

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON:

The Literature of the Dust.

Jesus stooped down and . . . wrote on the ground.—John 8:6.

A MOHAMMEDAN mosque stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar had burned it down. Zerubbabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built, because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. But eight or ten modern cathedrals together and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar, and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy forty-six years. In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about Him, when

A WILD DISTURBANCE took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed the worst crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that He sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprobation. If He says "Let her die," they will charge Him with cruelty. If He let her go, they will charge Him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way He does, they would howl at Him. Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which He was sitting and goes down on one knee, or both knees, and the forefinger of His right hand He begins

TO WRITE IN THE DUST of the floor, word after word. But they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that He settle this case of transgression, until He looked up and told them that they might themselves begin the woman's assassination, if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself would open the fire. "Go ahead," but be sure that the man who goes the first missile is immaculate." Then He resumed writing with his finger in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over his shoulder to see what He had written the soundless skulking away. Finally, the whole place is clear of lawyers, antagonists and when Christ has finished this strange chirography in the dust. He looks up and finds the woman all alone. The prisoner is the only one of the court room left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorneys having cleared out. Christ is victor, and He says to the woman: "Where are the prosecutors in this case? Are they all gone? Then I discharge you; go, and sin no more." I have wondered

WHAT CHRIST WROTE on the ground. For do you realize that it is the only time that He ever wrote at all? I know that Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the king of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspondence. The wisest being the world ever saw, and the one who had more to say than any one who ever lived, never writing a book or a chapter or a page or a paragraph of a word on parchment. Nothing but the literature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated that forever. Among all the rolls of the volumes of the first library founded at Thebes there was not one scroll of Christ. Among the seven hundred thousand books of the Alexandrian library, which by the infamous decree of Caliph Omar were used as fuel to heat the four thousand baths of the city, not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the intitudes of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British Museum, or Berlin or Vienna, or the learned repositories of all nations, that which was written before Moses was put afloat on the boat of leaves which was caulked with asphaltum; or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, no; when Delty stoops down and writes on the ground, let us read it. I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper-mill, but I would urge appreciation of

THE BIBLE IN THE GRASS. His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to malarious jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had to fall to designate his landing-place. From heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round letters of constellations and galaxy on the blue scroll of heaven, to writing on the ground in the dust, which the feet of the crowd had left in Herod's temple. If in January you have ever stepped out of a prince's conservatory that had Mexican cactus and magnolias in full bloom, into the outside air ten degrees below zero, you may get some idea of Christ's change of atmosphere from celestial to terrestrial. How many heavens there are I know not, but there are at least three, one word was "caught up into the third heaven." Christ came

DOWN FROM HIGHER HEAVEN to the second heaven, and down from second heaven to first heaven, down from the literature of the stars, down from the literature of the sky, down from the literature of the clouds, through atmosphere, through appalling space, down to where there was no lower depth. From being waited on at the banquet of the skies, to the broiling of fish for his own breakfast, on the banks of the lake. From emblazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. The homage cherubim, seraphim, to the paying of sixty-two and a half cents of tax to Caesar. From the deathless country to a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The glorified wave of Galilee was high, but he had to come down below with His feet, he could touch it, and the whirlwind that rose above the hills was higher yet, but

He had to come down before with His lip he could kiss it into quiet. Bethlehem a stooping down. Nazareth a stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in consonance with humiliations that had gone before, and with self abnegations that came after, when on that memorable day in Herod's temple He stooped down and wrote on the ground. Whether the words He was writing were in Greek or Latin or Hebrew, I cannot say, for He knew all those languages. But

HE IS STILL STOOPING DOWN. and with His finger writing on the ground; in the winter in letters of crystals, in the spring in letters of flowers, in summer in golden letters of harvest, in autumn in letters of fire on fallen leaves. How it would sweeten up and enrich and emblazon this world, could we see Christ's chirography all over it. This world was not flung out into space thousands of years ago, and then left to look out for itself. It is still under the divine care. Christ never for a half second takes His hand off it, or it would soon be a shipwrecked world, a defunct world, an obsolete world, an abandoned world, a dead world. "Let there be light," was said at the beginning. And Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, Let there be snowflakes to enrich the earth; and under the clouds of spring and says, Come ye blossoms and make redolent the orchards; and in September, dips the branches in the vat of beautiful colors, and swings them into the hazy air. No whim of mine is this. "Without Him was not anything made that was made." Christ writing on the ground.

