David the poet here pictures a volcano, and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas this author does in words. You see calm and still and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts His finger on the top of it and from it rise thick vapors intershot with fire. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

God is the only being who can manage a volcano, and again and again has He employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, destrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, pillared into architectural exquisiteness, was at the foot of a mountain, up the sides of which it ran, with vineyards and villas of merchant princes, and all that marble and bronze and imperial baths and arboriculture and rainbowed fountains, and a coliseum at the dedication of which nine thousand beasts had been slain, and a supernal landscape in which the shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crystals to the shore, yea, all that beauty and pomp and wealth could give was there to be seen or heard. But the bad morals of the city had shocked the world. In the year of the city had shocked the world. In the year 79, on the 4th of August, a black column rose above the adjoining mountain and spread out, Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city first thin ashes and then pumice stone and sulphurous fumes scoped and the city first thin ashes and then pumice stone, and sulphurous fumes scooped, and streams of mud poured through the streets till few people escaped, and the city was buried, and some of the inhabitants eighteen hundred years after were found embalmed in the scories of that awful doom. The Lord called upon velcanic forces to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

they smoked.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead Sea upon which I looked last December, and of whose which I looked last December, and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been controversy enough to fill libraries, science saying one thing, revelation saving another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and goology are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation, and the penmanship is by the same divine band. Our horseback ride will not be so steep to-day, and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling, and by the time the horses smuff the sulphurous by the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of Ashaltites, or the Dead Sea, we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when He touched the hills and they

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada, where occurred something more wonderful in the way of desperation than you ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace amid these heaps of black and awful rocks which shook like a tumbled midnight. A great band of robbers, about one thousand including their families, afterward held the fortress. When the Roman army stormed that steep and the bandits could no longer hold the place, their chieftain, Eleazar, made a powerful speech which persuaded them to die before they were captured. First the men kissed their families a loving and tearful before they were captured. First the men kissed their families a loving and tearful good-by and then put a dagger into their hearts, and the women and children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the chosen by lot to slay all other men, and each man lay down by the other men, and children and waited for these This done, executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other nine. Then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves, and after all was over came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaughtered. Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great butchers, were nearly all born or reared among mountain precipices. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have anything greatly good or greatly evil to do they come down off the rocks.

Pass on from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of concentrated diabolism, and come along where the sait crystals crackle under the horses' hoofs. You are near the most God forsaken region of all the earth. You to whom the word lake has heretofore sug-gested those bewitchments of beauty, Luzerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant val-ley, change all your ideas about a lake, and see this sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the horses while we go down to the brink and dip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch, and have six times larger percentage of salt than those of the Atlantic Ocean, the ocean having four per cent. of salt and this lake 25 mg per cent. Lake Str-i-kol, of India, is the highest lake in the world. This lake, on the banks of which we kneel, is the lowest lake, It empties into no sea, among other things. It empties into no sea, among other things, for the simple reason that water cannot run up hill. It swallows up the river Jordan and makes no response of thanks, and never reports what it does with the twenty millions cubic feet of water annually received from that statement run. that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of bitumen to de-

The hot springs near its banks by the name of Callirhoe, where King Herod same to bathe off his illnesses, no sconer pour into this sea than they are poisoned. Not a fish scale swims it.—Not an insect walks it. It hates life, and if you attempt to swim there it life would be approximately because the search of the search o there it lifts you by an unnatural buoyancy to the surface, as much as to say "we want no life here, but death is our proference, death."

