

# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 16

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

LESSON TEXT—Deut. 34:1-12. GOLDEN TEXT—"Precious in the sight of Jehovah is the death of his saints." Ps. 116:15.

I. The Old Leader, vv. 1-8. We have now come to the last of our lessons which have to do with Moses. Following his lamented failure at the time of the second arrival at Kadesh-Barnea, Miriam dies; at Mt. Hor, Aaron departed and his office is bestowed upon his son, Eleazar. Then quickly followed the plague of serpents, the defeat of the king of the Amorites, Balaam's folly, the apostasy of Israel which was cleansed by blood through the zeal of Phinehas, and finally the arrival upon the plains of Moab.

### Law Confirmed.

Here Moses repeats and confirms the law to this new generation of Israel, delivers his last charge, sings his last song, ascends Mt. Nebo to view Canaan, and is "forever with the Lord." In the passage marked out for this lesson we have the account of the passing of this wonderful servant of God. Returning to ch. 31:1-8 and 32:44-52 we see this journey in prospect, after that we read Moses' parting blessing and in this section we read of the fulfillment of that prospect Moses anticipated his departure by a quiet dignity, absolutely divorced from haste or fret, that was characteristic of his life of submission and was the essence of his life of faith.

Before departure Moses solemnly charged this newer generation to observe the law, declaring that it is not a vain nor an empty thing, but in deed and in truth to them the way of life. Then comes the simple dignified account of this last act of obedience, simple, yet sublime. Yonder we see him, viewed by the hosts of Israel, as he ascends the mountain alone—yet not alone—prepared to spend his last hours upon earth with Jehovah, who doubtless appeared as the angel—Jehovah and pointed out to him the land he so much longed to enter, but could not because he failed to sanctify God in the sight of the people at a critical moment. Taking the glory to himself on that occasion demanded an act of punishment as a warning to the people, hence, "It went ill with Moses for their sakes," Ps. 106:32. There upon the mount God's covenant with Abraham is confirmed and with undimmed eye and undiminished vigor (v. 7), Moses was shown the fulfillment of that promise, his body was laid at rest by God himself, in an unknown and unmarked sepulchre, "over against Beth-Peor," v. 6.

II. The New Leader, v. 9. God never leaves his people without a leader and hence Joshua is exalted to compensate Israel for the loss of Moses. "The king is dead—long live the king." The worker dies, the work goes on and many times the victories of the new leader are fully as great and far reaching as any won by the former leader. Joshua was not Moses, he was Joshua and as such called to face new problems.

III. A Great Character, vv. 10-12. The description of Moses is of one who saw Jehovah face to face, a peculiar dignity, and the secret of his greatness. When Aaron and Miriam murmured God declared that Moses was different from all other prophets in that, "with him will I speak mouth to mouth, even manifestly, and not in dark speeches, and the form of Jehovah shall be beheld," Num. 12:6-8. Moses himself declared to Israel that when God spoke to them out of the midst of the fire, "I stood between the Lord and you," Deut. 5:4, 5. The supreme teaching of this lesson is the fact that great as Moses was, he was nevertheless excluded from the promised land as a warning to Israel.

On the other hand this story is a wonderful illustration of the tender compassion and watchful care of Jehovah even to the end. Even the discipline of Jehovah is accompanied by gentleness. If he must needs be excluded yet he is not excluded from communion with Jehovah.

Thus this saint who was separated to the will of God passes out of life. In the hour of the consummation of his life work his spirit passes into a yet closer fellowship with God. Third in the Psalmist in the words of the golden grasses text most beautifully suggests, "Repudiate, but such an hour is a delight to God, and suggests the welcome which must be awaiting his saints. Do not forget the last glorious appearing of Moses after the lapse of the centuries when: "On the hills he never trod Spoke of the strife that won our life With the Incarnate Son of God."

"Death and judgment were a constant source of fear to me until I realized that neither shall have any hold on the child of God." D. L. Moody: Do not put death out of consideration, but welcome it as Moses welcomed it. When we stand on Pisgah, can we say we did our full duty? In that hour the plaudits of men will be stilled.

Moses was a great hero, prophet, priest, law-giver, poet and general, yet Israel could erect no monument over his grave to do him honor. It was a greater honor to follow his admonitions and obey the law.

