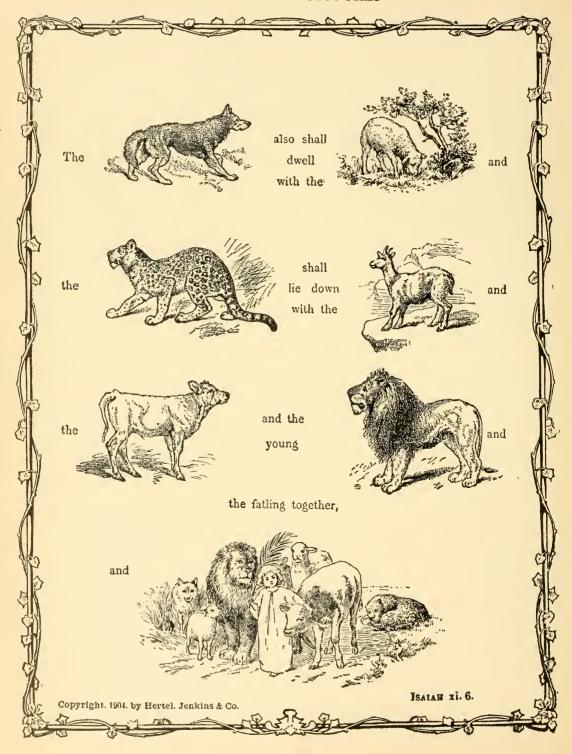


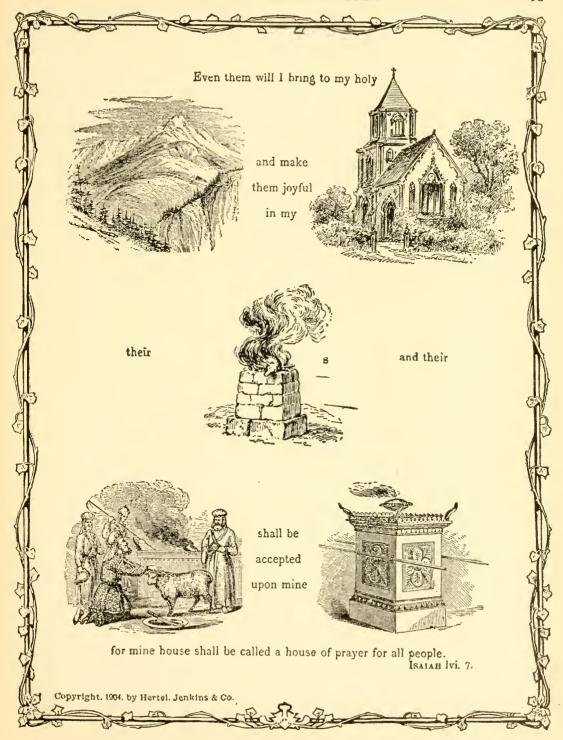




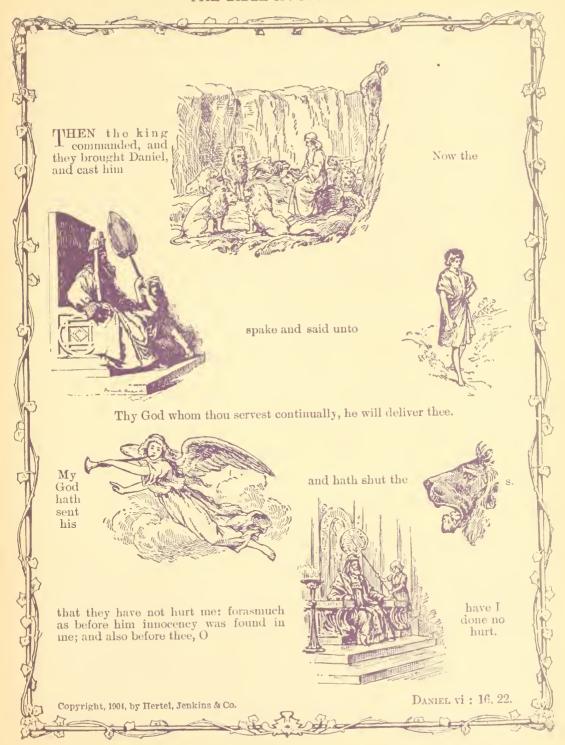


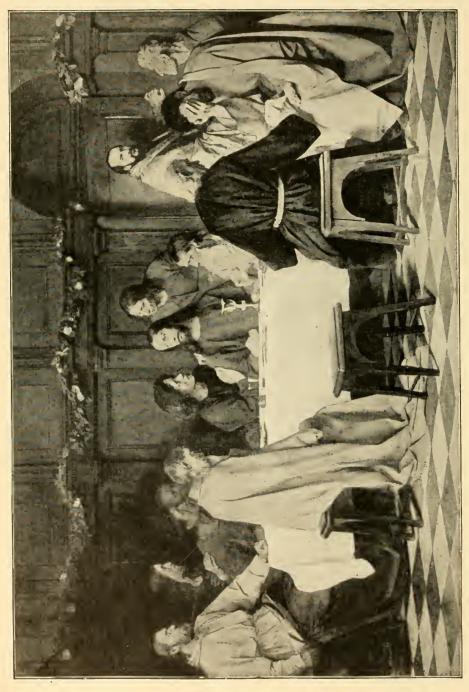


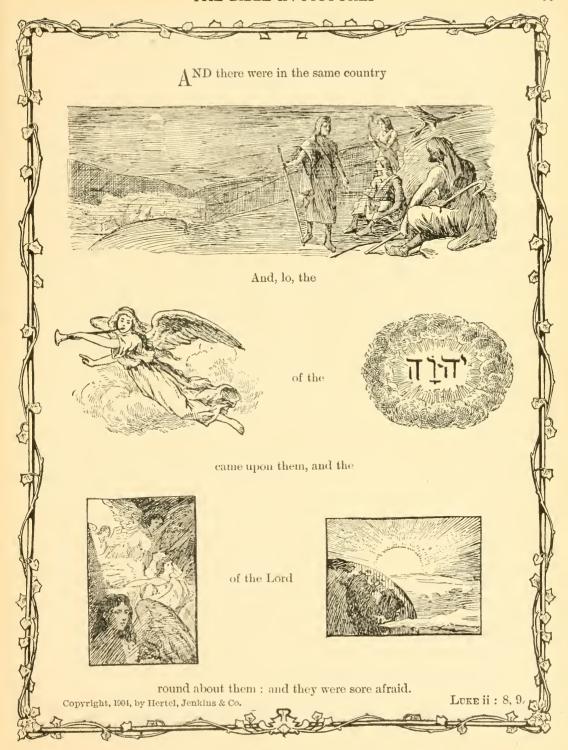


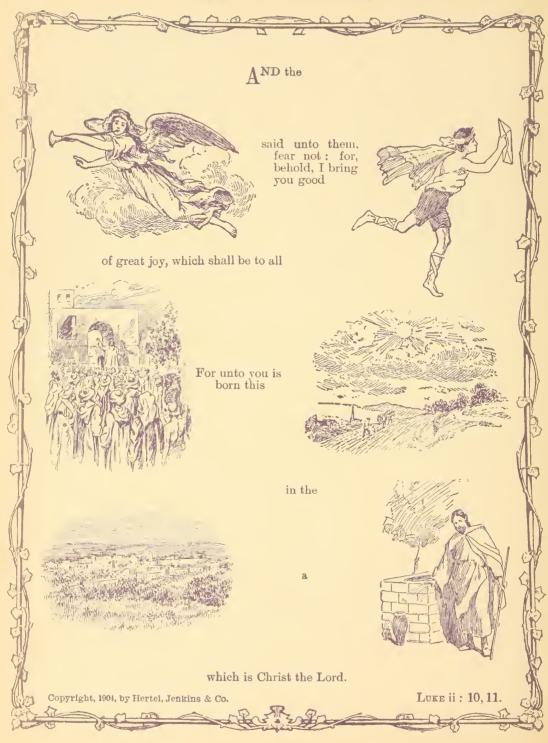


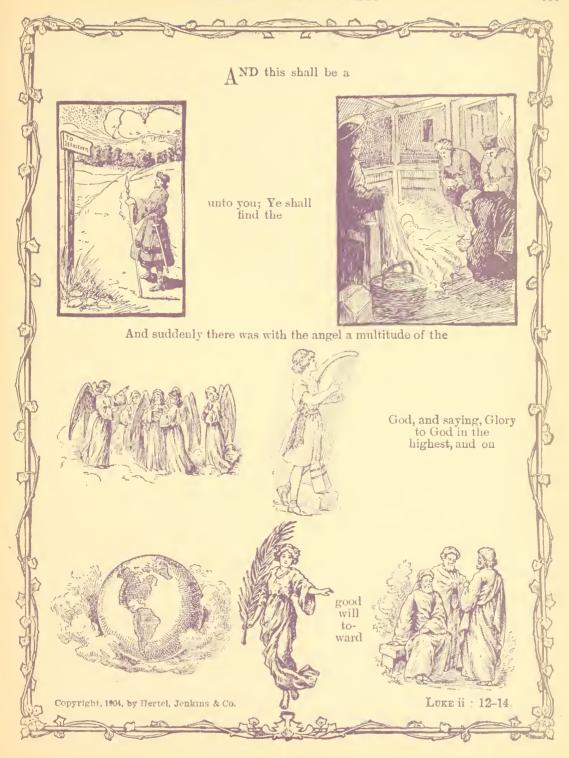


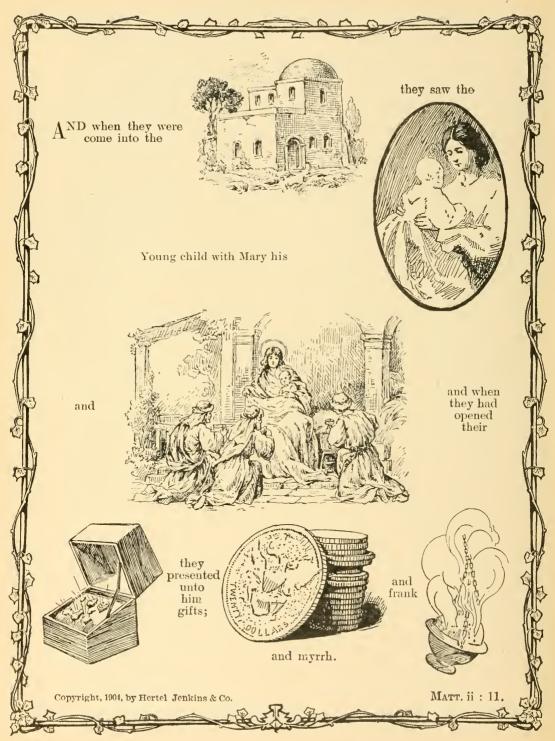






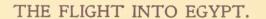








THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT



RISE! Take the young child quickly: We must flee!" It was Joseph, the carpenter, calling in the still night to Mary, the mother of Jesus. What did it mean?

The Holy Family lingered still in Bethlehem. In the night time an angel of the Lord spoke to Joseph in a dream bidding him take Mary and the Child and fly to Egypt because of the cruel King Herod, who had heard the story of the Wise Men, and feared the little new-born King.

