

Our Story.

"SISTER JEWEL"

BY MRS. C. B. WINTHROP

(Continued from last week.) "Sister Jewel," Winnie said that night, as soon as she opened the door, "I've had a visitor, don't you think? The very grandest man came on purpose to see me! He stayed a long time, and he told me ever so many things about Martin Luther and everybody, and see here, he left me some lovely little books. And he has a book with pictures of all the birds, coloured pictures, that he's going to lend me. "I'm so glad you had such a pleasant call, dear," Jewel said, as she kissed him. "I will get tea and then you can tell me all about him. What is his name?" "Mr. Thane. Isn't that a nice name! Do you know anybody named that?" And Jewel said she didn't. That probably he was some good man who went about doing good, perhaps a city missionary. "But he's a real gentleman, Jewel." "Why, Win dear, didn't you know that ministers and missionaries are usually educated and refined? A gentleman is nothing but a gentleman." "Yes," said Winthrop, "I know, but he doesn't seem like a minister." All the rest of that evening Mr. Thane's praises were sounded. Almost every word he had uttered was rehearsed. Jewel was somewhat disturbed when she discovered that he had seen the sketch book. "Oh, I didn't tell him the real names of anybody," Winnie said, "but he laughed a good deal at some of them. He seemed to think Mr. Supercilious was very funny." The sister in her heart blessed the man, whoever he might be, who had brightened an hour of little brother's day. Fielding came again soon, brought the book and the finest bunch of grapes he could find at the florist's. He made a long visit this time and answered many questions on various topics, told stories and heard stories, in fact was becoming a regular visitor in the shadows of the winter day began to appear. Winthrop told him if he would wait a little longer that Sister Jewel would be at home, whereupon the visitor took his hat and fled precipitately.

PART II.

Mr. John Fielding was in perplexity as Christmas drew near. He very much wished to send a nice little turkey to his friend Winnie. He bethought himself of it as soon as he had read that story letter, which contained the story of a turkey. It would give her much pleasure to do with her high bred air and regal poise of the head, was one of the obstacles in the way. He had an idea that she would not receive charities in a meek spirit, unless she were starving, and even then she would wish them to come from a friend. She might never find out the donor, but if she should it would not be comfortable. He could have no hope of concealing it, either, for if that clear-eyed boy were to look him in the face and ask him if he sent it, he should betray the secret at once. How delighted he would be to ask the little fellow to dinner, to send a carriage for him and make the day one to be remembered, but he could not do that either. The young lady who had called him "supercilious" would probably consider it in the light of a condescension, so he must needs content himself with a dainty little book and some flowers for the boy. These he would carry to him, just to see his eyes glow with delight. And yet, notwithstanding all his good resolutions, he found himself, two days before Christmas, in an altogether reckless state of mind, standing in the market selecting a turkey. He was a customer exceedingly hard to suit. Some were too large, some too lean, or too dark coloured. At last he fancied upon the right one, a plump, fair little turkey, which the man told him was the very finest one in the lot. This troublesome buyer would not depart until he had seen the turkey deposited in the basket, flanked on either side by cranberries and celery, and a card fastened on, which he himself marked. Two or three hours later there was a triumphant Mrs. Peters who knocked at Winthrop's door, and, marching up to him, uncovered a basket in silence. "Why, that isn't for us!" the boy exclaimed excitedly. "Sister said we couldn't have one. There's a mistake. Who brought it? Call him back, please." "Now, who do you suppose this is but yourself?" said Mrs. Peters, seizing a card that hung from the handle and reading, "For the little invalid boy at 57 Logan Street." "Am I an invalid?" he asked, drawing his brows slightly. "The nicest little invalid that ever was made," said Mrs. Peters, with an admiring glance. "Of course you're not sick," she added, seeing his downcast look, "but folks always call 'em so, when they can't walk, you know. Isn't he a beauty?" punching the turkey with her forefinger. "Oh, yes," the boy said, his face brightening again. "Now Christmas'll

seem like old times. I wonder who sent it!" "Go into the kitchen, sister," Winthrop said, the moment she entered the room that night, "and see what's come."

