

CHAPTER XII—Continued.
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There was another pause, broken only by the rustle of leaves and the rushing of the river.

"Beulah was right," he said, at last. "Beulah is a wonderful girl, and a beautiful."

"She will not be wanting to go back home with us," said the mother.

"So much the better. Mary, Mary, we have no home to go back to!"

She looked at him with a sudden puzzled, half-frightened expression. "No home, John? No home? You don't mean that?"

He nodded and turned his face away. "I said I hadn't told you all," he managed at length. • • • "I sold the farm."

She was sitting on a fallen log, very trim, and gray, and small, but she seemed suddenly to become smaller and grayer still.

"Sold the old farm," she repeated, mechanically.

"Yes, I sold the old farm," he said again, as if finding some delight in goading himself with the repetition. "I thought I saw a chance to make a lot of money if only I had some ready cash to turn in my hand, and I sold it. I thought I would be rich and then I would be happy. But they took the money last night. They found out about it some way, and took it, and nearly killed our boy, Mary, you worked hard all your life, and today you have nothing. I brought you to this."

She saw it all, and for the moment her heart shrank within her. But she saw, too, the futility of it all. She might have upbraided him; she might have returned in part the sorrows he had forced upon her, for he was wounded now and could not strike back. But she rose and stretched her arms toward him.

"You said I had nothing John. You are wrong. I have you. I have everything!"

• • • "And it was to you, beloved, to you, a woman of such great soul, that I could do this thing. • • • I should be utterly wretched. • • • But I'm not." He spoke slowly and deliberately, as one having ample time, and with the diction of earlier years. "I should be scouring the valleys with a troop of men, hunting for our money. But I'm not. It seems such a puny thing, it's hardly worth the while—except for the happiness it might bring to you, and Beulah." • • •

When they returned to the house it was almost evening, and they found the doctor from town busy over Allan. "Would have killed nine men out of ten," he told Harris, quite frankly; "but this boy is the tenth. He's badly hurt, but he'll pull through, if we can arrest any infection. His constitution and his clean blood will save him."

Before the doctor left Arthur inquired if the police had any further details of the crime. Harris appeared to have lost interest in everything except the members of his family.

"Quite a mystery," said the doctor. "I understand one of the robbers was shot, and I will go on up from here to make an examination, as coroner. Tomorrow the police will bring out a jury, and a formal verdict will be returned. A systematic search will also be undertaken to recover the money, as I understand that you"—turning to Harris—"suffered a heavy financial loss in addition to the injury to your son. Of course, it is impossible to say how many took part in the affair, but it is not likely the outlaws numbered more than two, in which case they are both accounted for. The one captured had no money to speak of in his possession, but he may have cached it somewhere, and when he sees the rope before him it will be likely to make him talk. They seem to have a pretty straight case against him. Not only was he captured practically in the act, but they have another important clue. He owns up to his name frankly enough, and it seems the revolver found on the scene of the crime had his initials, 'J T.'—Jim Travers, cut in the grip. In fact, he admits the revolver is— What's wrong, Miss Harris? Are you ill?"



What a Wonderful Soul He Was!

Beulah's breath had stopped at the mention of Travers' name, and she staggered to a chair. Harris, too, was overcome.

"We knew him down east," Beulah exclaimed, when she had somewhat recovered her composure. "I could not have thought it possible!"

"I didn't think he would have carried it that far," said Harris, at length, speaking very slowly and sadly. "Jim, Jim, you've made a worse mistake than mine."

Mary learned of the disclosure in a few minutes, and followed Beulah upstairs.

"You poor child!" she cried, as she overtook her daughter.

"It's not me," she shot back. "It's Jim. He must be saved, some way. It's impossible to think—I won't think it, no matter what they say! Let them find what they like! • • • But he's in a hole, and we've got to get him out."

The mother shook her head with some recollection of the blindness of love. And yet her own heart refused to accept any idea of guilt on the part of Travers.

