

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute.)
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LESSON FOR JUNE 17

THE RISEN LORD.

LESSON TEXT—John 20:1-16.
GOLDEN TEXT—But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15:20.

The death of Christ made a deep impression upon the beholders (Luke 23:48, 49). Joseph, who seems to have been a secret disciple, obtained the body, and gave it burial (Mark 15:42-47). In Mark's record we have the story of the discovery of the resurrection by the women, and Matthew tells us how his enemies dealt with that fact. Be sure to use a good harmony of the four gospels in presenting all of these lessons, else some important detail will be overlooked.

I. Mary's Visit to the Tomb (vv. 1-10). The Sabbath ended at sundown, and the shops were then open, and Mary Magdalene was able to purchase spices with which to anoint the dead body of Jesus. There is strong probability that the women paid a visit to the tomb late on Saturday (Matt. 28:1, R. V.). Starting the next morning, "while it was yet dark" (v. 1), they came to the tomb to perform this last service of love. Jesus had no need of such service (Matt. 16:27; 20:19), but the women were rewarded by receiving the first glimpse of the risen Lord. There were five appearances on this first day of the week: (1) to Mary Magdalene, (2) to the "other women," (3) to Peter; (4) to those on the way to Emmaus, and (5) to the ten disciples, Thomas being absent.

None of these seemed to expect Jesus to be risen, for they had each failed to listen to and ponder his words. The extent and genuineness of the affection of the women is found in that they went to serve Jesus when apparently all hope had failed (1 Cor. 13:8, R. V.). As soon as Mary saw the stone rolled away, she concluded that the tomb had been rifled, and hastened to report to the disciples (v. 2). This report of the women to the disciples was considered "as idle tales" (Luke 24:11). With intense eagerness Peter and John ran to the tomb thus reported as being robbed. John, the younger, reached the tomb first, but in reverence did not enter, only stooping to look in (vv. 4, 5). Peter, the impetuous one, rushes inside, and sees the linen clothes lying, and the napkin that had been about the head carefully folded and lying in a place by itself (v. 7). This apparently insignificant detail is one which is really significant, inasmuch as it shows that the tomb had not been rifled, leaving disorder behind. Instead of excitedly snatching the napkin from his face, and hurling it whither it might fall, he had quietly taken it off, and in an orderly way laid it aside. It is in such minute details as this that we see the greatest evidence of the veracity of this record.

II. Mary Weeping (vv. 11-15). The disciples returned to their own homes, and doubtless to the other disciples (v. 10), but the loving Mary remained behind in this place made sacred as having housed the body of the Lord. It is natural for us to linger in silent meditation in places of our greatest revelation or of our deepest soul experience. Jesus had told his disciples over and over again that he should rise again, and it seems strange that his enemies should have remembered it (Matt. 27:63) and his friends not.

III. Mary Worshipping (vv. 16-18). There must have been an infection in the voice of Jesus, for, upon the utterance of that one word, "Mary," she recognized her risen Lord. Joyfully she exclaimed, "Rabboni," that is to say, "Master" (v. 16), and would have poured out her love and worship at his feet. Jesus, however, does not suffer her to hold him fast. Mary must leave him, and tell the others. Literally, he says, "Do not lay hold of me but go and make known the glad truth that I am risen again." The risen Lord must return to "My Father" and "My God," whereas the one who would gladly have remained at his feet must go to the brethren, and make known the facts of the fulfillment of prophecy and the resurrection of our Lord.

The bribed soldiers spread abroad the tale that the disciples had stolen his body. The later lives of these disciples, their heroism and martyrdom, are evidence of the absurdity of any such act on their part.

