

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMONS  
The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Dead Sea and the River Jordan."

TEXT: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho."—Luke x. 30.

David the poet here pictures a volcano, and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas this author does in words. You see a hill, 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 intermingled with fire. "He touched 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 ruins of Herculaneum, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century that city, encircled with palaces, surrounded with gardens, pillared into architectural existences, was at the foot of a mountain, up the sides of which it ran, with vineyards and villas of merchant princes, a great garden, and bronze and imperial baths and arboreal culture and rainbow fountains, and a coliseum at the dedication of which nine thousand heathen had gathered. The volcanic eruption in which the shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crystals to the shore, yet all that beauty and pomp and wealth could give was there to be seen and heard. But the best morals 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, Piny says, as he says in his "Science and Religion," wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city first thin ashes and then pumice stones 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 embathed in the scorched and watery mud. The Lord called upon volcanic forces to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you in the Dead Sea upon 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 saying another. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and zoology are coming up by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation, and the penmanship is by the same hand. One book goes back to the beginning of time, and the other goes on without clinging to the pomel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling, and by the time the horses surf through the atmosphere of Asphaltes, or the Dead Sea, we will be ready to discount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when He touched the hills and they smoked.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky shores of Masada, where occurred something more wonderful in the way of destruction than you ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace amid these rocks of black and awful rocks which look like a tumbled midnight. A great number of robbers, about one thousand including their families, afterward held the fortress. When the Roman army stormed that steep and the hands of the robbers were held in 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 good-by and then put a dagger into their hearts, and the women and children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by a lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by the dead wife and children and waited for these executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other nine. The survivors committed suicide. Two women and five children hid themselves, and after all was over came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaughter. Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous nature, good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great butchers, were born upon or reared among mountain precipices. Strong nature is the source of great good and great evil. 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 salt 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 suggested those bewitchments of beauty, Luzerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant valley, change all your ideas about lakes. This sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the horses who go down to the brink and dip up the liquid matter, and the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch, and have six times larger percentage of salt than the Atlantic Ocean, the ocean being four per cent. of salt and this lake 26 1/2 per cent. Lake Sair-tok, of India, is the highest lake in the world. This lake, on the banks of which we kneel, the Jews say, 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 Josephus reports that it does with the twenty millions cubic feet of water annually received from that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of blizzards to decay there.

The hot springs near its banks by the name of Callithron, where King Herod came to bathe of his illness, were so poisonous to this sea that they are poisoned. Not a fish scale swims in it. Not an insect walks in it. It hates life, and if you attempt to swim there it life you by an instant leap to the surface, as much as to say "we want to live here, but death is our preference, death." 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 ablation. The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of lakes on other hills, but a metallic lustre like upon the flash of a sword that would thrust you. The gazelles and the horses that live on the hills beside it, and cranes and wild ducks that fly over it, contrary to the old belief, birds do safely wing their way over it—and the Arab horses you have been riding, though thirsty enough, will not drink of it. Herod's daughter, a mist hovers over parts of it all season, continually, which, though of natural exposition, seems like a thing of doom spread over liquid desolation. It is the fragrance of desolation. It is an aqueous matter oiled around the hills or creeping with ripples, and plentiful with nauseating malarials.

It dripped with pitch most infernally. They say I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant in their stuns, ostentations in their debaucheries, four hills on earth.

On days there was a rumbling in the earth, and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the frightened inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving way. A volcanic, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command burst forth, easily setting everything aflame, and first lifting these cities high in the air and then dashing them down in chaos and fashionless. The cities of that eruption interthrust the dense smoke and rolled into the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and hence the fact that a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanliness came wide spread desolation. The red hot scale of volcanic action had shovelled in the cities of the plain. Before the catastrophe the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right, Revelation right. "He touched the hills and they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the cities of the earth would be obliterated. But in the Dead Sea instance so all cases God's writing on the earth and God's writing on 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," and the Bible says, "Land animals next." Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire and masses of brimstone and announces a wonderful geological formation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible, "Moses wrote thousands of years ago, 'The Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven,' and David wrote, 'He touched 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 White 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 room?" "It is the President, sir," said anybody with him? "No, sir, he is reading the Bible. He spends every morning from 4 to 6 o'clock reading the Scriptures."

My own impulse is that God controls volcanoes, not with the full force of his hand, but with the tip of his finger. Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius fawn at his feet like hounds before the hunter. These eruptions are the hills do not belong to Piny's reading of the ancients thought, but to the divine dominions. Humboldt counted two hundred of 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 seven summers ago was only the rattling around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it is by the divine call. They are served for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression. Frodigity was the chief characteristic of the seven cities over which they put their smoking wing; Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiae, Adma, Zebolin, Sodom and Gomorrah.

