

# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 7

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

LESSON TEXT.—Ex. 20:1-11.  
GOLDEN TEXT.—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind."—Luke 10:27.

The decalogue divides itself into two parts; the first has to do with man and his relations to God, the second deals with man and his relations with men. We consider today the first part. From Deut. 5:22, 23 we learn that the words of these eternal principles were spoken to the whole assembly from the midst of the burning mountain and that they stand apart from the Mosaic law. It was God himself who spoke (v. 1) to this redeemed people (v. 2). Afterwards he wrote them with his own finger on tablet of stone, Deut. 5:22. This law was done away with in Christ (Col. 2:14, 16, 17; 2 Cor. 3:7, 11) but nevertheless each one of these commands, excepting the fourth is reiterated in the New Testament, emphasizing the eternal fixedness of their principles. The principle of a day of rest one day in seven has not, however, been set aside, as we shall see hereafter. The purpose of the law is to bring to men the knowledge of sin and thereby to lead them to Christ, Rom. 5:20, 7:7, 13; Gal. 3:10, 24. John the beloved, tells us "that his commandments are not grievous." Men who understand the spirit of the decalogue know that every commandment tends to make better citizens, better parents, better children, in fact to enable one to live satisfactorily with himself and his neighbors and his God.

### Pinnacles of Thought.

I. The First Commandment, vv. 1-3. Instinctively one thinks of two other pinnacles of religious thought, "In the beginning God," Gen. 1:1, and the first two words of the disciples' prayer, "Our Father," Matt. 6:9. Eternity alone can furnish us a measurement sufficiently great to enable us fully to comprehend the fulness of this thought. God the creator, law giver, father. In the beginning, at this mountain and in his son, teaching us of his character.

Up to this time everything had been done for the Israelites. Hereafter they must keep the law in order to obtain life, Rom. 10:5; Gal. 3:12. In this Gospel dispensation we obtain life as an enabling agent whereby to perform or to keep the law, Eph. 2:1; 8:10. The Christian's higher law is Christ himself, inasmuch as the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in the Christian who walks after the spirit, Rom. 8:4. The foundation of all of this is to "have no other gods before (or beside) me," Matt. 4:10.

II. The Second Commandment, vv. 4-6. This is negative in that we shall not attempt any visible representation or likeness of God, and positive in that we shall not bow down in worship nor serve any such likeness. The wisdom of this is only too evident when we carefully study the degeneracy of all forms of heathen religions. The creation of man's hands is worshiped in lieu of the creature supposed to be represented. God did sanction images, Ex. 37:7, 17-20; 1 Kings 7:25. The service of art in the matter of religion is freely acknowledged but nevertheless it is attended by grave danger as is evidenced by Roman Catholic observances in many parts of the world. True worship must be in spirit the God who is spirit, John 4:24; Phil. 3:3 R. V. He must be supreme in our hearts and our affections. The perpetuity of either blessing or curse for the observance or violation of this edict may at first seem to be rather harsh. Yet we must consider that posterity is the continuation of one's self. We do what our fathers did, Heb. 7:9, 10. God has however made a merciful provision whereby we may turn the misery of sin into a blessing, Ez. 18:2, 19, 20 and Rom. 8:28. Let us rather emphasize the converse of this law of heredity, viz., that the blessing is likewise perpetuated, "to a thousand generations," Deut. 7:9; Ps. 105:8, Rom. 11:28, 5:20.

### Must Be Sincere.

III. The Third Commandment, v. 7. Here is demanded absolute sincerity by all in the use of the divine name and thus forbids all forms of blasphemy. This covers much more than ordinary vulgar profanity. The flippant and sacrilegious use of divine terms and phrases; the use, whether in prayer or praise of divine names and expressions which are not a part of our life experience is a form of blasphemy. Vain, empty, false usage of God's name is blasphemous. A proper reverence towards God is fundamental to any true love for God.