In quiet haste Mary rose and made ready, and soon the three were under the stars, Mary, bearing the precious Babe in tender arms and riding upon the gentle ass, while Joseph hurried along by her side, knowing well that the danger was real, else the Lord would not have sent his angel to warn them. And so it was, for they were scarcely outside the walls of the city when Herod's soldiers came at his command to slay all the children of two years and under, thinking in this way to destroy the Holy Child whom the Wise Men had called King of the Jews.

Egypt lay nearly eighty miles in a straight line from Bethlehem. The road ran along the hill tops, then down to the plains and the seashore. It was the lovely springtime, and in the young mother's fearful heart there was yet a thrill of joy in the thought that her blessed Child was so plainly under the direction of the King of Heaven!

Eighty miles seems but a short journey with our modern ways of travel, but nineteen hundred years ago, and in the land of our Lord, it took many days. The patient ass toiled on, carrying his precious burden, and Joseph, tall and grave, kept faithful watch by day and by night.

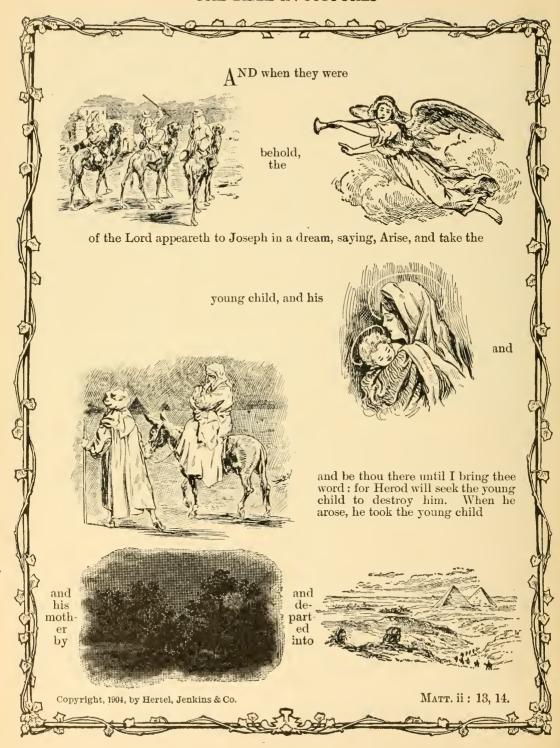
And now see how God had made this journey to a strange land and a long stay there possible. Joseph was a poor man, and Mary was a simple maiden of the hills. In all their lives, perhaps, they had never seen so much money as the Wise Men brought, laying it all at the feet of the infant King! They did not know then what it meant, but now they understood that God had sent them the gold and precious things for this very time of need. How they praised him, and how we, too, should praise him, for he is "Our Father," you know,—the Father of Jesus, and our Father, too!

A river ran between the land of Palestine and the land of Egypt, and in a little less than a week, perhaps, from the night when they stole away from Bethlehem, they came to one of the shallow fords of the river and crossed safely over into Egypt.

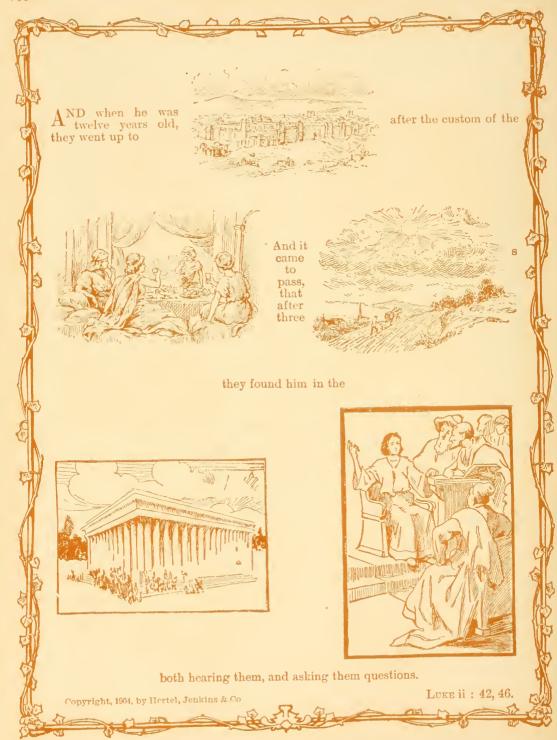
Here the happy little family stayed on, month after month, for Joseph knew well that he must not return to his own land while King Herod lived. With some of the money which the Wise Men brought he could buy tools such as carpenters used in those days, and take up again his clean, honest toil, making a little home for Mary and the child Jesus,—a home in which love and peace lived.

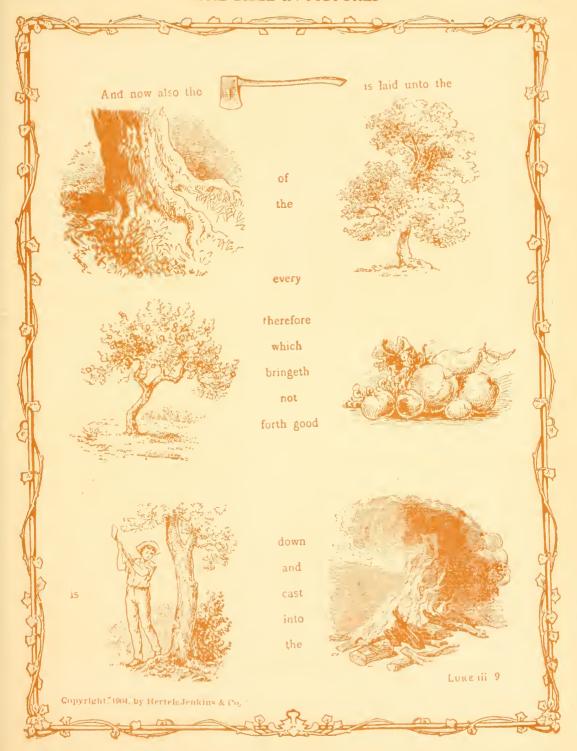
And so the days went by and another glad spring came, and the little Jesus, growing always stronger and sweeter, made the light and joy of the cottage home. Then again the angel came to Joseph in a dream and said: "Arise, take the young child and his mother and return to thine own country, for they are dead which sought his life."

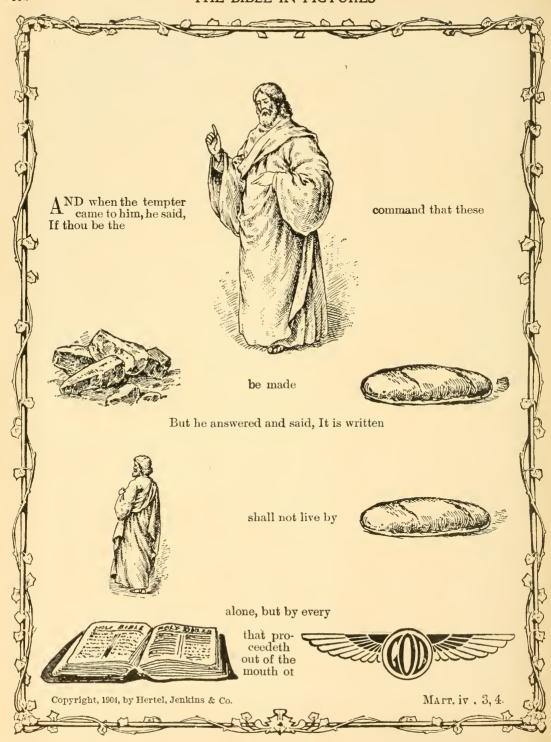
So Joseph and Mary, with the Holy Child, went gladly back to their own dear home in the hills, and they dwelt there in peace and simple comfort for many happy years.

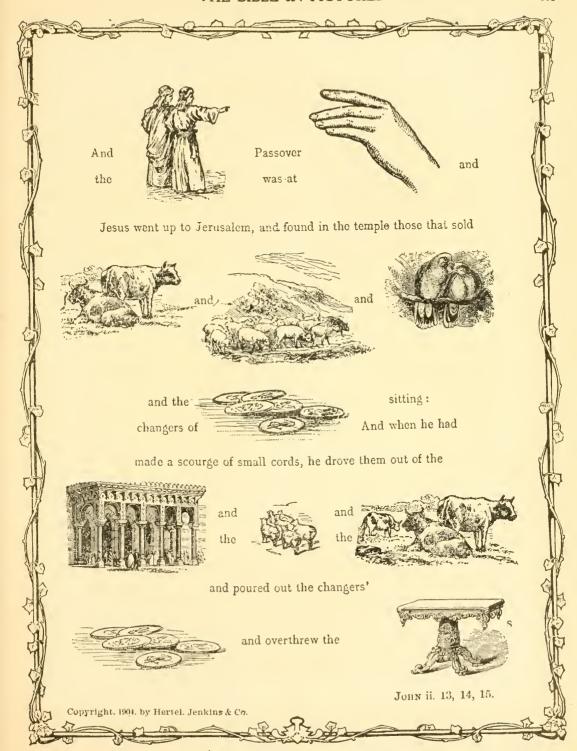


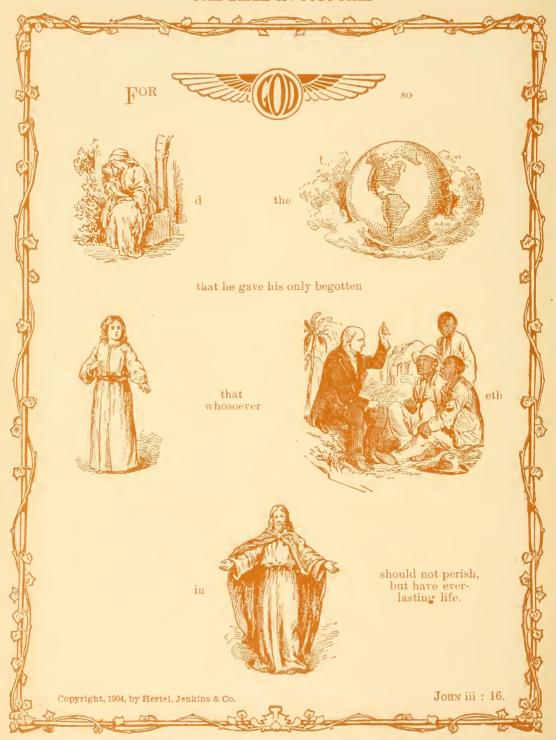












"FISHERS OF MEN."

