

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 18.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xvii, 1-12. Memory Verses, 2-4—Golden Text, Ps. cxli, 105—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1, 2. And Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures. From Philippi they had traveled about 100 miles, probably spending a night each at Amphipolis and Apollonia, as that would make each day's journey about thirty or thirty-five miles, and now at Thessalonica there is a great center, for Paul says of the believers there, "From you sounded out the word of the Lord in Macedonia and Achaia" (I Thess. i, 8). The first question which Paul asked the Lord Jesus after he knew him as such seems to have become the motto of his whole life—"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts ix, 6). As our Lord after His resurrection expounded in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself and opened their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures (Luke xxiv, 27, 44, 45), so Paul's habit was to preach the kingdom of God and teach the things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ both out of the law of Moses and out of the prophets (Acts xviii, 23, 31).

2. Opening and alleging that Christ must needs have suffered and risen again from the dead, and that this Jesus whom I preach unto you is Christ.

So also taught our Lord Himself in Luke xxiv, 25, 26, after His resurrection as well as in all His earthly ministry (Matt. xvi, 21; xvii, 23; xx, 19). A sample of Paul's preaching to those who knew the Scriptures, the Jews, is found in his discourse at Antioch in Pisidia, recorded in Acts xiii, 16-41, in which he summarizes Exodus, Numbers, Joshua, Judges and Samuel and quotes from Ps. ii and xvi and Isa. lv. I think perhaps he would sometimes go back to Gen. iii, 15, 21, and show how all the Tabernacle ritual in Exodus and Leviticus was fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth, and that while the first part of Isa. llii had been fulfilled in His sufferings, the last part and all other prophecies would be as truly fulfilled.

4, 5. And some of them believed and consorted with Paul and Silas, . . . but the Jews which believed not, moved with envy, . . . set all the city on an uproar.

The believers were from Jews and gentiles, the opposition was from the Jews, but it was the great enemy of God and man working through them. He who turned Adam and Eve away from God has been in the same line of work ever since, and this is his great ambition. The Lord Jesus Christ humbled and emptied Himself to exalt God; the devil and his followers exalt themselves and would, if they could, debase God; but, being unable to do this, they do their utmost against Him and His people.

6, 7. These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also, . . . saying that there is another King, one Jesus.

The cry at Philippi was, "These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city (xvi, 20), but now they are accused of turning things upside down generally. Later, at Ephesus, they seriously affected the business of the silversmiths (Acts xix, 25-27), so they were continually in conflict with the world lying in the wicked one (I John v, 19). Our Lord had said that it would be so (John xiv, 18, 19), but times seem to have changed now, and the world and the church seem to be on good terms, and those who are represented by the silversmiths of Ephesus may be found as trustees or even deacons or elders in the churches. But let the word of God be as faithfully and fully preached as it was by Paul, and the faithful preacher may be led to think that the world has not changed at all and that the Pharisees and the worshippers of Diana are not only in the pews, but even in some of the pulpits, and that the person who is really worshipped is very often Caesar.

8-10. And the brethren immediately sent away Paul and Silas by night unto Berea, who, coming thither, went into the synagogue of the Jews.

One Jason, who had received Paul and Silas into his house, was made to bear the heavy end of the persecution at Thessalonica and thus have special fellowship with Jesus Christ (Phil. i, 26), and we next find the apostles fifty or sixty miles away at Berea, where, as their custom was, they began with the Jews, "To the Jew first" (Rom. i, 16) being the principle on which they always worked.

11, 12. These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind and searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so.

The Thessalonians did well, for they received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost, and they received it not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh in all who believe (I Thess. i, 6; ii, 13). The Bereans, however, excelled in the matter of searching the Scriptures daily, proving for themselves that the truths taught by the apostles were really so. The believers included both men and women, and of the latter many honorable women. Contrast these with the honorable men and women of Antioch in Pisidia who expelled Paul and Barnabas from their coasts. Some choose life and some death, but in each case the faithful preacher is unto God a sweet savior of Christ (II Cor. ii, 15, 16). If all who receive the word with readiness of mind, like the Bereans, would, like them, become searchers of the Scriptures, we would have many more teachers of the word, but it is now even as it was long ago, for when for the time many ought to be teachers they have need that one teach them again the first principles of the oracles of God (Heb. v, 12).

