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## CONTENTS.

### EDITORIAL:

Notes.—Who is Readiest for Autumn's Work? Friends More Likely to Over-estimate than Enemies to Under-estimate Us. Judging a Man by His Looks. When Pity is Better than Indignation. Why a Critic's First Business is to Point Out Merits. Prospect and Retrospect. 561  
Letting Alone as a Means of Child-Training. 561

### NOTES ON OPEN LETTERS:

Samuel Did Not Lie: We Must Not. Where was Ur of the Chaldees? 562

### FROM CONTRIBUTORS:

A Soul (poem). By Mary F. Butts. 563  
The Lament of David Over Saul and Jonathan. By Professor Charles A. Briggs, D.D. 563  
The Witch of Endor. By Charles S. Robinson, D.D., LL.D. 564  
Great in the Kingdom (poem). By Alice Armstrong. 565  
The Valdehain Yeshiboth. By S. S. Skidelaky. 565  
Keep At It! By Annie E. Wilson. 566

### FOR CHILDREN AT HOME:

Successor To. By Margaret Newcomb. 566

### LESSON HELPS:

Lesson Calendar. 567  
[Lesson XII. September 22. Death of Saul and His Sons. 1 Sam. 31: 1-13.]  
Lesson Text. 567  
Lesson Plan. 567  
Lesson Analysis. 567  
Lesson Bible Reading. 567  
Lesson Surroundings. 567  
Critical Notes. By Professor W. Henry Green, D.D., LL.D. 567  
The Lesson Story. By Cunningham Gekkie, D.D. 568  
The End of Self-Will. By Alexander McLaren, D.D. 569  
Teaching Points. By Bishop H. W. Warren, D.D., LL.D. 569  
Illustrative Applications. By H. Clay Trumbull. 570  
Teaching Hints. By A. F. Schaffner, D.D. 570  
Hints for the Primary Teacher. By Faith Latimer. 570  
Oriental Lesson-Lights. By H. R. Tristram, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. 571  
Hints for Lesson-Hymns. 571  
Question Hints. By Miss Anna T. Pearce. 571  
Lesson Summary. 571

### WAYS OF WORKING:

Danger Warnings. 572  
A Book-Mark Plan. 572

### BOOKS AND WRITERS:

The New Records of the Past. 572  
The Beginnings of New England. The World's Best Books. 572

### LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS:

Forthcoming Manuals for the Roman Catholic Lally. Bible Version Revisions. 573

### WORTH REPEATING:

Son-Daies (poem). 574  
Influence of the Bible upon Literature. 574  
The Fisher of Men. 575

Again the question comes, in the Sunday-schools and pulpits, Who is readiest for the autumn's work,—those who have had their vacation, or those who have kept steadily at work? If you think your way has been the best one, now is the time to show it.

A bad opinion of us by our enemies, we think, seldom comes from any real demerit of ours. But the good opinion of us by those who regard us favorably is, we think, the just desert of our merits. Yet, if we knew it, there is often more of our demerit behind the bad opinion of an enemy, than there is of merit behind the good opinion of a friend. In one case we ought to feel warned; in the other, we ought to be stimulated.

Not only are we likely to judge a man by his looks, but it is often fair for us to do so; for a man is in large measure responsible for his personal appearance. A man's character shapes his outer being; and his life and thoughts are all the time impressing themselves on his countenance, and evidencing themselves in his bearing. But, in judging a man by his looks,

we must have in view that which shows what he is in his inner self, rather than that which shows what his outer self was to begin with. In looking into a man's face as a window, we ought to have an eye to what is to be seen of the room beyond it, instead of resting our gaze on the sash and the glass, with their original imperfections or uncouthness.

Pity often takes the place, in a large soul, which indignation would have in a small one. The smaller minded man grows indignant when he finds himself slighted or treated unjustly by another. The man of broader views and of higher manhood has, in such a case, real pity for the one who can bear himself so unworthily. "I sometimes feel," says Dr. Holmes, "as if we ought to love the crippled souls with a certain tenderness which we need not waste on noble natures. One who is born with such congenital incapacity that nothing can make a gentleman of him, is entitled, not to our wrath, but to our profoundest sympathy [or pity]." It is not pleasant for a wise man to be jeered at by a driveling idiot; but how much better it is to be the one thus jeered at than the one who jeers!

Fault-finding is always a very poor business. Criticism may be a very proper performance. It requires only a very small man and a very mean nature to perceive and to point out faults. To be a true critic, one must have largeness of mind and a spirit of fairness; for criticism includes the discerning of the beauties as well as the defects of that which is under examination. If you would be a critic, or would do the work of a critic, in any sphere of life, you owe it to yourself and to the cause of truth to make it clear at the start that you are not a mere fault-finder. Before you point out any fault you would have corrected, you must designate some beauty which is worthy of admiration, and which ought not to be changed. Then, when you have proved that you have the best side of a critic's powers, it will do for you to enter upon the critic's inferior work. If ever, under any circumstances, you tell another of his faults before you commend his good traits, or if you point out the defects in a piece of work of his before you speak of its attractions, you seem to be a fault-finder rather than a critic; and so you seem to be a person who is wholly out of place in the world.

