

being (1) more general; seventy was a representative number, and they were to go out two by two everywhere. (2) More permanent; the first mission of the disciples (Matt. 10, 1) was only for a season, and ceased at their return.—*Rev. James H. Potts, D.D.*

The present mission of the seventy seems to be essentially the same in character and purpose with the earlier mission of the twelve. Both sets of disciples were to make the same announcement: "The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." They were thus to be the heralds of the manifestation of the King himself. But the mission of the seventy was merely a temporary one; and when this one charge was fulfilled they settled back into the ranks of ordinary Christian disciples, with no other duties or prerogatives than those belonging to every one of their brethren. For the twelve a larger work was in reserve. They were to be the inspired guides and organizers of the churches, the repositories of the authoritative tradition of the words and deeds, the death and resurrection of the Master; and thus the divinely appointed teachers of the Church universal in all ages.—*Prof. William North Rice, D.D.*

To make known God's final and supreme exhibition of grace to all men. The seventy were messengers of peace, unflinching, fearlessly, and with ever-increasing publicity, adopting every method that would fully express God's condescending love to man. By courtesy and gentleness and benevolence they prepared the way for the carrying of the tidings which the eleven disciples on a mountain in Galilee were subsequently commissioned to proclaim by the risen Lord. It was not enjoined upon them, let it be noted, to teach or to disciple, but in their prescribed sphere of activity the power to work miracles was their credential. The mission of the twelve differs from that of the seventy in that the latter were uninterdicted in their embassy. The twelve could not go beyond Israel's frontiers, but were to prepare in Jewish homes a hearth for the sacred fire.—*Rev. W. H. McAllister.*

### Lesson Word-Pictures.

He stands in the midst of the gathered seventy. He is sending them out, to go before him, his heralds of peace, his forerunners of blessing, the ambassadors who shall pass on before the great King. We can see his face. We hear his voice. We note his extended hands that point out the way and add the Master's blessing.

Two by two, they go in every direction. We see them taking the beaten, thronged highway, or they follow some path through the lonely fields. They go north, south, east, west, everywhere, like the winds. With unseen sickles in their hands they go into the great white harvest. In the spirit of prayer they go, these reapers of the King.

But see how destitute of human resources they are. Look about their robes. They carry neither purse nor scrip nor shoes. Room in their hands for a sickle only. Room upon their backs for a sheaf alone.

We follow them in their lengthening journey. They linger not to talk with men on other business; theirs is the King's business alone. The night has come. They stand in the street as the shadows fall, and what house will be their home? Who will bring water for their heated, weary feet? Who will give food and a couch? Who standing now in the doorway will cry, "Peace be with thee?" They have gone. Yonder home receives them. Upon it comes the benediction of their peace. At its table they are welcome guests. From the chimneys its roof will shelter them. And O what blessings manifold descend upon that house, receiving the King's

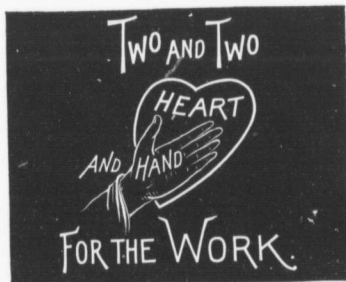
ambassadors! Upon some bed of weariness and pain lie the sick. Hands of healing rest upon them. There are wanderers to be guided back to God. There are the doubting and the erring, the bewildered and hesitating, who need in duty's clear, straight path to be led along. Good news, a kingdom of God nigh at hand, they preach. But what an after-blessing all this is a forerunner of! Some day there is the shadow of Another at the door, and the King himself comes in. The King himself is a guest. The King himself gives peace, and men cry "Emmanuel!"

But does every house receive the Lord's seventy? Does every street cry "Peace!" O dark the day when the commissioned of the Lord are not received, when the harvest-field cries out against them that bear the sickle, "There is no room!"

Watch the rejected ones as they hasten into the streets. The very dust cleaving to their feet they wipe off against that rejecting city, and steal away in haste from the unhallowed spot. But one day cometh Another. The Lord of the harvest, he will come. He will stand in those streets that spurn his Gospel messengers. Men shut against him the unfriendly door. Men leave him to feel the damp of the night and the chill of the wind.

O Chorazin! O Bethsaida! O Capernaum! We look away and we fancy the Lord's mighty works done in Tyre and Sidon, and all their inhabitants going into the sackcloth of repentance and the ashes of humility. But upon those cities that did hear the voice of the King and obeyed not, that saw his face and submitted not, what a descending of the King's displeasure in judgment.

### Blackboard.



Here is Christian work symbolized—heart and hand. The two together are like the disciples sent out on their twofold mission to teach and to heal. The unity of work and worship is the essence of Christian fellowship. Heart-service alone will not accomplish the Master's will. The work of hands, without the heart in it, will be a failure, but the union of both, "two by two," will win the world for Christ.

### WHAT SHALL I DO?

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TWO BY TWO,  
CHRIST AND YOU.

NOTE.—A hand is difficult to draw. Try placing your open left hand with the back against the board, and then trace the outline.