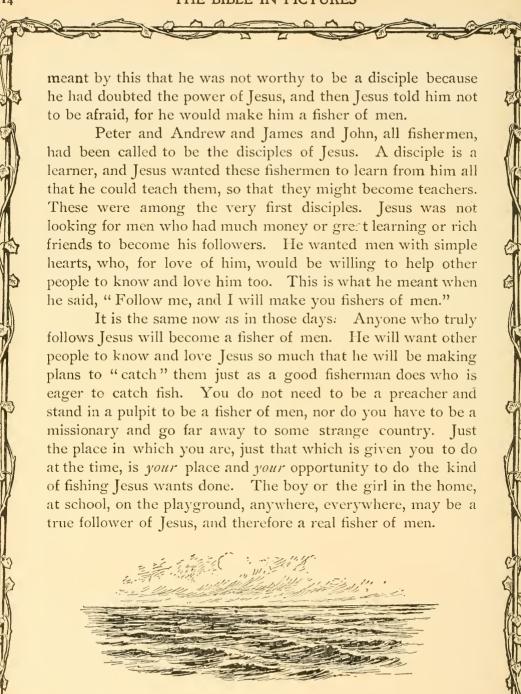
EAR not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

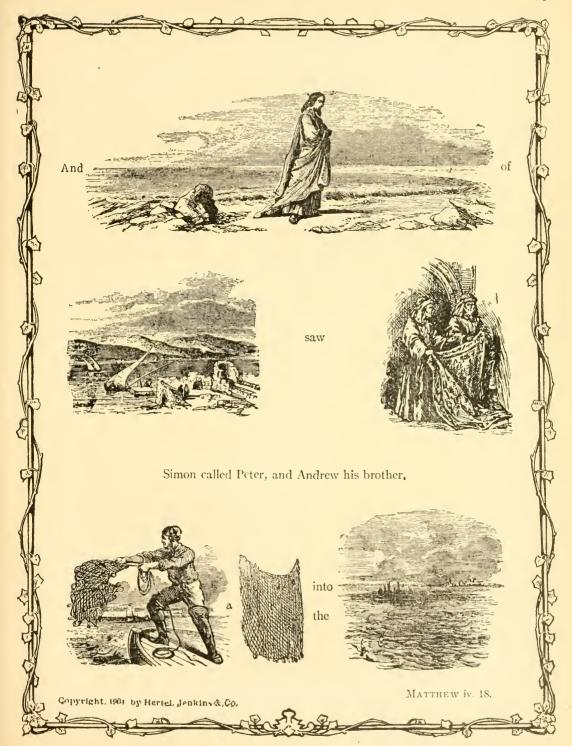
Jesus spoke these words to Peter one lovely morning, standing on the shore of the blue Sea of Galilee. He had been teaching the people who flocked in crowds about him, and while he was still

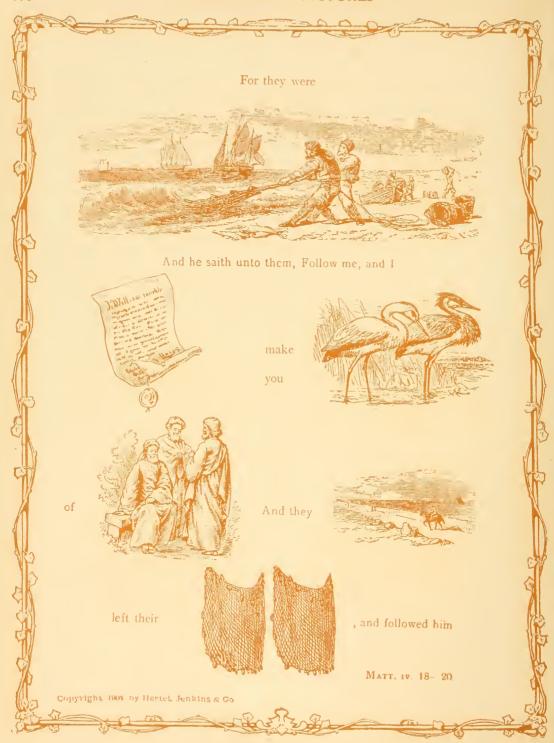
speaking two fishing boats came to the shore. The fishermen were tired, for they had toiled all night and had caught nothing. They began at once to take the nets from their boats, and to wash the sand and pebbles out of them in order to get them ready for the next night's work.

By this time the people had crowded down upon the water's edge, so that Jesus stepped into Peter's boat and asked him to push it out a little way from the shore. Peter gladly did so, and from the boat Jesus went on speaking to the people, and they listened eagerly to every word he said. When he was done he sent them away, and then told Peter, and Andrew, his brother, to push the boat out into the deep water, and let the nets down again. Peter thought in his heart that this would do no good, but he said, "At thy word I will let down the nets." Peter knew that Jesus was a great Teacher, but he did not know that he was a great Wonder-worker.

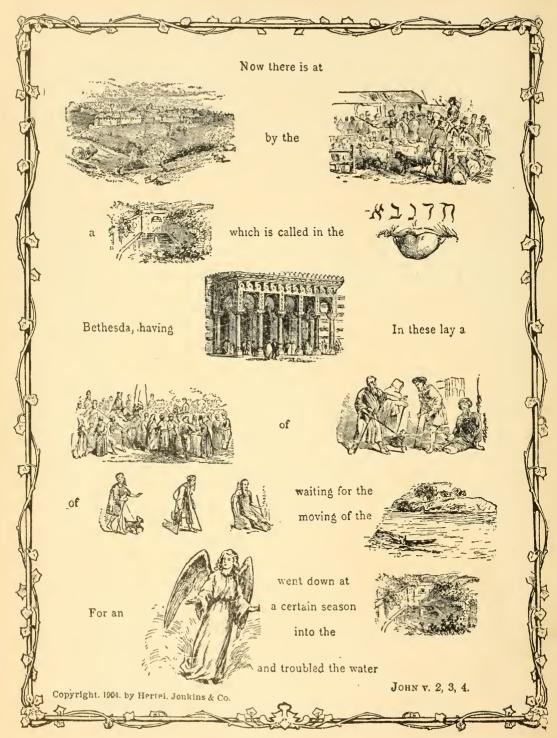
Out into the blue lake Peter rowed again, and this time, though it was morning, when the fish are not easily caught, the nets filled so quickly and were so heavy that the fishermen had to make signs to James and John, their partners in fishing, to bring their boats and help carry the load. When Peter saw this he knew that Jesus could do mighty works, and as soon as he came to the shore he ran and knelt down before him, and said, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Peter