"I want to be alone, mother," said Beulah. "I want to be alone, to think. I'm going down by the river."

As she strode rapidly through the paths in the cottonwoods the girl gradually became conscious of one dominating impulse in her maze of emotions. She must see Jim. She must see him at once. She must see him alone. There were things to be said that needed—that admitted—no witness. She knew that. Arthurs or one of the men would willingly ride to town for her, or with her, but this was a task for her alone. They must know nothing until it was over.

Outwardly calm, but inwardly burning with impatience, she returned to the house and went through the form of eating supper. Then she dallied through the evening, giving her attention to Allan until all the household, except her mother, had gone to bed.

"I will watch with Allan tonight," her mother said. "You need rest more than I do. Lie down in my room and try to get some sleep."

Her mother kissed her, and Beulah went to her room. But not to sleep. When silence filled all the house she slipped gently down the stairs, through the front yard, and into the corral. Fortunately her horse had been stabled. She harnessed him with some difficulty in the darkness, and threw herself into the saddle. For 100 yards she walked him; then she drew him off the hard road on to the grass and loosed him into a trot. Half a mile from the house she was swinging at a hard gallop down the dark valley. More than once even the sure-footed ranger almost fell over the treacherous badger holes, but she had learned to ride like the saddle itself, and she merely tightened the rein and urged him faster.

At a crossing her horse almost collided with a boy returning home from some late errand. "Oh, Mr. Boy," she said. "Come here, please, I want you to help me."

The boy approached hesitatingly, as though suspicious that some kind of trick were being played on him.

"Can you tell me," she said, in a low voice, "where the jail is? I'll give you $1 if you do."

"There ain't no jail here, miss," he replied frankly, evidently satisfied that the question was bona fide. "There's a coop, but you wouldn't give a dime to see it. It's just a kind of a shed."

"That's just what I want to find," she continued, "and I'll give you $1 to show me where it is."

"Easy pickin'," said the boy. "Steer your horse along this way."

He led her through the main part of the town, to where a one-story building, somewhat apart, stood aloof in the darkness.

"Some coop, ain't it?" said her guide, with boyish irony. "My dad says that's what we git fer votin' against the gover'ment. The fire truck's in the front end, an' there's a cell with bars behind. Do you want to see that, too?"

"Yes, that's what I want to see, but I can find it myself now, thank you."

She dismounted and made her way to the back of the building. She saw the outline of a door, which was undoubtedly locked, and further down the same wall was a little square window, with bars on it. There appeared to be only one cell, so there was no problem of locating the right one.

She stole up along the wall, but the window was too high for her. Searching about the littered yard she found a square tin, such as the ranchers use to carry coal oil. Mounting this she was able to bring her face to the bars.

"Jim," she said, in a low voice, listening intently. But there was no response.

"Jim," she repeated, a little louder. She fancied she heard a stir, and the sound of breathing seemed to cease.

"Jim Travers!"

"Yes!" came a quick reply. "Yes! Who is it?"

"Come to the window, Jim."

In a moment she saw the outline of his face through the darkness.

"Beulah Harris," he demanded, in his quiet voice, "what are you doing here?"

A great happiness surged about her at the sound of his voice and the warmth of his breath against her face. "I might ask the same, Jim, but such questions are embarrassing. Anyway, I am on the right side of the wall."

She saw his teeth gleam in the darkness. What a wonderful soul he was!

"But you shouldn't have come like this," he protested, and his voice was serious enough. "You are compromising yourself."

"Not I," she answered. "These bars are more inflexible than the stiffest chaperon. And I just had to see you, Jim, at once. We've got to get you out of here."

"How's Allan?"

"Getting better."

"And your father? Pretty angry at me, I guess."

"No. Father isn't angry any more. He's just sorry."

"Times are changing, Beulah. But if he wound that sack around my neck in sorrow, I don't want him at it when he's cross."

