JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

DR. JOHN HALL'S NOTES ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson II of the International Series for Sunday, Oct. 10—Golden Text: "I Find in Him no Fault:" John xviii, 38. Lesson Text, John xviii, 28-40.

The pupils may be reminded that our Saviour went through three forms of trial: before the chief priests in a sort of secret session (v. 13 and v. 24); in open court, for form's sake, before Pilate; and before Herod (Luke xxiii, 7-12). They may have it explained to them that the chief priests conducted the Jewish trial, and on religious and church grounds; the Roman governor and Herod had charges of a civil kind brought before them against Jesus, as the only grounds on which Christ's enemies could hope for his death. The Jews had not, of course, the power of life and death in their hands. It is of the trial before Pilate we are now to study the details.

Joseph Caiaphas, as Josephus calls him, is named as high priest by Matthew, Luke and John, and again in Acts iv, 6. He held office during the whole time of Pontius Pilate, but was afterwards deposed. He married the daughter of Annas. The prosecutors of Je us lost no time. "Early" in the morning they led him into the judgment hall, for the Roman procurator must give sentence. The illustration they give here of being scrupulous about rites while bent on moral wrong has been often noticed. So many men keep up the form of religion while carrying on unjust, dishonest or violent proceedings. Fanaticism and horrible injustice and cruelty often went together in the middle ages. The court or palace, or pretorium, was counted by them a defiling place, being a Gentile dwelling; so they remained at the door, and the Roman judge had to go to the door to hear their charges. It was, likely, a part of the castle of Antonia. So common were popular disturbances at the passover time that the Roman ruler was wont to come to keep order. It was contrary to Roman usage for a judge to pronounce sentence in court before 6 o'clock in the morning, at which time Pilate (John xix, 13) "sat in the judgment seat." All the incidents of our lesson occurred between the cock-crowing and the sixth hour. Their fearing defilement before eating the passover has been counted a difficulty. If we assume that they had been interrupted and kept from their service by Judas and the proceedings of the night, and wished to get through with it before the next day, all difficulty is removed. They hoped to get Christ condemned—the true Passover—and then to eat the typical; and even this latter they seem to have been kept from, for Pilate took time with the accused prisoner.

V. 29. Pilate "went out unto them." It was his duty to keep peace and deal promptly with cases. Like magistrates in a time of popular riot, he had probably been at his post all night. (See v. 3.) His question, "What accusation bring ye against this man?" they hardly expected. They hoped that their sentence would be ratified as a matter of course; hence

V. 30 their reply, "If He were not a malefactor," etc. They did not mean or desire to go into evidence in the case, but if possible to set sentence on their verdict. They stand on their dignity. "Is it not enough that we, chief priests, etc., tell you He is a malefactor?" He took it for granted it was a mere dispute about some Jewish religious matter. He held them and their religion in scorn; was arbitrary and sometimes cruel. Like Gallio, he "cared for none of these things," and he said accordingly,

V. 31. "Take him," etc. Now they have to shift their ground. They cannot get a sentence of death on "blasphemy" or Christ's messianic claims. They must bring a political charge, and they have to recall their humiliation as a nation. They cannot lawfully put any one to death; they lost this power in their subjection to Rome. Had they possessed this power, stoning would have been Christ's doom. But He had spoken (John iii, 14, and xii, 32) of being "lifted up." Their inability to put to death made good His words (v. 2).

V. 33. In his condensing the narrative John omits what Luke tells us (Luke xxiii, 2), the charge—forbidding tribute to Cæsar and claiming to be himself king—which they now bring. Hence Pilate's question, in the form of which (in the Greek) some find a tone of scorn. "You, a prisoner, in poverty—are you a king? Are you the king of the Jews?" It is every way likely that Jesus bore the marks of blows and violence. The dignity and self-control of the Saviour appear in His reply.

V. 34. "You are a judge, set for the vindication of the innocent and the punishment of the guilty, and bound to go upon evidence. Is this charge, implied in your question, on evidence, or from your own mind?" It was proper that the guilt of bringing such unjust charges should be brought home to his persecutors.

V. 35. Pilate resents the question, speaks contemptuously of the Jews, in the question "Am I a Jew?" What interest, he says in effect, have I in this matter? What should I know about it but from "thine own nation and chief priests, etc.? What is thy crime? What hast thou done to make them condemn thee?"

V. 36. Here it is that Jesus witnessed his good confession. He claims to be in a true sense a king, but not in the sense in which they alleged. He was not a rival of Cæsar. If he had been a king "of this world"—of the accepted kind—he would have trained his servants to fight for him. (So Mohammed did, and many another). But his kingdom was not of an earthly origin—"from hence." If it had been, there would have been resistance to the officers. He stopped all resistance (vs. 10, 11). Pilate could easily learn that. "Now" does not imply that it would yet become "of this world." He means "now" for strong statement of its place and nature.

