

Stories From The Bible



King Solomon

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fifth in a series of studies from the Old Testament. The text is condensed from selections by Houston Hartle for the new book, "In Our Image." Illustration by Guy Rowe is also from the book.

Now the days of David drew nigh that he should die; and he slept with his fathers, and he was buried in the city of David. Then sat Solomon upon the throne of David, his father; and his kingdom was established greatly.

In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night; and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast shewed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee; and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou has given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And the speech pleased the Lord.

And God said, Behold, I have none according to thy words: I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before, neither after shall any arise like thee. I have also given which thou hast not asked, both riches, and honour; so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my commandments, I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and came to Jerusalem, and stood be-



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Religion and Life

By Very Rev. George C. Pidgeon, D.D., LL.D. First Moderator of the United Church of Canada (Copyright)

The horror of the traitor! Betrayal with the expression of love is the most detestable act we know. The most revolting sin in all human history is the betrayal of Jesus Christ with a kiss. Judas' name and fame are blackened forever with the phrase, "who also betrayed Him." He seems to have been the most farseeing of the apostles, but his was a worldly wisdom which could not understand supreme self-abnegation.

Is it not a tragic comment on human nature that right in the heart of the story of self-giving for others which led to the salvation of the world is this record of treachery? The self-giving of the Son of God means self-investment in a world's salvation, and rises to the level of the divine, but the sin of the world came to a head in its treatment of the divine lover, and the ugliest feature of that treatment is His betrayal with a kiss by one of His trusted followers.

Dante puts Judas in the lowest pit of hell, but unfortunately Judas is not alone in that depths of degradation. The newspapers have been full of comments on the trial sentence of Fuchs, that brilliant scientist who betrayed to a possible enemy secrets of priceless value. They note his complete lack of moral sense. He betrayed the safety of his adopted country which gave him his opportunity and trust.

Part of his moral imbecility is due to his acceptance of Marxian Communism. Moral standards fixed in the eternal order, which every moral being is bound to obey, have no existence for them. But how any man could hold to such a heresy in the atmosphere of freedom and moral idealism which he breathed all these years is a mystery; nevertheless it is fact which has to be reckoned with in world affairs today.

This account of the doings of Judas up-to-date throws light on the real motives of the Judas of antiquity. Judas was sordid and grasping, but it was not the thirty pieces of silver which led him to betray his master. According to the New Testament it was disappointed ambition. From the beginning he knew Jesus' power and joined Him in the expectation that those powers would be used to set up a kingdom in which Judas himself would have a position of honor and power. But as he saw Jesus

he was in evening clothes. He had a sort of scarf wound round the lower part of his face and a soft hat drawn right down over his eyes. He was at our car in a jump and I heard him pull open the door. I swung completely round in my seat. I saw him with his hand in the inside pocket of father's coat. I reached for him—then I saw the blood. "Oh, heavens! There was a break in her voice when she resumed. "I tried to get to father. I fancy I must have screamed just then. I remember nothing more until I saw you bending over me. For a moment I thought that you—"

Murder Could Not Kill

By Gregory Baxter

"Who was it? Why, why—?" she cried in a semi-hysteria, beating a clenched fist on the seat beside her. "I can drive a car," he told her. "The best thing is the nearest hospital or until we come to this first policeman. Or to your home? Do you live far from here?"

"No, no. There's no one at home. I am quite alone—now." The girl shook her head. "I want to be with friends—with someone we know. Go back—to 82, Charles Street, the Berkeley Square one. Mr. Peter Lessing's house. We have just left there. He is a friend. He will help. It's no distance away. Please, please!"

"Yes, yes; I'll hurry all right. I know the place." Robin slipped into the driver's seat, started and turned the car. To help the girl to keep from completely breaking down, he questioned her sympathically over his shoulder.

"It all happened so suddenly. I was given no time to think," she answered in lifeless tones. "I was taking father home from Peter Lessing's house. I wasn't going fast when the other car suddenly dropped from nowhere and seemed to keep running alongside us quite deliberately. Father was in the corner seat here with the window open to get the air. He called out to me—just as we took the corner—he seemed angry and almost frightened."

"What did he call out?" Robin asked gently as she paused and he heard her sob.

"Laurie, what on earth is that car doing? Get right ahead of it or drop behind! I fancy he leaned forward just then, and as he spoke there was a funny dull sort of smack. Before I could turn around to see what it was, that other car shot past and out in front of me. That took all my attention for the moment. I had to jam on the brakes to prevent crashing into them. I stopped dead. So did the other car."

"I saw a man tumble out almost before it had stopped. I think

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TODAY, NO. 3: THE LAST SUPPER

From exact chronological tables that have been worked out, we know that it was Sunday, April 1, 30 A.D., when Jesus rode in triumph into Jerusalem. It was therefore Thursday, April 6, when He sent Peter and John to prepare the paschal supper, as told below in St. Luke 22:1-24. Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the scene that night perhaps is the most famous single religious work of art in the world. It was painted on a wall of the refectory of a Dominican convent in Milan in 1495-8, in an oil paint that did not withstand ravages of time and the attempts to restore it. Much of its original beauty is lost, but the matchless design survives in countless copies and engravings. The great Italian painter, sculptor, architect, engineer and inventor, completed it when 46, seven years before his Mona Lisa. In his picture, left to right: Bartholomew, James minor, Andrew, Judas, Peter, John, Jesus, Thomas, James major, Philip, Matthew, Simon, Thaddeus.

Now the feast of unleavened bread drew nigh, which is called the Passover.

And the chief priests and scribes sought how they might kill him; for they feared the people.

Then entered Satan into Judas surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the twelve.

And he went his way, and communed with the chief priests and captains, how he might betray him unto them.

And they were glad, and covenanted to give him money.

And he promised, and sought opportunity to betray him unto them in the absence of the multitude.

Then came the day of unleavened bread, when the passover must be killed.

And he sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat.

And they said unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare?

And he said unto them, Behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in.

And ye shall say unto the goodman of the house, The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guestchamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?

And he shall shew you a large upper room furnished: there make ready.

And they went, and found as he had said unto them:

and they made ready the passover.

And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him.

And he said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer:

For I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God.

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves:

For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come.

And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.

Likeunto also in remembrance of me, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.

But, behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table.

And truly the Son of man goeth, as it was determined: but woe unto that man by whom he is betrayed!

And they began to enquire among themselves, which of them it was that should do this thing.

And there was also a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest.

(Tomorrow: THE BETRAYAL)

with solicitous enquiry at Laurette, then caught sight of the body on the couch. He started—walked swiftly forward, and raising the covering from the face, peered down at it in horrified amazement. "Merciful heavens," he exclaimed slowly as he turned round to face the others. How could this dreadful thing have happened?"

"Don't you think we'd better telephone for a doctor," Robin asked, addressing Lessing, "and the police? I happened to be on the scene. It was Miss Dexter who suggested we should come straight to you."

"My poor friend," murmured Lessing sadly. "My poor Laurette. To think it is only a matter of minutes since we bade each other good night here. And now... He took her hand in his, placed an arm caressingly around her shoulder, and she clung to him for a moment, deriving comfort from his sympathy. "Simmons, a little brandy for Miss Dexter. My dear, you must," he added, persuasively as she shook her head. "You look really ill—my God! no wonder. The butler went to carry out the instruction, and Mr. Lessing at

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temples, and his strong, deeply-brooding eyes were those of a man who seemed to have suffered much. His first action, after he replaced the telephone receiver, was to pour a glass of brandy from the decanter his butler had brought and take it to Laurette. To be continued

LAST STRAWS

by Stevens



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