

# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

## LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 16

### THE CALL OF ABRAM.

LESSON TEXT—GEN. 12:1-4.  
GOLDEN TEXT—"I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing."—Gen. 12:2.

The Bible does not profess to be a chronological history of the world. It does profess to reveal the steps of the redemptive process of God whereby fallen man shall be justified in his sight. So it is that we find but little record of those hundreds of years between this lesson and the events recorded in that of last week. We do, however, find all that is essential in the history of the plan of salvation.

The cleansing of the earth by water was not for long, since we soon see man relapsing into sin.

1. "Get thee out of thy country," vv. 1-3. In this lesson we behold God again selecting a single man who shall be the head of a race. We do not of course infer that Abram received an audible call, though God could certainly speak as he did on other and numerous occasions. God calls today by those inward impulses and desires, by the voice of duty and conscience, by the force of circumstances, and by the word. The Bible is God's great organ of speech. Man, feeling the conscious presence of God, obeying to the full his revelation, will "see" God and hear him "speak" not through the atmosphere, but with an inward revelation that will direct his life now even as it did Abram's.

Abram's Journey.

From Acts 7:2 we learn that the call first came to Abram when he was in Mesopotamia, probably on the right bank of the Euphrates river, and that his obedience to that call was his own country, but not into the land promised unto him. He journeyed probably 500 miles to the northwest but got only as far as Haran, which was not the promised land. It took, evidently, the death of his father to move him from that place. Acts 7:4. Abram went not knowing the kind of a land, nor was he told where it was to be. Heb. 11:8. His call was threefold, (1) "for thy country," (2) "thy kindred," (3) "thy father's house." Thus we see that God demanded a complete separation from the old life, associations and affections. In this Abram is a great type, Isa. 65:7. But in this connection we find the record of another and a wonderful covenant of God with man (vv. 2, 3). How marvelously God has kept this promise. Through Abram came the Messiah who has so wondrously blessed the earth. We need also to remember that the descendants of Abram are today God's chosen people. Every child of God has his "call" to separation, 2 Cor. 6:17. 18. Abram left his idolatrous companions, so we, too, must forsake our idols.

"The dearest idol I have known,  
What's that? It is not  
Himself to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship else;—it's  
Thee, we are told that Haran means "a parched place," and so today Abram has many like him who start for the land of promise only to have their purpose killed by the scorching heat of testing and trial as they reach the Haran experience of life, and many like the father of Abram did in Haran.

II. And Abram departed," vv. 4-6. "To obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams," 1 Samuel 15:22. Abram had just enough faith to obey. We do not read that he asked for enlightenment; he saw not the land, but he heard the call and staggered not at the promise. He was fully persuaded that God was able to perform and therefore it was reckoned unto him for righteousness, Acts 7:30-32. But he did not go alone. Already God had begun to redeem his promise (v. 3). Abram's character was such and his name of such import that his nephew Lot accompanied him. Lot, however, did not possess that same faith nor a like character. Lot went "with him" and not, like Abram, with God. Abram also took his own family with him, and "all their substance" v. 5. Nothing was left behind to tempt him to return. "And they went forth into the land of Canaan," a type of the life into which we are called in Christ Jesus. Thus at once another part of the promise is fulfilled.

III. "And the Ganaanite was in the land," vv. 6-8. All was not so easily settled for Abram. "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of troubles," no life is devoid of its testing, Eph. 6:18, R. V. and so an Abram journeyed he met with enemies.

His Place of Rest.

Passing on from these he reached a place of rest (v. 8). This is a beautiful lesson on consecration. Here is Abram at "a mountain in the west of Bethel" (house of God). Notice he is on the east of Bethel facing westward, the direction in which he has been journeying, having had (rain) at his back, and "there he buildeth an altar unto the Lord and called upon the name of the Lord" (v. 8). Let us all remember to turn our backs upon the world, and as we face the house, the altar of God, realize the individual, wholehearted worship and service God's appointment to Abram was again in consecration with Abraham. God is not so ready to secure us as we have seen through this lesson, influencing the way of life, ever ready to meet us and to make us glad by the way.

"Not that Abram is a strange land did not expect God's altar the many a present-day pilgrim, for to give testimony of his faith he called upon the name of the Lord." Like the Christ who "had one where to lay his head," so Abram was a "pilgrim."

For the older classes consider each transaction in Abram's life a Plan of God's Own Hand to illustrate the treatment of the soul.