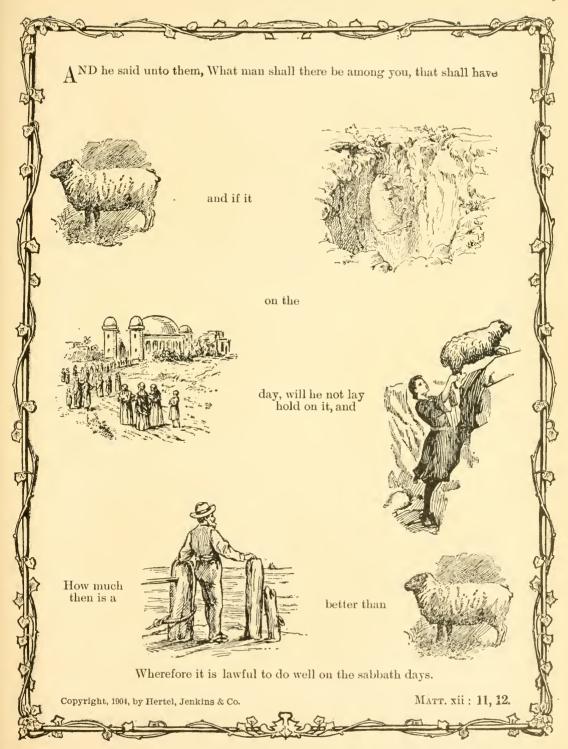






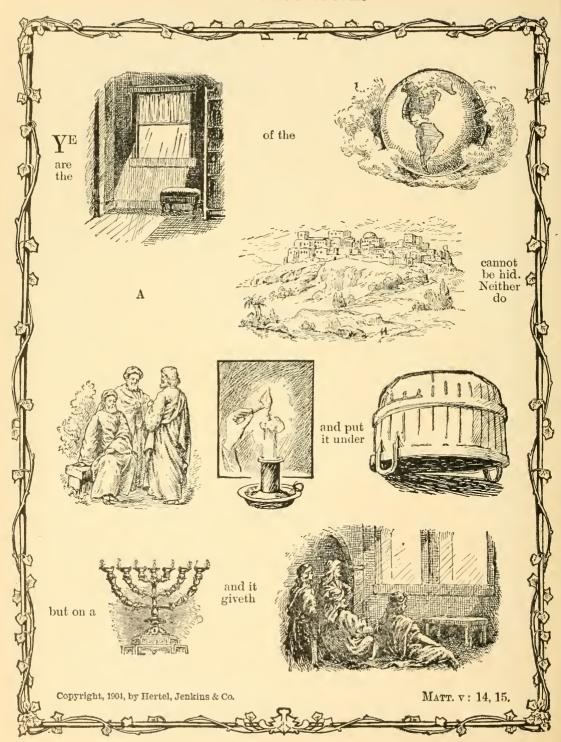


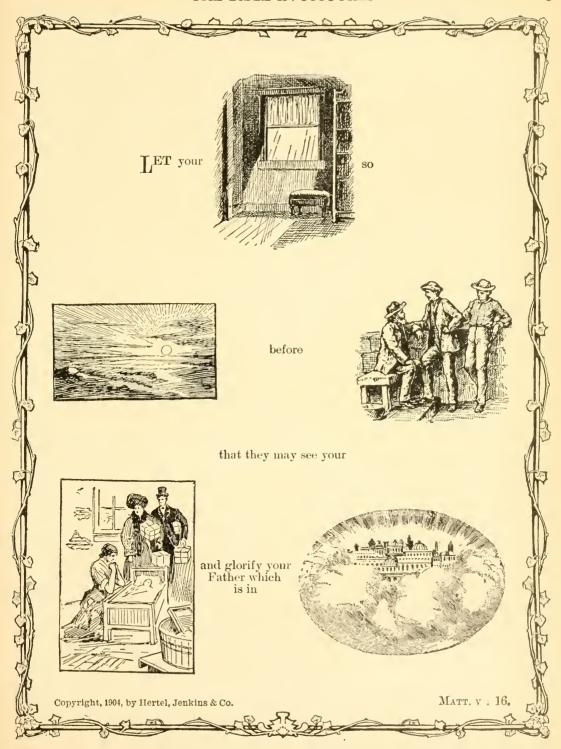


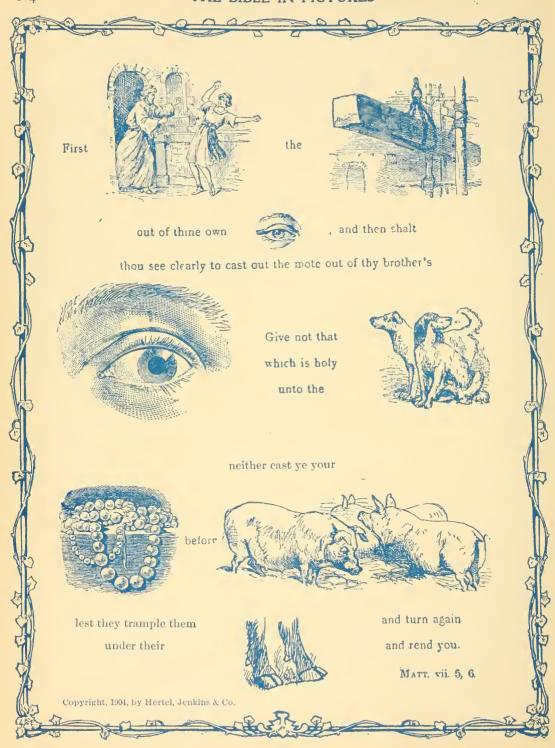


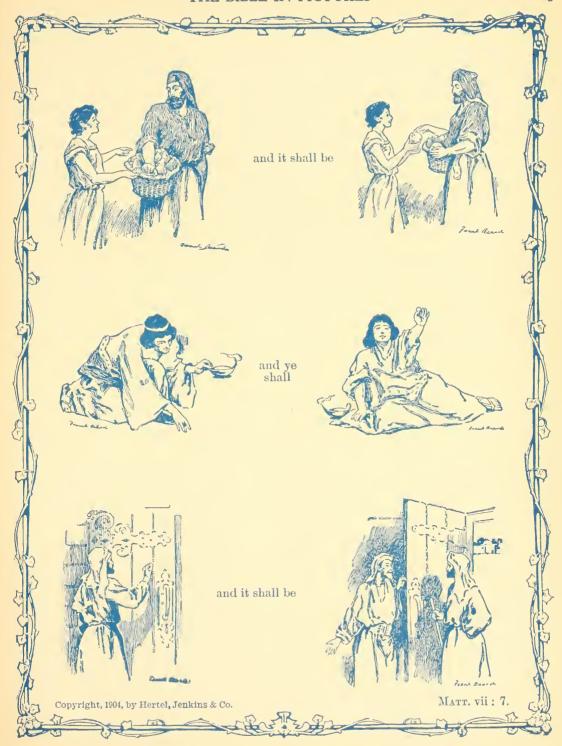


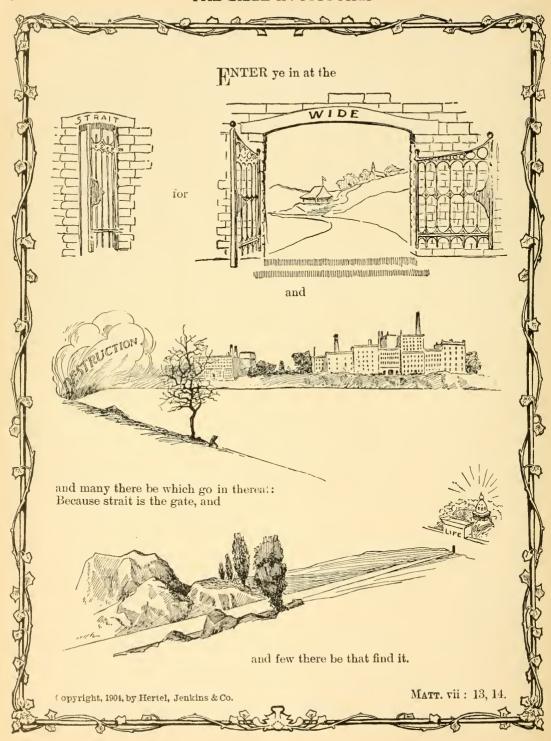


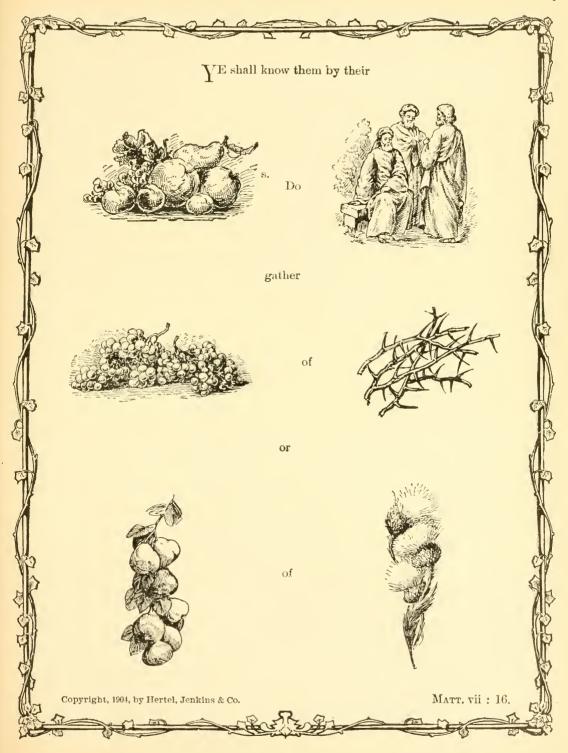


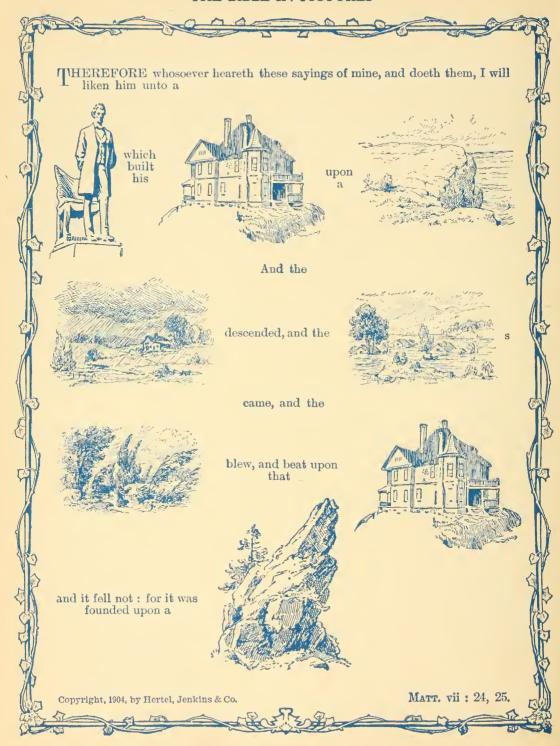


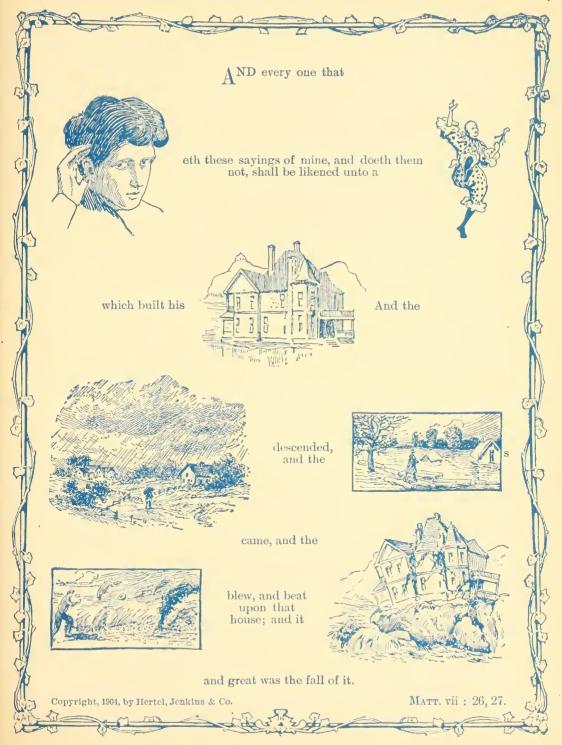




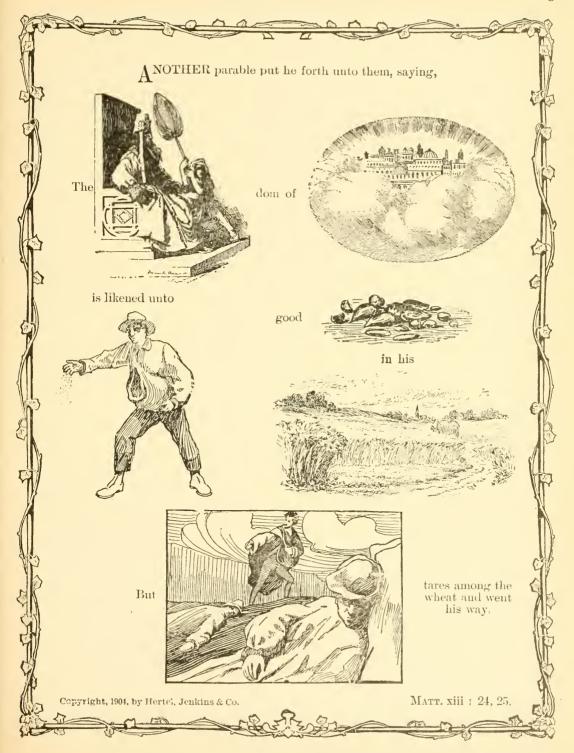


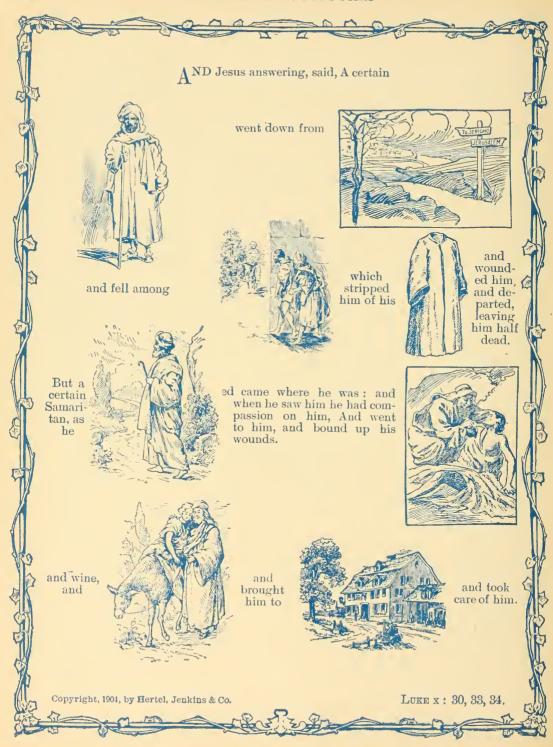


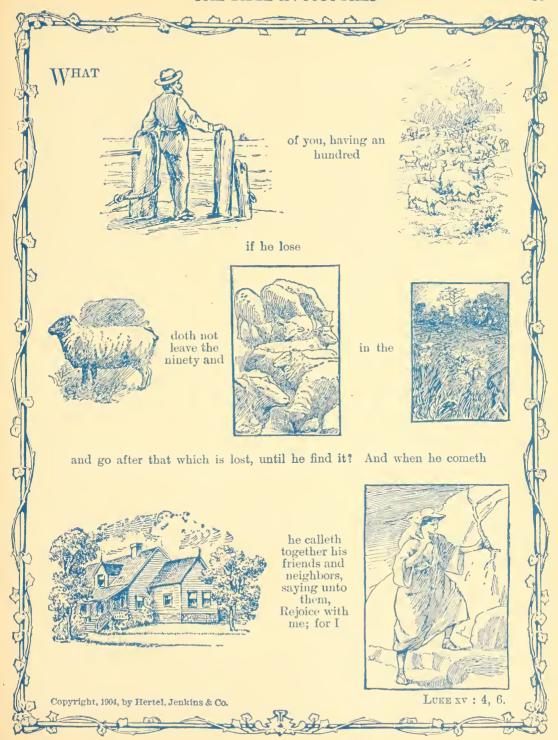




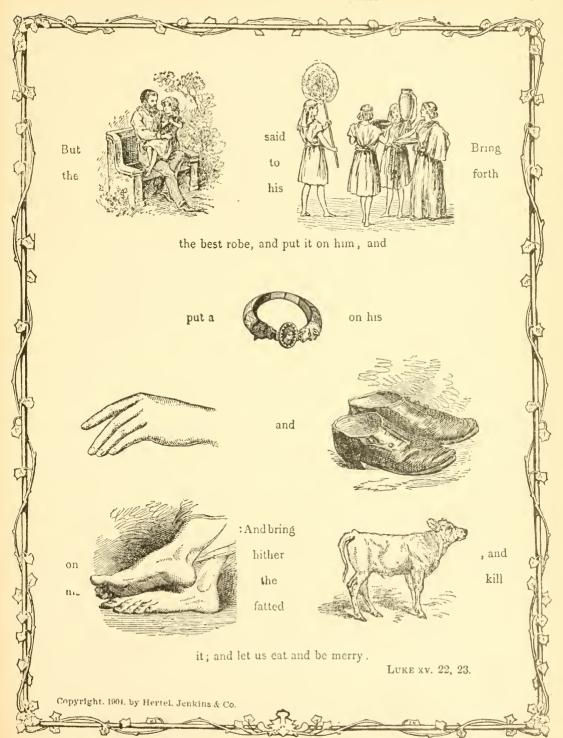














RAISING OF JAIRUS DAUGHTER

Reynolds.