IV. The Fourth Commandment, vv. 8-11. Attention has been called to the fact that nowhere does it say the seventh day of the week, though that is what the Israelites observed. This is the Sabbath of Jehovah. While this was specially designated for the Jews (Deut. 5:1, 12, 15), and not literally binding upon the Christian (Col. 2:16, 17), yet it has underneath it a great, wise and beneficent principle, man's need for rest one day in seven. Physically and nervously he needs rest and quiet; spiritually he needs the rest and refreshment thus provided. It was a merciful provision for man.



"Easy!" he ejaculated. "Then it's your purpose to compel me to give you shelter because of this secret—you mean to ruin me. I'll not be able to account for you, and they will question—my wife will want to know, and—others as well."

"Now, now," said Fran, with sudden gentleness, "don't be so excited, don't take it so hard. Let them question I'll know how to keep from exposing you. But I do want to belong to somebody, and after I've been here a while, and you begin to like me, I'll tell you everything. I knew the Josephine Derry that you deserted—she raised me, and I know she loved you to the end. Didn't you ever care for her, not even at the first, when you got her to keep your marriage secret until you could speak to your father face to face? You must have loved her then. And she's the best friend I ever had. Since she died I've wandered—and—and I want a home."

The long loneliness of years found expression in her eager voice and pleading eyes, but he was too engrossed with his own misfortunes to heed her emotion. "Didn't I go back to Springfield?" he cried out. "Of course I did. I made inquiries for her; that's why I went back—to find out what had become of her. I'd been gone only three years, yes, only three years, but, good heavens, how I had suffered! I was so changed that nobody knew me." He paused, appalled at the recollection. "I have always had a terrible capacity for suffering. I tell you, it was my duty to go back to find her, and I went back. I would have acknowledged her as my wife. I would have lived with her. I'd have done right by her, though it had killed me. Can I say more than that?"

"I am glad you went back," said Fran softly. "She never knew it. I am so glad that you did—even that."

"Yes, I did go back," he said, more firmly. "But she was gone. I tell you all this because you say she was your best friend."

"A while ago you asked me who I am—and what—"

"It doesn't matter," he interjected. "You were her friend; that is all I care to know. I went back to Springfield, after three years—but she was gone. I was told that her uncle had cast her off, and she had disappeared. It seems that she'd made friends with a class of people who were not—who were not—respectable."

Fran's eyes shone brightly. "Oh, they were not," she agreed, "they were not at all what you would call respectable. They were not religious."

"So I was told," he resumed, a little uncertainly. "There was no way for me to find her."

"Her?" cried Fran; "you keep on saying 'her.' Do you mean—?"

He hesitated. "She had chosen her part—to live with those people—I left her to lead the life that pleased her. That's why I never went back to Springfield again. I've taken up my life in my own way, and left her—your friend—"

"Yes, call her that," cried Fran, holding up her head. "I am proud of that title. I glory in it. And in this house—"

"I have made my offer," he interrupted decidedly. "I'll provide for you anywhere but in this house."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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### SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, teaches during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board.

### CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

He was sorry for her; at the same time he was subject to the reaction of his exhausting labors as song-leader. "Then," he said, with tired resignation, "if you'll follow me, I'll take you where you can spend the night, and tomorrow, I'll try to find you work."

"Work!" She laughed. "Oh, thank you!" Her accent was that of reputation. Work, indeed!

He drew back in surprise and displeasure.

"You didn't understand me," she resumed. "What I want is a home. I don't want to follow you anywhere. This is where I want to stay."

"You cannot stay here," he answered with a slight smile at the presumptuous request, "but I'm willing to pay for a room at the hotel—"

At this moment the door was opened by the young woman who, some hours earlier, had responded to Fran's knocking. Footsteps upon the porch had told of Gregory's return.

The lady who was not Mrs. Gregory was so pleased to see the gentleman who was Mr. Gregory—they had not met since the evening meal—that, at first, she was unaware of the black shadow; and Mr. Gregory, in spite of his perplexity, forgot the shadow also, so cheered was he by the glimpse of his secretary as she stood in the brightly lighted hall. Such moments of delighted recognition are infinitesimal when a third person, however shadowy, is present; yet had the world been there, this exchange of glances must have taken place!