If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high life and low life idleness does not cease to be a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism continues to find so many doors of domestic life open to the faintest touch, if dissipation, French and American literature steeped in purity do not get banished from the new standards and ledges of honor, God will let us see the same things that we see in the earth. And I tell these American cities that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, whether that day of judgment be in the 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 kennel of subterranean fire. Yet let us be gay, whether it stagger into a lazaretto or sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded sweat under the street gas light or be wrapped in the finest array that fashion ever wrought or laudatory ever imposed, know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life or in political life or in the forests of the earth from which sprang out the devastations that swallowed the cities of the plain. "He touched the hills and they smoke."

But the dragonman was rejoiced when he had seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightened the girths for another march around the horses which are prancing and neighing for the parture. We are off for the Jordan, only two hours away. We pass Beidouins whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation, Salamun, Aleikum. "Peace be with you," their smiles 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, Ala, Salaam. Such a commingling of ruffianism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness. When a band of them came upon a party in which Miss Whitney 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 the bandit thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or manliness is all conquering. When Martin Luther was asked that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipzig, Luther replied: "I would go to Leipzig if it rained Duke Georges nine days."

Now we come through regions where there are hills cut into the shape of castles 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 solitude of Yellowstone park and Yosemite and Switzerland and Palestine these ecclesiastical piles. And who knows but that unseen spirits sometimes worship there? "Dragonman, when 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 amid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Nile suggests more imperial procession, the Nile 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 sailor thread struck like beads with heroes, 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 glimpse of a river and said, "What is that?" "The Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line which leads us toward the Jordan, pilgrims, some from America, and some from Europe, and some from Asia, the cry was heard, "The Jordan! The Jordan!" Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have charmed at its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of its dip a wet gown in the waves and bring it out and carry it home for their own use. It is an important stream and makes an abundance of its water being used in its way to the sea. Many an explorer has been killed and many a boat has been wrecked. "What hundred books are best, think you?" I asked. "The Bible," said the man who had been on an expedition to the Jordan. "What hundred books are best, think you?" I asked. "The Bible," said the man who had been on an expedition to the Jordan. "What hundred books are best, think you?" I asked. "The Bible," said the man who had been on an expedition to the Jordan.

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 miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now on rocks, now sand, laying the feet of the terebinths and oleanders and acacias and reeds and papyrus, whose fibres had been burning for ages, at God's command burst forth, easily setting everything aflame, and first lifting these cities high in the air and then dashing them down in chaos and fashionless. The cities of that eruption interthrust the dense smoke and rolled into the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and hence the fact that a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanliness came wide spread desolation. The red hot scale of volcanic action had shovelled in the cities of the plain. Before the catastrophe the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right, Revelation right. "He touched the hills and they smoke."

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A TINY REBEL.  
LOUIS L. BOND.  
Our little Percy, just graduating from "gattens" into "plata," 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 disobedient, but so sweet and simple within, 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 touch, he said so earnestly, "Me didn't take it," with a look of regret, not remorse, 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 word "carry out" advisedly, for the attempt to punish brought to light a number of conducting elements of character. It was after one of his wild days that he was to be punished. He had been lying from one forbidden thing to another, as fast as the hours passed, buoyant and merry. A happy-hearted revolutionist in miniature, with no respect whatever for domestic laws or institutions. It was decided that he must be put to bed, early and alone, for punishment. He was delighted with his four-o'clock tea, cheerily unobservant 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. "You are to go to bed alone, dear; mamma must punish you."

He sat down on the stairs in instant rebellion. His chubby face was neither sullen nor passionate, but the quiet determination to resist was expressed by his stiff little figure, and his hands folded in his lap. "Me won't do 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 undressed, 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 do up tairs, me won't," he cried out, between his sobs. "Me undress 'oo an' put 'oo to bed, naughty, wicked mamma. Me don't lub 'oo any more, me don't. Me won't tum ober in 'oor bed in de mornin', me won't," bent on retaliation if rebellion did no good.

"Me won't keep dat night-dress on, if 'oo put it on," he exclaimed, fiercely buffeting the garment with his fists as it surely came down over his head. His amputation was getting low; his outposts taken one by one in spite of sobs and struggles and many words. "Me won't lay in de bed if 'oo put me in," he said, as he stood before it. His mother hesitated to command obedience in every detail of the punishment, 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 lay 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-dress 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.

She waited till all was silent in the nursery, and then went very slowly up to the nursery. She caught a glimpse of the little prisoner sitting on the top stair, watching for the bun, and then heard little fat, bare feet pattering 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 Home-Maker.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.  
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1890.  
Jesus Before Pilate and Herod.  
LESSON TEXT.  
(Luke 23: 1-12. Memory verses: 11-12.)  
LESSON PLAN.  
TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the Saviour of Men.  
GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.—Heb. 5: 8.

