

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School 'Lesson'

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LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 18 JESUS AND ZACCHAEUS

LESSON TEXT—Luke 19:1-10.
GOLDEN TEXT—For the Son of Man
is come to seek and to save that which
was lost—Luke 19:10.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—Prov. 3:12-13;
Matt. 9:9-13; Luke 16:1-13.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Having Jesus for a
Visitor.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus in the Home of
Zacchaeus.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—
How Jesus Saved an Extortioner.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—
Christian Standards in Business.

I. Jesus Passing Through Jericho

Jericho is noted as the stronghold
of the Canaanites, which was miracu-
lously delivered into the hands of
Israel in response to their faith (Josh.
6), and also for the faith of Rahab,
which saved her from destruction
with the city (Heb. 11:30, 31).

II. Zacchaeus Seeking Jesus

1. His Object (v. 3). He sought to
see who Jesus was. Though perhaps
prompted by curiosity he eagerly
sought Jesus. He doubtless had heard
of Jesus' kind treatment of publicans,
so was prompted to see what kind of
a man He was.

2. His Difficulties (vv. 2, 3). (1)
His infamous business (v. 2). He was
a tax collector of the Roman govern-
ment. The very fact that a Jew held
such an office under the hated Romans
would make him extremely unpopular.
Then since he was rich it was evident
that he had practiced extortion in col-
lecting the taxes. (2) His shortness
of stature (v. 3). He was too small to
crowd his way through to Jesus, and
being hated by the people they thrust
him aside, no doubt with taunts and
jeers. (3) His persistence (v. 4). He
ran before the multitude and climbed
up into a tree. What he lacked in
stature he was determined should be
made up by the height of the tree. Ob-
stacles placed before him he brushed
aside and those he could not brush
aside he climbed over, because he had
set his heart upon the goal. Though
Zacchaeus' legs were too short to en-
able him to see Jesus they were long
enough to run past the crowd and en-
able him to climb the tree. It was
somewhat undignified for this rich
man to climb the tree, but his soul
was so desirous to see Jesus that he
cast his pride to the winds.

III. Jesus Finding Zacchaeus

While Zacchaeus was trying to see
Jesus, Jesus was looking for him. This
is always the case. When Jesus saw
him he commanded him to come down
from the tree and declared his inten-
tion to go home with him. Zacchaeus
got more than he expected. Jesus did
not utter a word which would humili-
ate Zacchaeus. Jesus knew his heart's
desire and dealt accordingly with him.
All souls who earnestly seek Jesus
shall be found of Him. How wonder-
ful His grace, that regardless of one's
past life, that Jesus will receive him
as a friend and enter into fellowship
with him. Zacchaeus quickly respon-
ded. He came down and with joy re-
ceived Jesus.

IV. Zacchaeus' Conversion

His conversion was sudden and
thorough. He was converted before
he had reached the ground. It does
not take Jesus long to save a soul.

1. What the Crowd Said (v. 7).

They said just what they say today
when sinners come to Christ. They
called to mind the man's former sins.
They also reproached Christ, saying
that he had come to be a guest of this
notorious extortioner, the tax collec-
tor. His supreme mission was to save
sinners (v. 10). Jesus came not to
condemn us, but to save us; not to
shame and destroy us, but to save
from sin and reconcile us to God our
Father.

2. What Zacchaeus Said (v. 8).

His conversion was thorough. It took
hold upon his heart. His new life was
begun with resolution and restitution.
He dedicated the half of his goods to
the poor. His conversion got hold of
his pocketbook. His determination to
make restitution wherein he had
wrongly exacted taxes shows the
genuineness of his conversion. While
God forgets the past of a sinner when
he comes to Christ, the sinner who is
converted will seek to make right all
wrong, be they unkind words or un-
righteous deeds.

3. What Jesus Said (vv. 9, 10).

"Today is salvation come to thy house."
The publican was now a child of God,
a son of Abraham. Salvation is a
present reality when one receives
Christ.

Few Good Lies.

As universal a practice as lying is,
and as easy a one as it seems, I do
not remember to have heard three
good lies in all my conversation.—
Swift.

Withdrawing Friendship.

They seem to take away the sun
from the world who withdraw friend-
ship from life.—Cicero.

He Who Rules.

He who rules must humor full as
much as he commands.—George Elliot

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

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WEASEL AND RABBIT

"I can't say that I am very fond of
Mr. Weasel," said Daddy.

"There are some animals who may do
some bad things and yet who do
many kind things too. They are like
people and boys and girls, too, with a
goodly mixture of both bad and good
in them.

"But Mr. Weasel loves to hunt and
kill for the sake of killing. He is very
bloodthirsty. He goes for Mr. Red
Squirrel.

"But worse than that, he goes for
my dear little Rabbit friends, and I do
believe I love a rabbit as much as any
other animal."

"Oh, I think I do too," said Nancy.
"They do make you mighty fond of
them," said Nick.

"The Rabbit can run faster than the
Weasel but the Weasel can very, very
often, if not usually, get the better of
the Rabbit.

"The Rabbit may run—and oh, what
a runner he is—but Mr. Weasel hurries
through the snow and gets him.

"Now a grandchild of Bunnie Bonnie
had known how his dear mother had
ended her life.

"He knew only too well.

"He remembered the horrible look-
ing weasel and how his mother had
pushed him away to safety and how
he had later heard a pitiful, miserable,
heart-rending little cry and had been
almost sure it was his mother's voice.