Fran did not understand—her very wisdom blinded her as with too great light. She had seen so much of the world that, on finding a tree bearing apples, she at once classified it as an apple tree. To Gregory, Grace Noir was but a charming and conscientious sympathizer in his life-work, the atmosphere in which he breathed freest. He had not breathed freely for half a dozen hours—no wonder he was glad to see her. To Grace Noir, Hamilton Gregory was but a benefactor to mankind, a man of lofty ideals whom it was a privilege to aid, and since she knew that her very eyes gave him strength, no wonder she was glad to see him.

Could Fran have read their thoughts, she would not have found the slightest consciousness of any shade of evil in their sympathetic comradeship. As she could read only their faces, she disliked more than ever the tall, young, and splendidly formed secretary.

"Oh!" said Grace with restraint, discovering Fran.

"Yes," Fran said with her elfish smile, "back again."

Just without the portal Hamilton



"I Don't want to Follow You Anywhere. This is Where I Want to Stay."

Gregory paused irresolutely. He did not know what course to pursue, so he repeated vacantly, "I am willing to pay—"

Fran interrupted flippantly: "I have all the money I want." Then she passed swiftly into the hall, rudely brushing past the secretary.

Gregory could only follow. He spoke to Grace in a low voice, telling all he knew of the night wanderer. Her attitude called for explanations, but he would have given them anyway, in that low, confidential murmur. He did not know why it was—or seek to know—but whenever he spoke to Grace, it was natural to use a low tone, as if modulating his touch to sensitive strings—as if the harmony

resulting from the interplay of their souls called for the soft pedal.

"What is to be done?" Grace inquired. Her attitude of reserve toward Gregory which Fran's presence had inspired, melted to potential helpfulness; at the same time her dislike for the girl solidified.

"What do you advise?" Gregory asked his secretary gently.

Grace cast a disdainful look at Fran. Then she turned to her employer and her deliciously curved face changed most charmingly. "I think," she responded with a faint shake of rebuke for his leniency, "that you should not need my advice in this matter." Why should he stand apparently helpless before this small bundle of arrogant impudence?

Gregory turned upon Fran with affected harshness. "You must go." He was annoyed that Grace should imagine him weak.

Fran's face hardened. It became an ax of stone, sharpened at each end, with eyes, nose and mouth in a narrow line of cold defiance. To Grace the acute wedge of white forehead, gleaming its way to the roots of the black hair, and the sharp chin cutting its way down from the tightly drawn mouth, spoke only of cunning. She regarded Fran as a fox, brought to bay.

Fran spoke with calm deliberation: "I am not going away."

"I would advise you," said Grace, looking down at her from under drooping lids, "to go at once, for a storm is rising. Do you want to be caught in the rain?"

Fran looked up at Grace, undaunted. "I want to speak to Mr. Gregory. If you are the manager of this house, he and I can go outdoors. I don't mind getting wet. I've been in all kinds of weather."

Grace looked at Gregory. Her silences were effective weapons.

"I have no secrets from this lady," he said, looking into Grace's eyes, answering her silence. "What do you want to say to me, child?"

Fran shrugged her shoulders, always looking at Grace, while neither of the others looked at her. "Very well, then, of course it doesn't matter to me, but I thought it might to Mr. Gregory. Since he hasn't any secrets from you, of course he has told you that one of nearly twenty years ago—"

It was not the rumble of distant thunder, but a strange exclamation from the man that interrupted her; it was some such cry as human creatures may have uttered before the crystallizing of recurring experiences into the terms of speech.

Fran gave quick, relentless blows: "Of course he has told you all about his Springfield life—"

"Silence!" shouted Gregory, quivering from head to foot. The word was like an imprecation, and for a time it kept hissing between his locked teeth.