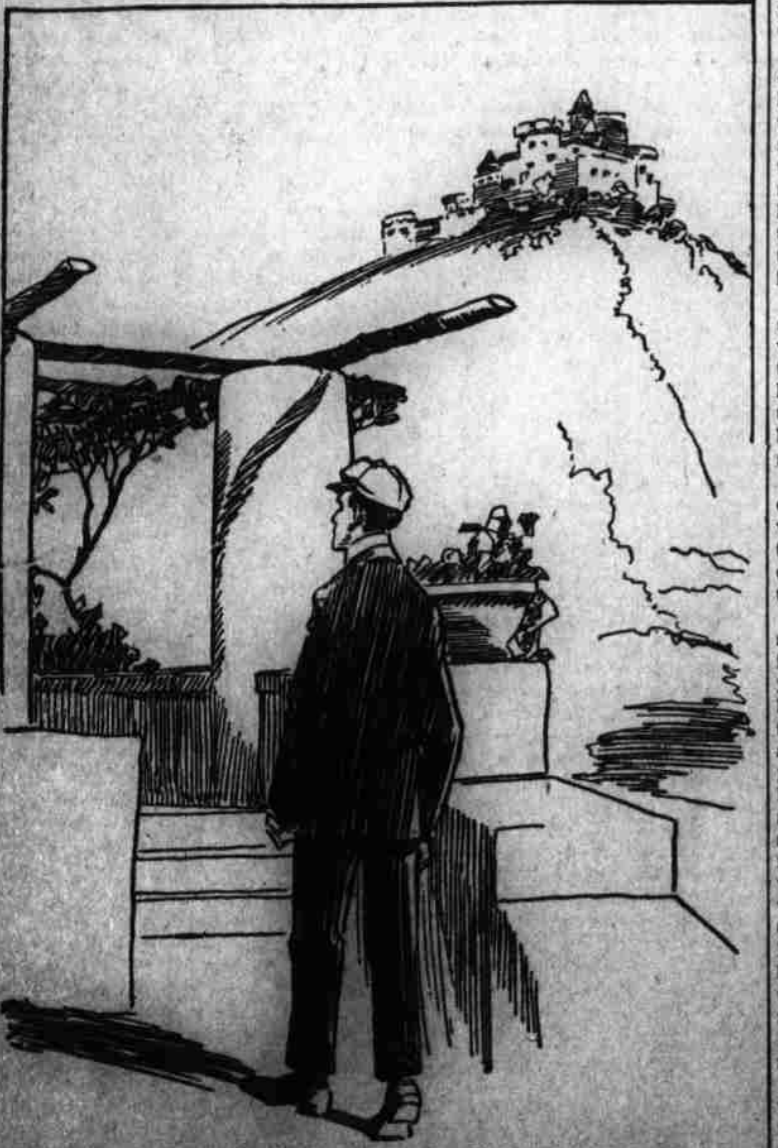


## CHAPTER I.

### What's in a Name?

To possess two distinctly alien red corpuscles in one's blood, metaphorically if not in fact, two characters or individualities under one epidermis, is, in most cases, a peculiar disadvantage. One hears of scoundrels and saints striving to consume one another in one body, angels and harpies; but ofttimes, quite the contrary to being a curse, these two warring temperaments become a man's ultimate blessing; as in the case of George P. A. Jones, of Mortimer & Jones, the great metropolitan Oriental rug and carpet company, all of which has a dignified, sonorous sound. George was divided within himself. This he would not have confessed even into the trusted if battered ear of the Egyptian Sphinx. There was, however, no demon-angel sparring for points in George's soul. The difficulty might be set forth in this manner: On one side stood inherent common sense; on the other, a boundless, rosy imagination which was likewise inherent—a kind of quixote imagination of suitable, modern pattern. This alter ego terrified him whenever it raised its strangely beautiful head and shouldered aside his guardian angel (for that's what common sense is, argue to what end you will) and pleaded in that luminous rhetoric under the spell of which our old friend Sancho often fell asleep.

F. A., as they called him behind the counters, was but twenty-eight, and it was vice-president in his late father's shoes he didn't wobble round in them to any great extent. In a crowd he was not noticeable; he didn't stand head and shoulders above his fellow-men, nor would he have been mistaken for near-sighted persons, the myopes, for the Vatican's Apollo in the flesh. He was of medium height, beardless, slender, but tough and wiry and enduring. You may see his prototype on the streets a dozen times a day, and you may also pass him without turning round for a second view. Young men like F. A. must be intimately known to be admired; you did not throw your arm across his neck, first-off. His hair was brown and closely clipped about a head that would have gained the attention of the phrenologist, if not that of the casual passer-by. His bumps, in the phrasology of that science, were good ones. For the rest,



He haunted the Romantic Quarters of the Globe; He Was Romantic.

he observed the world through a pair of hands, sky, blue eyes.