Those who attempt to wade into this lake, and submerge themselves, course out always. Those who attempt to wade into this lake, and submerge themselves, come out almost maddened, as with the sting of a hundred wasps and hornets, and with lips and eyelids swollen with the strange ablution. The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of beauty on other lakes, but a smetallic lustre like unto the flash of a sword that would thrust you. The gazelles and the iboxes that live on the hills beside it, and cranes and wild ducks that fly acrossmore, contrary to the old belief, biris do safeand cranes and wild ducks that fly across—
for, contrary to the old belief, birds do safefly wing their way over it—and the Arab
borses you have been riding, though thirsty
caough, will not drink out of the dreadful
Existers. A mist hovers over parts of it alExost continually, which, though natural
evaportion, seems like a wing of doom spread
ever liquid desolation. It is the rhangs of stor liquid desolation. It is the rinsings of abomination. It is an aqueous monster couled among the hills, or creeping with rippies, and stanchful with nauscating malodors. In these regions once stood four great titles of Assyria: Sodon, Gomorran, Aima and Zeboim. The Bible says they were degroyed by a tempest of fire and brimstone after these cities had filled up with wickeliness.

Why that is abound "cries some one." It is after these cities had filled up with wicksiness.

No, tast is absurd," cries some one; "it is evident that this was a region of sait and bringstone and plich long before that." And so is was. The Bible says it was a region of sait and bringstone and plich long before the great catastrope. Well, now," says some one, wanting to raise a quarrel between science and level ation, 'you have no right to say the edits of fire and suiphur and bringstone, because this region and these cities were destroyed. Volcanic action, is my reply. These cities had been built out of very combantiole materials. The mortar was a bitumen easily ignited, and the

avells dripped with pitch most inflammable fliney sat, I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant is their sins, ostentatious in their debaucheries, four hells on earth.

'One day there was a rumbling in the earth, and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the at frighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The frighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving way. A voicano, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command bursts forth, easily setting everything affame, and first lifting these cities high in the air and then dashing them down in chasens fathomless. The fires of that eruption intershot the dense smoke and rolled unto the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of their

And they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scripkires, and then Moses must go under. But as in the Dead Sea instance so all all cases God's writing on the earth and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible Society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, and so the Bible announces plants first. Science digs down and says, "Marine animals next," and the Bible says, "Marine animals next," Science digs down and says, "Land animals next." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man!" responds the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological for mation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological for mation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological for mation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological for mation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological for the was borrowed, and the river and the prophet threw a stick into the river, and the prophet threw a stick into the river, and the prophet threw a stick into the river, and the brown ax head came to the surface and floated the prophet threw a stick into the river, and the prophet threw a stick into the river, and the prophet threw a stick into the surface and floated the pount the would on the surface and floated the pount the would on the return that which was borrowed, and out of heaven,' and David wrote, 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'" So I guess we will hold on to our Bibles a little longer. A gentleman in the ante-room of the Wnite House, at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. Lincoln at 5 o'clock in the morning, got there fifteen minutes early, and asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir." "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends every morning from

the Bible. He spends every morning from
to 5 o'clock reading the Scriptures."

My text implies that God controls volcanoes, not with the full force of his haud,
but with the tip of his finger. Etha, Stromboli and Vesuvius fawn at his feet like
hounds before the hunter. These eruptions
of the hills do not belong to Pluto's realm, as
the ancients thought, but to the divine dominions. Humboldt counted two hundred
of them, but since then the Indian archivelof them, but since then the Indian archipelago has been found to have nine hundred of these great mouthpieces. They are on every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook all America about six or quare which shook all America about six or seven summers ago was only the raving around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it will be at the divine call. They seem re-served for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression. Profligacy was the chief characteristic of the

seven cities over which they put their smothering wing: Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabise, Adma, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrah.

If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high life and low life dissociations are to be a toke and because of the control uteness does not cease to be a joke and be-ome a crime, if wealthy libertinism con-inues to find so many doors of domestic life open to its faintest touch, if Russian and French and American literature steeped in pruriency does not get banished from the news stands and ladies' puriors, God will let loose some of these suppressed monsters of the earth. And I tell these American cities present century or in the closing century of the earth's continuance. The volcanic forces are already in existence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the ken-nels of subterraneous fire. Yet let profigaoy, whether it stagger into a lazaretto or plain. "He touchoth the hills and they unoke.