She laughed a little, mirthful ripple. Then, with sudden seriousness, "But, Jim, we shouldn't be jesting. We've got to get you out of here."

"I'm not worrying, Beulah," he answered. "They seem to have the drop on me, but I know a few things they don't. Shall I tell you what I know?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because it would seem like arguing—trying to prove you are innocent. And you don't need to prove anything to me. You understand? You don't need to prove anything to me."

She felt his eyes hot on her face through the darkness. "You don't need to prove anything to me," she repented.

"Have you thought it over, Beulah?" he said. "I have no right, as matters stand, to give or take a promise. I have no right——"

"You have no right to say 'as matters stand' as though matters had anything to do with it. They haven't, Jim. No, I have not thought it over. This isn't something you think. It is something that comes to you when you don't think, or in spite of your thinking. But it's real—more real than anything you can touch or handle—more real than these bars, which are not so close as you seem to fancy——"



"What Are You Doing Here?" Said a Sharp Voice.

And then, between the iron rods across the open window, his lips met hers.

• • • "And you were seeking life, Beulah," he said at last. "Life that you should live in your own way, for the joy of living it. And——"

"And I have found it," she answered, in a voice low and thrilling with tenderness. "I have found it in you. We shall work out our destiny together, but we must keep our thought on the destiny, rather than the work. Oh, Jim, I'm just dying to see your homestead—our homestead. And are there two windows? We must have two windows, Jim—one in the east for the sun, and one in the west for the mountains."

"Our house is all window, as yet," he answered gayly. "And there isn't as much as a fence post to break the view."

"What are you doing here?" said a sharp voice, and Beulah felt as though her tin box were suddenly sinking into a great abyss. She turned with a little gasp. Sergeant Grey stood within arm's length of her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAME WITH THE GLACIERS

Little Cinquefoil Made First Visit to America Hundreds of Thousands of Years Ago.

Near the very tip of Mount Beacon, on the Hudson highlands, there grows a small white flower known to botanists as "Polentilla Tridentata," or three-toothed cinquefoil. Its history is as long as its name, and goes back hundreds of thousands of years. In that remote period of the world the glaciers came creeping down from the north, burying under snow and ice all the country north of Long Island and central New Jersey. The cinquefoil came with it, for the cinquefoil is a hardy little chap, and loves the bitter weather as much as the familiar snow blossoms.

When the glacier took up the great retreat a few flowers and a few birds and beasts were left stranded in a climate that slowly but surely warmed until the summers were almost tropical in their heat, and, not being designed for such torrid days, the species slowly died out, first the flowers, then the beasts and lastly the birds, until now there are many varieties that have been destroyed. The cinquefoil is one of the few that remained true to type, and is now found in plenty near the Arctic circle. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild strawberry plant both in blossom and leaf, although the fruit is not edible, being small, dry and bitter.

A Stiff Upper Lip.

Keeping a stiff upper lip is all right, but there's nothing commendable about it. Everybody keeps a stiff upper lip; has to. The upper lip can't be anything but firm. Ever watch a child overcome by emotion? It's the under lip that trembles, and then the jaw drops, to open an exit for the roar. Next time tell him to keep a stiff lower lip. It won't sound right, it will lack punch and probably will fail to inspire the subject to the proper degree of steadfastness, but you'll have the approval of the purist.—Louisville Herald.

An old bachelor says that bossing is not a woman's province. No married man would dare say such a thing.

The Homesteader

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD

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Author of "The Cow Puncher," Etc.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.
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"Oh, it's Sergeant Grey," she said, with a tone of relief. "I am Beulah Harris. And I've just been getting myself engaged to your prisoner here. Oh, it's not so awful as you think. You see, we knew each other in Manitoba, and we've really been engaged for quite a while, but he didn't know it until tonight."

For a moment the policeman retained his reserve. He remembered the girl, who had already cost him a deflected glance, and he reproached himself that he could doubt her even as he doubted, but how could he know that she had not been passing in firearms or planning a release?