The resurrection of Jesus is a vindication of his claim to being the Son of God. We do well to emphasize his birth, and to dwell much upon his death, yet both of these have no essential value apart from his resurrection.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

OLD GLORY! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?—
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?
*The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.*

Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy way—
We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that—
We—Tom, Dick, and Harry—each swinging his hat
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
When—Lord!—we all know we're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone—
And this is the reason we're wanting to know—
(And we're wanting it *so!*—
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.)—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—Oh!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?
*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.*

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;—
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?
*Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.*

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God.
... So I came by the name of Old Glory.

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THIS inspiring poem was read by Mr. Riley on February 23, 1903, when the state of Indiana presented a sword to Admiral Taylor, who commanded the battleship Indiana in the engagement off Santiago. Before reading the stanzas, the poet paid an introductory tribute to the flag as follows:

"It may seem a late day in which to attempt a tribute to our glorious old flag, the Stars and Stripes; but that it is an ever newer glory in our eyes and an ever dearer rapture in our hearts. The coming generations of its patriot followers, high and low, can but lift to it continuous voices of applause and benediction. Master orators may eulogize it till no further thrill of speech seems left with which to fitly glorify it, or poets may sing its praise till their song seems one with the music of the ripples of the breezes in its silken folds; but no tribute-voice of forum, harp or clarion may well hold mute the one all-universal voice that breaks, with cheers and tears at every newer sight of our nation's hallowed emblem—the old flag. Over its brave heroes and defenders, since 'the shot heard round the world,' it has been a panoply, a shelter and a shield, and yet how proudly have the embattled hosts gone down that they might lift it to securer heights. Its wavering shade has fallen on the weary marcher softly as the shadow of the maple at his father's door. He has heard its flutterings, like light laughter, in the lull of noonday battle; and, worn with agony, above the surgeon's tent, that all is well. Yea, and in death the sacred banner has enfolded him, even as a mother's fond caress. So, but the Lord's own victory in which he shares; the land he loved restored, inviolate, to kinsmen, comrades and oncoming patriot thousands yet to be—the broad old land of freedom firm underfoot once more—the old flag overhead! And what inspiring symbol must this banner be to its brave defenders who go down to sea in ships. One of these—a hapless prisoner for a while—says this of the old flag:

"There is an odd thing about that flag when you meet it on the high seas and the wind is blowing hard, namely, that of all flags I know, it is the most alive; when the wind blows, the most eager and keen, with the stars seeming to dance with the joy of excitement. So that there is none better to go into battle, or come down the street when the fife is piping ahead."

"And with righteous pride it is recorded that upon the sea—borne on the throbbing bosom of the gale and baptized with the salt sea spray—this beloved flag of ours was first christened by the name of Old Glory."

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TO GUARD WORKERS' HEALTH

National Board to Supervise Con-
ditions in Plants Working on War
Contracts, Is Urged.

A health conservation board, corre-
sponding to the general munitions
board announced by the council of na-
tional defense, is imperatively needed
to supervise health conditions in gov-
ernment plants and to co-operate with
similar state boards in the regulation
of private plants under contract with
the government. Dr. Frederick Mar-
tin of the council of national defense
is thoroughly qualified to head such an
organization, says the New Republic.
No labor laws should be suspended or
modified except after investigation and
approval by this body of experts. In-
deed, it would be to the best interest
of the nation if the government could
be persuaded to make minimum stand-
ards of hours, wages and shop condi-
tions integral parts of all munition
contracts. In war time the workers
will be willing to forego comforts and
to work nearer the margin of physical
exhaustion than in times of peace, but
the country cannot afford the extrava-
gance of paying for work done during
incapacity from fatigue or the further
extravagance of urging armies of work-
men toward relative incapacity by neg-
lect of proved physiological law.

Sweet Innocence.

Mrs. Youngbride—Our cook says
those eggs you sent yesterday were
quite old.

Grocer—Very sorry, ma'am. They
were the best we could get. You see,
all the young chickens were killed off
for the holiday trade, so the old hens
are the only ones left to do the layin'.

Mrs. Youngbride—Oh, to be sure! I
hadn't thought of that.