"And of course," Fran continued, tilting up her chin as if to drive in the words, "since you know all of his secrets—all of them—you have naturally been told the most important one. And so you know that when he was boarding with his cousin in Springfield and attending the college there, something like twenty years ago—"

"Leave us!" Gregory cried, waving a violent arm at his secretary, as if to sweep her beyond the possibility of overhearing another word.

"Leave you—with her?" Grace stammered, too amazed by his attitude to feel offended.

"Yes, yes, yes! Go at once!" He seemed the victim of some mysterious terror.

Grace compressed her full lips till they were thinned to a white line. "Do you mean forever?"

"Oh, Grace—I beg your pardon—Miss Grace—I don't mean that, of course. What could I do without you? Nothing, nothing, Grace—you are the soul of my work. Don't look at me so cruelly."

"Then you just mean," Grace said steadily, "for me to go away for a little while?"

"Only half an hour; that's all. Only half an hour, and then come back to me, and I will explain."

"You needn't go at all, on my account," observed Fran, with a twist of her mouth. "It's nothing to me whether you go or stay."

She ascended the stairway, at each step seeming to mount that much the higher into an atmosphere of righteous remoteness.

No one who separated Gregory from his secretary could enjoy his toleration, but Fran had struck far below the surface of likings and dislikings. She had turned back the covering of conventionality to lay bare the quivering heartstrings of life itself. There was no time to hesitate. The stone ax which on other occasions might be a laughing, elfish face was now held ready for battle.

"Hadn't we better go in a room where we can talk privately?" Fran asked. "I don't like this hall. That woman would just as soon listen over the banisters as not. I've seen lots of people like her, and I understand her kind."

### CHAPTER V.

#### We Reap What We Sow.

If anything could have prejudiced Hamilton Gregory against Fran's interests it would have been her slighting allusion to the one who typified his



"My God!" Groaned the Man.

most exalted ideals as "that woman." But Fran was to him nothing but an agent bringing out of the past a secret he had preserved for almost twenty years. This stranger knew of his youthful folly, and she must be prevented from communicating it to others.

It was from no sense of aroused conscience that he hastened to lead her to the front room. In this crisis, something other than shuddering recoil from haunting deeds was imperative; unlovely specters must be made to vanish.

He tried desperately to cover his dread under a voice of harshness: "What have you to say to me?"

Fran had lost the insolent composure which the secretary had inspired. Now that she was alone with Hamilton Gregory, it seemed impossible to speak. She clasped and unclasped her hands. She opened her mouth, but her lips were dry. The wind had risen, and as it went moaning past the window, it seemed to speak of the yearning of years passing in the night, unsatisfied. At last came the words, muffled, frightened—"I know all about it."

"All about what, child?" He had lost his harshness. His voice was almost coaxing, as if entreating the mercy of ignorance.

Fran gasped, "I know all about it—I know—!" She was terrified by the thought that perhaps she would not be able to tell him. She leaned heavily upon a table with hand turned backward, whitening her finger-tips by the weight thrown on them.

"About what?" he repeated with the caution of one who fears. He could not doubt the genuineness of her emotion; but he would not accept her statement of its cause until he must.

"Oh," cried Fran, catching a tempestuous breath, uneven, violent, "you know what I mean—that!"

The dew glistened on his brow, but he doggedly stood on the defensive. "You are indefinite," he muttered, trying to appear bold.

She knew he did not understand because he would not, and now she realized that he would, if possible, deny. Pretense and sham always hardened her. "Then," she said slowly, "I will be definite. I will tell you the things it would have been better for you to tell me. Your early home was in New York, but you had a cousin living in Springfield, where there was a very good college. Your parents were anxious to get you away from the temptations of a big city until you were of age. So you were sent to live with your cousin and attend college. You were with him three or four

years, and at last the time came for graduation. Shall I go on?"

He fought desperately for self-preservation. "What is there in all this?"

"You had married, in the meantime," Fran said coldly; "married secretly. That was about nineteen years ago. She was only eighteen. After graduation you were to go to New York, break the news to your father, come back to Springfield for your wife, and acknowledge her. You graduated; you went to your father. Did you come back?"