LESSON TOPIC: The Son's Innocence Affirmed.  
1. Jesus before Pilate, vs. 1-5.  
2. Jesus sent to Herod, vs. 6-11.  
3. Jesus before Herod, vs. 12-14.  
GOLDEN TEXT: Then said Pilate to the chief 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 innocence affirmed.  
T.—Matt. 27: 2-14. Matthew's parallel 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: 20-23. The sinless Saviour.  
S.—Eph. 5: 1-21. The perfect model.

LESSON ANALYSIS.  
I. JESUS BEFORE PILATE.  
1. The Tribunal.  
The whole company... brought him before Pilate (1).  
They... delivered him up to Pilate the governor (Matt. 27: 2).  
Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea (Luke 3: 1).  
They lead Jesus... from Caiphias into the palace (John 18: 28).  
Whom ye delivered up, and denied before the face of Pilate (Acts 3: 13).

II. THE CHARGE.  
They began to accuse him, saying—  
(2).  
The chief priests accused him of many things (Mark 15: 3).  
We found this man perverting our nation (Luke 23: 2).  
He made himself the Son of God (John 19: 7).  
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 (Luke 23: 32).  
He... saith unto them, I find no crime in him (John 18: 38).

1. "The whole company of them rose up, and brought him before Pilate." Jesus (1) Delivered up by the Jews; (2) Arraigned before the Gentiles;—(1) Unanimous action; (2) Perverse stupidity; (3) Destructive wickedness.  
2. "Saying that he himself is Christ a king." Christ's declarations of kingship (1) As made by himself; (2) As perverted by his enemies.—(1) Jesus the Christ; (2) Jesus the king.

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.  
1. Jesus a Resident of Galilee:  
He asked whether the man were a Galilean (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 Nazareth of Galilee (Matt. 21: 11).  
What, doth the Christ come out of Galilee? (John 7: 41).

II. Herod the Ruler of Galilee:  
He was of Herod's jurisdiction (7).  
Herod being tetrarch of Galilee (Luke 3: 1).  
Herod... shut up John in prison (Luke 3: 20).  
Herod said, John I beheaded; but who is this? (Luke 9: 9).  
Go hence: for Herod would fain kill 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 heard the report concerning Jesus (Matt. 14: 1).

A... multitude followed him, because they beheld the signs (John 6: 2).  
Jews ask for signs, and Greeks seek after wisdom (1 Cor. 1: 22).  
1. "Teaching throughout all Judea." Jesus a teacher; (1) His field; (2) His lessons; (3) His influence.  
2. "When Herod saw Jesus, he was exceedingly glad." (1) The base ruler; (2) The lordly prisoner; (3) The unhalloved gladness.  
3. "He hoped to see some miracle done by him." (1) The miracles of Jesus; (2) The hopes of Herod.—(1) The divine use of miracles; (2) The human desire for miracles.

They cried out exceedingly, Crucify him (Mark 15: 14).  
They were the more urgent, saying—  
(Luke 23: 5).  
They cried out all together, saying—  
(Luke 23: 18).  
They were instant with loud voices  
(Luke 23: 21).

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: 21).  
He that maketh many friends doeth it to his own destruction (Prov. 18: 24).  
The friendship of the world is enmity with God (Jam. 4: 4).

1. "He answered him nothing." (1) The questioning king; (2) The silent prisoner.  
2. "Herod with his soldiers set him at naught." (1) Herod's great opportunity; (2) Herod's glaring injustice; (3) Herod's supreme blunder.

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 1: 35).  
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 3: 5).  
He was without sin (Heb. 4: 15; 9: 28).  
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: 17).

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 "praetorium" (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 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, 7, A. D. 30.  
PERSONS.—Jesus, the sanhedrin, Pilate (the Roman procurator of Judea), the multitude, Herod, the "tetrarch" of Galilee, with his soldiers.  
INCIDENTS.—Jesus 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 LADLE ANYWHERE. IF I HAD NOT RECOGNIZED IT INSTANTLY, I SHOULD NOT HAVE PRESUMED TO STOP YOU. THAT CARRYING 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." "I—I GUESS MY UMBRELLA WAS A SIZE LARGER THAN THAT, AFTER ALL."

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."  
WAS THE SONG'S GONE OUT OF YOUR LIFE, YOU CAN'T START ANOTHER WHILE IT'S RINGING IN YOUR EARS; IT'S BEST TO HAVE A BIT OF 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 HOUSEHOLD AND MANY A WARM FRIENDSHIP, AND HAS GRACIOUSLY WROUGHT IN THEM DECAY AND BITTERNESS.  
BABY'S BEDTIME SONG.  
Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,  
This is the lullaby for the sweetest baby,  
It always lulled and lulls the good,  
It lulls the wicked as it comes down.