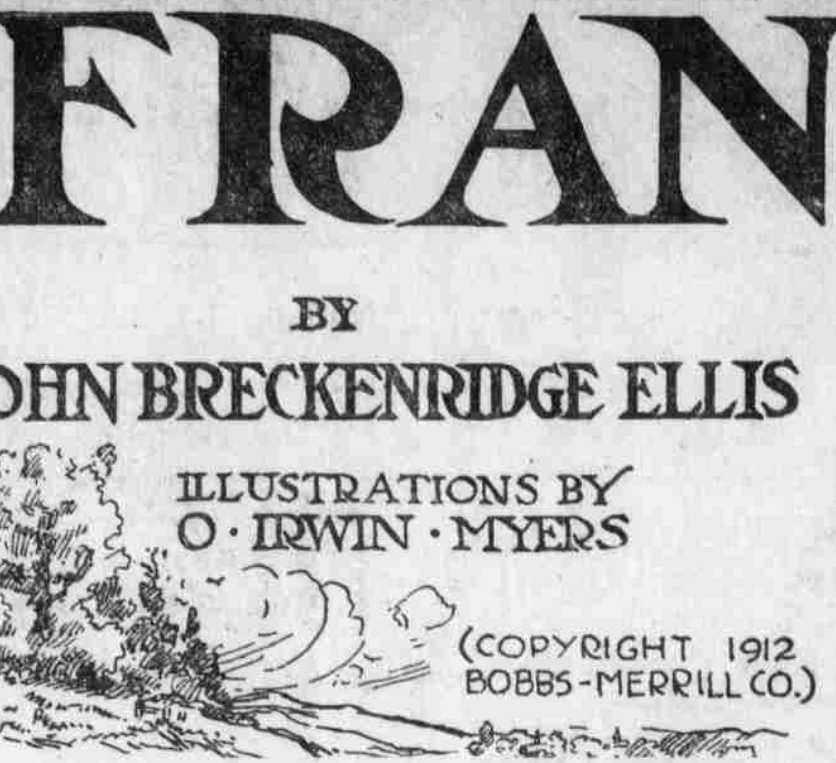
# FRAN

BY

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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, laughs 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 talking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. Fran declares the secretary must go. Grace being nursing tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous lion tamer, Fran Nonpareil. She tired of circus life and sought a home. Grace tells of seeing Fran come home after midnight with a man. She guesses part of the story and surprises the rest from Abbott. She decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story. Fran enlists Abbott in her battle against Grace. Fran offers her services to Gregory as secretary during the temporary absence of Grace.

### CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Of course you are lonely, child, but that is your fault. You are in this house on a footing of equality, and all seem to like you, except Miss Grace—and I must say, her disapproval disturbs you very little. But you won't adopt our ways. You make everybody talk by your indiscreet behavior—then wonder that the town shuns your society, and complain because you feel lonesome!"

Fran's eyes filled with tears. "If you believe in me—if you try to like me—that's all I ask. The whole town can talk, if I have you. I don't care for the world and its street corners—there are no street corners in my world!"

"But, child—"

"You never call me Fran if you can help it," she interposed passionately. "Even the dogs have names. Call me by mine; it's Fran. Say it, say it. Call me—oh, father, father. I want your love."

"Hush!" he gasped, ashen pale. "You will be overheard."

She extended her arms wildly: "What do you know about God, except that He's Father. That's all—Father—and you worship Him as His son. Yet you want me to care for your religion. Then why don't you show me the way to God? Can you love Him and deny your own child? Am I to pray to him as my Father in Heaven, but not dare acknowledge my father on earth? No! I don't know how others feel, but I'll have to reach heavenly things through human things. And I tell you that you are standing between me and God."

"Hush, hush!" cried Gregory. "Child! this is sacrilege!"

"No, it is not. I tell you, I can't see God, because you're in the way."



"My Unfortunate Child—My Daughter—Oh, Why Were You Born."

You pray "Our Father who art in Heaven . . . give us this day our daily bread." And I pray to you, and I say, My father here on earth, give—give me—your love. That's what I want—nothing else—I want it so bad. . . I'm dying for it, father, can't you understand? Look—I'm praying for it— She threw herself wildly at his feet.

Deeply moved, he tried to lift her from the ground.

"No," cried Fran, scarcely knowing what she said, "I will not get up till you grant my prayer. I'm not asking for the full, rich love a child has the right to expect—but give me a crust, to keep me alive—father, give me my daily bread. You needn't think God is going to answer your prayers, if you refuse mine."

