



BUYING AND SELLING IN THE TEMPLE.—John 11. 13-25.

BUYING AND SELLING IN THE TEMPLE.

This picture shows the crowded scene in the precincts of the temple where a great many oxen, doves and sheep were sold for the sacrifices, and eager money changers supplied the needs of many pilgrims from many lands, who came up to the temple to worship. These money-changers may still be seen at the corners of the streets in every Oriental city.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 28 (?) LESSON X. [Sept. 2]

JESUS CLEANSING THE TEMPLE.

John 2. 13-25. Memory verses, 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.—John 2. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Lord's House, v. 13-17.
2. The Lord's Body, v. 18-22.
3. The Lord's Wisdom, v. 23-25.

TIME.—A. D. 28 (?).

PLACE.—The court of the Gentiles, temple, Jerusalem.

PERSONS.—Herod in Galilee; Pilate in Judea.

CONNECTING LINKS. This "cleansing" occurred during the first passover of Christ's ministry, and should be not be confounded with that which marked its close.

EXPLANATIONS.

13. "Passover"—The origin of this feast was studied in Lesson X., Second Quarter.

14. "In the temple"—We are not to think of this great sanctuary of the Jews as having many points in common with a modern place of worship. It was a series of courts rather than a house, and the profanation which aroused our Lord's indignation was in the outer court, called the "Court of the Gentiles," which was popularly regarded as not quite so sacred as were those places which only Jews were allowed to enter. "Oxen, etc."—Animals for sacrifice, kept on sale just where customers were sure to come. "Changers of money"—In everyday life, Palestinian Jews handled, mostly, Roman money, but the temple dues could only be paid in Jewish coin.

15. "Scourge of small cords"—A whip of small rushes, to drive the cattle.

17. "It was written"—In Psalm 69 9.

18. "What sign"—The Jews regarded his act as a claim to the Messiahship, and demanded some miraculous endorsement of that claim.

20. "Forty and six years"—It was that long since Herod's task of rebuilding the temple had been begun, and it was not finished until A. D. 64.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jesus cleansing the temple.—John 2. 13-25.

Tu. A second cleansing.—Mark 11. 15-19.

W. Hezekiah cleansing the temple—2 Chron. 29. 16, 15-19.

Th. A house of prayer.—2 Chron. 6. 17-21.

F. Insincere worship.—Jer. 7. 8-16.

S. A purifier.—Mal. 3. 1-10.

Sa. The spiritual temple.—1 Cor. 3. 8-17.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What are we taught in this lesson—

1. About reverence for God's house?
2. About regard for our bodies?
3. About Jesus' knowledge of us?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is the Golden Text? "Make not my Father's house," etc. 2. Where and when did Jesus speak these words? "When he drove out of the temple the merchants and money changers." 3. What did the Jews understand him to claim? "That he was the Messiah." 4. What did they ask for to prove this claim? "A sign or miracle." 5. What did he give them instead? "An assurance of his omnipotence." 6. Why did he not trust these men? "He knew what was in man."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fore-knowledge of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How is the Holy Spirit an Agent?

In the works of creation and providence, but more particularly in the work of salvation.

Where do the Scriptures speak of the Holy Spirit in creation and providence?

Genesis 1. 2.—The earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

"THE TWO MASTERS."

UNDER the deep blue midnight sky, spangled with a million diamond stars, in the year 1530, a weary cavalcade drew up at the iron bolted doors of Leicester Abbey. A peremptory knock at the gates causes them to be flung open, and when the long line of muleteers and soldiers were seen, the abbot himself came forward to receive his guest.

"This was an old man, feeble and tottering. Few would have recognized in that white haired, broken down figure the once justly dreaded Wolsey, prelate and prince. The scarlet cape was there on the drooping shoulders, the episcopal ring shone on the thin forefinger; the cardinal's hat crowned the weary brow. But yet how different! Few, like the abbot, would have bent their knee to assist the worn-out figure from his mule, for Wolsey was a prisoner about to be tried for his life.