But the dragoman was rejoiced when we had seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightees the girths for another march around the horses which are prancing and neighing for departure. We are off for the Jordon, only two hours away. We pass Bedouins whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation Salaam Aleikoum, 'Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronunciation of the Arabic. Oh, they are a strange race, those Bedouins. Such a commingling of ruffanism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness! When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately was traveling, and were about to take pocketbooks and perhaps life, this lady, sitting upon her horse, took out her note-book and pencil and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure the bandits But the dragoman was rejoiced when we and pencil and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure the bandits
thought it something supernatural and fled.
Christian womanliness or maniness is all
conquering. When Martin Luther was told
that Duke George would kill him if he wont
to Leipsic, Luther replied: "I would go to
Leipsic if it rained Dake Georges nine days."
Now we come through regions where there
are hills cut into the shape of cathedrals,
with alter and column and arch and chancel with altar and column and arch and chancel and pulpit and dome and architecture of the rocks that I think can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it is because God loves the church so well, he builds in the solitudes of Yellow-stone park and Yosemite and Switzerland and Palestine these ecclesiastical piles. And who knows but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there? "Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan?" I ask. All the shall we see the Jordan?" I ask. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the greatest river of all the earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amazon is longer, the Hudson rolls anid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Tiber suggests more imperial procession, the liyesus has more classic memories, and the Nile feeds greater populations by its irrigation, but the Jordan is the queen of rivers, and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung like beads with heroles, and before night we like bears with heroics, and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah and Elisha and David and Jacob and Joshua and John

and Jesus: At last between two trees I got a glimpsa of a riyer and said, "What is that?" "The Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America, and some from Europe, and some from Asia, the cry was someie! "The Jordan? The Jordan?" Handrels of thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed fruits waters. Many of the node a west gown in the waves and

what Jeremiah says, "Behold, he shall go up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan." No river so often changes its mind, for it turns and twists, traveling two hundred

might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now on rocks, now of sand, laving the feet of the terebinths and oleanders and acacias and reeds and pis-tachios and silver poplars. This river mar-ries the Dead Sea to Lake Galilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so

fair a bride?

This is the river which parted to let an them down in chasens fathomless. The firet of that eruption intershot the dense smoke and rolled unto the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanness came wide spread desolation. The red hot soade of volcanic action had shoveled under the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe the were cutting trees with which to build a cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were the salt and sulphur. Science right: Rewestion right. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared

> thing ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire, and yet he went up without having so much as to fan himself. When stepping, from amid the foliage of these cleanders and tamarisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands, and spurred the galloping steeds toward the wide spurred the galloping steeds toward the wide open gate of heaven, it was a scene forever memorable. So the hottest afflictions of your life may roll you heavenward. So the most burning persecutions, the most fiery troubles, may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire you drive up toward God and not down toward the Dead Sea. When Latimer and Ridley died at the stake they went up in a charlot of fire. When my friend P. P. Bliss, the Gospel singer, was consumed with the rail train than broke through Ashtabula bridge and then took flame, I said, "Another Elijah gone up in a charlot of fire?"
>
> But this river is a river of baptisms. Christ was here baptized and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion went into this river, and

sions the candidate for baptism and the ofdeer of religion went into this river, and
then while both were standing the water was
dipped in the hand of one and sprinkled upon
the forehead of the other, or whether the
sutire form of the one baptized disappeared
for a moment beneath the surface of the
dood, I do not how declare. While I cannot
think without deep smotion of the fact that
my parents held me in infancy to the baptismal font in the old meeting house at Somserville and assumed vows on my behalf, I
must tell you no. of another mode of baptism observed in the "iver Jordan on that
afternoon in last December, the particulars
of which I now for the first time relate.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity. A comrade in our Holy Land journey rode up by my side that day and told me that a young man who is not studying for the Gospel ministry would like to be baptized by me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts I could concerning his earnestness and faith, and through personal examination made my self confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants two that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, whether that day of judgment be in this paptistries, and these were obtained. As we were to have a large group of different nationalities present I dictated to my iaughter a few verses and had copies snough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoman had a man familiar with the river wade through and across to show gaoy, whether it stagger into a lazaretto of sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under the street gas light or be wrapped in the finest array that foreign loom ever wrought or lapidary ever impearled, know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life or social life or political life or in the foundations of the earth from which sprang out the devastations that awallowed the cities of the plain. "He touch the hills and they voice:

On Jordon's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Cansan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight:
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight.
this time we had reached the middle By this time we had reached the middle of the river. As the candidate sank under the floods and rose again under a baptism in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, there rushed through our souls a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not probably feel again until we step into the Jordan that divides earth from heaven. Will those waters be deep? Will those tides be strong? No matter if Jesus steps in with us. Friends on the short or to help us off. Friends on the other short to see us land. See! They are coming down the hills on the other side to greet us. How well we know their step! How easily we distinguish their voices! From easily we distinguish their voices! From they had us with paim branches. They say

nother?" and we answer by asking, "Is that you, my darling?" How near they seem, and low narrow the stream that divides us! Could we but stand where Moses stood And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood Could fright us from the shore.

hey hall us with paim branches. They say ous, "is toat you, father?" "Is that you

Emperor William Guyed Theme

I heard of a funny story in connection with the German Emperor's visit to a little Silesian town during the maneuvers, where the Burgomaster took it upon himself to introduce various of the town dignitaries to his Majesty. Fourteen of them were standing in a line and the Mayor commenced as follows:

"Herr Peter Paul Schmidt-His Majesty the German Emperor, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg. Herr Heinrich Wilheim Lauerkraut-his Majesty the German Emperor, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg." When the Burgomaster proceeded to introduce Herr Leiberwurst, to "his, etc., etc.," the Kaiser interrupted him, laughingly, with the remark: "That will do, Herr Burgomaster; I suppose the gentlemen know who I am. Just mention their names and then there will be some prospect of a little refreshment before nightfull."- Chicago News.

A TINY REBEL LOUIS : L NDO t.

Our little Percy, just graduating trom "gathers" into "plaits," is not yet the big boy he hopes to be, nor yet any longer the "baby." Never were ten little fingers more restless than his. when once he could walk, searching and prying and trying all day long; frankly di-obedient, but so sweet and simple withal, you felt like begging his pardon for accusing him of wrong-doing. If he came to you bringing the broken fragments of some precious trinket he had been forbidden to obedience by the things which he suftouch, he said so earnestly, "Me didn t fered .- Heb. 5:8. bake it," with a look of regret, not re-morse, it seemed absurd to think that he had really done the harm.

It was this seeming lack of moral sensibility that led his mother to plan and carry out his first severe punishment. I use the words "carry out" advisedly, for the attempt to punish brought to light a number of conflict-

ing elemen s of character.
It was after one of his wild days that he was to be punished. He had been flying from one forbidden thing to another, as fast as the hours passed, buoyant and merry. A happy-hearted revolutionist in miniature, with no reosect whatever for domestic laws pr institutions. It was decided that he must be put to bed, early and alone, for punishment. He was delighted with his four-o'cleck tea, cheerily un-observant of the grave faces of his mother and nurse.

Tea over, his mother took him by the hand and was leading him towards the hall, when he asked, with a vague note of alarm in his voice, "Where'd Betty and Trudie?" "They've not had their supper," his

mamma answered, seriously. are to go to bed alone, dear; mamma must punish you." He sat down on the stairs in instant rebellion. His sweet, chubby face was neither sullen nor passionate, but the quiet determination to resist was ex-

his hands folded in his lap. "Me won't doe up tairs, me won't, he said and said again, triumphantly. But rebellions little boys can be carried, even against their will, so he went up stairs after all.

"Me won't be undessed, me won't" he cried, while his mother was firmly and quickly taking off his clothes, thinking it the wiser way not to notice his protests and soothing him only by her silence and strong touch. "Me won't doe to bed," he cried out,

between his sobs. "Me undess 'oo an' put 'oo to bed, naughty, wicked mamma. Me don't lub 'oo any more, me don't. Me wen't tum ober in 'oor bed in de mornin', me won't;" bent on retaliation if rebellion did no good. "Me won't teep dat night-dess on, if

'oo put it on," he exclaimed, fiercely buffeting the garment with his fists as it surely came down over his head. His ammunition was getting low; his outposts taken one by one in spite of sobs and struggles and many words.