V. 37. A third question is put, and in the same spirit: "Art thou a king, then?" It is in contemptuous surprise, in Greek: "A king, then—that is what thou art!" The reply is a little obscure. Pilate did not say Jesus was a king. Our Lord's words mean: "Thou appliest the word king to me, and it is true, but not in the sense of this world. I was born (so he owns his humanity) and I came into this world (this refers to pre-existence and power) to witness to the truth. This is my royalty." How far-reaching is this word! The truth as to the divine nature, attributes, as to mercy and hope for men, as to justice and righteousness, as to love and grace—all this he came to witness to. Truth makes free, elevates, strengthens. This is a king's grandest work. He who witnesses to truth, as Christ did, makes free, elevates, strengthens, and is to be acknowledged as a king by his saved ones. See II Cor. iv, 6, for a picture of Christ's witnessing. Our Lord adds—and this is for Pilate, for (just as he dealt with his betrayer, tenderly and faithfully), he is dealing with him: "Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice." If we be so far influenced by the Spirit of God as to live the truth, we shall recognize Christ's voice as speaking it.

Men living in sin, bent on wrong doing, with no love for goodness, but fixed love for evil, will not feel kindly to Christ's message. Their hearts are closed against it. So it was with Pilate. He thought of self, pride, passion, power, his procuratorship. Things interested him as they bore on these.

(V. 38), so he says, not in seriousness, nor inquiry, nor yet in mockery, for he was exercised about this case, but in a [illegible] "What is truth?" There are so many Jews, one with one thing, another its opposite, of what use is it to talk of "truth?" He meant that abstractions and discussions of that sort were not in his line. He has many a successor in this way of thinking. So he goes out to the Jews and gives his acquittal of Jesus. He found no crime in Him. Jesus is vindicated by a Gentile, when "His own" reject and persecute Him. He is harmless in Pilate's eyes, when a criminal in His own brethren's! John probably is led to bring out this truth here.

V. 39. Then comes Pilate's proposal—to comply with the passover custom, and, without too nicely settling how this "criminal," as they said, stood, to release Jesus. His language again shows his contempt—"the King of the Jews." Whether it is for Jesus or for them the contempt is most felt, we cannot say. But

(V. 40) the prosecutors reject the proposal. They had "cried out" before and shown their spirit, though he does not mention it formally. Now they say "Not this man, but Barabbas." With condensed meaning, but no useless language, the evangelist shows, in another point of view, how deep their degradation. Barabbas, whom they preferred to Jesus, "was a robber." On his standing and character see Mark xv, 7; Luke xxiii, 19. He was probably a foe of the Romans.—Sunday School World.

PHŒBUS OR CUPID.

A rain of hot light was beating down on the baked meadow, and the sere, unwaving banners of the cornfield. Huddled beside the corn, as if to get the benefit of a narrow strip of ragged shaddow, was a cucumber patch! The glory of that patch was not its much maligned fruit, but the frisky insects which were eating its strength away.

"Out of sorrow cometh joy" for some one, nearly always. The sorrow of the farmer was the joy of the scientist; for the little poacher on the vine was the potato-bug, the far-famed Colorado beetle, Doryphora decem-lineata. Besides Doryphora, in the pitiless glare of the sun, knelt Professor Timotheus N. Jones, assistant state entomologist, spectacles on nose, microscope in hand, glowing with enthusiasm, pimpled with heat.

Professor Timotheus N. Jones was a great genius, but even the immature young potatoes in the adjoining field must have winked their blind eyes at the man who would kneel in that tempest of sunshine without a cabbage leaf in his hat.

Ignorance and immatnrity generally laugh at science, but this time the scientist's symptoms endorsed them. A pain, about the size of a man's hand, slapped the top of the assistant state entomologist's head. The mate to it gave his digestive organs a shake. Then a thrill went down his spine; then he was very warm; then he was chilly; then he felt faint; after which he did not feel at all.

When Timotheus recovered consciousness he was in a cool room. He took cognizance of its having windows draped with muslin curtains. The swaying motion of these adornments made him dizzy, so he closed his eyes again.

"Don't speak," said a voice. "Lie perfectly quiet till the doctor comes."

He had no intention of speaking, but this moved him to inquire, "Where am I?"

"At my house," said the voice, which emanated from a comfortable, middle-aged farmeress, who was applying mustard plasters to the soles of his feet. "My son found you over in the cornfield, and brought you in. He's gone for the doctor now. S—s—h! don't talk. You ain't dead.