Young girls, myopic through ignorance or ailment, seeing nothing beyond what the eyes see, seldom gave him a second inspection; for he did not know how to make himself attractive, and was mortally afraid of the opposite or opposing sex. He could kill a snake out of his camp, or a middle-aged, but pettish and low-spirited, and small Oxford had the same effect upon him that the bewitching look of a small boy has upon a tender girl. He saw a woman's face, drawing out with him, and he saw the truth beautiful beauty of this young man's soul, and he saw that his was a heart, and that his was a heart that had been broken by the loss of a loved one, and that his was a heart that had been broken by the loss of a loved one, and that his was a heart that had been broken by the loss of a loved one.

# The Get from Cal's Bagdad

by HAROLD M<sup>AC</sup> GRATH  
Author of HEARTS AND MASKS,  
The MAN ON THE BOX etc.  
Illustrations by M. G. KETNER  
COPYRIGHT 1911 BY BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

pure strain of golden romance, slide by slide with the lesser metal of practicality. When he began to read the masters he preferred their romances to their novels. He even wrote poetry in secret, and when his mother discovered the fact she cried over the sentimental verses. The father had to be told. He laughed and declared that the boy would some day develop into a good writer of advertisements. This quiet laughter, unburdened as it was with ridicule, was enough to set George's muse a-vinging, and she never came back.

After leaving college he was given a modest letter of credit and told to go where he pleased for a whole year. George started out at once in quest of the Holy Grail, and there are more roads to that than there are to Rome. One may be reasonably sure of getting into Rome, whereas the Holy Grail (diversified, variable, innumerable) is always the exact sum of a bunch of lay hanging before old Dobbin's nose. Nevertheless, George galloped his fancies with loose rein. He hunted romance, burrowed and plowed for it; and never his spade and clanged musically against the hidden treasure, never a forlorn beauty in distress, nor so much as chapter one of the Golden Book offered its dazzling first page. George lost some confidence.

Two or three times a woman looked into the young man's mind, and in his guilelessness they effected sundry holes in his letter of credit, but left his soul singularly untouched. The red corpuscle, his father's gift, though lay dormant, subconsciously erected barriers. He was innocent, but he was no fool. That one year taught him the lesson, rather cheaply, too. If there was any romance in life, it came uninvited, and if courted and sought was as quick on the wing as that erstwhile poetry must.

The year passed, and while he had not wholly given up the quest, the practical George agreed with the romantic Percival to shelve it indefinitely. He returned to New York with thirty-two pounds sterling out of the original thousand, a fact that rejuvenated his paternal parent by some ten years.

"Jane, that boy is all right. Percival Algernon could not kill a boy like that."

"Do you mean to infer that it ever could?" Sometimes a quail wrinkled her conscience. Her mother's heart told her that her son ought not to be shy and bashful, that it was not in the nature of his blood to suspect ridicule where there was none. Perhaps she had handicapped him with those names; but it was too late now to admit of this, and useless, since it would not have remedied the evil. Jones hemmed and hawed for a space.

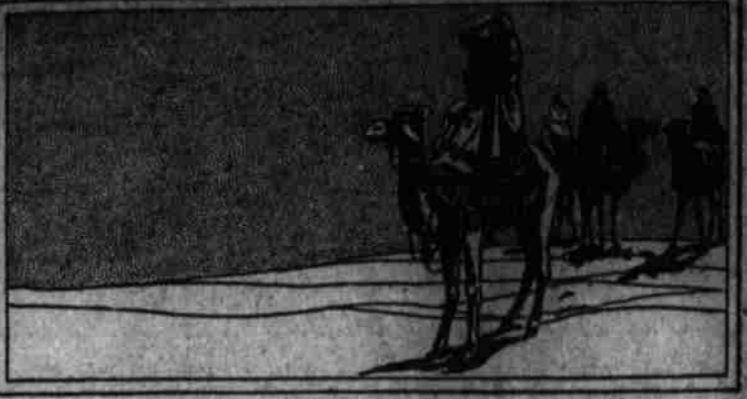
"No," he answered; "but I was afraid he might try to live up to it; and no Percival Algernon who lived up to it could put his nose down to a Shah Abbas and tell how many knots it had to the square inch. I'll start him in on the job tomorrow."

Whereupon the mother sat back dreamily. Now, where was the girl worthy of her boy? Monumental question, besetting every mother, from Eve down, Eve, whose trials in this direction must have been heartrending!