## Unconscious From Croup.

During a sudden and terrible attack of croup our little girl was unconscious from strangulation, says A. L. Spafford, postmaster, Chester, Mich., and a dose of One Minute Cough Cure was administered and repeated often. It reduced the swelling and inflammation, cut the mucus and shortly the child was resting easy and speedily recovered. It cures Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, and all Throat and Lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure lingers in the throat and chest and enables the lungs to contribute pure, health-giving oxygen to the blood. For sale by East End Drug Co.

## CHICKAMAUGA.

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL.

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When they came to the place where each had successively emerged from the camp through which Ratigan had followed her before daylight, they found the road lined with soldiers, whose curiosity brought them there to see the woman who had succeeded in breaking through a whole chain of guards. They had all heard of the exploit and crowded around the ambulance as it passed, but were kept away by the guards in attendance, who dropped back to the sides and rear. This prevented any further conversation between Ratigan and Miss Baggs, except an occasional whisper, but the corporal managed to keep her hand in his under a blanket, unobserved. At last the ambulance pulled up before the headquarters of the division whose camp they had entered, and Ratigan suddenly became conscious of the fact that he must turn his prisoner over to others, doubtless to be dealt with summarily, for he well knew the case would naturally receive prompt attention.

An officer with a captain's shoulder straps came out from headquarters and surveyed the ambulance. He was a dapper little fellow, fat and red faced. "Who've you got there?" he asked of Ratigan. "A lady, sir." "The woman who ran the guards last night?" "O! captured her on the road below." "H'm. The guard duty of this division is in a fine condition when a woman can run a whole chain of sentinels. Get her out of that."

"She's badly hurt, captain," said Ratigan, who had stepped down on to the ground and saluted. "I can alight," said Miss Baggs feebly. And getting as best she could to the door of the ambulance Ratigan helped her out. She looked faint, but stood by the aid of the corporal's arm.

"Take her in to the general," said the little captain. "He wants to see her."

As the tent was an ordinary wall tent, there was no great room in it. Miss Baggs went inside, while the corporal stood directly outside, with his hand on the tent pole.

"I must have you searched," said the general to the prisoner. Then he added, somewhat hesitatingly, "It's rather awkward not having a woman in camp."

"I will relieve you of the necessity," said the prisoner, with dignity, and putting her hand into her pocket she drew forth a bundle of papers, which she handed to him.

"What are these?" asked the surprised commander.

"Copies of intercepted telegrams."

The general uttered an exclamation, and taking the papers ran them over with his eye.

He looked up at the woman, who, save for the pallor occasioned by her fall from the collapsed buggy, stood apparently unmoved. There was admiration in the eye of the man who gazed at her. He was astonished at the coolness with which she handed him documents that would warrant his hanging her to a tree without a moment's delay, and above all there was about her a divine consciousness of having done a duty, a look of triumph under defeat, that compelled his reverence as well as his admiration.

"Are you aware," he said, "that with these dispatches in your possession, and beyond our lines, you would hold this army at your mercy?"

"I am."

"And that captured with them on your person your life is forfeited?"

"Certainly."

There are people who cannot brook a steady stand in one who may be naturally expected to break down in their presence. The general was one of these. In proportion as he admired her firmness was his desire to force her to show some giving way. He did not analyze his feelings and attribute his desire to any such cause. He yielded to it without realizing that the cause existed.

"Two pairs of eyes met and clashed. A tree without a moment's delay, and above all there was about her a divine consciousness of having done a duty, a look of triumph under defeat, that compelled his reverence as well as his admiration."

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"The natural method of procedure in this case," he said, looking at her sternly, "is for me to report your capture and the circumstances attending it to headquarters. Word comes back to try you by 'drumhead' court martial and hang you to tomorrow morning."

"Well?"

"Well, that is the end of the story."

There was silence for a few moments while they regarded each other.

"It is not the end of the story, general. The story of a life has no end. Death is but a transition. It pleases the Great Commander to assign me a fruitless task. It is not for me to ask why. I am but one of his soldiers, fighting with my brothers for my people."

She had conquered. There was something so forcible in her words, something so truly grand in her manner, that the man who would break her spirit desisted. He regarded her admiringly and was silent.

"All I ask, general," she said presently, seeing that he did not speak, "is that there be no greater delay than necessary. Now I have a strength which may be worn away by long waiting, with death staring me in the face."

Still the officer did not speak. He was thinking—thinking how he could get rid of so unpleasant a duty as the trial and execution of this splendid woman. He feared that should he report her capture to headquarters he would get the same reply as in the case he had cited.

"I will not harm you," he said presently. "Some one else must take the responsibility of this complication of death and a woman."