Hamilton Gregory took her in his arms and held her to his breast. "Fran," he said brokenly, "my unfortunate child . . . my daughter—oh, why were you born?"

"Yes," sobbed Fran, resting her head upon his bosom, "yes, why was I born?"

"You break my heart," he sobbed with her. "Fran, say the word, and I will tell everything; I will acknowledge you as my daughter, and if my wife—"

Fran shook her head. "You owe no more to my mother than to her," she said, catching her breath. "No, the secret must be kept—always. Father—I must never call you that except when we are alone—I must always whisper it, like a prayer—father, let me be your secretary."

It was strange that this request should surround Fran with the chill atmosphere of a tomb. His embrace relaxed insensibly. He looked at his daughter in frightened bewilderment, as if afraid she had drawn him too far from his security for further hiding. During the silence, she awaited his decision.

It was because of her tumultuous emotions that she failed to hear advancing footsteps.

"Some one is coming," he exclaimed, with ill-concealed relief. "We mustn't be seen thus—we would be misunderstood." He strode to the window, and pretended to look out. His face cleared momentarily.

The door opened, and Grace Noir started in, then paused significantly. "Am I interrupting?" she asked, in quiescent accent.

"Certainly not," Gregory breathed freedom. His surprise was so joyful that he was carried beyond himself. "Grace! It's Grace! Then you didn't go to the city with Bob. There wasn't any train—"

"I am here—" began Grace easily—"Yes, of course, that's the main thing," his delight could not be held in check. "You are here, indeed! And you are looking—I mean you look well—I mean you are not ill—your return is so unexpected."

"I am here," she steadily persisted, "because I learned something that affects my interests. I went part of the way with Mr. Clinton, but after thinking over what had been told me, I decided to leave the train at the next station. I have been driven back in a carriage. I may as well tell you, Mr. Gregory, that I am urged to accept a responsible position in Chicago."

He understood that she referred to marriage with Robert Clinton. "But—" he began, very pale.

She repeated, "A responsible position in Chicago. And I was told, this morning, that while I was away, Fran meant to apply for the secretaryship, thus taking advantage of my absence."

Fran's face looked oddly white and old, in its oval of black hair. "Who told you this truth?" she demanded, with a menacing gleam of teeth.

"Who knew of your intentions?" the other gracefully said. "But this is no matter. The point is that I have this Chicago opportunity. So if Mr. Gregory wants to employ you, I must know it at once, to make my arrangements accordingly."

"Can you imagine," Hamilton cried reproachfully, "that without any warning, I would make a change? Certainly not. I have no intention of employing Fran. The idea is impossible. More than that, it is—it is absolutely preposterous. Would I calmly tear down what you and I have been building up so carefully?"

"Then you had already refused Fran before I came?"

"I had—hadn't I, Fran?"

Fran gave her father a look such as had never before come into her dark eyes—a look of reproach, a look that said, "I cannot fight back because of the agony in my heart." She went away silent and with downcast head.

### CHAPTER XV.

In Sure-Enough Country. One morning, more than a month after the closing days of school, Abbott Ashton chanced to look from his bedroom window as Hamilton Gregory's buggy, with Fran in it, passed. Long fishing-poles projected from the back of the buggy.

By Fran's side, Abbott discovered a man. True it was "only" Simon Jefferson; still, for all his fifty years and his weak heart, it was not as if it were some pleasant, respectable woman—say Simon's mother. However, old ladies do not sit upon creek-banks.

The thought of sitting upon the bank of a stream suggested to Abbott that it would be agreeable to pursue his studies in the open air. He snatched up some books and went below.

On the green veranda he paused to inhale the fragrance of the roses. "I'm

glad you've left your room," said Miss Sapphira, all innocence, all kindness. "You'll study yourself to death. It won't make any more of life to take it hard—there's just so much for every man."

Huge and serious, Miss Sapphira sat in the shadow of the bay-window. Against the wall were arranged sturdy round-backed wooden chairs, each of which could have received the landlady's person without a quiver of a spindle. Everything about Abbott seemed too carefully ordered—honey pined for the woods—some mossy bank sloping to a purling stream.

Suddenly Miss Sapphira grew ponderously significant. Her massive head trembled from a weight of meaning not to be lifted lightly in mere words, her double chins consolidated, and her mouth became as the granite door of a cave sealed against the too-curious.

Abbott paused uneasily before his meditated flight—"Have you heard any news?"

"She answered almost tragically. "Board meeting, tonight."