"Why, Winnie dear, have you been to market while I've been away?" she asked, examining the card. "Who could have sent it, Jewel? Perhaps it was Mr. Bradshaw, or that nice old man from the country who brings us apples and potatoes, and seems to take such a fancy to us." "How nice it looks with its arms folded," he said, looking at it almost lovingly as Jewel brought it to him for another peep. "And there's celery and cranberries. Oh, Jewel!" Mr. Fielding felt benevolent that Christmas morning. The difficulty was, however, that he wished to bestow it all on two people. He became utterly regardless of consequences as well, for when Jewel was setting the table for the holiday dinner, making it dainty with delicate dishes, and Mr. Thane's chrysanthemums, Mrs. Peters presented herself with a basket of fruit. It bore a card marked, "Miss Jewel Kurke," and there was no message or name accompanying it. "These are certainly from Mr. Bradshaw," said Jewel, lifting out great clusters of white grapes and fine oranges, arranging them in dishes. "Why couldn't they be from Mr. Thane?" said Winthrop wistfully. "I'll ask him if he sent it em." "Oh, no, dear, your Mr. Thane has probably no money to spare for such expensive luxuries. You must not ask him that, it would not be proper." "Aren't missionaries ever rich?" asked the boy. "Not in money," said Jewel. "Then may I give him a bunch of grapes and an orange?" Jewel answered by selecting some of the finest and setting them aside. Winnie looked his content though he said with a sigh, "It must be nice to be rich."

"Oh, I should like to give things and make people happy," he said, and then, with a chrysanthemum pressed lovingly to his cheek, the little philosopher fell to wondering why missionaries were not rich, or else why rich people did not become missionaries. He would ask Mr. Thane. Being a man, of course he would know.

The angels must have smiled upon those two in their humble home, as the anniversary song of peace and goodwill floated down to earth once more. Amid so many scenes of crime and worldliness, how blessed to find one who loved with true self-abnegation, who bore trials with patience, who put aside memories of happy Christmases and bravely, sweetly, bent her energies to making this day a delight for a child. And a delight it was to Winnie. Had he not Jewel all to himself - which, except Sabbaths, he had not had for weeks - and every hour brought some new surprise, some small pleasure, which she had planned long ago. After their Christmas feast, they read and sang, and recited, and played games. They sent an orange and some flowers to the washerwoman's little girl, and bestowed some turkey and an orange apiece on Mrs. Peters and her husband. "It makes ours taste all the better," Winnie remarked.

The day was done and her brother asleep before Jewel allowed herself to think. She stood at the window a few minutes with her face pressed against the glass, looking up into the clear starlit sky. Who shall blame her if tears started? She was but young, and two short years before, how full her life had been. What friends, what gifts! "How soon one can be forgotten," she murmured, as she recollected that a couple of Christmas cards and ten dollars, which an uncle had tossed at her through the mail, was all the evidence she had that any former friends remembered her existence. And yet - she wiped her eyes and looked up - the Maker of all those bright worlds was her Father. He loved her, he had remembered her. She would rest in his love and not be afraid. And so the peace of Christ, the Son, settled down like a dove upon her spirit, as another Christmas ended.

"Oh, Mr. Thane, we had such a beautiful Christmas!" Winnie said to his caller a few days later. "We had a present of a splendid turkey, and some fine grapes and oranges, and your flowers were so pretty on the table. I saved an orange and a stem of grapes for you, and there they are on the shelf. Won't you get them and sit here and eat them!" He looked so lovely with a little pink flush of excitement in his cheeks, his dark blue eyes shining, his yellow curls tossed up, that Mr. Fielding stood still and looked at him for a moment. This little fellow was gradually getting far into his heart. He had made his call at first because he felt that he was doing something his mother would approve. He had never thought it in his line to visit the sick or poor, though he had freely given through her. Now, it had come about that he frequently spent an hour with this boy because he enjoyed it. The little elf was so bright and sweet, and enquiring, how could he help it? There were hundreds of things Winthrop had puzzled over and wanted to ask somebody. Mr. Thane seemed to him an inexhaustible mine of knowledge, and that gentleman, much to his own surprise, had become very fond of imparting it. He had always been fond