"It does not matter who does the work, so long as it must be done."

"Perhaps not to you. It matters a great deal to me. My hands are clean. I don't care to stain them."

While this conversation was going on Corporal Ratigan was listening and observing the speakers with a palpitating heart. There was something so cold out in the general's tones that the corporal felt a repugnance at his prisoner being in his especial keeping. He preferred that she should be sent to some one else and was relieved when he announced his intention to shift the responsibility. Besides the corporal hoped that he would himself be entrusted with her keeping until she should arrive at some camp where the commander would be willing to receive her.

"Shall I take her to headquarters, general?" he asked.

"Ah, my man!" said the general, as though awakened from a reverie, "are you here? I had forgotten you."

"O! can conduct her to headquarters if you desire it, general."

"I am not in the habit of receiving suggestions from my brigade or regimental commanders, much less a corporal."

Ratigan saw that he had made a mistake and said nothing. The general regarded him with his shrewd eyes. It was plain to him that the man was interested in his prisoner.

"Corporal, you may go to your camp."

"Yes, sir."

"Orderly," called the general to a man standing near, "take this woman to the ambulance."

As Miss Baggs passed out the eyes of the two were fixed again on each other. While the general did not use words he could not resist a last attempt with his presence, his masterful countenance, his piercing eyes, to overawe his prisoner. She met that gaze firmly, unflinchingly, till she was without the tent; then with a final glance of contempt she turned and walked toward the ambulance.

The general called her back.

"You do not seem well satisfied with my treatment of you," he said in a tone in which there was something of sarcasm. "We soldiers must do our duty."

"It is not your doing your duty, general, that fails to win my respect. It is that you have not the manliness to do it yourself, but must needs put it upon some one else."

Again the two pairs of eyes met and clashed. The victory was with the woman. The general lowered his head to the ground.

"You may go," he said.

As soon as she was gone he went to a tent where there were writing materials and wrote a note, which he sealed and addressed. Giving it to the little captain, he directed him to send it, with the prisoner and the dispatches captured on her, to the officer whose name was on the envelope.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN UNWELCOME PRISONER.

It was 8 o'clock in the morning. Colonel Maynard pushed back the tent flap, intending to step outside and go to the mess tent for breakfast. The brightness of the morning seemed reflected in his countenance. His step was firm, his bearing full of youthful, manly vigor. He had been rapidly gaining the confidence of his officers and was coming to be admired and beloved by his men. All misgivings as to his fitness for his responsible position had melted away. Colonel Mark Maynard was the man most to be envied of those no older than himself in the Army of the Cumberland.

He had scarcely passed from his tent when, glancing down the road beside which his camp was located, his attention was arrested by an ambulance coming slowly along driven by a man in a soldier's blouse and smoking a short clay pipe. On either side rode a cavalryman. The colonel paused to watch the coming vehicle and its attendants. Had it not been guarded he would have supposed it to contain a sick soldier going to hospital. As it was, it must either hold an officer of high rank or a sick or wounded prisoner. Whatever it contained, there came to the man watching it an uncomfortable feeling that it was in some way a link between himself and misfortune. The bright, happy look of a moment before disappeared, to be replaced by a troubled expression, though he could not have given a reason for foreboding. When the ambulance stopped

pet opposite his tent, he muttered with a knitted brow:

"What does this mean?"

One of the attendants dismounted, went to the door of the ambulance, opened it and handed out a woman, who descended to the ground with some difficulty, as though in a weakened condition. The two then came directly to where Colonel Maynard was standing.

The woman was attired in a striped calico dress. Her head and face were bare. The colonel knew at a glance that he had seen her before, but could not tell where. She walked slowly, for she seemed scarcely able to drag herself along, and he had time to study her features as she came on. The two stopped before him. The soldier saluted, and drawing an envelope from his belt handed it to Colonel Maynard. The colonel took it without looking at it. He was still studying the features of the woman.

"A communication from General —, colonel," said the man who handed him the paper. As the soldier spoke Colonel Maynard recognized the woman he had met at Mrs. Fain's. His hand trembled as he grasped the envelope and tore it open.

HEADQUARTERS — DIVISION, ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND, IN THE FIELD, Sept. —, 1862.

Colonel Mark Maynard, Commanding the —th Cavalry Brigade.