If we could see His hand in all the passing seasons, how it would illumine the world! All verdure and foliage would be allegoric, and again we would hear Him say of old, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;" and we would not hear the whistle of a quail or the cawing of a raven or the roundelay of a brown-throated, without saying, "Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them;" and a Dominic hen of the barnyard could not chirp for her brood, yet we would hear Christ saying as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings;" and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" we would not dip the seasons from the salt-cellar without thinking of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor, it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

Let us wake up from our stupidity and take THE WHOLE WORLD AS A PARABLE. Then, if with gun and pack of hounds we start off before dawn, and see the morning coming down off the hills to meet us, we would cry out with the evangelist, "The day spring from on high hath visited us, or, caught in a snow-storm, while struggling home, eyebrows and beard and apparel all covered with the whirling flakes, we would cry out with David, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." In a picture-gallery of Europe there is on the ceiling an exquisite fresco, but people having to look straight up, it wearied and dizzied them, and bent their necks almost beyond endurance; so a great looking-glass was put near the floor, and now visitors only need to look easily down into this mirror, and see the fresco at their feet. And so, much of all the heaven of God's truth is reflected in this world as in a mirror, and the things that are above are copied by things around us.

What right have we to throw away one of God's Bibles, aye, the first Bible He ever gave the race? We talk about the Old Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest Testament contains the lessons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testament so well they discard the Old Testament. Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to appreciate the oldest; namely, that which was written before Moses was put afloat on the boat of leaves which was caulked with asphaltum; or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, no; when Delty stoops down and writes on the ground, let us read it. I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper-mill, but I would urge appreciation of

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ant. And will you allow me to say that I think I KNOW WHAT HE WROTE on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but kneeling there in the temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites, who were a self-appointed constabulary, and having in His presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was very penitent for her sins, I am sure He wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating. And the one word was Hypocrisy, and the other word was Forgiveness.

From the way these Pharisees and scribes vacated the premises and got out into the fresh air, as Christ, with just one ironical sentence, unmasked them. I know they were first-class hypocrites. It was then as it is now. The more faults and inconsistencies people have of their own, the more severe and censorious are they about the faults of others. Here they are—twenty stout men arresting and arraigning one weak woman! Magnificent business to be engaged in! They wanted the fun of seeing her faint away under a heavy judicial sentence from Christ, and then after she had been taken outside the city and fastened at the foot of a precipice, the Scribes and Pharisees wanted the satisfaction of each coming and dropping a big stone on her head, for that was the style of capital punishment that they asked for. Some people have taken the responsibility of saying that Christ never laughed. But I think as he saw those men drop everything, chagrined, mortified, exposed, and go out quicker than they came in,

HE MUST HAVE LAUGHED. At any rate, it makes me laugh to read of it. All of these libertines, dramatic indignation against impurity! Blind bats lecturing on optics! A flock of crows on their way up from a carcass, denouncing carrion! Yes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the finger of Christ was the awful word Hypocrisy. But I am sure there was another word in that dust. From her entire manner I am sure that arrested woman was repentent. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behavior and her tears moved Him, and when He stooped down to write on the ground, He wrote that mighty, that imperial word Forgiveness.