of studying character, so it was not strange that he enjoyed watching these eyes glow, and the face take on thoughtful lines as he tried to grasp some new idea. Who would not love to watch a lily, day by day, unfolding lovely petals and reaching up toward the sun? "Yes, I will," said Mr. Fielding, reaching for the plate of fruit, "if you will promise to help me." He managed to engage Winnie in such an earnest account of Christmas Day, that the lad did not observe closely, and know that his visitor ate but four grapes and a small slice of an orange, although the plate was emptied. "Oh, must you go, Mr. Thane," he said at last. "There are so many things I saved up to ask you. I want to know what we think with, and what makes the sea green, and why the sky is blue, and what makes the smoke go down sometimes instead of up, and what life insurance means, and how they make a president, and something about missionaries."

"My dear boy! These are themes for lectures, metaphysical, scientific, political and theological. Now you'll want to know the meaning of all these hard words, won't you?" "I can ask the dictionary that," Winnie said, bringing out a small notebook and beginning to write. Meta-what did you say?" "I shall come again very soon, little Win, and we will get to all these questions," Mr. Fielding said, smiling his good bye.

To be continued.

Sabbath School Work.

LESSON HELPS.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSON VII, FEBRUARY 10, 1889.

THE FIERCE DEMONIAK.

Mark v. 1-20.

COMMIT VERSE 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.—Mark v. 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. Mark iv. 21-41.
Th. Mark v. 1-20.
W. Matt. viii. 28-34.
Th. Luke. viii. 26-40.
F. Rev. xx. 1-15.
Sa. 1 John. iii. 1-10.
Su. Eph. vi. 10-24.

TIME.—Autumn, A.D. 28. The next morning after our last lesson.

PLACE.—The country of the Gadarenes, which was a large district south-east of the Sea of Galilee, of which Gadara (seven or eight miles south east from the shore) was the capital. It included the smaller district of the Gergesenes or Gerasenes, inhabitants of Gergesa, a small town on the eastern shore of the lake, opposite Tiberias. It is now called Gersa. It was probably near this latter place that Jesus met with the demoniac.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. viii. 28-34; Luke viii. 26-40. INTERVENING EVENTS.—Jesus continued to speak to the people in parables, till toward evening. Then He and His disciples set out in the boat to cross the lake. During the night a fearful tempest arose which Jesus calmed by a word. The next morning they landed at Gersa.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. The other side: from Capernaum. Into the country of the Gadarenes on the south east coast. (See Place.) 2. Tombs: caves formed by nature, or cut in the rocks. There are many such around Gadara. 3. Unclean Spirit: a demon. 4. Dwelling among the tombs: there were no asylums for the insane, and they had to keep in desolate places. 5. With fetters and chains: fetters were for the feet; chains for any other part of the body. Plucked asunder: he was so strong and fierce that nothing could hold him. Matthew says that it was dangerous for any one to pass that way, and Luke says he was naked. 6. Crying: with loud, unearthly yells. Cutting himself: and maiming himself with sharp-edged stones. 7. When he saw Jesus: he ran to Jesus. This was probably from a longing of the man to get rid of the demon, and break from his fearful master. 8. I adjure: entreat solemnly, as under oath, or the penalty of a curse. 9. Thy name: asked to bring him to self-consciousness. Legion: 6,000 was a Roman legion. It is used for a large number. 10. Out of the country: out of their permitted abode on earth. They did not want to go back to their punishment. 11. Swine: the property of Gentiles or Jews. If of the Jews, it was forbidden; if of the Gentiles, it was a temptation and insult to God's people. 12. Gate leaved: not told them to go, but did not prevent them. Why did Jesus give this permission? Because (1) there may have been no other way to make the man feel that he was cured till he saw the demons somewhere else. (2) The loss of property called the attention of all the people to Jesus, and his healing power tended to save their souls, called them to repentance. (3) It was a bad business, forbidden to the Jews, and tempting and demoralizing if pursued among the Jews by the

Heathen. A bad business must fall before Christ. 14. They went out: all the people of that region. 15. Clothed: etc. i. a type of what Christ does for all sinners who come to him. 16. Afraid: they were in the presence of a power that filled them with awe and alarm, and their consciences were awakened. 17. To depart: for fear of still greater harm to them or their property. They did not care for the relief of poor men, but only for their own property. 20. Decapolis: the region (of ten cities east of the Jordan) of which Gadara formed a part.