GREAT crowd was waiting to welcome Jesus when Peter's boat, bearing the Master and his disciples, came in sight of the landing place at Capernaum. The sharp-pointed, red sail was lowered, and the curious, kindly people pressed close to Jesus to wel-

come him back to their town. They were proud and pleased to have him among them, for at this time the friends of Jesus were many, and if he had any enemies they wisely held their peace.

But now, pressing through the crowd, with a look of pain on his fine face, came Jairus, one of the great men of the church and town. The people made place for him with looks of pity, for many of them knew that his little girl was lying at the point of death in his home. They looked on with astonishment when they saw the great man come, bending low before Jesus, and heard him say in a voice full of trouble, "My little daughter is dying. Come, I pray thee, and lay thy hand upon her, that she may live." Jairus knew that Jesus had done many wonderful works, and now in his time of great distress he came to him for help.

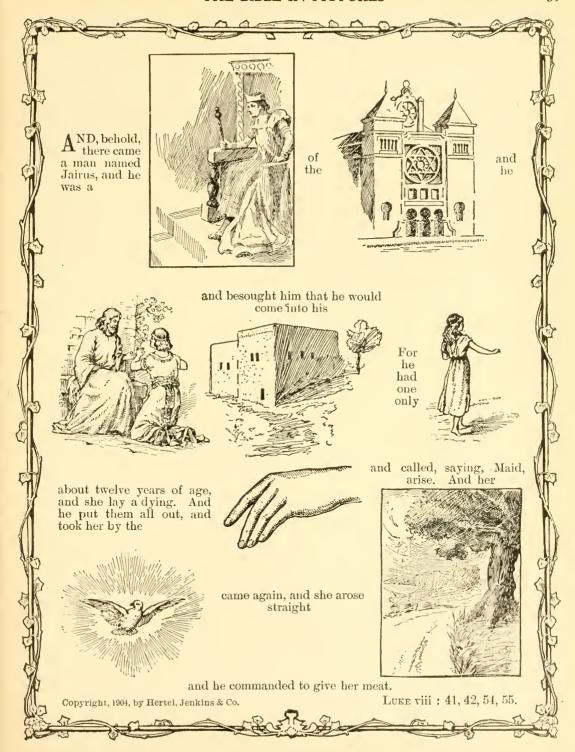
Turning away from the seashore, Jesus went with Jairus toward his fine house, which was just a little distance from the town. His disciples and a crowd of eager people followed him, and they pressed upon him so that he could not move quickly. Then, too, a poor sick woman made herself known to Jesus and begged his help and pity, and did not beg in vain. But while Jesus and Jairus were thus held, a servant came running from the house of Jairus to say that the child was dead, and that he need not trouble the Master to come any farther. Jesus heard

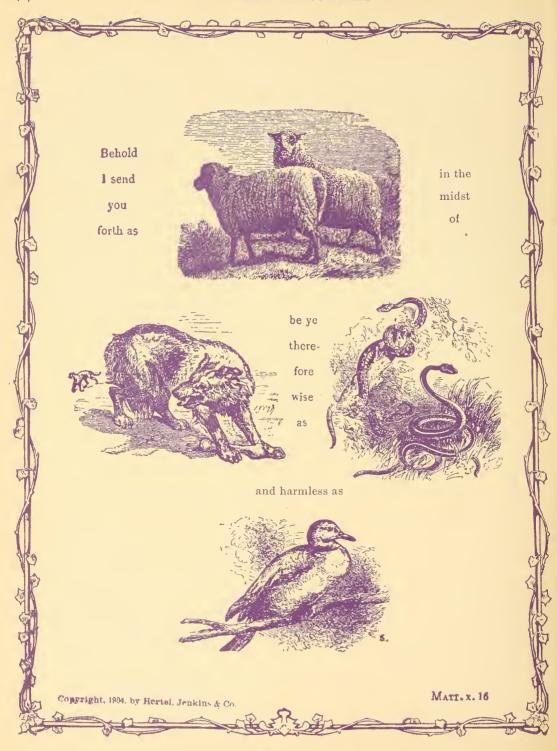
the words, and, looking upon Jairus, said, "Fear not; only believe." What hope and cheer these words must have brought to the heart of the unhappy father!

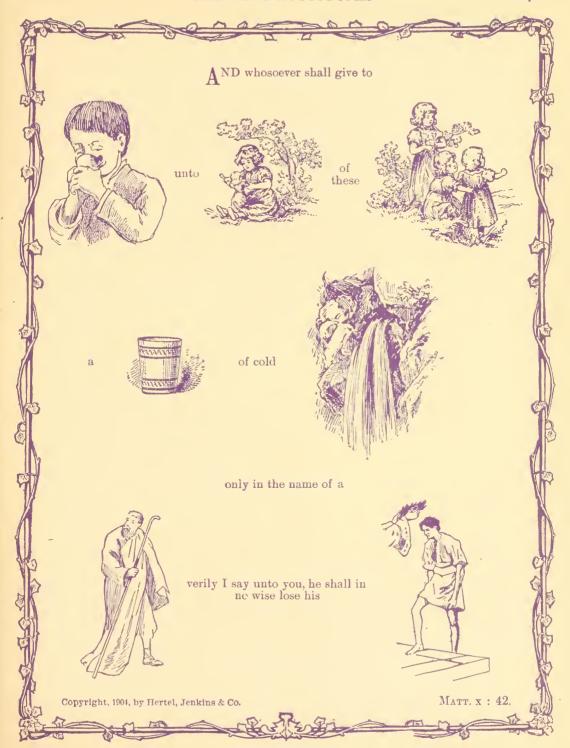
When Jairus came, bringing the Healer, to his beautiful house, he found the door wide open, and many hired mourners had already gathered there. They sat on the floor, the women with their hair falling over their eyes and dust on their heads, and men with garments torn to show their grief—all weeping and wailing loudly. This was the custom in that country when one was dead in a house, and all the time the mournful sound of flutes told those who passed by that the death angel had entered the home.

Jesus told Jairus to send all these people away, for well he knew that the mourning was only a show, without any real grief in their hearts. And when all were gone, except the father and mother of the dear child, he took them, with Peter and James and John, into the little darkened room where lay the silent form of the sweet girl, only twelve years of age. Jesus took the little cold hand into his own, warm and throbbing with life, and saying only two words, "Talitha cumi," which means "Little maid, I say unto thee, arise,"—straightway the spirit of life came back. The child opened her eyes, rose up, and was again her bright, sweet self!

We may never know what she said or felt, or what the glad father and mother felt in their hearts, but it is easy to believe that they fell down at Jesus' feet and thanked him with tears of joy and love, and that ever afterward they loved and trusted the great Healer. And the little girl—did she not owe her life to the One who had called it back, and would it not be her highest joy to pay her debt in love and glad service?







FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

EAREST Children, when we are tired, and perhaps lessons are to be learned, or errands to be done for mother or father, or even little baby brother needs a playmate, it may help us to do whatever is before us if we remember how patient Jesus always was, this disciples labored even when weary, to help the

and how his disciples labored even when weary, to help the people and to work with Jesus.

One time when Jesus and the disciples had worked very hard and all felt weary, Jesus said, "Come, my dear brothers, we will cross the sea in a ship all alone, and reach a quiet place where we can have sweet rest." The disciples gladly went, for they longed for the promised rest. But many people saw the ship depart, and not knowing that Jesus and the disciples went away to be alone, they followed on foot, walking around on the land, and hurried so as to be there when the ship landed.

Jesus was surprised when they came ashore not to find the quiet spot which he sought, but a gathering of thousands of people, who had come to be healed and helped.

He did not tell them that he and his disciples had worked hard and must rest; he smiled sweetly, and patiently spent the remainder of the day talking gently to those who needed counsel, and healing those who were ill. The little children gathered about him, knowing Jesus could soothe all their sorrows, and when evening came there was not a troubled heart in all the gathering.

At length the disciples came to Jesus and said, "It is growing late and these people have no food. Shall we not send them to the villages that they may be fed?" But Jesus answered, "No, they walked so far to be with us, that I fear they

are too weary to go to the villages. The little children could not wait so long or walk so far—all of these dear followers must be fed here." The disciples in surprise replied, "Master, there are thousands here and no one has brought food except a little lad, and he has only five barley loaves and two small fishes."

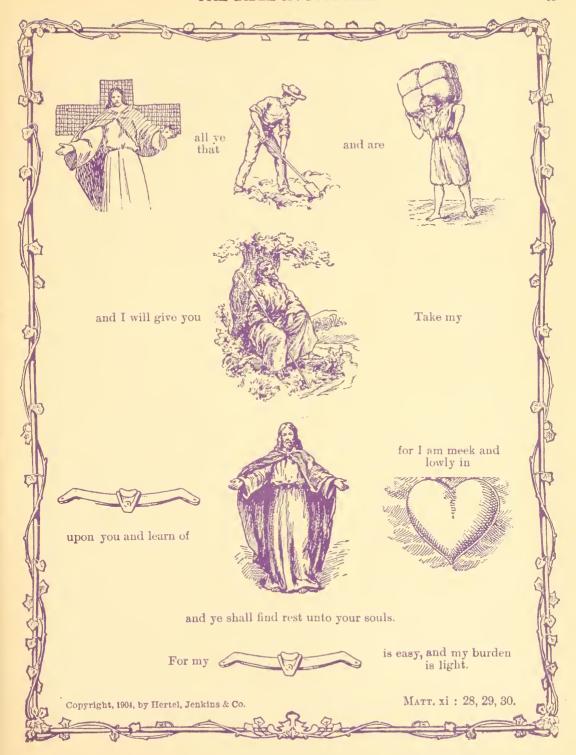
Jesus was glad to hear of the little lad who had the loaves and fishes and asked them to bring the boy to him. The little boy was very happy to be called close to Jesus' side, and although he was hungry and did not know what Jesus intended to do, he quickly gave him his little luncheon, for, trusting Jesus, no sacrifice was too great to make for his dear sake. But Jesus, who never fails us, surprised the little boy as well as the people gathered there, by making the five loaves and the two fishes feed them all, for as quickly as he gave food to one, more food appeared for another, and soon they were all supplied with plenty to eat, and were seated on the soft, green grass, eating and resting, and not forgetting to have thankful hearts for the blessing they had received.