Our surveys of the events in life are prospective and retrospective. The sight anticipatory is generally less true and complete, though more fascinating, than the sight subsequent to the occurrence. The forward look is still invested with the charm of novelty; it is frequently a sight of the fair outside, a sight that fills the eye and overpowers the sense; it is a sight in which the imperfections and defects, concealed, it may be, by art, outweighed, it may be, by the general impression of the view, are likely to be unnoted. At the best, the first sight must seize on a general outline, of which the details and filling out are yet to a great extent unknown; and so imagination and fancy fill out and finish the bare lines to suit our own individual fancy. Thus the first sight becomes a lovely, living, and perfect picture to our eye; yet in all likelihood it will prove to be very different from this in reality. Thus it comes to pass that so many pro-

spective surveys, bright and beautiful in their promise, vanish before our eyes as charming illusions, and that so many retrospective surveys rise up before our disenchanted eyes as sights of bitter disappointment. But still the re-view is a substantial gain over the pre-view. To have reached the point of review is to have made a decided advance. The hesitations and agitations before the unknown have given way to the serene and the settled. There is now assurance where before there was doubt. There is now knowledge where before there was hope. If the prospect is more charming than the retrospect, it is also more vague. If it is brighter with promise, it is also, or ought to be, darker with apprehensions. If the retrospect is more sober than the prospect, it is also more substantial, settled, and serene in its satisfactions. If, however, we are one with Him who sees the end from the beginning, the future is as sure to us as the past, whether we can see it as clearly or not.

## LETTING ALONE AS A MEANS OF CHILD-TRAINING.

Not doing is always as important, in its time and place, as doing; and this truth is as applicable in the realm of child-training as elsewhere. Child-training is a necessity, but there is a danger of over-doing in the line of child-training. The neglect of child-training is a great evil. Over-doing in the training of a child may be even a greater evil. Both evils ought to be avoided. In order to their avoidance, their existence and limits as evils must be recognized.

Peculiarly is it the case that young parents who are exceptionally conscientious, and exceptionally desirous of being wise and faithful in the discharge of their parental duties, are liable to err in the direction of over-doing in the training of their children. It is not that they are lacking in love and tenderness toward their little ones, or that they are naturally inclined to severity as disciplinarians; but it is that their mistaken view of the methods and limitations of wise child-training impels them to an injudicious course of watchful strictness with their children, even while that course runs counter to their affections and desires as parents. Their very love and fidelity cause them to harm their children by over-doing in their training, even more than the children of parents less wise and faithful are harmed by a lack of systematic training.

A young father who was an earnest student of methods of child-training, and who sincerely desired to be faithful in the training of his first child at any cost to his feelings of loving tenderness toward that child, made a mistake in this direction, and received a lesson accordingly. His child was as full of affection as she was of life and spirit. She had not yet learned what she might do and what she might not do, but she was rapidly developing impulses and tastes in various directions. Her father had heard much about the importance of parental training and discipline, but had heard nothing about the danger of over-doing in this line; hence he deemed it his duty to be constantly directing or checking his child, so as to keep her within the limits of safety and duty as he saw it.

To his surprise and regret, the father found that, while his little daughter was not inclined to waywardness or disobedience, she was steadily coming into a

raging throughout that district, sweeping away hundreds of human lives, and spreading sorrow and grief among the survivors. The fervent prayers that were going on during that memorable Yom Kippur at the synagogue may more easily be imagined than described. A question arose as to the propriety of fasting under such circumstances, especially after the local doctors had declared that fasting would surely prove fatal to many a man and woman. Opinions *pro* and *con* were advanced on all sides. The majority seemed to be in favor of fasting under the most pressing circumstances, while the rabbi himself, supported by some of the elders of the synagogue, declared that fasting in such a case would be the greatest sin one could commit. It was finally decided to feast on one meal, the rabbi bearing the responsibility. The matter was brought before the *rosh hashsheebath* of Valadshin, who decided in favor of the rabbi. A feeling of relief to the congregation as well as to the rabbi himself was the result.

Although civilization makes itself known, nowadays, even in the darkest quarters, there are still thousands and tens of thousands of Russian Jews whose chief aim and ambition in life is to see their sons at the Valadshin Yesheebath. Some thirty or forty years ago it was no novelty for an ambitious parent to come to Valadshin with a view of selecting a worthy youth as a husband for his marriageable daughter. This would be accomplished with the aid of the *rosh hashsheebath*. Without consulting the parties directly concerned in the matter, the parents of both young man and maiden would soon communicate, and a wedding would generally be the result. The youthful husband would then be left at the Yesheebath to complete his studies, while his child-wife would employ her time as best she could, playing with her dolls or with the sand in the street.

