

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON:

The Gospel Alkali.

"If I wash myself with snow water, and cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me." Job 9: 30. (Rev. Ver.)

ALBERT BARNES—honored be his name on earth and in heaven—went straight back to the original writing of my text, and translated it as I have now quoted it, giving substantial reasons for so doing. Although we know better, the ancients had an idea that in snow water there was a special power to cleanse, and that a garment washed and rinsed in it would be as clean as clean could be; but if the plain snow water failed to do its work, then they would take lye or alkali and mix it with oil, and under that preparation they felt that the last impurity would certainly be gone. Job, in my text, in most forcible figure sets forth the idea that all his attempts to make himself pure before God were a dead failure, and that, unless we are ablated by something better than earthly liquids and chemical preparations, we are loathsome and in the ditch. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me." You are sitting for

YOUR PICTURE.

I turn the camera obscura of God's word full upon you, and I pray that the sunshine falling through the skylight may enable me to take you just as you are. Shall it be a flattering picture or shall it be a true one? You say: "Let it be a true one." The first profile that was ever taken was taken three hundred and thirty years before Christ, of Antigonus. He had a blind eye, and he compelled the artist to take his profile so as to hide the defect in his vision. But since that invention three hundred and thirty years before Christ, there have been a great many profiles. Shall I to-day give you a one-sided view of yourselves, a profile, or shall it be a full-length portrait, showing you just what you are? If God will help me, I shall give you that kind of a picture.

When I first entered the ministry I used to write my sermons all out and read them, and run my hand along the line lest I should lose my place. I have hundreds of those manuscripts. Shall I ever preach them? Never; for in those days I was somewhat overmastered with the idea I heard talked all around about, of the dignity of human nature, and I adopted the idea, and I evolved it, and I illustrated it, and I argued it; but coming on in life, and having seen more of the world, and studied better my Bible, I find that that early teaching was faulty, and that there is

NO DIGNITY IN HUMAN NATURE

until it is reconstructed by the grace of God. Talk about vessels going to pieces on the Skerries, off Ireland! There never was such a shipwreck as in the Gihon and the Hiddekel, rivers of Eden, where our first parents foundered. Talk of a steamer going down with five hundred passengers on board! What is that to the shipwreck of fourteen hundred million souls! We are by nature a mass of uncleanness and putrefaction, from which it takes all the omnipotence and infinitude of God's grace to extricate us. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

I remark, in the first place, that some people try to cleanse their soul of sin in the snow water of fine apologies. Here is one man who says: "I am a sinner; I confess that; but I inherited this. My father was a sinner, my grandfather, my great-great-grandfather, and all the way back to Adam, and I couldn't help myself." My brother, have you not, every day in your life, added something to

THE ORIGINAL ESTATE OF SIN.

that was bequeathed to you? Are you not brave enough to confess that you have sometimes surrendered to sin which you ought to have conquered? I ask you whether it is fair play to put upon our ancestry things for which we ourselves are personally responsible? If your nature was askew when you got it, have you not sometimes given it an additional twist? Will all the tombstones of those who have preceded us make a barricade high enough for eternal defense? I know a devout man who had blasphemous parentage. I know an honest man whose father was a thief. I know a pure man whose mother was a waltz of the street. The hereditary tide may be very strong, but there is such a thing as stemming it. The fact that I have a corrupt nature is no reason why I should yield to it. The deep stains of our soul can never be washed out by the snow water of such insufficient apology.

Still further, says some one: "If I have gone into sin, it has been THROUGH MY COMPANIONS, my comrades, and associates; they ruined me. They taught me to drink. They took me to the gambling hell. They plunged me into the house of sin. They ruined my soul." I do not believe it. God gave to no one the power to destroy you or me. If a man is destroyed, he is self-destroyed, and that is always so. Why did you not break away from them? If they had tried to steal your purse, you would have knocked them down; if they had tried to purloin your gold watch, you would have riddled them with shot; but when they tried to steal your immortal soul, you placidly submitted to it. Those bad fellows have a cup of fire to drink, do not pour your cup into it. In this matter of the soul, every man for himself. That those persons are not fully responsible for your sin, I prove by the fact that you still consort with them. You cannot get off by blaming them. Though you gather up all these apologies; though there were a flood of them; though they should come down with the force of the melting snows from Lebanon, they could not wash out one stain of your immortal soul.