"And yet he had never before heard
her voice sound like that.

"He had never heard her voice sound
so sad and so pleading.

"But old Mr. Weasel had had no
heart. Mother Rabbit had begged for
him and Mr. Weasel had laughed a
cruel, cruel, laugh and had said:

"No, Mrs. Rabbit, I cannot do as
you ask."

"Since then little Bunnie Bonnie
had gone about alone. He tried to re-
member the lessons his mother had
taught him. He did all that he was
supposed to do.

"But oh, how his little heart would
ache at times when he thought of his
mother's sad cry.

"He cheered up by thinking that his
mother had said:

"I don't care what happens as long
as I save my Bunnie Bonnie baby."

"And she had saved him! Yes, his
dear, brave little white-tailed mother
had saved his life and had not thought
of the danger to herself then. If only
she could save him! That had been
her one thought and desire.

"And she had saved him! How won-
derful his mother had been.

"What a lucky Bunnie Bonnie he was
to have had such a mother. He would
tell other rabbits about her and her
name would become known and re-
spected and looked up to.

"At least he could do that for his
dear mother.

"And then, one day, as he was think-
ing of his mother, and trying to re-



"Bunnie Bonnie Ran."

member the lessons she had taught
him, in the distance he saw Mr. Weasel.

"'Til get you too,' Mr. Weasel said,
and his eyes looked red and mad and
angry.

"But Bunnie Bonnie ran this way
and that, and he got away to safety
and away from old Mr. Weasel.

"Then with his little heart going
plitter-patter he thought to himself:

"Mother would have been happy to
have felt that Mr. Weasel didn't get
her Bunnie Bonnie though he tried
again."

"So Bunnie Bonnie grew up into a
fine rabbit and had many interesting
adventures, but he never forgot the
lessons his dear mother had taught
him and he never forgot the sacrifice
she had made for him.

"What a wonderful Rabbit she had
been. He must grow up so that if she
were alive, she would never be
ashamed of him. He always kept that
in mind.

"Sometimes he was too curious,
sometimes he was full of pranks but
he never did anything mean or un-
kind or anything she would really have
been ashamed of.

"And many other rabbits heard the
story of Bunnie Bonnie's mother and
they all said:

"We Rabbits must never do any-
thing mean for it would be a disgrace
to the name of Rabbits."

"Put between Nancy and Nick and
me," said Daddy, "while the Rabbits
are always working hard to live up to
their fine family name, I don't believe
a dear little rabbit could be mean if
he or she tried to be."

STARVING WAIF TELLS ODD TALE

Lived in Roof Tank With Dog as
Companion, Says Eight-
Year-Old Boy.

IN PITIABLE CONDITION

Feet Blistered, Torn and Swollen So
He Could Not Stand—Tells of
His Adventures After Death
of Parents.

New York.—John Miller, eight years
old, may be a runaway with a movie
imagination, as some persons think,
or he may be the homeless orphan he
said he is. There can be no doubt,
however, that he was starving when
found.

It was after ten o'clock at night
when Mrs. Lena Lehrman climbed
four flights of stairs at 120 Delancey
street to the roof, for the family wash.
As she pushed open the roof door
against the stiff, nipping wind, she
saw a boy stretched out on the roof.
She gathered the limp little figure in
her arms and hurried down to her
home.

Food was warmed up, water heated
and spare clean clothes found. Final-
ly, hot soup restored the boy in a
measure, but he was too weak to say
much more than he was tired and
sleepy.

Boy Couldn't Stand.

The boy was so ill that Patrolman
John Flick of the Clinton street sta-
tion, on post, was told about it. He
looked the boy over and found his feet
were blistered, torn and swollen so
he could not stand on them. Flick
carried him to the station house and
Doctor Stein of Gouverneur hospital
was called.

"The boy is suffering from starva-
tion," said the physician, "but after
this medicine he'll come around all
right and be as hungry as a bear."
Doctor Stein was right and when John
Miller came around he ate ravenously.
The desk lieutenant asked the tow-



She Saw a Boy Stretched Out on the
Roof.

headed, blue-eyed "prisoner" to tell
his story.

"I was born in Poland," he said.
"My father's name was Frank and my
mother's name was Mary. We came
over here three years ago and we
lived for a while at 309 Houston
street. A year and a half ago my
mother died. I think she caught cold.
Six months ago my father died. He
worked in an ice factory over in
Brooklyn. A big hunk of ice fell on
him and broke all his bones.

Lost His Home.

"After my father died, I don't know
how long, but I think about three
weeks ago, I lost my home. I had
\$5 and I spent it for pie's and mostly
for crullers. Then I met Nathan
Farlak of 13 Essex street and John
Pollicell, and both boys said they
ought to quit sleeping in hallways,
and that they knew of a tank on the
top of a house where I could sleep
fine.

"So they took me up to the tank on
the roof where the woman found me
and Nattie swiped a mattress. A
woman give me a pair of pants and a
sweater and John and Nattie swiped
food for me. I got along all right.
One night I dreamed I was drowning,
but it was only the rain leaking in
through the roof of the tank. I had
a dog with me for some of the time,
but I guess it got lost.

"I kept getting hungrier and hun-
grier all the time and I guess I was
asleep when the woman found me."

Smothered by Flour as Car Upsets.
Eagle Center, Ia.—When his auto-
mobile, loaded with flour, overturned,
Alfred Bedard, thirty-five years old,
was smothered to death.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Locals



He'd Probably Enjoy It More Anyway



This Listens All Right