"Me won't tay in de bed if 'oo put me in," he said, as he stood before it. His mother hesitated to command He...saith unto them, I find no crime ment, for the poor little fellow was so utterly reckless that one disobedient act after another would be the inevitable result. His mother's patience was measured by his sturdy obstinacy. Four times she tucked him up in bed, and as many times did he hop out again. Tiring at last, he lay still a few minutes, his mother sitting beside him with her hand on his shoulder. Then he thought of another objection.

"Me won't tay up tairs, me won't," came from under the bedclothes. The end of the battle was approaching, evidently, and this was the place for the principal command.

"Whatever you do up here, Percy," his mother answered, "you may not come down stairs again to-night." With that she left him, at once.

As she was wearily going down stairs, he piped up, "Me haven't dot any night-dess on, me haven't." Once more she put it on him and tucked him up in bed, then half submitting and still protesting, the little rebel sobbed, "Me didn't hab nuff supper, me didn't." This was the last shot in the locker, and his mother was only too glad to promise him a bun, "by and bye," she added, for authority's sake. Galilee? (John 7: 41).

She waited till all was silent in the II. Herog the Ruler of Galilee: nursery, and then went very slowly up stairs. She caught a glimpse of the li-tle prisoner sitting on the top stair, 3:1). watching for the bun, and then heard little fat, bare feet pounding quickly across the carpet. When she reached

the nursery Percy was stowed away in his crib, with eyes shut tight. The next morning, this dear little disobedient boy went tumbling into his mother's bed, lovingly patting her face, and whispering in her ear, "Dood 'ittle boy to-day, mamma. Put him to bed mate him dood."—The Homemaker.

IN THE FIRELIGHT. BY EUGENE FIELD.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
While, like winged spirits, here and there
The fivelght shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes "Now I lay me down to sleep." And, s omehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years
And imger with a loved one there:
And as I hear my child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me;
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again. Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimps of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone,
Sweet magic of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

THE WOUNDED HERO. Look! here's my gun, and here's my sword,

And here (rub-dub!) my drum;
I'll be a soldier by and-by.
And conquer all who come.
Like Wellington and Blake, you know,
And all our famous men—
Just wait till I grow up a man,
And see what I'll do then!

I'll meet a Turk—a pirate chief—
An Indian with his bow—
I'll wave my sword above my head,
And down I'll strike him—so!
Oh, ch! Oh dear! I've pricked my thumb!
You hid that pln there, Bill!
Oh, mamma, come and the it up,
I'll bleed to death, I will!

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1893. Jesus Before Pilate and Herod.

LESSON TEXT. (Luke 23: 1-12, Memory verses: 11-12,)

LESSON PLAN. TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Though he were a Son, yet learned he

LESSON TOPIC: The Son's Innocence Affirmed.

1. Jesus before Pilate, vs. LESSON OUTLINE: 2. Jesus sent to Herod, vs. 3. Jesus before Herod, vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT: Then said Pitate to thechief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man .- Luke 23:4.

DAILY HOME READINGS: M.-Luke 23: 1-12. The Son's in-

nocence affirmed. T .- Matt. 27 : 2-14. Matthew's pa allel narrative. W .- Mark. 15: 1-5. Mark's parallel narrative. T .- John 18: 28-38. John's parallel narrative. F.-John 8: 31-47. The sinless

Saviour. S.-Heb. 7: 20-28. The sinless Saviour. S.-Eph. 5: 1-21. The perfect

> LESSON ANALYSIS. L JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

The Tribunal: The whole company....brought him before Pilate (1). pressed by his stiff little figure, and They....delivered him up to Pilate the

governor (Matt. 27:2). Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea (Luke 3:1). They lead Jesus ... from Caiaphas into the palace (John 18:28).