Still further, some persons apologize for their sins by saying: "We are a great deal BETTER THAN SOME PEOPLE. You see people all around about us that are a great deal worse than we." You stand up columnar in your integrity, and look down upon those who are

prostrate in their habits and crimes. What of that, my brother? If I failed through recklessness and wicked imprudence for ten thousand dollars, is the matter alleviated at all by the fact that somebody else has failed for one hundred thousand dollars, and somebody else for two hundred thousand dollars? Oh, no. If I have the neuralgia, shall I refuse medical attendance because my neighbor has virtuoso typhoid fever? The fact that his disease is worse than mine—does that cure me? If I, through my foolishness, leap off into ruin, does it break the fall to know that others leap off a higher cliff into deeper darkness? When the Hudson River rail train went through the bridge at Spuyten Duyvil, did it alleviate the matter at all that instead of two or three people being hurt, there were seventy-five mangled and crushed? Because others are depraved, is that any excuse for my depravity?

AM I BETTER THAN THEY.

Perhaps they had worse temptations than I have had. Perhaps their surroundings in life were more overpowering. Perhaps, O man, if you had been under the same stress of temptation, instead of sitting here to-day you would have been looking through the bars of a penitentiary. Perhaps, O woman, if you had been under the same power of temptation, instead of sitting here to-day you would have been tramping the street, the laughing-stock of men and the grief of the angels of God, dungeoned, body, mind, and soul, in the blackness of despair. Ah, do not let us soise ourselves with the thought that other people are worse than we. Perhaps in the future, when our fortunes may change, unless God prevents it we may be worse than they. Many a man, after thirty years, after forty years, after fifty years, after sixty years, has gone to pieces on the sandbars. Oh, instead of wasting our time in hypercriticalism about others, let us ask ourselves the questions. Where do we stand? What are our sins? What are our deficits? What are our perils? What our hopes? Let each one say to himself: "Where will I be? Shall I range in summery fields, or grind in the mills of a great night? Where? Where?"

THE POLLUTED SNOW.

Some winter morning you go out and see a snow bank in graceful drifts, as though by some heavenly compass it had been curved; and as the sun glints it the lustre is almost insufferable, and it seems as if God had wrapped the earth in a shroud, with white plaits woven in looms celestial. And you say: "Was there ever anything so pure as snow so beautiful as the snow?" But you brought a pall of that snow and put it upon the stove and melted it; and you found that there was a sediment at the bottom, and every drop of that snow-water was riled; and you found that the snow bank had gathered up the impurity of the field, and that after all it was not fit to wash in. And so I say it will be if you try to gather up these contrasts and comparisons with others, and with these apologies attempt to wash out the sins of your heart and life. It will be an unsuccessful ablution. Such snow-water will never wash away a single stain of an immortal soul.

But I hear some one say: "I will try something better than that. I will try the force of

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

That will be more pungent, more caustic, more extirpating, more cleansing. The snow water has failed and now I will try the alkali of the good, strong resolution." My dear brother, have you any idea that a resolution about the future will liquidate the past? Suppose I owed you five thousand dollars and I should come to you to-morrow and say: "Sir, I will never run in debt to you again; if I should live thirty years, I will never run in debt to you again; if you will not run in debt in the future, I will not run in debt in the future, I will forgive you the five thousand dollars." Will you do that? No! Nor will God. We have been running up a long score of indebtedness with God. If for the future we should abstain from sin, that would be no defrayment of past indebtedness. Though you should live from this time forth pure as an archangel before the throne, that would not redeem the past. God, in the Bible, distinctly declares that He "will require that which is past"—past opportunities, past neglects, past wicked words, past imaginations, past everything.