When on Sinai God wrote the law, He wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the hard granite surface. But when He writes the offence of this woman He writes it in dust so that it can be easily rubbed out; and when she repents of it, oh, He was a merciful Christ! I was reading

A LEGEND that is told in the far east about Him. He was walking through the streets of a city and He saw a crowd around a dead dog. And one man said: "What a loathsome object is that dog!" "Yes," said another, "his ears are mauled and bleeding." "Yes," said another, "even his hinder would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said: "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that any one could find anything pleasant concerning a dead dog, said: "Why, this must be Jesus of Nazareth!" Reproved and convicted, they went away. Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true. Kindness in all His words and ways and habits. Forgiveness! Word of eleven letters, and some of them thrones, and some of them palm branches. Better have Christ write close to our names than one word through His writing in dust, than to have our name cut into monumental granite with the letters that the storms of a thousand years cannot obliterate. Bishop Babington had a book of only three leaves. The first leaf was black, the second leaf red, the third leaf white. The black leaf suggested sin; the red leaf atonement; the white leaf purification. That is the whole story. God will abundantly pardon.

SYMPATHY WITH THE PENITENT. I must not forget to say that as Christ, stooping down, with His finger wrote on the ground, it is evident that His sympathies are with this penitent woman, and that He has no sympathy with her hypocritical pursuers. Just opposite to that is the world's habit. Why didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their own numbers to Christ for exhortation and capital punishment? No, no; they overlooked it in a man which they damnate in a woman. And so the world has had for offending women scourges and oblongation, and for just one offence she becomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sodomic for twenty years, the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome; and they may sit in legislatures and senates and parliaments, or on thrones. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chides a woman's offence with great capitals upon ineffaceable marble.

For foreign lords and princes, whose names cannot even be mentioned in respectable circles abroad because they are walking lazaretos of abomination, our American princess of fortune wait, and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness and darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dress and foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. I like an Englishman, and I like an American, but the sickest creature on earth is an American playing the Englishman. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them alike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust, write them both in dust. No, no, says the world; let woman go down and let man go up. What is that I hear plashing in the East River at midnight? and then there is a gurgle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind. It is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world grind right on. But while I speak of Christ of my text, His stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the

MOST TREMENDOUS OF ALL LITERATURE.

It is the greatest of all literatures. When Layard exhumed Nineveh he was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a volume of a nation's dust. When Admiral Farragut and his friends, a few years ago, visited that reconstructed city, the house of Balbo, who had been one of its chief citizens in its prosperous days, was opened, and a table was spread in that house which eighteen hundred and ten years had been buried by volcanic eruption, and Farragut and his guests walked over the exquisite mosaics and under the beautiful fresco, and it almost seemed like being entertained by those who eighteen centuries ago had turned to dust. Oh this mighty literature of the dust! Where are the remains of Sennacherib and Attila and Epaminondas and Tamere and Trojan and Philip of Macedon and Julius Caesar? Dust! Where are the heroes who fought on both sides at Marathon, at Hastings, at Marathon, at Cressy, of the 110,000 men who fought at Agincourt, of the 250,000 men who faced death at Jena, of the 400,000 whose armor glittered in the sun at Wagram, of the 1,000,000 men under Darius at Arbela, of the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylae? Dust!

Where are the guests who danced the floors of the Alhambra, or the Persian palaces of Achaemenes? Dust! Where are the musicians who played, and the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chiseled, and the architects who built, in all the centuries except our own? Dust! The greatest library of the world, that which has the widest shelves and the longest aisles and the most multitudinous volumes and the vastest wealth, is

THE UNDERGROUND LIBRARY. It is the royal library, the continental library, the hemispheric library, the planetary library, the library of the dust. And all these library cases will be opened, and all these scrolls unrolled, and all these volumes unclasped; and as easily as in our library or mine we take up a book, blow the dust off it, and turn over its pages, so easily will the Lord of the R-resurrection pick up out of this library of dust every volume of human life, and open it and read it and display it. And the volume will be rebound, to be set in the royal library of the King's palace, or in the prison library of the self-destrayed. Oh this mighty literature of the dust! It is not so wonderful, after all, that Christ chose, instead of an inkstand, the impressionable sand on the floor of an ancient temple, and instead of a hard pen, put forth his forefinger, with the same kind of nerve and muscle and bone and flesh as that which makes up our own forefinger, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy, and full and complete forgiveness for repentant sinners, and the worst.