"What she says is right, sergeant," said Travers. "She has just broken the news to me, and I'm the happiest man in Canada, jail or no jail."

There was no mistaking the genuine ring in Travers' voice, and the policeman was convinced. "Most extraordinary," he remarked, at length, "but entirely natural on your part, I must say. I congratulate you, sir." The officer had not forgotten the girl who clung to his arm the morning before. "Hang me, sir," he continued, "there's luck everywhere but in the mounted police."

He unlocked the door of the cell. "I ought to search you," he said to Beulah, "but if you'll give me your word that you have no firearms, weapons, knives, or matches, I'll admit you to this—er—drawing room for a few minutes."

"Nothing worse than a hat pin," she assured him. "But you must come, too," she added, placing her hand on his arm. "You must understand that."

He accompanied her into the cell, but remained in the doorway, where he suddenly developed an interest in astronomy. At length he turned quickly and faced in to the darkness.

"Speaking, not as an officer, but as a fellowman, I wish you were damned well—that is, very well—out of this, old chap," he said to Travers.

"Oh, that's all right," Jim assured him. "You couldn't help taking me up, of course, and for all your kindness you would quite cheerfully hang me if it fell to your lot. But it isn't going to."

"I stand ready to be of any service to you that is permissible."

"The inquest is to be tomorrow, isn't it?" asked Beulah. "I think you should be at the inquest, Jim."

"That's right," said the sergeant. "You may throw some new light on the case."

"I've just one request," said Travers. "You know Gardiner?"

"I've heard of him."

"Have him at the inquest."

"As a juror or witness?"

"It doesn't matter, but have him there."

"All right. I'll see to it. And now, Miss Harris, if you will permit me, I will bring your horse for you."

Grey took a conveniently long time to find the horse, but at last he appeared in the door. Beulah released her fingers from Jim's and swung herself into the saddle.

"Sergeant Grey," she said, "I think you're the second best man in the world. Good night."

The sergeant's military shoulders came up squarer still, and he stood at attention as she rode into the darkness.

CHAPTER XIII.

An Inquest—and Some Explanations.

The inquest party consisted of the coroner, who was the doctor that had already attended Allan; Sergeant Grey, six jurors, selected from the townspeople; the manager of the bank, whose suspicions had first been communicated to Grey; Travers, and Gardiner. In the early morning the policeman had ridden out to the ranch for Gardiner, but had met him on his way to town. News of the tragedy had reached him, he said, and he was hurrying in to see if he could be of some assistance to Travers in arranging for a lawyer, or in any way that might be practicable. Grey told him that as yet no formal charge had been laid against Travers; that he was merely held pending the finding of the coroner's jury, and suggested that if Gardiner would accompany him to the inquest he might be able, not only to throw some light on Travers' character, but also on his whereabouts on the night of the tragedy. To this Gardiner readily agreed.

It was noon when the party reached the Arthurs' ranch. They swung into the yard amid a cloud of dust, the jingle of trappings, and the hearty exchange of greetings between Arthurs and his acquaintances from town. Gardiner was introduced to Arthurs, and shook hands without removing his gauntlets. Then the rancher walked over and shook hands with Travers. There were no signs of handcuffs now, and an outsider would not have known that the young man's position differed from that of the others present.

After the meal Gardiner joined them again, and the party, which now included Arthurs and Harris, proceeded up the valley to the scene of the tragedy. It was a great shock to Harris to find that the victim of Allan's gun was his old neighbor, Riles. He stood for a long time as one dazed by the discovery, but gradually out of the confusion a horrible fear took shape in his mind. Allan had shot this man, with whom they had an appointment at this spot; had shot him down, as far as could be shown, without excuse or provocation, before he had so much as entered the door. The body proved to be unarmed, and from its position had evidently fallen into the building after receiving the fatal charge.