Such a marriage took place with the parents of the writer of these lines. But times and customs have changed since then, and such occurrences are things of the past.

Philadelphia.

### KEEP AT IT!

BY ANNIE E. WILSON.

How often we feel tempted to say, with reference to some particular scholar: "Well, I may as well give up; there is no use in doing more!" And yet, when the time comes that we really can do nothing more, when it is too late even to pray for him, with what bitter regret do we remember the mornings and nights when we might have prayed, but did not pray, for him; the times when one more effort might have brought him back, when one more little thoughtful act of kindness might have touched his heart. Oh! why do we give up?

A new scholar was brought to a class of boys, one evening, in the mission school. He was a good deal larger than any of the rest, but was so diffident that he appeared far behind them all in every respect. The teacher tried very hard to make him feel at ease, to draw him out to take some interest in the lesson; but no question or remark could elicit more than a simple monosyllable, if that. Indeed, any direct notice seemed rather to make him more shy and silent, more utterly stupid. It was only when apparently forgotten by teacher and classmates that he would begin to listen. The teacher noticed this, and began hopefully to venture farther. She tried teaching him separately, then giving him the lesson papers to study a little at home, after making it as easy as possible for him. She tried a little kindly talk and show of personal interest as the school was breaking up, but every special effort only resulted in his staying away the next week or longer.

Once, when he had been absent for several Sundays, his mother came and introduced herself to his teacher, that she might talk to her of her son. "He was always queer," she said; "sensitive-like about his clothes, wouldn't go to church or anywhere unless he was fixed up." She was sure he liked his teacher, he said he did; but she could not get him to come to Sunday-school any more until he got a pair of new trousers. Of course, the teacher urged his mother to persuade him to come any how, and not to let clothes make any difference, as there were plenty of others who had no better. She promised, also, to do what she could for him, at least to get a pair of second-hand trousers which could be altered for him, —which she did. But, after that, neither mother nor son was there for some time, and the teacher began to feel a little suspicious of them.

Had he come to the school just for the clothes, after all? One does see a good deal of that sometimes. Or was he put out because the teacher had not given him new ones? In that case he might as well stay away; for she herself

was poor, and could not afford to hold him in that way. She would have gone to see him, but she could not get away during the week, and the winter evenings were so short, and he lived so far there was not time to go after Sunday-school; so she put it off from time to time until in the spring she went away and was absent from the school for some months, taking charge of another class on her return.

The boy in whom she had taken so much interest never came back any more; and when she asked his mother of him, she heard that he had got in with a bad set of boys, who were leading him farther and farther astray. This was very distressing, but what could she do? She asked if it would be worth while for her to go to see him. His mother said she was afraid not, as he was always out on the street when he was not at work. So, being much occupied with other things, the teacher gradually lost sight of him, when one day some one told her he was dead.

Ah, if she had only known before what she now learned of his history, how much more hopeful and persevering she would have been! While he was coming to Sunday-school, he managed to save ten dollars of his weekly earnings to buy himself a decent suit of clothes, and was only waiting for enough to purchase a hat, too, when his father, who was lazy, worthless, and a drinking man, finding out about his savings, ordered him to take the money, all of it, and pay a debt of his at the saloon. From that time the boy became utterly discouraged and hopeless, lost his place, and seemed in a fair way to follow in his father's footsteps, but was taken with fever and died.

How the teacher's heart ached at thought of him now! How she longed for the opportunities his life had given her to make more earnest effort to reach and help him! Why had she given up so soon? Dear fellow-teacher, take care that you never have to ask yourself that remorseful question. Keep at it!

Louisville, Ky.

### FOR CHILDREN AT HOME.

SUCCESSOR TO.

BY MARGARET NEWCOMB.

Little Albert was trying to spell out the new sign at the grocer's store. The breeze blowing fresh from the ocean knocked his sailor-hat over his eyes every time he got to the longest word.

"S-u-c-c-e" spelled Albert, and over went his hat.

"Now where was I?" thought Albert, after he had adjusted his hat. "I'd better begin again."

But the boisterous breeze was laughing at his endeavor to read. It swung the new sign to and fro, so that the letters seemed to change places with one another.

"Get into the carriage, Albert," called his mother. "We must drive home. It is going to storm."

They lived in a cottage some way from the village, close by the sea.

"Mother," said Albert, as they drove along, "did you see the new sign at the store? What does it say?"

"It says, 'Jasper Quick, successor to Samuel Shears,'" broke in the driver. "Jasper's been a-risin' sence you was here, ma'am; and Sam Shears"—

"What did he do to Sam Shears?" interrupted Albert.