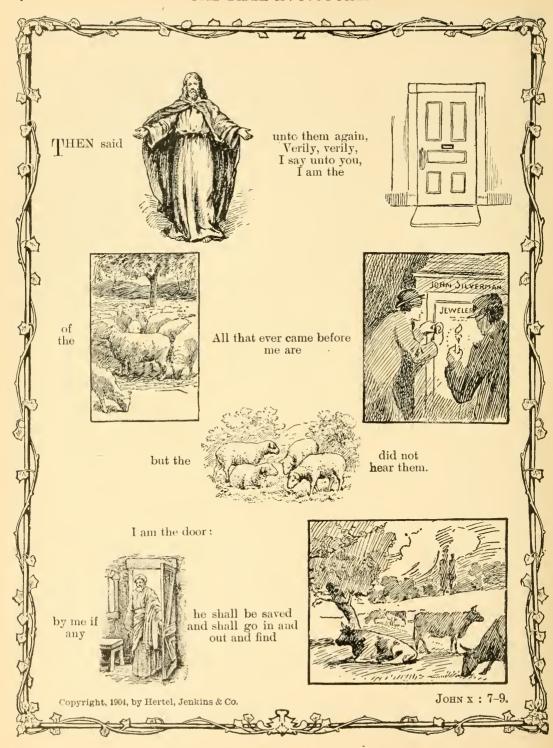
After the people had eaten, and all were satisfied, Jesus told his disciples to gather up what was left, and they quickly did so, filling twelve baskets with the fragments.

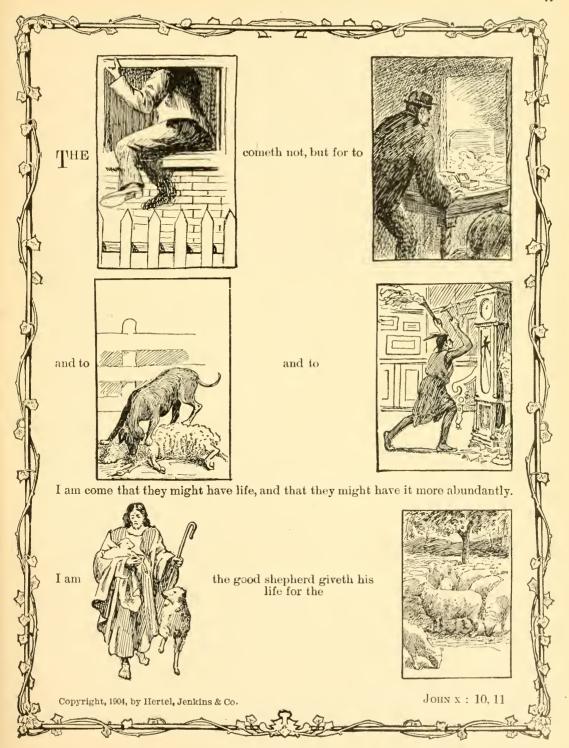
No crumbs were left on the beautiful velvety grass—all was left as clean as if no one had feasted there. Everybody looked satisfied and happy and peace reigned in the hearts of all.



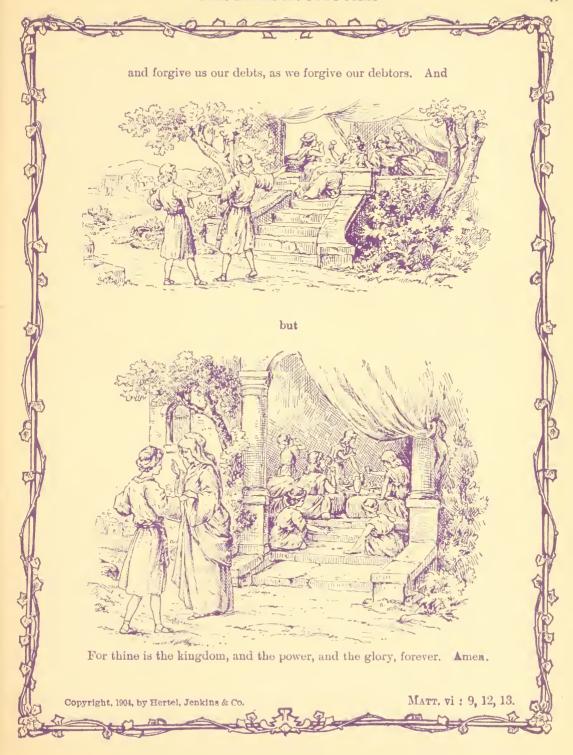


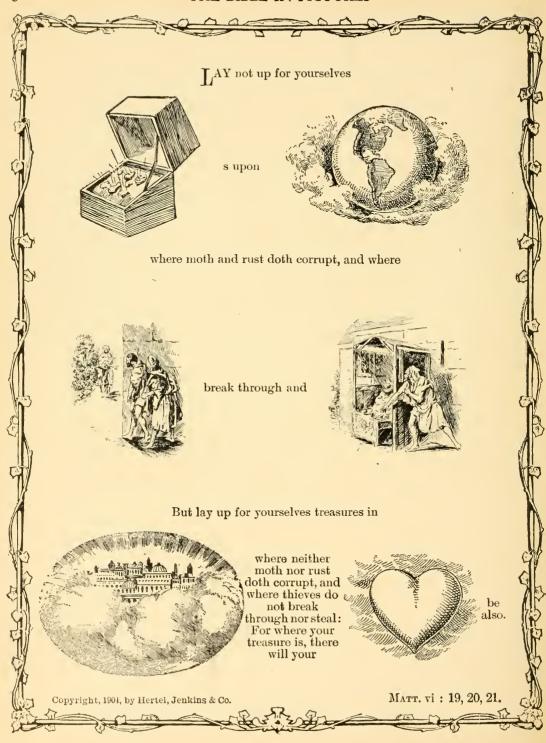


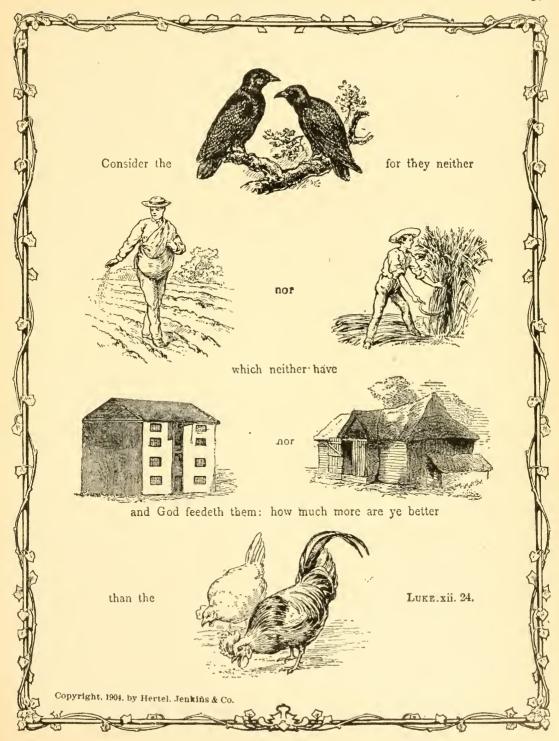


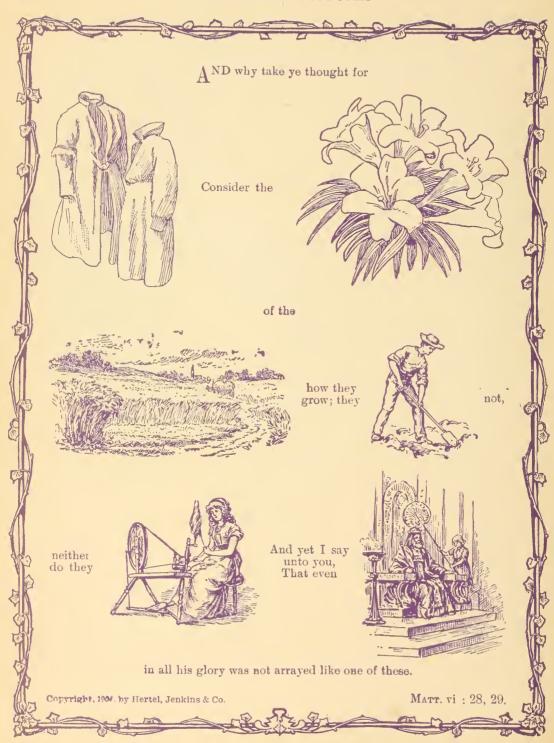








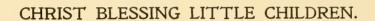






CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN

Plockhorst.



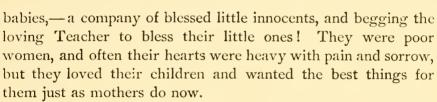
LOVE your Jesus because he loves little children," said a heathen child to a missionary.

It was springtime of the last year that Jesus lived on earth. He was in Peræa, beyond the River Jordan. He had gone there to hide away from the

wicked priests who hated him and wanted to kill him. It was no longer safe for Jesus to preach and teach in Judea and Galilee, and the priests had even turned the hearts of the people away from him in Samaria. So the gentle Master had gone with his disciples down the Jericho road, and crossing the fords of the Jordan had come into the Peræan country, where the people were not so much under the rule of the priests as in Jerusalem. Here Jesus stayed all the winter, helping and blessing the kind people, and now the time had come for him to go back to Jerusalem and lay down his life for our sakes.

It was not a strange thing in that land for thoughtful mothers to bring little children to some wise Teacher and ask him to tell them to be always good and true. Many of the humble Peræan women had heard this young Teacher speak such wise and loving words, that they longed to have him lay his hands in blessing upon their dear children, and when they heard that he was going away, they came from their small white houses, carrying the babies—leading the little toddlers, and calling the older ones to follow, as they pressed up close to the Master's side.

It was a pretty sight to see the women wearing bright handkerchiefs on their heads—as women still do in the East—clothed in red and blue garments, hurrying forward with their dark-faced little boys, and rosy-cheeked girls and laughing



But so many women came, bringing so many children, that the disciples feared the Master would be wearied by their coming, and they spoke roughly to the mothers and children, telling them to go away.

Jesus heard their harsh words, and he was "much displeased." Then he spoke the beautiful words which made these mothers glad, and which will go on making hearts glad as long as the world stands:—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then how the little ones ran forward with eager joy to touch the kind hands and the robe of this gentle Teacher, and to nestle in his loving arms! In their young hearts they felt the love and tenderness with which he laid his hands upon them as he spoke sweet words of blessing, even stooping to take up the littlest ones in his arms. To be sure, they could not understand all the deep meaning of his words, but they could understand that he loved them.