THE PAST IS A GREAT CEMETERY.

And every day is buried in it. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-six graves. They are the dead days of 1888. Here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1887. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1886. It is a vast cemetery of the past. But God will rouse them all up with a resurrectionary blast, and as the prisoner stands face to face with Juror and Judge, so you and I will have to come up and look upon those departed days, exulting in the smile or cowering in their frown.

"Murder will out" is a proverb that stops too short. Every sin, however small, as well as great, will out. In hard times in England, years ago, it is authentically stated that a manufacturer was on his way, with a bag of money to pay off his hands. A man infuriated with hunger met him on the road, and took a nail with a nail in it from a piling fence and struck him down, and the nail entering the skull instantly slew him. Thirty years after that the murderer went back to the place. He passed into the graveyard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and while he stood there the spade of the sexton turned up a skull, and lo! the murderer saw a nail protruding from the back part of the skull; and as the sexton turned the skull, it seemed with hollow eyes to glare on the murderer; and he, first petrified with horror, stood in silence, but soon cried out, "Guilty! guilty! O God!" The mystery of crime was over. The man was tried and executed. My friends, all our unpardoned sins, though

WE MAY THINK THEY ARE BURIED

out of sight and gone into a mere skeleton of memory will turn up in the cemetery of the past, and glower upon us with their misdoings. I say all our unpardoned sins. Oh, have you done the preposterous thing of supposing that

good resolutions for the future will wipe out the past? Good resolutions, though they may be pungent and caustic as alkali, have no power to neutralize a sin, have no power to wash away a transgression. It wants something more than earthly chemistry to do this. Yea, yea, though I wash myself with hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

You see from the last part of this text that Job's idea of sin was very different from that of Eugene Sue, or Georges Sand, or M. J. Michelet, or any of the writers who have done up

INQUINITY IN MEZZOTINT.

and garlanded the wine cup with eglantine and rosemary, and made the path of the libertine end in bowers of ease instead of on the hot flagging of eternal torture. You see that Job thinks that sin is not a flowery parterre; that it is not a tableland of fine prospects; that it is not music—dulcimer, violoncello, castanet, and Panderpe pipes, all making music together. He says it is a ditch, long, deep, loathsome, stenchful, and we are all plunged into it, and there we wallow and sink and struggle, not able to get out. Our robes of propriety and robes of worldly profession are saturated in the slime and abomination, and our souls covered over with transgression, hates its covering, and the covering hates the soul, until we are plunged into the ditch, and our own clothes abhor us.

I know that some modern religionists caricature sorrow for sin, and they make out an easier path than the "pilgrim's progress," that John Bunyan dreamed of. The road they travel does not start where John's did, at the city of Destruction, but at the gate of the university; and I am very certain that it will not come out where John's did, under the shining ramparts of the celestial city. No repentance, no pardon. If you do not, my brother, feel that

YOU ARE DOWN IN THE DITCH.

what do you want of Christ to lift you out? If you have no appreciation of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of Him who came to seek and save that which was lost? Yonder is the City of Paris, the swiftest of the Innams, coming across the Atlantic. The wind is abate, so that she has not only her engines at work, but all sails up. I am on board the Umbria, of the Cunard line. The boat davits are swung around. The boat is lowered. I get into it with a red flag, and cross over to where the City of Paris is coming, and I wave the flag. The captain looks off from the bridge and says: "What do you want?" I reply: "I come to take some of your passengers across to the other vessel. I think they will be safer and happier there." The captain would look down with indignation and say: "Get out of the way, or I will run you down!" And then I would back cars, amidst the jeering of two or three hundred people looking over the taffrail.

