



LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 8, 1909.

**Paul's Instructions to the Thessalonians.**

I. Thes. v., 12-24. Memory verses 16-18.

**Golden Text.**

See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good. I. Thes. v., 15.

**Home Readings.**

- Monday, August 2.—I. Thes. v., 12-24.
- Tuesday, August 3.—Heb. xiii., 7-17.
- Wednesday, August 4.—II. Thes. iii., 6-16.
- Thursday, August 5.—Rom. xii., 10-21.
- Friday, August 6.—Luke xviii., 1-8.
- Saturday, August 7.—Isa. xxv., 1-9.
- Sunday, August 8.—Phil. iv., 1-9.

**FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.**

Did any of you ever get a letter? How did it come to you? So, the postman brought it, you say Teddie, when you were away visiting grandma. Bob says he got his from the Post Office when his father was away from home. But how did they both come all the way they did? They came on a train. They were put into a post box at one place and then taken out and put on the train and carried right along to the place they were meant to go to. Were you glad to get your letters? Of course you were. Our government pays thousands of men all over the country to look after and bring to us the letters that are written to us and so, no matter how far away our friends may be from us, we hear how they are and what they are doing. But do you know how letters went to people in Paul's time? They didn't have any trains then, or any stamps, or any post-offices, or any postmen such as we have to-day. But still they used to write letters to each other sometimes and we actually have the copies of some of the letters that Paul himself wrote to some of his friends. We are to study our lesson to-day from a letter that he wrote to the Christians in Thessalonica. He had been persecuted in that city and driven out of it, but he loved a great many of the people who lived there and was quite anxious to know how they were getting on after he had had to leave them. Teddie, when you were staying with grandma, wasn't your own mother's letter something like this: 'My Dear Teddie,—I am thinking of you all the time and hoping that you are enjoying yourself. Do try to be a good boy and not worry grandma. Get up in the morning when she calls you and be sure to keep your boots nicely blacked. Write to me and let me know how you are getting along, for I shall be very glad to hear from you. All of us send our love. Give my love and a big kiss to grandma. God bless and keep you, my dear boy. Your loving mother.' Do you think Paul's letters were anything like that? Yes, they were very much like that as you would see if we could study all of this letter. But what we are going to study to-day is just the 'try-to-be-a-good-boy' part, where he tells them what to do. As they did not have any postmen in those days Paul sent his letter by a friend, and when this friend got to Thessalonica all the Christians there would be quite excited, saying 'Here's a letter from Paul, our dear friend Paul; I wonder what he will say to us.' Then they would all stand around while some one read the letter. Isn't it strange to think that we can read some of this very letter now

after all these hundreds of years? Let us see what Paul really did say to them. You will be like the Thessalonians and I will be like Paul's friend, Timothy, reading his letter to you.

**FOR THE SENIORS.**

The lesson of three Sundays ago (Acts xvii., 1-10) should be briefly reviewed for an understanding of those circumstances of Paul's coming to Thessalonica to which he refers in the second chapter of this epistle, and also for some account of the class of people to whom this letter was addressed. There would be some Jews among them, but not many (Acts xvii., 4), the larger number being Greek proselytes, both men and women, and doubtless a number coming into the church directly from heathenism (I. Thes. i., 9). They would be surrounded by enemies and have little experience or deep knowledge of Christianity. Coming from the moral darkness of heathendom Paul makes no excuse for urging upon them the observance of what we might regard as common decencies, but much of his letter is as applicable and necessary for us to-day as ever it was to the little much tried and persecuted church in Thessalonica. Particularly, perhaps, in these days do we need the opening exhortation of our lesson portion. Blessed with such a number of great spiritual teachers as we are to-day, Christians are apt to be too critical, and not only the shortcomings of the sermon, but of the man himself are far too freely and lightly discussed with an unwise forgetfulness of the honor due to the holy office while a minister of God is filling and with a possibility of bringing the man and the service into contempt with those whose judgment is too untrained to weigh words wisely.

**(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')**

Verse 13.—'Esteem them exceeding highly.' We impoverish ourselves when we withhold honor from the honorable. For here is a great law of life: when we truly honor the honorable we become identified with it. When we honor genuine nobility we enlist ourselves in the same chivalrous order. No man can pay true homage to a hero without, in the very homage, acquiring something of the heroic spirit. We appropriate what we approve.—J. H. Jowett, in 'Record of Christian Work.'