Listen to the words he is saying as he is helped to bed, which is to prove his last couch on earth. "If I had served my God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have given me over in my old

age," and then added, with downcast head, "This is my just reward."

It was the year 167. Under a sky of deeper blue, surrounded by a great multitude of witnesses stands another prisoner. He is old too, as his white hairs testify. He is frail and feeble—but his face is uplifted to his Master's throne with joy and trust.

Polycarp of Smyrna is to die that day, but ere he is mailed to the stake he gives his testimony to the King he has served.

"Renounce Christ, and I will release thee," comes thundering from the proconsul's chair. "Swear by the genius of Caesar, and thou shalt not die."

Gently and bravely the white head is raised as the answer is given: "Eighty and six years have I served God, and he never did me any harm. How, then, can I renounce my King, my Saviour, and my Master!"

Which was the best master do you think, dear young friend—Wolsey's or Polycarp's?

Both had received wages. Wolsey's master had allowed him to sleep in a golden bed—to sit in a chair of gold—to eat off a cloth of crimson; he had permitted him to heap up riches to himself—"rich stuffs, silks and velvets of all colours, costly furs, rich capes, and other vestments; gold and silver plate, set with pearls and precious stones by the basketful"—and then in his old age he had forsaken his faithful servant and left him to die unfriended and alone. Yea, I say unto you, Wolsey had his reward.

Polycarp's Master, how did he repay the services of a lifetime? With "tribulation" in this world, yet with a peaceful mind; "not as the world giveth" had the Master rewarded him, but in the hour of death he stood by his faithful servant. "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee" had been his promise, and it was fulfilled. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," is graven on the stone in Smyrna where Polycarp suffered; but Wolsey's tomb bears no such inscription—he had received all his wages.

WATCHING.

SAYS an old sailor, "I often recall my first night at sea. A storm had come up, and we had put back under a point of land which broke the wind a little, but still the wind had a rake on us, and we were in danger of drifting. I was on the anchor watch; it was my duty to give warning in case the ship should drag her anchor. It was a long night to me. I was very anxious whether I should know if the ship really did drift. How could I tell? I found that by going forward and placing my hand on the chain, I could tell by the feeling of it whether the anchor was dragging or not; and how often that night I went forward and placed

my hand on that chain! Sometimes during that long, stormy night I would be startled by a rumbling sound, and I would put my hand on the chain, and find it was not the anchor dragging, but only the chain grating against the rocks at the bottom. The anchor was still firm. And sometime now, in temptation and trial, I became afraid, and praying, I find that away down deep in my heart I do love God, and my hope is in his salvation. And I want just to say a word to you boys. Boys, keep an anchor watch, lest, before you are aware, you may be upon the rocks."

Over the Fence.

BOY.

Over the fence is a garden fair—
How I would love to be master there!
All I lack is a mere pretence—
I could leap over the low white fence.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way that crimes commence;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

Over the fence I can toss my ball,
Then I can go in for it—that is all;
Picking an apple up near the tree
Would not be really a theft, you see.

CONSCIENCE.

This is a falsehood—a weak pretence;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

Whose is the voice that speaks so plain?
Twice have I heard it, and not in vain.
No'er will I venture to look that way,
Lest I shall do as I planned to-day.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way all crimes commence,
Coveting that which is over the fence.

JUST OUT.

A VETERAN OF 1812:

THE LIFE OF

James FitzGibbon.

BY

Mary Agnes FitzGibbon.

Cloth. with Illustrations, \$1.00.

This interesting and valuable book gives us the life story of a man whose name is honoured in Canadian history—one of the bright galaxy of British officers who achieved fame in the war of 1812-14. At the close of the war he settled in Toronto, where he filled various civil and military offices, being for many years Clerk of the Legislative Assembly. His remarkable career is well told. The book is as much a history as a biography, and furnishes much interesting matter relative to the war before mentioned, and to the stirring times of the rebellion of 1837.

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