And now I can believe that which I read, how that mother kept burning, A CANDLE IN THE WINDOW every night for ten years, and one night, very late, a poor wail of the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire," and the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said: "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away, ten years ago, my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother, and sometimes, half a dozen times a night, I open the door and look out into the darkness and cry, 'Lizzie! Lizzie!' But I must not tell you any more about my trouble, for I guess, from the way you cry, you have trouble enough of your own. Why, how cold and sick you seem! Oh, my! can it be? Yes, you are Lizzie, my own lost child! Thank God that you are home again!" And what a time of rejoicing there was in that house that night! And Christ again stooped down, and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up, not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, wrote the same liberating words that He had written more than eighteen hundred years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple. Forgiveness! A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of heaven, a million abreast, on white horses, nostril to nostril, flank to flank.

English and American Phrases. The poorest Englishman has the luxury of burning soft coal, and his parlor or kitchen open-grate fire, with its playing flames, is in cheerfulness far beyond our glowing but flameless masses. They say over there "coals on sale," and not "coals for sale." There is, in some respects, quite a difference between the "King's English" and the "President's English." For our "livery stable," they hang out "cars on hire." A pitcher over there is a "jug"; the word "tumbler" for a glass is Greek to them; baggage is "baggage"; a roasting piece of beef is a "joint," and a street-car is a "tram." I asked a London "bus" driver once if he was going to the river, meaning the Thames, I do not think he had ever heard the word before as applicable to anything at or near London. The Thames in London is "Westminster," "Waterloo," "Blackfriars," "London," or some other bridge. They have forgotten there that it ever was a river.

He Put a Stop to It. Ladies who are annoyed by the efforts of admiring acquaintances who endeavor to imitate their dresses can take a hint from the Prince of Wales who has become disgusted with the slavish imitation of his dress affected by dukes and marshes. Last year he took effectual means to put a stop to this folly. He ordered from some unknown source an ugly suit of dirty blanket tweed. He then put on a hideous red shirt with a blue collar, a soft felt hat with a low cream-colored crown and a band of orange ribbon, and thrust a silk handkerchief into his breast pocket. The costume was something fearful to behold, but it effected its purpose, as he had it all to himself. It was so hideous that even the cads would not copy it.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY MARCH 10, 1890.

The Child-Like Spirit.

LESSON TEXT.

Mark 9: 33-42. Memory verses, 36-37

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the Mighty Worker.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake.—John 14: 11.

LESSON TOPIC: The Gain of Humility.

Lesson Outline: 1. Advancement, vs. 23-35. 2. Acknowledgment, vs. 36-40. 3. Reward, vs. 39, 41, 42.

GOLDEN TEXT: Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.—Mark 10: 15.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

- M.—Mark 9: 33-42. The gain of humility.
- T.—Matt. 18: 1: 14. God's care of the lowly.
- W.—Luke 9: 46-50. Who is greatest?
- T.—John 13: 1-17. A lesson in lowliness.
- F.—Luke 18: 9-14. Pride and lowliness.
- S.—Matt. 25: 31-40. Rewarding the lowly.
- S.—1 John 1: 1-10. Fellowship with God.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. ADVANCEMENT.

I. The Aspiring Disciples: They had disputed one with another . . . who was greatest (34). Who then is greatest in the kingdom of heaven? (Matt. 18: 1). There arose a reasoning, . . . which . . . should be greatest (Luke 9: 46). Lording it over the charge allotted to you (1 Pet. 5: 3). Who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them (3 John 9).