"My God!" groaned the man. So she knew everything; must he admit it? "What is all this to you?" he burst forth. "Who and what are you, anyway—and why do you come here with your story? If it were true—"

"True!" said Fran bitterly. "If you've forgotten, why not go to Springfield and ask the first old citizen you meet? Or you might write to some one you used to know, and inquire. If you prefer, I'll send for one of your old professors, and pay his expenses. They took a good deal of interest in the young college student who married and neglected Josephine Derry. They haven't forgotten it, if you have."

"You don't know," he gasped, "that there's a penalty for coming to people's houses to threaten them with supposed facts in their lives. You don't know that the jails are ready to punish blackmailing, for you are only a little girl and don't understand such things. I give you warning. Although you are in short dresses—"

"Yes," remarked Fran dryly, "I thought that would be an advantage to you. It ought to make things easier."

"How an advantage to me? Easier? What have I to do with you?"

"I thought," Fran said coldly, "that it would be easier for you to take me into the house as a little girl than as a grown woman. You'll remember I told you I've come here to stay."

"To stay!" he echoed, shrinking back. "You?"

"Yes," she said, all the cooler for his attitude of repulsion. "I want a home. Yes, I'm going to stay. I want to belong to somebody."

He cried out desperately, "But what am I to do? This will ruin me—oh, it's true, all you've said—I don't deny it. But I tell you, girl, you will ruin me. Is all the work of my life to be overturned? I shall go mad."

"No, you won't," Fran calmly assured him. "You'll do what every one has to do, sooner or later—face the situation. You're a little late getting to it, but it was coming all the time. You can let me live here as an adopted orphan, or any way you please. The important fact to me is that I'm going to live here. But I don't want to make it hard for you, truly I don't."

"Don't you?" He spoke not loudly, but with tremendous pressure of desire. "Then, for God's sake, go back! Go back to—wherever you came from. I'll pay all expenses. You shall have all you want—"

"All I want," Fran responded, "is a home, and that's something people can't buy. Get used to the thought of my staying here; that will make it easy."

He went behind the counter. Again the cat followed, and the play was enacted as before.

It went on that way for about ten minutes, when the delivery boy came whistling in. He was hailed as a deliverer.

"Huh!" he grunted. He seized the cat and cast it out, the feline jaws still gripping her prey.—Indianapolis News.

Bluebottle Heaven.

In the American Magazine there was an amusing story entitled "The Honor of the Bluebottles." Aunt Lucinda Bluebottle of Boston ran into a young man, who used a bad word. Aunt Lucinda goes on:

"The young man's language was not good. He said he'd be damned, and that is exactly what will happen to him, I am sure, for whatever else Heaven may be, I am convinced it will not be vulgar."

To Be Rigidly Exact.

Regstaff—I hear you are doing some writing for one of the popular magazines.

Percollum—That's slightly exaggerated; I haven't been able to get my stuff into any but the—unpopular ones yet.

### CAT ENJOYED THE COMEDY

But of the Four Principals Involved, Tom Was the Only One That Had a Laugh Coming.

This is the tale of a cat with a sense of humor.

Mrs. Youngwife went to an east end butcher shop the other day. When she entered, the greeting was a high-pitched shriek. Naturally she shrieked, too, and then looked to see what the trouble was. Mrs. Butcher, in charge of the shop in her husband's absence, stood on a small box. Before her stood a large black cat, a gleam of fun in his yellow eyes and a mouse in his mouth.

A moment the tableau held. Then the cat walked away and Mrs. Butcher started fearfully behind the counter. The cat followed her and dropped the mouse at her feet. Two screams, the flutter of skirts, and Mrs. Butcher again was safe on the box, and Mrs. Youngwife sat on the counter, her feet sticking straight out, her skirts gathered tightly about her ankles.

The mouse ran a foot or two and the cat had it again, and again walked away. Mrs. Butcher stepped off the box, picked it up and, carrying her ark of refuge with her, again tried