"There! Miss Rose," continued the voice, after an interval, "I wouldn't put on any more ice if I was you. Ain't it a mercy the ice-man came yesterday! He so often forgets us country folks. Why don't Andy come with the doctor! S—s—h! don't talk to him. There's nothing so bad for sick people as to talk to 'em"

Again the aching eyelids unclosed, and Professor Timotheus N. Jones saw, bending over him, the most beautiful blonde lady he ever beheld. She looked as cool and well-starched as the white dress she wore, but what a world of sympathy was in her heavenly-blue orbs, as she bent their gaze on the limp and prostrate naturalist.

"He is reviving, Mrs. Lee. I think I can be of no further service; besides, there is Mr. Andrew and the doctor. Poor mamma will be so frightened when she sees Doctor Gray come in, if I am not with her to explain the cause of his visit," said the blue-eyed maid.

She glided away, and, without any apparent reason, Professor Timotheus N. Jones felt ill-used.

Alas for Timotheus N.! Before that moment of fate all womankind had seemed to him to be divided into two classes—fat women who kept boarders, and thin women who taught school. Dull as his brain was, he made an instantaneous resolve to revise this catalogue.

This new and perfect specimen of a hitherto unknown species of the genus mulier, he learned during his convalescence, was named Rosa Allen. She, with her invalid mother, had taken board for the summer at the farmhouse of "Widder Lee," parent of the good Samaritan, Andrew.

Professor Timotheus engaged board at this agricultural Eden, presided over by the "widder." His physician warned him not to expose himself unduly to the direct rays of the solar luminary; therefore, as behoved an industrious naturalist, he decided to sit him down in Mrs. Lee's parlor and write up a few hundred pages from notes already taken on Doryphora decem-lineata.

"A change was lisped about the acacias" that lifted their blossoms to the farm-house windows.

Farmer Andrew Lee was the man that lisped it. "Professor," said that candid yeoman, one evening, after Miss Rose had gone up to her mother, "you are not a marrying man, are you?"

The embarrassed professor stammered an incoherent reply.

"Just so; I thought so," said the other, taking the answer for granted. "Now I am, and what I want to ask of you is, that, you being as you are, and I being as I are, you take a back seat, and give me a better chance."

"To—ah—I fear, my friend that I do not quite comprehend the true significance of your last remark."

"I thought I'd made it plain enough," said the farmer, sturdily, while a fine crimson wave swept from his massive neck to his narrow temples. "What I mean is just this: I think Miss Rosy is a number 1 figure for a wife, and I know 'most that she likes me; but you keep up such a bug-racket that I don't get a fair chance to show her that I mean business. If you meant business, I'd say a fair field and no favors, and let the girl take her pick, but as you say you don't (!) I ask of you to take a back seat. Is it a bargain? All right! give us your hand on it."

The poor gentleman who had not said anything that might be considered speech, felt his hand gripped in a clasp that brought to his mind the Nuremburg virgin, and was then left "a prey to conflicting emotions."

What should he do? What could he do? His brow grew cold, his spectacles moist. It seemed such a pity for Miss Rose to abandon the study of natural history, just as her mind was opening to its beauties. It would be an incalculable loss to her. And himself—he acknowledged humbly his obligations. She was such an inspiring pupil; she stimulated effort in a thousand pleasant ways.

The poor professor heaved a sigh that shook all his bones and tissues, and thrilled his cartilages as with rheumatism.

Almost he resolved to ignore Andy Lee's request; then came the hideous reminder—Andy was his benefactor, had saved him, and thereby the precious history of Doryphora decem-lineata, to the world. "Trouble on trouble, pain on pain!"

He may have hoped that "gazing on the pilot stars" would teach him something. Be that as it may, he sat at his window looking out on the night, till blazing constellation and glittering binary slipped out of sight, and a haggard dawn came toiling over the hills. Truly, this was much wakefulness for the possible loss of one pupil in entomology, a slimpsy girl who was afraid of grass-hoppers, and had been heard to wonder, whether Pterophera, with jeweled eyes, would look well on an opera bonnet!

If Miss Allen felt any surprise when her quondam teacher passed her by with an awkward bow and melancholy smile, as he stole forth to the cucumber patch, she gave no sign. She made incursions into shady lines with the farmer, she accepted his bouquet of sweet peas and boneset. She sang "Auld Robin Gray," and "Kitty Wells" to him, he, meanwhile, wildly hunting for the air on an antiquated fiddle. She listened with exemplary interest to his renditions of "Money Musk" and "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" on the aforesaid instrument. She petted the colts, she praised the calves, she took an interest in chicken-farming. The farmer was radiant, the professor was the opposite.