II. The Effective Teacher: He sat down, and called the twelve; and he saith—(35). He taught them as one having authority (Matt. 7: 29). Thou art a teacher come from God (John 3: 2). Thou hast the words of eternal life (John 6: 68). Never man so spoke (John 7: 46).

III. The Novel Lesson: If any man would be first, he shall be last of all (35). He that is greatest among you shall be your servant (Matt. 23: 11). He that is least among you all, the same is great (Luke 9: 48). Ye also ought to wash one another's feet (John 13: 14). Humble yourselves, . . . and he shall exalt you (Jas. 4: 10).

"When he was in the house he asked them." (1) The abode; (2) The company; (3) The conversation.—(1) Privacy with Jesus; (2) Profit with Jesus.

"But they held their peace." (1) Conscious that Jesus knew; (2) Convinced that they had erred; (3) Ashamed at their detection.

"He sat down, and called the twelve; and he saith unto them." (1) Seated in serenity; (2) Surrounded by pupils; (3) Expounding the truth.

II. ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

I. An Unknown Worker: We saw one casting out devils in thy name (38). Many others, which ministered unto them (Luke 8: 3). Others have laboured, and ye are entered into their labour (John 4: 38). Help those women, for they laboured with me in the gospel (Phil. 4: 3). Ye ministered unto the saints, and still do minister (Heb. 6: 10).

II. An Unwarranted Rebuke: We forbade him, because he followed us (38). My lord Moses, forbid them (Num. 11: 25). Peter took him, and began to rebuke him (Matt. 16: 22). Master rebuketh thy disciples (Luke 19: 30). Rebuke not an elder (1 Tim. 5: 1).

III. An Unmistakable Endorsement: He that is not against us is for us (40). I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel (Matt. 8: 10). O woman, great is thy faith (Matt. 15: 28). Well done, good and faithful servant (Matt. 25: 23). Come, ye blessed of my Father (Matt. 25: 34).

1. "We saw one casting out devils in thy name." (1) An unknown worker; (2) A noble work; (3) A divine helper.

2. "We forbade him, because he followed not us." (Religious intolerance: (1) Quick to detect; (2) Ready to condemn; (3) Shallow in justification.)

3. "He that is not against us is for us." (1) For, or against, in deeds; (2) For, or against, in destiny.

III. REWARD.

I. Fellowship with the Son: Whosoever shall receive one of such, . . . receiveth me (37). He that receiveth you receiveth me (Matt. 10: 40). Whoso shall receive one such little child . . . receiveth me (Matt. 18: 5). As ye did it unto one of these . . . ye did it unto me (Matt. 25: 40). Our fellowship is with . . . his Son Jesus Christ (1 John 1: 3).

II. Fellowship with the Father: Whosoever receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me (37). He that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me (Matt. 10: 40). He that believeth on me, believeth . . . on him that sent me (John 12: 44). We will come unto him, and make our abode with him (John 14: 23). Our fellowship is with the Father (1 John 1: 3).

III. Superadded Honor: He shall in no wise lose his reward (41). Thy Father . . . shall recompense thee (Matt. 6: 6).

Your reward is great in heaven (Luke 6: 23).

If any man serve me, him will the Father honor (John 12: 26).

My reward is with me, to render to each man (Rev. 22: 12).

1. "Whosoever shall receive one of such . . . receiveth me;" (1) Receiving Christ's little ones; (2) Receiving Christ himself.—(1) Little deeds of kindness; (2) Great deeds of blessing.

2. "A cup of water to drink." (1) An unpretentious gift; (2) A high motive; (3) A limitless result.

3. "It were better for him." (1) The deed supported; (2) The fate preferred.—(1) The offense; (2) The offender; (3) The penalty.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE GAIN OF THE LOWLY.