But the Umbria and the City of Paris meet under different circumstances after a while. The City of Paris is coming out of a cyclone; the life-boats are smashed; the bulwarks gone; the vessel rapidly going down. The boatswain gives his last whistle of despairing command. The passengers run up and down the deck, and some pray, and all make a great outcry. The captain says: "You have about fifteen minutes now to prepare for the next world. 'No hope!' sounds from stern to stern, and from the railines down to the cabin. I see the distress. I am let down by the side of the Umbria. I push off as fast as I can toward the sinking City of Paris. Before I come up people are leaping into the water in their anxiety to get to the boat, and when I have swung up under the side of the City of Paris, the frenzied passengers rush through the gangway until the officers, with ax and clubs and pistols, try to keep back the crowd, each wanting his turn to come next.

THERE IS BUT ONE LIFE BOAT.

and they all want to get into it, and the cry is: "Me next! me next!" You see the application before I make it. As long as a man goes on in his sin, feels that all is well, that he is coming out at a beautiful port, and has all sail set, he wants no rescue; but if under the flash of God's convicting spirit he sees that by reason of sin he is dismasted and water logged, and going down into the trough of the sea where he cannot live, how soon he puts the sea glass to his eye and sweeps the horizon, and at the first sign of help cries out: "I want to be saved. I want to be saved now. I want to be saved forever." No sense of danger, no application for rescue.

Oh, that God's eternal spirit would flash upon us a sense of our sinfulness! The Bible tells

THE STORY IN LETTERS OF FIRE.

but we get used to it. We joke about sin. We make merry over it. What is sin? Is it a trifling thing? Sin is a brand that is sucking out the life blood of your immortal nature. Sin? It is a battle that no earthly key ever unlocked. Sin? It is grand larceny against the Almighty, for the Bible asks the question: "Will a man rob God?" answering it in the affirmative. This Gospel is a writ of replevin to recover property unlawfully detained from God.

In the Sandwich Island's there is a man with leprosy. The head of the foot has swollen until it is flat on the ground. The joints begin to fall away. The ankle thickens until it looks like the foot of a wild beast. A stare unnatural comes to the eye. The nostril is constricted. The voice drops to an almost inaudible hoarseness. Tubercles blotch the whole body, and from them comes an exhalation that is unbearable to the beholder. That is leprosy, and we have all got it unless cleansed by the grace of God. See Leviticus. See II Kings. See Mark. See Luke. See fifty Bible confirmations.

THE BIBLE IS NOT COMPLIMENTARY

in its language. It does not speak mincingly about our sins. It does not talk apologetically. There is no vermilion in its style. It does not cover up our transgressions with blooming metaphor. It does not sing about them in weak falsetto; but it thunders out: "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." "Every one has gone back. He is abominable and filthy, and drinketh in

iniquity like water." And then the Lord Jesus Christ flings down at our feet this humiliating catalogue: "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, blasphemy." There is a text for your rationalists to preach from! Oh the dignity of human nature! There is an element of your science of man that the anthropologist never has had the courage yet to touch; and the Bible, in all the ins and outs of the most forcible style, sets forth our natural pollution, and represents iniquity as a frightful thing, as an exhausting thing, as a loathsome thing. It is not a mere beaming of the feet; it is not a mere fouling of the hands; it is going down, head and ears, in a ditch, until our clothes abhor us.

My brethren, shall we stay down where sin thrusts us? I shall not, if you do. We cannot afford to. I have to tell you that there is something purer than snow water, something more pungent than alkali, and that is the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Ay, the river of salvation, bright, crystalline, and heaven-born, rushes through this audience with billowy tide strong enough to wash you sins completely and forever away. O Jesus, let the dam that holds it back now break, and the floods of salvation roll over us.

Let the water and the blood, From Thy side a healing flood, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let us get down on both knees and bathe in that food of mercy. To you is the word of this salvation sent. Take this largess of the divine bounty. Though you have gone

DOWN IN THE DEEPEST DITCH

of libidinous desire and corrupt behavior, though you have sworn all blasphemies until there is not one sinful word left for you to speak, though you have been submerged by the transgressions of a lifetime, though you are so far down in your sin that no earthly help can touch your case—the Lord Jesus Christ bends over you to-day, and offers you His right hand, proposing to lift you up, first making you whiter than snow, and then raising you to glories that never die. "Billy," said a Christian bootblack to another, "when we come up to heaven it won't make any difference that we've been bootblack here, for we shall get in, not somehow or other, but Billy, we shall get straight through the gate."