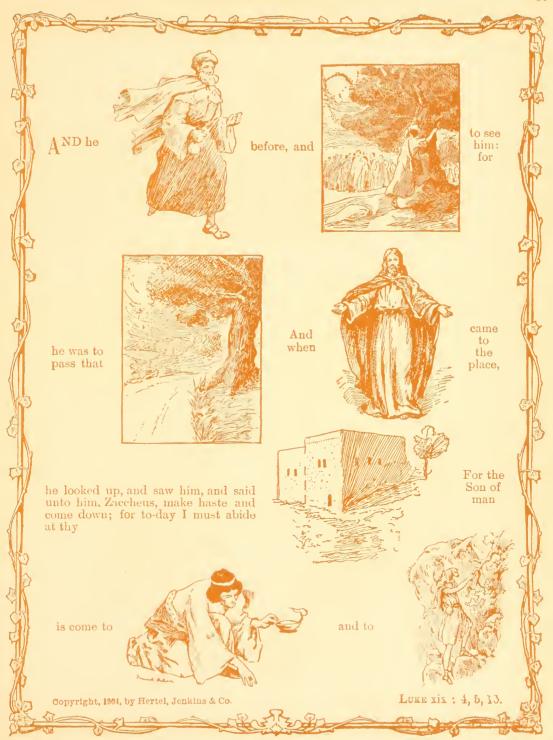
What child who reads this story does not feel like saying:

"I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,—
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have heard his kind voice when he said,

'Let the little ones come unto Me!"











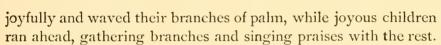
I was the afternoon of an April day in the land where Jesus lived. The Passover Festival in Jerusalem had called crowds of pilgrims from all parts of Palestine. Some were busy putting up little white tents and mat booths near the city walls, while others

found places with friends or took lodgings in the city.

The story went from one to another that the priests and rulers would surely make Jesus a prisoner if he appeared in the temple. They had urged any who knew where he might be to tell them, and declared openly that they were going to put him to death.

Jesus understood well that the time was near when he must die, but he was not afraid of these enemies who could only kill the body, so he set out this beautiful spring day with his disciples and some dear friends from Bethany to go to Jerusalem. When they drew near to the little village of Bethphage he told two of his disciples to go into the village and ask for a young ass, which they would find there and bring to him, so that he might ride upon it into Jerusalem. When the white ass "upon which no man had yet sat" was brought, a blue garment was thrown over its back and Jesus took his seat, his friends rejoicing loudly, for they thought that now he was surely going to enter the holy city as a king. It was the custom for a prophet or a king to ride upon an animal like this, and they believed that at last their great Prophet and King was coming to his own!

Some ran ahead and threw down their outside garments of blue and yellow and brown upon the dusty road for him to ride over, while others cut green branches from the trees and cast them before him. As the crowd grew larger they shouted



It was a happy band of pilgrims indeed. When Jesus and his friends came to the top of the hill they saw another company winding up the path on the Jerusalem side of the Mount of Olives, who also welcomed Jesus with loud shouts and waving palm branches.

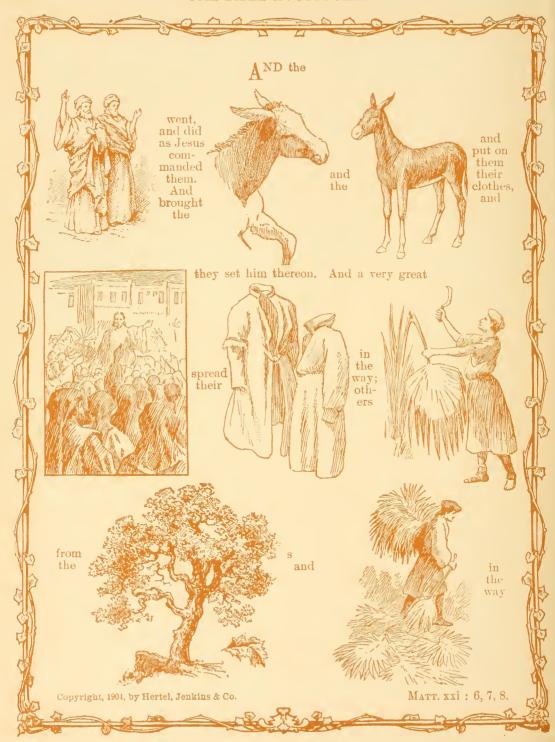
And what did the gentle Jesus think of all this tumult and display? He did not tell the rejoicing crowd to be silent, for he knew that the end was near, and for this once he allowed them to honor him.

Among the company who had come up from Jerusalem to meet him, were some Pharisees, who were very angry when they saw the joy of the people and heard them call Jesus a king. They shouted to Jesus to stop them, but he calmly said, that if the people had been silent the very stones would cry out! And yet, though Jesus let himself be treated as a king, it was a sad hour for him, for he well knew that he must soon lay down his life for the sins of the world, and that even his friends would fail and forsake him. None could understand his sadness as the triumphant company marched on, singing: "Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest." Loudest and sweetest of all were the voices of children who loved Jesus and joyfully sang praises to him.

And still

"Sing praise, O happy children! Sing praise to Christ the Lord, Who calls the children to him With gentle, loving word."







T was Tuesday afternoon of the last week of our Lord's life on earth. He was in the Temple, the place which he had named, "My Father's House." Soon the services for the day would end, and the Temple gates would close,—never to open again to the Lord of life!

Before going away Jesus sat down for a little while opposite the part called the "Treasury." Here were thirteen large money chests, standing against the wall. Into these the people dropped their gifts of money as they entered the Temple. Each chest had a trumpet-shaped opening made of brass into which the money was dropped. If you had been there you would have seen that each chest bore a name which showed for what purpose the money in that chest would be used, as "Wood," "Incense," "Gold Dishes," and so on.

Jesus watched the people as they came, each one dropping something into the chests. Here came a rich Pharisee, perhaps, wearing a fine robe, who dropped a handful of gold pieces into the brass mouth of the chest with a look which seemed to say, "See how rich and generous I am!" Then came a merchant, not so rich and proud perhaps, but looking pleased as he heard his silver coins tinkling among the gold pieces. Poorer people came along and cast in their money, and even though it may have been copper coins, they showed by their manner how pleased they were to be seen giving to the Lord.

But by and by came a poor woman. Jesus knew that she was a widow and so poor that she could scarcely get enough to eat. When he saw her take from her pocket two of the

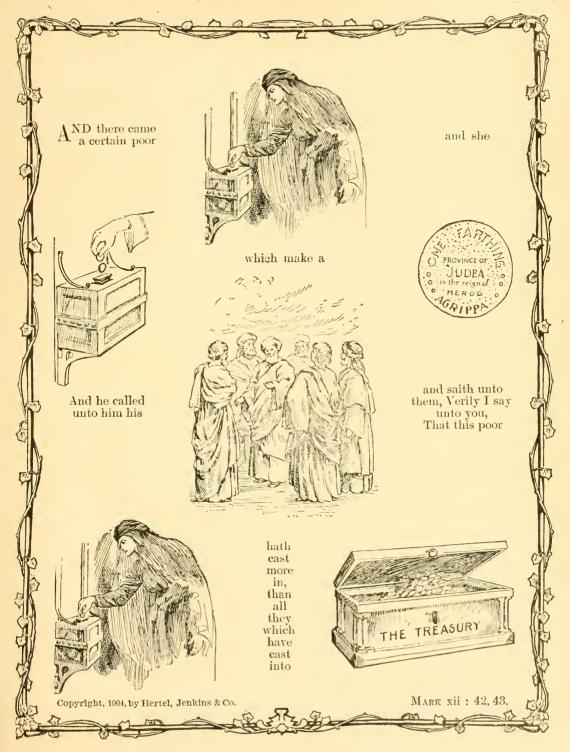
smallest pieces of money then in use, and drop them into the box with her head bowed as in prayer, he turned and said to his disciples, "Of a truth I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all, for all these have of their abundance cast into the offerings of God, but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had."

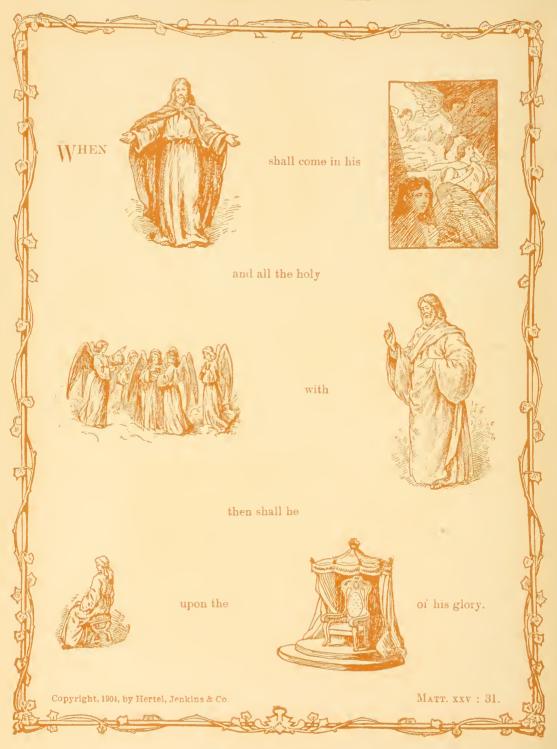
Jesus taught his disciples this lesson so that by and by, when he was no longer with them and they had become the teachers of his Gospel, they would know and teach that true giving to the Lord's cause is not in the outward act, but in the love and sacrifice that go with the gift. The rich Pharisees and merchants who had thrown their large gifts into the Treasury, could easily spare the money, and really gave to be seen and praised of men. But the poor woman who gave only a farthing because she loved the Lord's House, Jesus said gave more than all the rest.

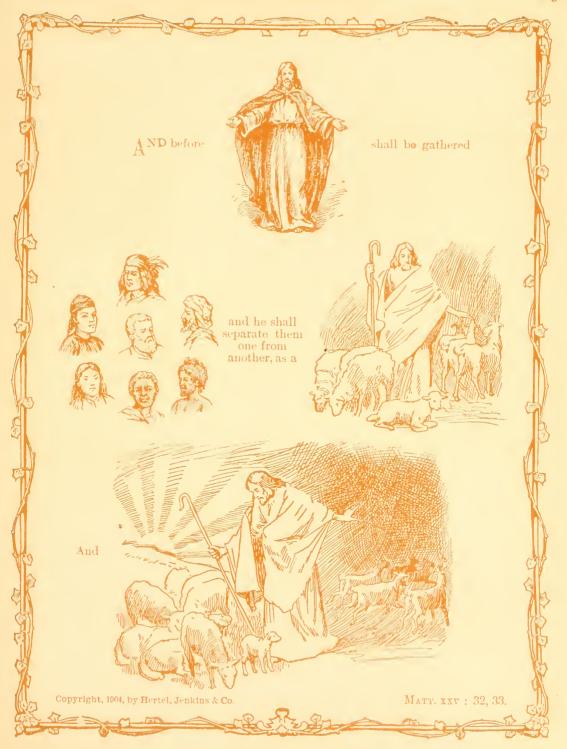
This story teaches that Jesus does not count as men do. He looks down below the spoken word, the outward deed, even the gift of money or service, to see what lies behind them all. If he sees there the wish to be praised, he is not pleased, but if he sees the loving desire to please him and to help some child of his, he says, "That is well, my child."