Ordinarily, teachers for the next year were selected before the close of



He Understood What Those Wise Nods Had Meant.

the spring term; only those "on the inside" knew that the fateful board meeting had been delayed week after week because of disagreement over the superintendency. There was so much dissatisfaction over Abbott Ashton—because of "so much talk"—that even Robert Clinton had thought it best to wait, that the young man might virtually be put upon good behavior.

"Tonight," the young man repeated with a thrill. He realized how important this meeting would prove in shaping his future.

"Yes," she said warningly. "And Bob is determined to do his duty. He never went very far in his own education because he didn't expect to be a school-teacher—but ever since he's been chairman of the school-board, he's aimed to have the best teachers, so the children can be taught right; most of 'em are poor and may wait to teach, too, when they're grown. I think all the board'll be for you tonight, Abbott, and I've been glad to notice that for the last month, there's been less talk. And by the way," she added, "that Fran-girl went by with Simon Jefferson just now, the two of them in Brother Gregory's buggy. They're going to Blubb's Rifle—he with his weak heart, and her with that sly smile of hers, and it's a full three miles!"

Abbott did not volunteer that he had seen them pass, but his face showed the ostensible integrity of a jam-thief, who for once finds himself innocent when missing jam is mentioned.

She was not convinced by his look of guilelessness. "You seem to be carrying away your books."

"I want to breathe in this June morning without taking it strained through window-screens," he explained.

Miss Sapphira gave something like a choked cough, and compressed her lips. "Abbott," she said, looking at him sidewise, "please step to the telephone, and call up Bob—he's at the store. Tell him to leave the clerk in charge and hitch up and take me for a little drive. I want some of this June morning myself."

Abbott obeyed with alacrity. On his return, Miss Sapphira said, "Bob's going to fight for you at the board meeting, Abbott. We'll do what we can, and I hope you'll help yourself."

As Abbott went down the fragrant street with its cool hose-refreshed pavements, its languorous shadows athwart rose-bush and picket fence, its hopeful weeds already peering through crevices where plank sidewalks maintained their worm-eaten right of way,

he was in no dewy-morning mood. He understood what those wise nods had meant, and he was in no frame of mind for such wisdom. He meant to go far, far away from the boarding-house, from the environment of schools and school-boards, from Littleburg with its atmosphere of ridiculous gossip.

Of course he could have gone just as far, if he had not chosen the direction of Blubb's Rifle—but he had to take some direction. He halted before he came in sight of the stream; if Fran had a mind to fish with Simon Jefferson, he would not spoil her sport.

He found a comfortable log where he might study under the gracious sky. He did not learn much—there seemed a bird in every line.

When he closed his books, scarcely knowing why, and decided to ramble, it was with no intention of seeking Fran. Miss Sapphira might have guessed what would happen, but in perfect innocence, the young man strolled, seeking a grassy by-road, seldom used, redolent of brush, tree, vine, dust-laden weed. It was a road where the sun seemed almost a stranger; a road gone to sleep and dreaming of the feet of stealthy Indians, of noisy settlers, and skillful trappers. All such fretful bits of life had the old road drained into oblivion, and now it seemed to call on Abbott to share their fate, the fate of the forgotten.

But the road lost its mystic meaning when Abbott discovered Fran. Suddenly it became only a road—nay, it became nothing. It seemed that the sight of Fran always made wreckage of the world about her.

She was sitting in the Gregory buggy, but, most surprising of all, there was no horse between the shafts—no horse was to be seen, anywhere. Best of all, no Simon Jefferson was visible. Fran in the buggy—that was all. Slow traveling, indeed, even for this sleepy old road!

"Not in a hurry, are you?"

"I've arrived," Fran said, in unfriendly tone.

"Are you tired of fishing, Fran?"

"Yes, and of being fished."

She had closed the door in his face, but he said—as through the keyhole—"Does that mean for me to go away?"

"You are a pretty good friend, Mr. Ashton," she said with a curl of her lip. "I mean—when we are alone."

"While we're together, and after we part," he quoted. "Fran, surely you don't feel toward me the way you are looking."

"Exactly as I'm looking at you, that's the way I feel. Stand there as long as you please—"

"I don't want to stand a moment longer. I want to sit with you in the buggy. Please don't be so—so old!"

Fran laughed out musically, but immediately declared: "I laughed because you are unexpected; it doesn't mean I like you any better. I hate friendship that shows itself only in private. Mr. Chameleon, I like people to show their true colors."