OH, IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW FULL AND FREE AND TENDER IS THE OFFER OF CHRIST THIS DAY.

YOU WOULD ALL TAKE HIM without one exception. Oh that this might be the hour when you would receive him! It is not a Gospel merely for footpads and vagrants and buccaners; it is for the highly polished, and the educated, and the refined as well. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." What-ever may be your associations, and whatever your worldly refinements, I must tell you, as before God I expect to answer in the last day, that if you are not changed by the grace of God, you are still down in the ditch of sin, in the ditch of sorrow, in the ditch of condemnation, a ditch that empties into a deeper ditch, the ditch of the lost. But blessed by God for the lifting, cleansing, illustrating power of His Gospel.

THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE CRIES, ESCAPE TO THE MOUNTAIN.

For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain. Hallelujah to the Lamb who has bought us our Jordan. Perpetual Guests.

Buddhist priests, in order to confirm

the faith of the lower classes in China, are in the habit of inserting into the shell of the young pearl cyster minute representations of their deities, which are in process of time, completely covered by the formation of the shell, so that when it is opened, it contains the features of the gods indelibly fixed in mother-of-pearl. Horticulturists produce similar startling effects on their plants. A gourd, while young and green, is tied at a certain point with a ribbon, and when hard and old, still retains the unnatural shape thus given to it. A few drops of a drug are poured about the roots of a young plant, and its flowers henceforth bloom with a color unknown to any of its species. Precisely the same process goes on in a girl or boy in the formation of habits, good or bad. "There is but one thing which time cannot kill," says Poyntz, "and that is habit."

"Grace," said the old preacher Bascom, "can conquer the devil in you. But your bad habits conquer grace."

No matter how trivial or slight the custom acquired in youth may be, though it be but the mispronunciation of a word, vulgarity at table, or the use of slang, it will come back in after life, after years of schooling and struggling with it, fresh and vigorous; just as old men, in extreme illness, speak the language of their childhood, forgotten through all their middle age.

A habit of gentle bearing, or low, pleasant intonation, of universal courtesy, is worth more to its possessor throughout life than wealth or great talents. It smoothes one's way at every turn, and creates friends who take pleasure in ministering to one who is polite and considerate, not by effort, but because habit has made it natural for him to be so.

A habit of prayer, formed in childhood, though neglected for many years will come back in age and sorrow and perhaps bring a blessing from heaven with it.

Our habits, in short, are the alien guests of the Scotch superstition which once seated at our hearth only go from it with death. Let us take care, then, how we open our doors to them.

Carbonic acid shells are the latest notion. It is stated that a German artillery officer has succeeded in making a new explosive from carbonic acid; a shell filled with this material possesses a power hitherto unattained. Experiments made with these shells, thrown from mortars, have all, it is stated, proved highly successful.

A good way to make children tell the truth is to tell it yourself.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY JUNE 16, 1890.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

LESSON TEXT.

(Mark 15: 21-39. Memory verses, 25-29.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus Finishing His Work.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: I have glorified thee on the earth, having accomplished the work which thou hast given me to do.—John 17: 4.

LESSON TOPIC: Crucified Unjustly.

1. Affixed to the Cross, vs. 21-26.
2. Experiences on the Cross, vs. 27-32.
3. Utterances at the Cross, vs. 34-39.

GOLDEN TEXT: He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.—Phil. 2: 8.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Mark 15: 21-39. Crucified unjustly.

T.—Matt. 27: 31-54. Matthew's parallel narrative.

W.—Luke 23: 26-47. Luke's parallel narrative.

T.—John 19: 16-30. John's parallel narrative.

F.—Isa. 53: 1-12. Isaiah's prophecy of Christ's death.

S.—John 12: 20-36. Jesus' prophecy of his own death.

S.—1 Pet. 2: 18-25. Peter's memories of Christ's death.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. AFFIXED TO THE CROSS.