Whom ye delivered up, and denied befor the face of Pilate (Acts 3:13). II. The Charge:

They began to accuse him, saying-The chief priests accused him of many things (Mark 15:3). We found this man perverting our na-

tion (Luke 23:2). He stirreth up the people, teaching (Luke 23:5). He made himself the Son of God (John

III. The Finding: Pilate said, I find no fault in this man (4). He said, Why, what evil hath he done? (Matt. 27: 23). I, having examined him, ... found no

fault (Luke 23: 14). I have found no cause of death in him

in him (John 18: 38). l. "The whole company of them rose up, and brought him before Pi-

late." Jesus (1) Delivered up by 7, A. D.30. the Jews; (2) Arraigned before the Gentiles .- (1) Unanimous action; (2) Perverse stupidity; (3) Destructive wickedness. 2. "Saying that he himself is Christ

" Christ's declarations of kingship (1) As made by himself; (2) As perverted by his enemies.-(1) Jesus the Christ; (2) Jesus the 3. "I find no fault in this man." (1)

The judge; (2) The prisoner; (3) The witnesses; (4) The testimony; (5) The conclusion. II. JESUS SENT TO HEROD.

I. Jesus a Resident of Galilee: He asked whether the man were Galilman (6). He withdrew into ... Galilee ... and

dwelt in Nazareth (Matt. 2: 22, 23). Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan (Matt. 3: 12). This is the prophet, Jesus, from Naz-

areth of Galilee (Matt. 21: 11). What, doth the Christ come out of He was of Herod's jurisdiction (7).

Herod....shut up John in prison (Luke Herod said, John 1 beheaded: but who

is this? (Luke 9: 9). Go hence: for Herod would fain kill than that, after all." thee (Luke 13: 31). III. Herod's Pleasure in Seeing

Jesus: He was exceedingly glad: ... he hoped to see some miracle (8).

Master, we would see a sign from thee (Matt. 12: 38). Herod the tetrarch heand the report concerning Jesus (Matt. 14:1). ... multitude followed him, because they beheld the signs (John 6: 2).

after wisdom (1 Cor. 1. 22). I. "Teaching throughout all Judea." Jesus a teacher; (1) His field; (2) His lessons; (3) His influence. 2. "When Herod saw Jesus, he was

3. "He hoped to see some miracle and bitterness.

done by him." (1) The miracles BARY'S B of Jesus; (2) The hopes of Herod. -(1) The divine use of miracles; Sway to and Iro in the twilight gray,

I. The Silent Prisoner: He questioned him;...but he anbut he anDefine away trong the world we go,
Eaby and the a rocking easir. swered him nothing (9). Yea, he opened not his mouth (Lea. 53:

He gave him no answer, not even to one word (Matt. 27: 14). . He held his peace, and answered nothing (Mark 14: 61). Jesus no more answered anything (Mark 15: 5).

II. The Vehement Accusers: Toe chief priests and scribes stood, vehemently accusing him (10).

They cried out exceedingly, Crucify him (Mark 15: 14). They were the more urgent, saying-(Luke 23: 5).

They cried out all together, feaying-(Luke 23: 18). They were instant with loud voices (Luke 23: 23:

III. An Evil Friendship: Herod and Pilate became friends that very day (12).

The rulers take counsel together, against the Lord (Psa. 2: 2). Though hand join in hand, the evil man shall not be unpunished (Prov. 11:

He that maketh many friends doeth it to his own destruction (Prov. 18: 24). The friendship of the world is enmity with God (Jas. 4:4).

1. "He answered him nothing." (1)

The questioning king; (2) The silent prisoner. 2. "Herod with his soldiers set him at nought." (1) Herod's great op-portunity; (2) Herod's glaring in-

justice; (3) Herod's supreme blun-3. "Herod and Pilate became friends with each other that very day. (1) An old grudge; (2) A mollifying act; (3) A new friendship.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE HOLINESS OF JESUS.

From peculiarities of his birth (Luke He was separate from sinners (Heb.