They shall be honored (Prov. 18: 12; 29: 23; Mark 9: 35). They shall inherit the earth (Matt. 5: 5). They shall possess the kingdom (Matt. 5: 3). God respects them (Psa. 138: 6; Isa. 66: 2). God hears them (Psa. 9: 12; 34: 6). God lifts them up (Jas. 4: 10; 1 Pet. 5: 6). They receive more grace (Prov. 3: 34; Jas. 4: 6). God dwells with them (Psa. 34: 18; Isa. 57: 15).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

A week after the conversation at Caesarea Philippi the Transfiguration occurred (Mark 9: 2-8). No incident is recorded as intervening, and it is therefore probable that the time was spent in comparative retirement. If, indeed, as some would have it, Mount Tabor was the scene of the incident, the week must have been mainly occupied with the comparatively long journey thither. But Mount Hermon is the more probable locality, being near to Caesarea Philippi. The next day after that event the lunatic boy was healed, the miracle being most fully narrated by Mark (Mark 9: 14-29). After this there was a journey through Galilee, during which there was another prediction of the Passion (Mark 9: 30-32). Immediately after the arrival at Capernaum, Matthew inserts the miracle by which the payment of the 'half-shekel' temple tax was provided for (Matt. 17: 24-27). The lesson follows at once ("in that hour," Matthew).

The place was Capernaum; the time probably about two weeks after the last lesson, in the late summer, or early autumn, of the year of Rome 782 (A. D. 29), shortly before the feast of tabernacles (John 7). Paralle passage: Matthew 18: 1-6 (that evangelist giving, however, a much longer report of the discourse on that occasion).

Kleptomania Is Increasing. A wave of kleptomania is passing over New York city. Every day the advertisements cry aloud for the "lady and gentleman who took a gold headed umbrella" from one of the theatres, or for "the lady who borrowed a canary, blind in one eye," from a bird shop. The dry goods stores are the scene of most of these pilferings. "Few of them become public," said the manager of a leading house, "and we suffer few losses in the end." "How do you avoid them?" "To begin with, almost every real kleptomaniac in the city is known to us. Many of them move in the best society. We instruct our girls to keep a strict watch on them, and if they take anything from the counters, we send a bill for it to their friends." "Why should not their friends return the articles?" "Sometimes they do. As a rule, however, they pay and say nothing about it." "Do you meet with any serious cases?" "I know a lady who in church is liable to purloin even the ornaments of the altar, and another who, at table, if she can find nothing more attractive, has been seen to fill her pockets with bread crumbs." "What do kleptomaniacs usually steal?" "Anything that glitters. A shining object is always the first to draw their attention. Photographs, too, have much the same influence. We have sometimes missed an entire stock of some actor or actress, for whom there was no particular demand, and have found it long afterwards in the possession of a kleptomaniac." "Is kleptomania more common at one season than another?" "We generally look for it in the fall. It is like any other form of lunacy." "Yes," said a physician, "it is a kind of lunacy, and a much abused kind of lunacy too. Epileptics are subject to it. Persons with abnormally shaped hands are subject to it. Some maniacs who are beyond reproach in their lucid moments have the impulse to secret their food or to steal small objects in the asylum. I have read of a man who would not eat unless his food was stolen; of a doctor who could not help stealing from his patients; of a clergyman who delighted in purloining bits of candle, and of a man who, at the point of death, stole the snuff box of his confessor." "Can there be an epidemic of kleptomania?" "Certainly. If you go to an asylum you will find that one year is noted for religious madness, another for criminal madness."

The Supreme Court Bible.

The Supreme Court Bible is a small, black, velvet-covered octavo. It has been used in the administration of every oath since 1808. Every Chief Justice and every Associate Justice of the United States has held this little sacred tome in taking oath of office. Many thousands of lawyers have held it, and to write the names of the men who have touched its covers would be to name the men who have made the bench and bar of the United States illustrious. It was printed in London in 1790, and is to-day but little the worse for wear.