COLONEL—I send you a woman who this morning was caught tampering with the telegraph line, and who has evidently been taking off our dispatches. Being in transit and about to move on this morning, I take the liberty to send her to you under guard, with the suggestion that you do with her as seems best to you. I have use for the limited number of men present for duty on my escort, and this is my apology for troubling you. Yours is the nearest command to which I can send her. I am very respectfully your obedient servant,

Brigadier General.

Colonel Maynard read the missive over twice, slowly, without looking up. He had not read a dozen words before he knew that he held in his possession one whose life was forfeited as his own life had been forfeited to the Confederates a year before. His keeping his eyes on the paper was to gain time, to avoid speaking when his utterance was choked with a strange emotion. His thoughts were far away. He stood on the bank of the Tennessee river below Chattanooga. It was in the gray of the morning. He saw a skiff tied to the shore. He jumped down to seize it and found himself among a group of Confederate soldiers.

Personating a member of General Bragg's staff, he commanded them to row him across the river. They started to obey. As they left the shore suddenly a boat swung around Moccasin point. It was full of armed men. He was taken back to Chattanooga, tried and condemned to be hanged for a spy.

All this passed before his mind's eye as he stood pretending to study the communication before him, not this bare statement of it, but each detail, each feeling of hope, fear, despair, as they rapidly succeeded each other from the moment of his capture till his escape and safe return to the Union lines.

Looking up at last with an expression of commiseration which surprised the prisoner, he said:

"Madam, will you please accept my heartfelt sympathies?"

Miss Baggs, who had already recognized Colonel Maynard, simply bowed her head in acknowledgment without speaking, but fixing her large dark eyes upon him. When placed in a similar position, Maynard had met his enemy's glance with affected coolness in a vain hope of deception. Not so the woman before him. The time for deception had passed with her. She was a Charlotte Corday, knowing that the guillotine awaited her, a martyr in whose eyes gleamed the divine light of a willing sacrifice to a cause she believed to be sacred.

The colonel spoke again:

"Madam," he said, "it is my duty to report your case to my commanding officer for transmission to the headquarters of this army. There is a little house across the road. If you are able to go there, you will be more comfortable while we are awaiting the reply."

"As you like, colonel."

"Perhaps it would be better to use the ambulance."

"I can walk. I would prefer it."

"Will you accept my assistance?"

She took his offered arm, and the two walked slowly toward a farmhouse a few hundred yards distant. As the colonel passed a sentry he directed him to have the officer of the guard summoned and sent to him. On reaching the house and mounting the few steps that led up to the door, they were received by a farmer's wife and ushered into a small sitting room. Bowing to the prisoner, Colonel Maynard stepped outside to instruct the guard. It was not essential that he should hasten, but he did not feel equal to an interview.

After seeing a sentinel posted on each side of the house Maynard turned to go to his tent. He was drawn by some unaccountable instinct to look once more at the abode of his prisoner. She was gazing out at him with a pair of eyes melancholy, unresisting, full of resignation.

What fiend had suddenly thrown this beautiful woman, this queen of martyrs, into his keeping, with death staring her in the face, and he perhaps to inflict the penalty? Why, if he must suffer this turning of the tables by fate, could not the victim have been a man, some coarse creature who would die like a brute? And why had it not come upon him before love had introduced him to that instinctive delicacy, that gentleness, those finer heart impulses of woman?

"O God!" he murmured, "suppose—suppose she were—Laura?"

He could not bear to look and could not turn away. For a few moments the two gazed upon each other, while the woman's natural feminine discernment told her that she was pitied; told her something of what Maynard suffered; that her enemy was really her friend. She gave him a faint smile in recognition.

There was something in the smile that was even harder for him to endure

than had she shed a tear. Hers was a winning smile, and her position was so desperate. She was so brave, so ready to sacrifice for her struggling people. She bore her trial with such gentleness, yet with such firmness.

She was a woman, and she must die. He turned almost fiercely and strode back to his tent. Reaching it, he found the man who had brought the prisoner waiting for him. The soldier saluted and handed him another envelope.

"Why did you not give me this with the other?" asked Maynard, surprised.

"I handed it to you, colonel, but you did not see it."

Maynard stared at the man without making any reply. He had been preoccupied, deprived of his ordinary faculties. Opening the envelope, he took out a small bundle of papers, on the back of which was indorsed, "Intercepted dispatches found on the person of Elizabeth Baggs, captured Sept. —, 1863."

Without looking at their contents he dismissed the man who had brought them, and turning went into his tent.

It was noon before the courier sent to announce the capture of Miss Baggs rode up to Colonel Maynard's headquarters.

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