'Be at peace among yourselves.' However full of zeal and activity believers may be, and however deep-rooted in their belief, if they neglect certain fundamental duties, if their differences among themselves lead to bitterness and wranglings, their faith, be it ever so eloquently presented, will make little appeal to the unbelieving. These judge by works; and if you have not good understanding in your midst, if they perceive a dearth of brotherly love among you, to their mind you are weighed and found wanting.—Charles Wagner, in 'Justice.'

Verse 15.—Do not allow yourself to be overcome by the evil which another may do to you, but overcome that evil with the good which it is your duty to do even to your enemy. When a person wrongs us, one or other of two things must happen. Either we shall succeed in triumphing over the wrong done us, or that wrong will triumph over us. On the morning of a great battle, according to an old story, a Scottish chieftain brought his Highland regiment in front of the enemy, and said, 'Now, my lads, there they are: if ye dinna ding them, they'll ding you.' That is exactly what our text says about the wrongs that other people do us.

One day, when the horse of a good man in Massachusetts happened to stray into the road, a churlish neighbor put the animal into the public pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, 'If I catch him in the road after this, I'll do just so again.' 'Neighbor,' replied the other, 'a night or two ago I looked out of my window, and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard; and if ever I catch them there at any other time, I'll do it again.' The man was so struck with the reply that he at once took the horse out of the pound, and paid the charges himself.—Charles Jerdon, in 'Gospel Milk and Honey.'

To be happy is really the first step to being pious.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Cultivate forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it.—Spurgeon.

A good man is like the sandal-wood tree; as it leaves a part of its fragrance on the axe,

so he leaves his blessing with the enemy.—East Indian Proverb.

It is always easy to forgive other people's enemies.—Henry Frederick Cope.

You are not very holy if you are not very kind.—Bonar.

**Junior C. E. Topic.**

Sunday, August 8.—Topic—Cheerful giving. II. Cor. ix., 6-11.

**C. E. Topic.**

Monday, August 2.—The devastation of war. Joel i., 13-20.

Tuesday, August 3.—The curse of war. Lev. xxvi., 17, 31-39.

Wednesday, August 4.—God is against war. Ps. xlvi., 8-11.

Thursday, August 5.—The Prince of Peace. Isa. ix., 5-7.

Friday, August 6.—God's benignant reign. Isa. xi., 1-10.

Saturday, August 7.—War inspired from beneath. Rev. ix., 1-21.

Sunday, August 8.—Topic—Why war should be abolished. Isa. ii., 2-4; Matt. v., 38-48.

**Early Influence.**

I took a piece of plastic clay  
And idly fashioned it one day,  
And as my fingers pressed it still,  
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past;  
The bit of clay was hard at last;  
The form I gave it still it bore,  
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay,  
And gently formed it day by day;  
And molded it with power and art  
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone  
It was a man I looked upon;  
He still that early impress wore,  
And I could change him never more.

—Selected.

**'Building a Wall.'**

Here is a short paragraph from the 'Sunday School Journal,' which is full of pith and point, in showing what organized adult classes are accomplishing. Such classes of the present day have gone far beyond their prototypes of the early days:

'The organized adult Bible class is building a wall of men and women around the boys and girls that promises to keep them in Sunday school at a most critical time in their lives. It is enlisting in Sunday school work those especially adapted for leadership. It is ushering in the larger evangelistic spirit as evidenced by the increase of membership to many Sunday schools. It is developing a company of personal workers for which we have prayed so long. It is uniting the men and women, as never before, in an endeavor to help each other toward a higher and better life. Above all, it is bringing thousands upon thousands to know Christ.'

**TEN DOLLARS For One Photograph**

Have you sent your entry for the Camera Contest, which closes on August 1st?

The Competition is for the most interesting picture.

Artistic merit will, of course, be considered, but the general interest of the photograph will be the chief factor in the contest.

There will be seven prizes as follows: 1st, \$10.00; 2nd, \$7.00; 3rd, \$4.00; and the next four, \$1.00 each.

Send prints, which need not be mounted, as early as possible, securely protected by cardboard, and enclose a slip with a full description of the subject of the photograph.

Mark "Photo Contest," and address: Managing Editor, CANADIAN PICTORIAL, 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

**BOYS**

If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.