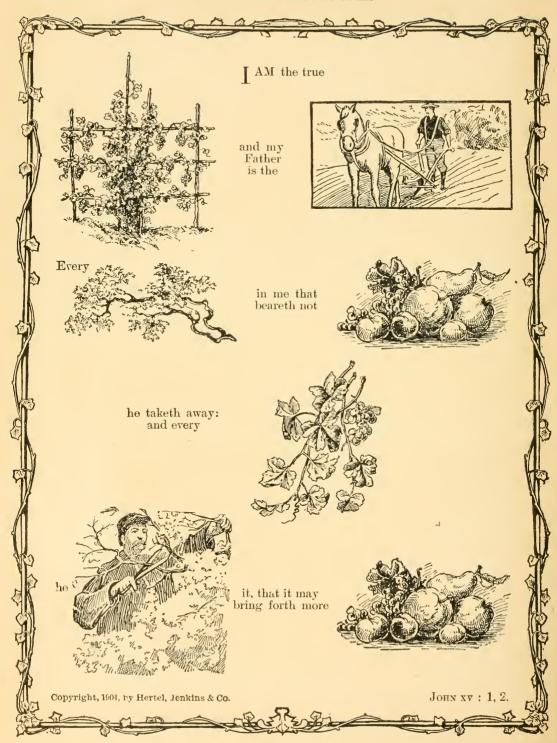
"It is not the deed we do,
Though that be never so fair,
But the love the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden away with care
In the heart of the deed so fair."

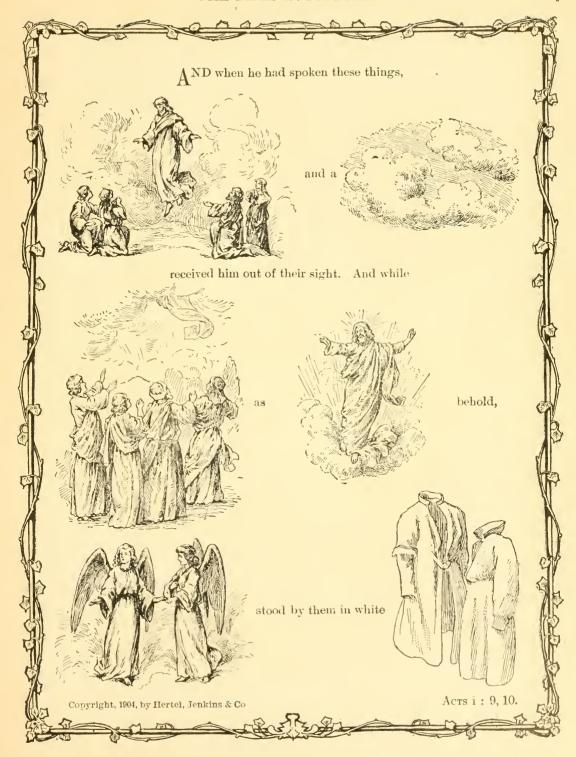




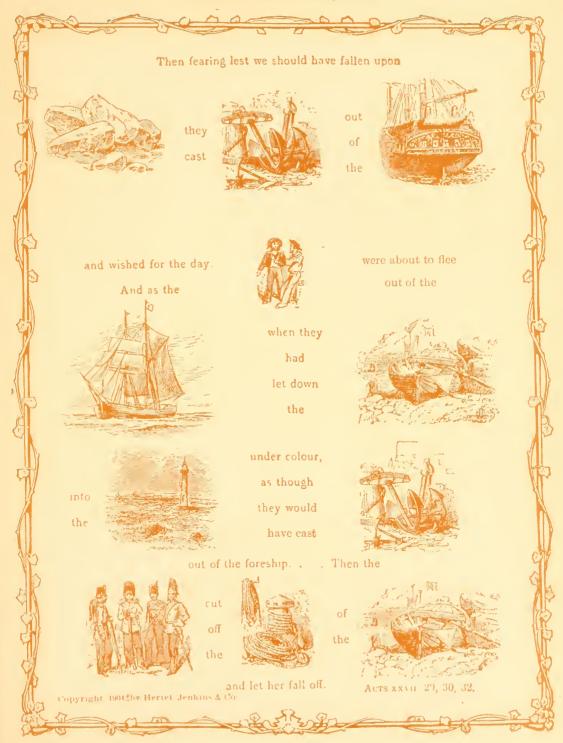


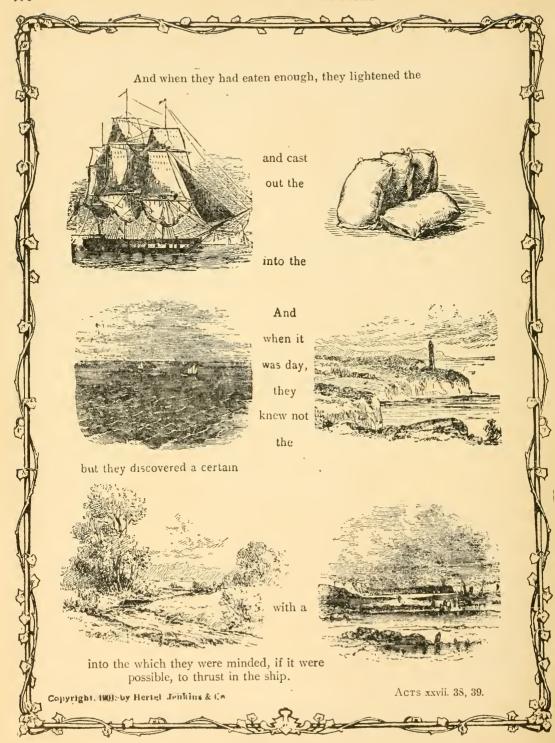


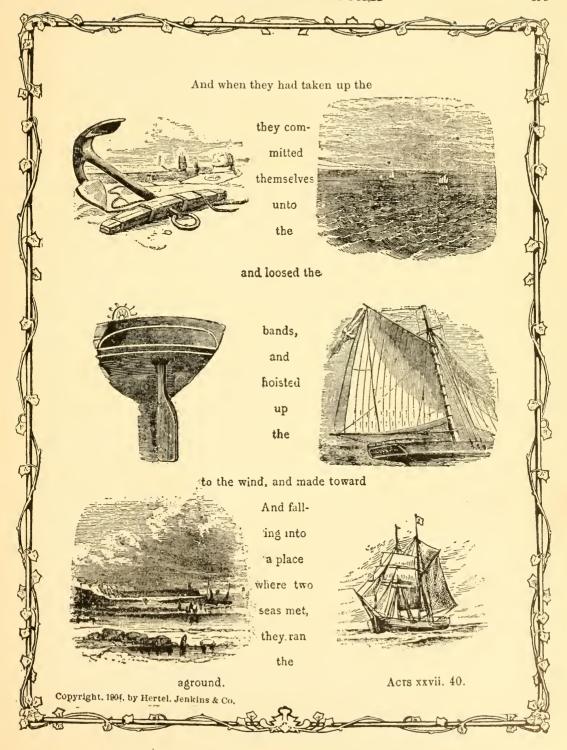


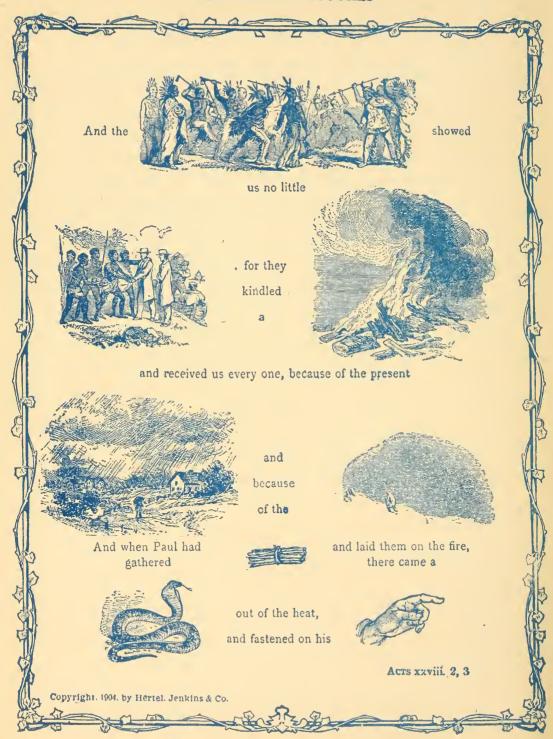


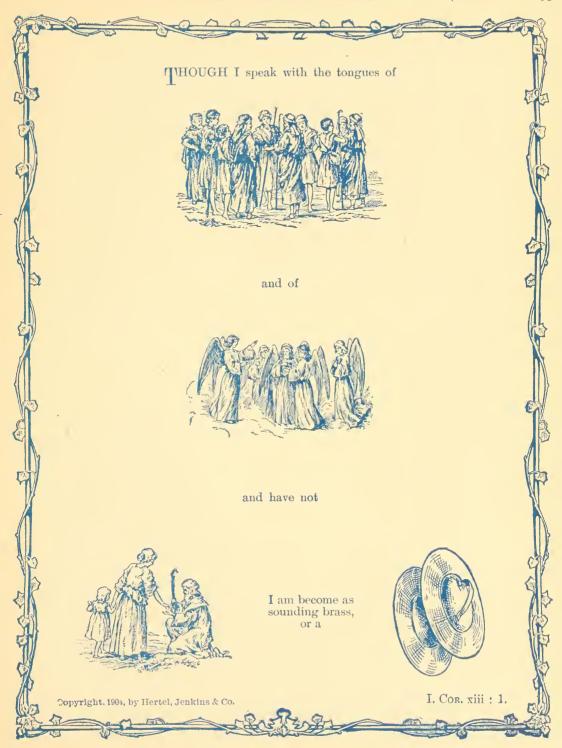




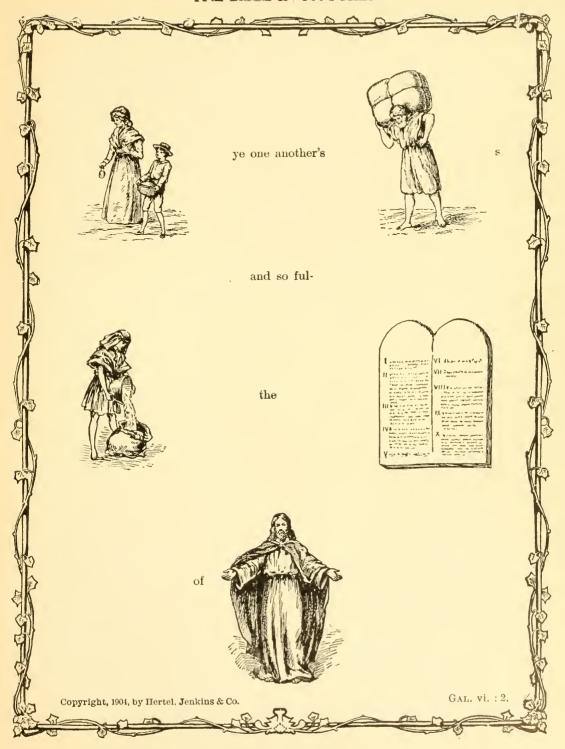












THE BIBLE IN PICTURES