Harris' evidence was first received. He found it difficult to give his story connectedly, but item by item he told of his acquaintance with Riles in the eastern province; of their decision to come west and take up more land; of the chance by which they had fallen in with Gardiner, and the prospect he had laid before them of more profitable returns from another form of investment; of how his hesitation had finally been overcome by the assurance that all he need do was have his money ready—he was to be under no obligation to go any further in the transaction unless entirely satisfied; of the offer wired by the New York capitalists; of the sale of his farm for a disappointing sum, and their journey with the money to the old shanty up the valley, where they were to be met by Riles and Gardiner, and also, as they expected, by the owner of the mine, with whom they would open direct negotiations, producing the money as proof of their desire and ability to carry out their undertaking; of how they hoped the owner would be induced to accept a deposit and accompany them back to town, where an option would be secured from him for a period sufficient to enable them to turn the property over to the New York investors at a handsome profit; of how he—Harris—wearied by the long ride in the bright, thin air, had gone to sleep confidently with Allan at his side, and of how he had suddenly been awakened by a shot and heard Allan spring to his feet and rush across the floor of the old building. Then there had been another shot—a revolver shot this time—and everything was darkness, and he could hear only something struggling at the door. Then he told of his own fight; of how they had fallen and rolled about on the rotten floor, and how, in desperation, he had not hesitated to use his teeth on the hand of his assailant, who had finally broken away and disappeared in the darkness. Then he told the rest of his story; of his vigil with Allan, of the loss of the money, of the capture of Travers, and finally of the arrival of the policeman on the scene.

"Didn't it seem to you a foolish thing to go into the hills with all that money to meet a man you had never seen, and buy a property you had never examined?" asked the coroner.

"It wasn't foolishness; it was stark, raving madness, as I see it now," Harris admitted. "But I didn't see it that way then. It looked like a lot of easy money. I didn't care what the coal mine was like—I didn't care whether there was a coal mine at all or not, so long as we made our turnover to the New York people."



"Perhaps I Am a Murderer," He Continued Simply.

"But did it not occur to you that the whole thing—coal mine and mine owner and New Yorkers and all—was simply a scheme hatched up to induce you away into the fastnesses of the foothills with a lot of money in your possession?"

A half-bewildered look came over Harris, as of a man gripped by a new and paralyzed thought. But he shook his head. "No, it couldn't have been that," he said. "You see, Riles was an old neighbor of mine, and Mr. Gardiner, too, I knew for a good many years. It wasn't like as if I had been dealing with strangers."

"We will go deeper into that matter after a little," said the coroner. "It's very fortunate Mr. Gardiner is here to add what light he can to the mystery. We will now adjourn to the room where the younger Mr. Harris lies and hear his evidence. It would be unwise to move him for some days yet."

"I can't tell you how it happened, Doctor," he said, turning his eyes, larger now in his pale face, upon the coroner, "but I think I got very homesick—I guess I was pretty tired, too—and I began thinking of things that had happened long ago, back when I was a little child, in a little sod shanty that the old shack in the valley some way seemed to bring to mind. And then I guess I fell asleep, too, but suddenly I sat up in a great fright. I'm not a coward," he said, with a faint smile. "When I'm feeling myself it takes more than a notion or a dark night to send the creeps up the back of my neck. But I own I sat up there so frightened my teeth chattered. I had a feeling that I was going to be attacked—I didn't know by what—maybe by a wild beast—but something was going to rush in through that old blanket hanging in the door and pounce on me."

The sweat was standing on Allan's face, and he sank back weakly into the pillows. Beulah placed a glass to his lips, and the doctor told him to take his time with his story.

"As the minutes went by," Allan continued, after an interval, "that terrible dread grew upon me, and my sense of danger changed from fear to certainty. Something was going to attack me through that door! I raised my gun and took careful aim. I saw the blanket swing a little; then I saw the fingers of a man's hand. Then I fired.