7:26). He did no violence (Isa. 53:9). He uttered no deceit (Isa. 53:9; 1 Pet. 2:22).

He did no sin (1 Pet. 2:22; 1 John He was without sin (Heb. 4:15;9:

He was holy (Heb. 7:26). He knew no sin (2 Cor. 5:21). His holiness attested by John the Baptist (Matt. 3: 14); by Pilate (Luke 23: 4-22); by Herod (Luke 23: 14, 15); by the dying thief (Luke 23: 41); by the Roman centurion (Luke 23:47); by Peter (Acts 3:14). Claimed by himself (Rev. 3:7).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS .- There are no events recorded as intervening. Matthew, at this point, tells of the remorse and suicide of Judas, but it is very unlikely that these occurred so early in the day. John (John 18: 28-38) mentions some details not given by Luke.

PLACE. -Our Lord was led from the meeting-place of the sanhedrin to the judgment-hall of Pilate, then to the residence of Herod. Where the sanhedrin met is altogether uncertain.
Pilate's "prætorium" (Mark 15 : 16)
was either in the Castle, Antonia, at the north-west corner of the temple, or in the summer palace of Herod (the Great), on the north side of Mount-Zion. Those who accept the former view think Herod occupied the palace. The latter view, which is otherwise preferable leaves the sound of the latter view. ferable, leaves the residence of Herod

altogether undetermined. Time.-Early on Friday (before nine o'clock in the morning). According to the view that our Lord ate the passover at the regular time, this was the 15th of Nisan, 783 A. U. C.; that is, April,

Persons.-Jesus, the sanhedrin, Pilate (the Roman procurator of Judea), the multitude; Herod, the "tetrarch"

of Galilee, with his soldiers. INCIDENTS. -Jesus is led to Pilate, and accused by the Jewish rulers of political crime. Pilate questions him, and then declares that he finds no fault in him. The accusation is renewed, mention being made of Galilee. Pilate, hearing that Jesus is a Galilean, sends him to Herod. Herod is glad, hoping to see a miracle; but Jesus is silent, despite the vehement accusations of the rulers. Herod and his soldiers mock Jesus, array him "in gorgeous apparel, and send him back to Pilate. The two rulers become friends that very day.

PARALLEL PASSAGES .- Matthew 27: 2, 11-14; Mark 15:2-5; John 18:28-38. Verses 8-12 are peculiar to Luke.

"Pardon me, sir, but I think you are carrying my umbrella. I could swear to that ivory handle anywhere. If I had not recognized it instantly, I should not have presumed to stop you. That carving was done"- "Spare me the details, please. It is altogether probable that this is your property. I have no particular claim upon it." Then how did it come to be in your possession?" "It was left in my hall last night by a burglar who got away with most of the family silver." guess my umbrella was a size larger

First Chicago Man (in a New York Hotel): "You registered from Boston. Why don't you register from Chicago?" Second Chicago Man (an old traveler): "Because I've got tired of having these New York hotel clerks tell me not to blow out the gas."

Warn the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a-Jews ask for signs, and Greeks seek ringing in your ears; it's best to have a bit o' silence, and out o' that maybe a psalm'll come by and by.

The idea that justice is superfluous where love reigns is a worm that has dwelt at the core of many a fair houseexceedingly glad." (1) The base hold and many a warm friendship, and has gradually wrought in them decay and the property of the local property of the core of many a fair nouse hold and many a warm friendship, and has gradually wrought in them decay and believes.

BABY'S BEDTIME SONG.

(2) The human desire for miracles. It always sails at the end of day.

This is the lerry for Sh down wat it always sails at the end of day.

Just as the dackness is closing down.

See where the fire loss sloward spark. Guner the lights of Shalowland; The politing rains on the window, bark? Are capies lapping upon its strand. fhere where the mirror is glancing dim, A lake with its shimmering cost and still? Blowness are waving above its brim, Those over there on the window sift.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light, silently lower the anchor down; Dear little passenger, say good night, We've reached the karbor of Shadowtown