George left the cellar in due time, and after that he went up the ladder in bounds, on his own merit, mind you, for his father never stirred a hand to boost him. He took the interest in rugs that turns a buyer into a collector; it became a fascinating pleasure rather than a business. He became invaluable to the house, and acquired some fame as a judge and an appraiser. When the chief-buyer retired George was given the position, with an itinerary that carried him half way round the planet once a year, to Greece, Turkey, Persia, Arabia, and India, the lands of the gent and the bottles, of arabesques of temples and tombs, of many-colored turbans and flowing robes and distracting tongues. He walked and always in a kind of mental enchantment.

The suave and elusive Oriental, with his sharp practices, found his match in this pleasant young man, who knew the history of the very wools and cottons and silks woven in a rug or carpet. So George prospered, became known in strange places, by strange peoples; and saw romance, light of foot and eager of eye, pass and re-pass; learned that romance did not essentially mean falling in love or rescuing maidens from burning houses and wrecks; that, on the contrary, true romance was kaleidoscopic, having more brilliant facets than a diamond; and that the man who begins with nothing and ends with something is more wonderful than any excursion recounted by Sinbad or any tale by Scheherazade. But he still hoped that the iridescent goddess would some day touch his shoulder and lead him into that maze of romance so peculiar to his own fancy.

And then into this little world of business and pleasure came death and death again, leaving him alone and with a twisted heart. His father, who had been a great success, died, and left him a large fortune, but he was so broken that he could not enjoy it. He went to the States, and there he met a girl who was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She was the daughter of a wealthy man, and she was very kind to him. He fell in love with her, and they were married. But she was very beautiful, and she was very kind to him. He fell in love with her, and they were married. But she was very beautiful, and she was very kind to him.



ness of the world, more precisely, of the people who inhabited it.

She and her companion passed on into the hotel, and if George's eyes veered again toward the desert over which the stealthy purples of night were creeping, the impulse was mechanical; he saw nothing. In truth, he was desperately lonesome, and he knew, moreover, that he had no business to be. He was young; he could at a pinch tell a joke as well as the next man; and if he had never had what he called an adventure, he had seen many strange and wonderful things and could describe them with that mental afterglow which still lingers over the sunset of our first impressions in poetry. But there was always that hydra-headed monster, for ever getting about his feet, numbing his voice, paralyzing his hands, and never he lopped off a head that another did not instantly grow in its place. Even the sword of Perseus could not have saved him, since eyes had to get away from an object in order to cut it down.

Had he really, ever tried to overcome this monster? Had he not waited for the propitious moment (which you and I know never comes) to throw off this species from Hades? It is all very well, when you are old and dried up, to turn to ivories and metals and precious stones; but when a fellow's young! You can't shake hands with an ivory replica of the Taj Mahal, nor exchange pleasantries with a Mandarin's ring, nor yet confide Jones and his into a casket of rare emeralds; indeed, they do but emphasize one's loneliness. If only he had had a dog; but one can not carry a dog half way round the world and back, at least not with comfort. What with all these new-fangled quarantine laws, duties, and fussy ship's officers who wouldn't let you keep the animal in your state-room, traveling with a four-footed friend was almost an impossibility. To be sure, women with poodles. . . . And then, there was



This Girl Was Elegant, in Dress, in Movement.

the bitter of acid in the knowledge that no one ever came up to him and slapped him on the shoulder with—"Hello, George, old sport; what's the good word?" for the simple fact that his shoulder was always bristling with spikes, born of the fear that some one was making fun of him.

healthy human longing, the only long- ing worth while in all this deep, wide, round old top; to love a woman and by her be loved.

At exactly half after six the gentleman with the reversible cuffs arrived; and George missed his boat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Bound to Exert Influence

Effects of the Passion of Sympathy, No Matter on What Object It is Laid.

It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost anything which may be or befall. For sympathy must be understood as a sort of identification, by which we are put into the shoes of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected; so that this is not only our own nature, but it is a greater, much to be envied, in the nature of this nature, which nearly every man has the mechanical structure of his nature, from his natural sympathy, or identification, with the nature of the creature he is bound to exert influence on. For the sympathy of the human mind is not a mere passive sympathy, but it is a sympathy which is bound to exert influence on the creature it is bound to exert influence on. For the sympathy of the human mind is not a mere passive sympathy, but it is a sympathy which is bound to exert influence on the creature it is bound to exert influence on.

adness, misery and death itself. It is a common observation that objects in the reality which would shock, are, in tragedy and such like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the center of much controversy. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melodramatically a story is so moved that it is fiction; and next, the contemplation of our own freedom from evils in the nature of the nature, which nearly every man has the mechanical structure of his nature, from his natural sympathy, or identification, with the nature of the creature he is bound to exert influence on.