I. Bearing the Cross: They compel one passing by,.... that he might bear his cross (21). He that doth not take his cross.... is not worthy of me (Matt. 10: 38). Let him.... take up his cross, and follow me (Matt. 16: 24). They.... laid on him the cross, to bear it after Jesus (Luke 23: 26). He went out, bearing the cross for himself (John 19: 17).

II. The Place of Suffering:

The place Golgotha, which is.... The place of a skull (22). They were come unto a place called Golgotha (Matt. 27: 33). The place which is called The Skull (Luke 23: 33). The place of a skull,.... in Hebrew Golgotha (John 19: 17). Jesus also.... suffered without the gate (Heb. 13: 12).

III. Enduring the Agony:

It was the third hour, and they crucified him (25). They sat and watched him there (Matt. 27: 36). There they crucified him (Luke 23: 33). Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things? (Luke 24: 26). Who.... endured the cross, despising shame (Heb. 12: 2).

IV. Utterances at the Cross:

1. "They bring him unto the place called Golgotha." (1) The place; (2) The procession; (3) The victim; (4) The purpose.

2. "They crucify him." (1) The act; (2) The agents; (3) The sufferer; (4) The fruits.

3. "His accusation was written over, The King of the Jews." (1) The title as accepted by Jesus; (2) The title as repudiated by the Jews; (3) The title as displayed by Pilate.

V. EXPERIENCES ON THE CROSS.

I. Numbered with the Transgressors: With him they crucify two robbers (27). They made his grave with the wicked (Isa. 53: 9). He.... was numbered with the transgressors (Isa. 53: 12). With him two robbers, one on the right hand, and one on the left (Matt. 27: 38). This.... must be fulfilled in me, and he was reckoned with transgressors (Luke 22: 37).

II. Mocked by the Crows:

They that passed by railled on him (29). The chief priests mocking him,.... said (Matt. 27: 41). Ha! thou that destroyest the temple (Mark 15: 29). The rulers also scoffed at him (Luke 23: 35). One of the malefactors.... railed on him (Luke 23: 39). I will cause the sun to go down at noon (Amos 8: 9). From the sixth hour there was darkness (Matt. 27: 45). A darkness came,.... the sun's light falling (Luke 23: 44).

III. Wrapped in Darkness:

There was darkness over the whole land (33). The sun shall be darkened in his going forth (Isa. 13: 10). I will cause the sun to go down at noon (Amos 8: 9). From the sixth hour there was darkness (Matt. 27: 45). A darkness came,.... the sun's light falling (Luke 23: 44).

IV. Utterances at the Cross:

1. From the Sufferer: Jesus cried with a loud voice, Eloi, Eloi (34). Jesus cried again,.... and yielded up his spirit (Matt. 27: 50). Father, forgive them (Luke 23: 34). Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit (Luke 23: 46). It is finished (John 19: 30).

II. From the By-standers:

Some of them that stood by,.... said (35). Some.... said, This man calleth Elijah (Matt. 27: 47). Save thyself, and come down from the cross (Mark 15: 30). Himself he cannot save (Mark 15: 31). If thou art the King of the Jews, save thyself (Luke 23: 37).

III. From the Centurion:

The centurion.... said, Truly this man was the Son of God (39). The centurion.... saw the earthquake (Matt. 27: 54). Truly this was the Son of God (Matt. 27: 54). He learned it of the centurion (Mark 15: 45). Certainly this was a righteous man (Luke 23: 47).

- 1. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (1) The mysterious abandonment; (2) The unshaken trust; (3) The pathetic inquiry.
- 2. "Jesus uttered a loud voice, and gave up the ghost." (1) The crisis; (2) The outcry; (3) The surrender.
- 3. "The veil of the temple was rent in twain." (1) What the perfect veil concealed; (2) What the rent veil disclosed.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

RATINGS AT THE CROSS.