"Perhaps I am a murderer," he continued, simply, "but before God I know no more why I fired that shot than you do."

There were deep breathing and shuffling of feet as Allan completed this part of his statement, but only the coroner found his voice. "Most remarkable evidence," he ejaculated. "Most extraordinary evidence. I have never heard anything so obviously sincere and at the same time so altogether unexplainable."

"Perhaps it's not so unexplainable," said a quiet voice; and Mary Harris made her way through the circle of men to the side of the bed. She sat down on the coverlet and took the boy's hand in hers. It mattered not how many were looking on; he was her little boy again.

"You will understand, Doctor, and some of you men are parents," she began. "Allan will be twenty-five years old this coming winter. A little less than 25 years ago my husband was obliged to leave me alone for a considerable period in our little sod shanty on the homestead where we had located down in Manitoba. There were no near neighbors, as we count distance in well-settled districts, and I was altogether alone. I stood it all right for the first day or two, but my nerves were not what they should have been, and gradually a strange, unreasoning fear came upon me. I suppose it was the immensity of the prairies, the terrible loneliness of it all, and my own state of health, but the dread grew from day to day and from night to night. I tried to busy myself, to keep my mind active, to throw off the specter that haunted me, but day and night I was oppressed with a sense of impending danger. We had no wooden door on the house; we hadn't money to buy the boards to make one, and all my protection was a blanket hung in the doorway. I used to watch that blanket at night; I would light the lantern and sit in the corner and watch that blanket. My fear gradually pictured to itself an attack through that doorway—I didn't know by what; by white man, or Indian, or wild beast, or ghost, or worse, if that is possible; my mind could not balance things; nothing seemed too unreasonable or terrible to expect. So I took the gun, and sat in the corner, and waited.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

USE OF ETHER IN SURGERY

Youthful Dentist Said to Have Been Responsible for Its Introduction to General Practice.

While various experiments had been made with so-called "laughing gas" or nitrous oxide gas in America prior to 1846, it was some 74 years ago that the first practical operation under ether was performed in the Massachusetts General hospital in Boston, and the peculiar part of it was that the sulphuric ether was given, not by one of the house physicians, but by a young dentist who had been experimenting on himself and had gone to sleep for eight minutes. He rushed over to the hospital and asked a chance to demonstrate his discovery. A man about to have a tumor removed from his neck gave permission to have the "new-fangled dope" applied. Dentist Morton went to work and the tumor was removed. The patient opening his eyes after the operation cried, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug," and with that remark ether was given to the medical world.

Oliver Wendell Holmes came forward with names for the process and the liquid, and the dictionary gained "anesthesia" and "anesthetic." In three months the drug was being used throughout the civilized world.

An Egyptian Orchestra.

A full Egyptian orchestra was composed of twenty harps, eight lutes, five or six lyres, six or seven double pipes, five or six flutes, one or two pipes (rarely used), two or three tambourines (seldom used). If vocalists were added, which was not necessarily the rule, they would number about three-fourths as many as the harpers.

Land of the Sugar Maple.

The finest and most abundant growth of the sugar maple is found in the New England states, New York, northern and western Pennsylvania and westward throughout the region of the Great Lakes to Minnesota. In the southern Appalachians it grows well were climatic conditions are similar to those farther north.

The Eyesight in Dreams.

To dream of your sight is a good omen. To dream you are near-sighted denotes annoyance from enemies. To dream you see a great distance signifies long life. A gunsight foretells quarrels.

The practical farmer raises better crops than the theoretical agriculturist.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR MARCH 20

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 27:33-50.

GOLDEN TEXT—God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. 5:8.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Matt. 26:31; 27:33; John 12:24-33; I Cor. 1:18-25; 2:1; Gal. 6:14.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Dying for Us.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Crucified.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Supreme Sacrifice.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Cross and Its Meaning Today.