SUBJECTS FOR FURTHER STUDY AND SPECIAL REPORTS.—The intervening story—Gadarenes and Gergesenes.—The demoniac—A type of the effects of sin.—The unclean spirits and the swine.—The cure, as a type of salvation.—Why did Gadarenes ask Jesus to leave.—Modern applications.—Application of this lesson to temperance.

QUESTIONS.

REVIEW.—What was Jesus doing in our last lesson? In what place? How many other parables did He speak? INTRODUCTION.—When evening came, where did Jesus propose to go? In what way? What happened on the voyage? Where did they land the next morning?

SUBJECT I. THE WONDERFUL CHANGE.

I. THE DEMONIAK (vs. 1-5).—What kind of a country was Gadara? Describe the demoniac that met Jesus here. Why did he live in the tombs? Why are devils called unclean spirits? What showed this man's strength? Why did they want to bind him? How did he injure himself? What do you learn about him from v. 9? What is a legion? How does the Bible describe these evil spirits? (John viii. 44; Eph. ii. 2, vi. 12; 1 Pet. v. 8, Rev. xii. 9.) Can this evil power harm us unless we yield to sin? (1 Pet. v. 8, Eph. iv. 27; vi. 13; James iv. 7.)

II. A TYPE OF THE POWER AND EFFECTS OF SIN.—Was this demoniac once an innocent child? How did he come to be in such a terrible state? Does sin seem so very evil at first? Does it ever in this world or the next make men like this demoniac? Can we judge of the nature of sin till it has done its work? In how many respects is this demoniac a type of the sinner, as to his separation from men, his strength, cannot be restrained, his injury of himself, his injury of others (Matt. viii. 28), his unrest, his foreboding (v. 7) his name (v. 9).

III. THE WONDERFUL CHANGE (vs. 6-13).—Why did the demoniac go to Jesus? What did he ask of Jesus? What did Jesus command? What favour did the unclean spirits ask of Jesus? What did they do? What became of the swine? Why did Jesus permit such a loss of property? What change was made in the man? What three marks of his being cured are given? Picture the change.

IV. A TYPE OF CONVERSION.—What great change is required of us all? (John iii. 3, 5; Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 2 Cor. v. 17.) What is one great result of this change? (Col. i. 12, 13.) How does Paul express the contrast? (Gal. v. 19-23.) Is every saved sinner at rest? (Rom. v. 1.) With what is he clothed? (Job xxix. 14; Rev. iii. 5; Gal. iii. 27; Col. iii. 14.) How does forsaking sin prove that one is in his right mind?

V. OPPOSITION TO CHRIST (vs. 14-17).—What did the swineherds do? Who gathered together to see the wonder? Why did they wish Jesus to leave their country? How does this show their meanness of spirit? Do you think of any cases where people now act in the same way? Why did Jesus do as they wished? Did he ever come back to them? What did they lose by their course?

VI. THE SAVED SEEKING TO HELP OTHERS (vs. 18-20).—What did the cured man wish to do? Why? What did Jesus tell him to do? Did he do it? How could he do much good among his own people? Why more there than elsewhere? Was this another effort to save the Gadarenes who had rejected Jesus? Why should we first seek to bring those at home to Christ?

VII. APPLICATION TO TEMPERANCE.—In what respects does strong drink injure men as the demons did the man of whom we have been studying, as to home, friends, wretchedness, violence, torment, name of "legion"? What ruin is wrought by the demons of strong drink? Should we bring such men to Jesus? What change will be made in them? Why are some opposed to temperance? What good can those do who have been reformed?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- I. The demoniac a type of the terrible effects of sin on the soul.
II. The sinner is ever harming himself.
III. Sin takes many forms, and works in many ways. Its name is Legion.
IV. Christ's work is to cast out evil spirits.
V. One soul is worth thousands of property.
VI. To leave sin is to come into one's right mind.
VII. The demoniac restored is a type of what Christ does for sinners.
VIII. Let everyone that is saved bear witness to the goodness and power of God.—Peloubet.

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