"Squeezed him out of town," said the driver.

Albert looked troubled.

"That's not the word on the sign," he said.

"'Successor,' do you mean, Albert?" said his mother.

"Yes. What does that mean?"

"I'll tell you," said the driver. "Suppose you was settin' in a soft nice chair, and you was a-settin' and settin' a long time, and the longer you was a-settin' the longer you set; and there comes along another chap, and says he, 'It's my turn to set,' and says you, 'Tain't either,' and says he, 'Tis so,' and he hefts you up, and scoops you out, and there you be spilled and he a-settin' in the chair."

"It's not fair, it's not fair!" cried Albert. "It was my chair."

"He, he!" laughed the driver. "But how long air you going to set? *There's* the question. How"—

"Albert, supposing you jumped up and gave your chair to the new comer," said his mother. "He would be your successor that way too, and that's a nicer way."

At this point in the conversation they reached home.

"I shall not learn to say that suc-word," said Albert. "It's a horrid word."

That evening Albert sat by the side of a golden sea; for the sun while sinking had sent its light into the very heart of the waters, and had shimmered them into gold.

Only the smallest wavelets crept up the sand to talk to Albert. "Happy," they whispered, and stepped back again into the sea. Every evening Albert came to sit by the sea. He wished to say good-by to the day, to tell his adventures, to consult his friends, and laugh at the sandpipers.

"There's a horrid new word," cried Albert.

"Tell us about it," said the golden sea.

"It's suc— No, I shall not learn to say it. But it means somebody who gets away your seat. I'm not going to give up my seat here on the sand, nor my seat at table that the artist made, nor my seat on mamma's lap. I guess not. Hold on! You'll wet me! What are you laughing at?"

The wavelets did not answer. They whispered for a minute in the bosom of the shining water, and then, linking themselves one to another, they ran up the beach.

"Your seat is ours," they said, and they filled Albert's little nest in the sand with laughing shining water.

Albert scrambled to his feet.

"I shan't say good-by," he shouted. "You've wet me, and I shan't say good-by."

He ran away, and "Suk, suk!" laughed the golden waters after him; but the sandpipers stood bewildered.

"We cannot think," thought they.

The next night the sea was gray and still when Albert came down to say good-by.

"There's a little fat boy come to our table," cried Albert.

"And he can't reach the table unless he sits in my chair, and I wouldn't let him have it," and Albert burst into tears.

"Tell us about it," said the sad sea.

"The artist made it. It's two great soap-boxes, and the arms are clothes-pins, and the back is the artist's broken arrows, and there's a real honeysuckle vine goes around the top (only it's dead); and I keep my shells inside the soap-boxes, you know, and my string and my boats and Buffalo Bill and candy and everything. Oh, dear!"

There was silence for a minute.

"He's littler than me," said Albert.

"Suk, suk," sighed the sea.

"Good-by," said Albert, after a while. "I guess he can have it," he added, humbly.

"Suk, suk," sobbed the great waters after Albert as he turned to go.

Now the sandpipers stood bewildered. "We cannot think," thought they.

The next night the sea was rough and angry when Albert came down to say good-by.

"There's a new baby come to our house," shouted Albert above the wind.

"Tell us! Tell us!" threatened the ocean. "Tell us about it."

"It has no hair, and the artist says I must be a big boy right away; and it won't stay stiff, not unless mamma holds it, and she holds it; and is she going to hold it all the time?"

The cross ocean did not seem to love Albert.

"Suk!" it answered as it rushed to his feet; and "Ces-s!" it said, as it foamed away back; and "Awe!" it grumbled to itself.

Then "Suk!" and it fairly flew at Albert; and "Ces-s!" it was rattling down the sand; and "Awe!" it roared clear off through all its billows.

"Don't say that suc-word," said Albert, stamping his little foot against the great ocean. But the wind caught Albert's hat, and, as he turned to chase it, he stumbled and fell. Then the great ocean sent a billow that covered Albert as easily as if he were a little sea-sift.

"I'm drowning! I'm drowning!" screamed Albert.

On that the billow released him; and, drenched and sobbing, he ran from it up the beach. With one foot on the bank, Albert paused.

"Shall I say it now?" he said, looking back through his tears.

"Suk!" flung out the great ocean.

"Suc," said Albert, timidly.

"Ces-s," and the big-voiced teacher fumed down the sand.

"Ces," said Albert, humbly.

"Aw-e!" roared the awful waters.

"Or," responded the small voice, and straightway the sun, parting each side the clouds, let out a shaft of light. Across the green waters with their white caps it came, dazzling and beautiful, to bid our little boy good-night.

"Let us love all things," said the sunbeam to Albert, and the waters turned gorgeous golden green for very joy. But the sandpipers stood bewildered. "We cannot think," thought they.

New Haven, Conn.