- 1. From the Scorners: The passers by (Matt. 27: 39, 40; Mark 15: 29, 30). The rulers (Matt. 27: 41-43; Mark 15: 31, 32). The by-standers (Luke 23: 35). The soldiers (Luke 23: 36, 37). The malefactors (Matt. 27: 44; Mark 15: 32; Luke 23: 39). Some of the crowd (Matt. 27: 49; Mark 15: 36).
- 2. From the Lord: Prayer for his murderers (Luke 23: 34). Assurance to the penitent (Luke 23: 43). To his mother and John (John 19: 26, 27). To his Father (Matt. 27: 46). Declaring his thirst (John 19: 28). Announcing the end (John 19: 30). Commending his spirit (Luke 23: 46).
- 3. From the Penitent Robber: Rebuking his comrade (Luke 23: 40, 41). Appealing to Jesus (Luke 23: 42).
- 4. From the Soldiers: The entire band (Matt. 27: 54). The commander (Mark 15: 39; Luke 23: 47).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

The last lesson closed with the leading out of Jesus to crucifixion. But before this,—probably immediately after the mocking mentioned in Mark 15: 19,—Pilate made further attempts to save his prisoner (John 19: 4-16). In the attire of mock royalty, Jesus is presented to the people, but they still cry "Crucify him." Pilate argues with them, but is frightened by the accusation that Jesus "made himself the Son of God."

Another interview with the prisoner led the governor to attempt his release, but the Jews again remonstrated. The final formal judgment by Pilate was accompanied by further mockery of the Jews by the baffled governor, leading them to answer in the language, so prophetic of their future for many centuries, "We have no king but Cæsar."

The place of the lesson was first on the road from Pilate's Preforium to Golgotha, then at the latter locality, the site of which is still generally disputed, but which is treated fully in these pages by Canon Tristram and Dr. Merrill.

The time was the forenoon of Friday; the preparation for the crucifixion probably beginning about nine o'clock (v. 25), and the darkness coming on at noon. John's statement (John 19: 14) is less definite, and may be explained as referring to what we call, in general, "forenoon." The day was the 15th of Nisan, April 7, the year of Rome 783, A. D. 30.

Paralle passages: Matthew 27: 32-54; Luke 23: 26-47; John 19: 17-30.

A Broker's Opinion of Women.

You can't find one broker in fifty who would take a woman's account. Why? Because women as a rule can't stand a loss without becoming hysterical and making a great big fuss. They will find more fault and do more talking over one deal they make with you than a man would over the transactions of a year. They want your advice and when you tell them all you know they want you to tell them something different. If you happen to give a woman a bad tip than she can't see how she should be held responsible and doesn't want to pay. A woman usually says her losses in such a way that makes a broker feel as though he was robbing her. She hints that is the last penny she has on earth, that she has a mother to support, or that if her husband found it out she would be ruined. There is nothing in such remarks to make a broker feel comfortable. The trouble is that if a woman gets a taste for speculating it seems harder for her to overcome the fascination than for a man. But there are hundreds of women in New York and Brooklyn who speculate, and the majority of them cannot afford it; and when people can't afford it they are apt to become cowards and Wall street is no place for cowards. I know a Brooklyn lady, the wife of a prominent citizen, who lost a clean \$10,000 in a week and then came to me with the request that I pawn her beautiful diamonds. She had kept the knowledge of her losses from her husband. I refused to pawn the diamonds and she became so excited that I feared something unfortunate would happen. She cooled down after a time and left the office. The next day she called again with more money, and after a month of careful dealing, recovered her \$10,000. She promised me then that she would never speculate again, and I guess she has kept her promise. There are several Brooklyn ladies who deal heavily in stocks and make a good thing of it, but they carry on their speculations through a confidential agent who carries out their instructions. Mrs. Hetty Green, of Brooklyn, is one of the most successful women speculators in the world. There are few men on the street who can get the better of her in a deal.

"Do women prefer stocks above everything else to speculate in?" "Well, cool headed, sensible women deal in real estate quite extensively. It is slower and steadier than stocks. Real estate men have many women customers