"I am not Mr. Chameleon, and I want to sit in your buggy."

Scotch Naturalist of Wide Repute Declares It Is Neither Fish, Flesh Nor Fowl.

According to Macdonald, a Scotch naturalist of wide repute, the turtle is the strangest of all living things and the most unfathomable. He can live in the water as well as out of it and can seemingly go for indefinite lengths of time without air or food or light.

He is neither fish nor flesh nor fowl, and yet he has the characteristics of all three. As for his eating, it seems quite superfluous, for he can remain shut up in a barrel for a number of weeks and emerge at the end of the time apparently none the worse for the lack of food and light and air.

The baby turtle seems also just as indifferent to its surroundings as its parents are. As soon as it comes forth from its egg it scuttles off to the sea. It has no one to teach or guide it. In its brain seems implanted the idea that until its armor becomes hard it has no defense against hungry fish. And so it seeks shelter in gulf weed and feeds unmolested until its armor gets hard.

By the time that it weighs 25 pounds, which occurs the first year, it knows that it is far from all danger, for after that no fish, however hungry

"Well, then get in the very farthest corner. Now look me in the eyes."

"And, oh, Fran, you have such eyes! They are so marvelously—er—unfriendly."

"I'm glad you ended up that way. Now look me in the eyes. Suppose you should see the school-board sailing down the road. Miss Sapphira thrown in. What would you do?"

"What should I do?"

"Hide, I suppose," said Fran, suddenly rippling.

"Then you look me in the eyes and listen to me," he said impressively. "Weigh my words—have you scales strong enough?"

"Put 'em on slow and careful."

"I am not Mr. Chameleon for I show my true color. And I am a real friend, no matter what kind of tree I am—"

He paused, groping for a word.

"Up?" she suggested, with a sudden chuckle. "All right—let the school-board come. But you don't seem surprised to see me here in the buggy without Mr. Simon."

"When Mr. Simon comes he'll find me right here," Abbott declared. "Fran, please don't be always showing your worst side to the town; when you laugh at people's standards, they think you queer—and you can't imagine just how much you are to me."

"Huh!" Fran sniffed. "I'd hate to be anybody's friend and have my friendship as little use as yours has been to me."

He was deeply wounded. "I've tried to give good advice—"

"I don't need advice, I want help in carrying out what I already know." Her voice vibrated. "You're afraid of losing your position if you have anything to do with me. Of course I'm queer. Can I help it, when I have no real home, and nobody cares whether I go or stay?"

"You know I care, Fran."

Fran caught her lip between her teeth as if to hold herself steady. "Oh, let's drive," she said recklessly, striking at the dashboard with a whip, and shaking her hair about her face till she looked the elfish child he had first known.

"Fran, you know I care—you know it."

"We'll drive into Sure-Enough Country," she said with a half-smile showing on the side of her face next him. "Whoa! Here we are. All who live in Sure-Enough Country are sure-true people—whatever they say is true. Goodness!" She opened her eyes very wide—"It's awful dangerous to talk in Sure-Enough Country." She put up her whip, and folded her hands.

"I'm glad we're here, Fran, for you have your friendly look."

"That's because I really do like you. Let's talk about yourself—how you expect to be what you'll be—you're nothing yet, you know, Abbott; but how did you come to determine to be something?"

Into Abbott's smile stole something tender and sacred. "It was all my mother," he explained simply. "She died before I received my state certificate, but she thought I'd be a great man—so I am trying for it."

"And she'll never know," Fran lamented.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why She Was Quitting. A famous Ohio humorist says that a new rich family in Cleveland, who were beginning to put on a lot of airs, hired a colored girl just arrived from the south to act as their serving-maid. Her new mistress insisted that all meals should be served in courses. Even when there wasn't much to eat it was brought to the table in courses. At the end of a week the girl threw up her job. Being pressed for a reason for quitting so suddenly, she said: "I'll tell you, lady. In dis yere house dere's too much shiftn' of de dishes fur de fewness of de vittles."

Theater Used as a Stable. The Turkish theater of Mustapha Pasha is, in the opinion of convey experts, the most convenient stable they have found in the length and breadth of the peninsula.

The pit boxes serve for mules, horses, or oxen; the galleries are crammed with hay and straw; the balcony is a reservoir for oats; the stage is a surgical center for operations on wounded animals, while the green room is a special haunt of buffaloes.