The grand climax of the six months' lessons is reached in this one. If one miss the significance of the crucifixion, all the preceding lessons are valueless. It is not a matter of learning the lessons taught by a great teacher, or imitating the examples of a great and good man, but of apprehending the atonement made by the world's Redeemer.

I.—The Place of Crucifixion (vv. 33, 34).

They led him away to Golgotha, a hill north of Jerusalem resembling a skull. He was not crucified within the city, for he was to suffer without the gate (Heb. 13:12). At first they compelled him to bear his own cross, but when physical weakness made it necessary that some other should bear it for Him, they compelled Simon the Cyrenian to bear it. In order that He might not succumb to death before He was nailed to the cross, the soldiers offered Him a stimulant of vinegar mixed with gall. He refused this, as He would consciously drink the cup of sin to its bitter dregs.

II. Gambling for the Clothing of the Lord (vv. 35 36).

It was the custom for the soldiers who had charge of the crucifixion to receive the garments of the one crucified. Here we have the fulfillment of Psalm 22:18. "They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture they did cast lots." If they had but eyes to see they could have beheld a robe of righteousness being provided in His death to cover their sinful nakedness.

III. The Accusation (v. 37).

It was customary to place over the victim of the cross the name and crime of the offender. This superscription was placed over Jesus by Pilate to vex the Jews. He was their King. They had long looked for Him, and now when He had come this is the kind of treatment they gave Him. Though they rejected Him and placed a crown of thorns upon His Head, the throne of His father David is His by right of the unfailing covenant of God to David (II Sam. 7:8-16), and He shall come again with a crown of glory, and before Him shall Jews and Gentiles bow.

IV. Two Thieves Crucified With Him (v. 38).

This was another fulfillment of Scripture (Isa. 53:12), "He was numbered with the transgressors." In these three crosses we have set forth a spiritual history of the whole world.

V. The Dying Savior Reviled (vv. 39-44).

This reviling was engaged in by the passerby, the chief priests, scribes and elders, and the thieves who were crucified with him. In their mockery they unwittingly spake great truths.

1. "He saved others, himself he cannot save" (v. 42). This jest was meant to show the absurdity of Jesus' claims, but it demonstrated them and showed the reason for His sufferings. He could not save Himself and others, so He chose to give Himself to save others.

2. "If he be the king of Israel, let him now come down from the cross" (v. 42). His refusal to abandon the cross established His royal claims. The very fact that He did not abandon the cross proves that He was what He claimed to be for it was unto the cross that He came.

3. "He trusted in God, let him deliver him now (v. 43). His refusal to abandon the cross proved God's full delight and satisfaction in His Son. His obedience unto death was the sacrifice which met God's full approval.

VI. The Death of Christ (vv. 45-50).

So shocking was this crime that nature threw around the Son of God a shroud that the Godless company could not gaze upon Him. Darkness was upon the land at noon-day. Upon the termination of the darkness He cried with a loud voice, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This darkness was the outer sign of that which hung over the Lord. He became sin for the world, and the sin hid God's face from Him. God forsook Him; turned from Him who had taken the sinner's place.

When the price was paid He cried out with a loud voice, showing that He still had vitality—that His death was not from exhaustion, but by His sovereign will. He yielded up the ghost, sent His spirit away. He died of His sovereign will. He died like no other man in all the world's history. He did not die of a broken heart.

A Refuge of Strength.

He who never connects God with his daily life knows nothing of the spiritual meaning and uses of life; nothing of the calm, strong patience with which ills may be endured; of the gentle, tender comfort which the Father's love can minister; of the blessed rest to be realized in His forgiving love, His tender Fatherhood; of the deep, peaceful sense of the Infinite One ever near, a refuge and strength.—Farrar.

Will Always Be Poor.

A man that only translates, shall never be a poet; nor a painter, that only copies; nor a swimmer, that swims always with bladders; so people that trust wholly to other's charity, and without industry of their own, will always be poor.—Sir W. Temple.

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