Nothing is eternal save eternal change. In the hall, one morning, this fair Rose, blushing like her dewy namesake outside the door, said to the sad and silent Timotheus, with beseeching accent and eyelids meekly dropped:

"Professor Jones, I know I am dreadfully stupid, and think you were quite right in stopping our lessons, but won't you, as it is too warm to continue your observations to-day, won't you p-l-e-a-s-e read me another chapter of your delightful book?"

Timotheus N. Jones, assistant state entomologist, was a great scientist, a great genius; but, be it known to all men, by these presents, the superstructure of genius is generally reared on the same sort of a clay foundation that is employed in the composition of ordinary men. The scientific mind, therefore, was permeated by an agreeable warmth, diffused from the igniferous flattery of this female plotter. The owner of the scientific mind tried to say something gallant, and failed; he made an effort to answer profoundly, and failed again. Finally he contented himself with the assertion that he would be "very pleased" to read any number of chapters from "my poor book."

That afternoon he made a discovery of more importance than any accredited to Lubbock or Darwin. Miss Rose was in love, not with the farmer, but with himself. He read it in her innocent eyes, he heard it in her softly modulated voice. He was astonished, embarrassed, enraptured; his usually steady scientific brain reeled. When he arose and went to his room, he felt that it required an effort to keep from staggering.

Again, he watched the night out. From 10 p. m. till m. he sat and smiled so inanely that it is a wonder that the dog-star forbore to bark at him. From 12 to 2 a. m. he formulated proposals of marriage. From 2 till 3:15, he pictured himself bringing out his book, with a preface acknowledging the valuable assistance rendered by "my wife." Then he thought of Andy Lee and he was remorseful. "When the great, gray, unlit earth lay chill in the still of the dawn, he wondered if it were true, as some said, that the cares of a family were so distracting as to prevent an investigator from attaining the maximum of success. Then, as the sun came up like a cohort of radiant seraphim, his head fell over on the window-sill and he slept.

That day Mrs. Allen had what was known to a large and sympathetic circle of acquaintances as "one of her bad spells." Miss Rose, as a dutiful daughter should, staid upstairs and ministered unto her.

The assistant state entomologist had not a spirit thrice dyed in cruelty, but, on the whole, he was not sorry for the affliction of Allen mere. It gave him more time for consideration.

To wed or not to wed—a serious question? He fidgeted around the house for a season, and, after noon, taking his microscope and note book, wandered down the lane. The very black blackberry vines and nigger-heads (Oscar Wilde sunflowers), which bordered the lines of worm-fence seemed to wave their long branches and shake their saucy heads in derision of this too-successful lover, who was afraid to take the good the gods provided. On, on, he went, past the corn-field, past the lodge of cucumbers where dwelt his chosen bug, into a dusty road that led to town, and a narrow path that ambled here and there among lush green grasses, and finally lost itself on the bank of a willow-framed brook. He followed the brook to where it twisted around a little knol crowned with cottonwood trees. There he sat down.

Sould he marry this lovely, loving girl, or was he honor bound to leave her to Lee? Over and over, the question asked itself. she was so fair, so delicate, surely, life on a farm would be for her a burden too heavy to be borne; and, evidently, it was not Lee she loved. His temples throbbed as he remembered the look that revealed her girlish soul. Would it not be a crime to allow her to fling away her hand where her heart was not? He remembered reading of a case in point, where a gentle, yielding maid, sad from the conviction of love unreciprocated, had married one who loved her, and died of atropia.

The die was cast—he must save her!

Dear Rose! dear Mrs. Timotheus N. Jones in prospectu! How she loved him! how she loved science! He should have to take a house and furnish it. And that would take time, and, what he had still less to spare, money. The book would be interrupted, trips about the country to study the habits of Doryphora decem-lineata would be discontinued. A crumpled roseleaf, a—yes—a very decided thorn!

He began at the beginning and thought it all over again.

The shadows grew long, the crickets came out, the night fell.

He started farmhouseward.

At the hickory trees he came to a decision. He would leave all in the lady's hands. He would put a suppositious case, and let her comments guide him. He felt almost positive what she would say. Woman, the most reliable authorities have stated, is a creature governed by the impulses of the affections; she particularizes, she cannot generalize on questions of expediency, and merge the cravings of the individual in the polity of race-aspirations.

He went softly by the window; he heard Rose's voice:

"Dear Walter, you cannot know how lonely I have been without you. Only duty to poor mamma has made me endure it. I have had no solace but your letters, no companionship but your photograph."

Involuntarily, he looked in. Was that, could that be Rose? and who was that handsome stranger with his arm around her waist?

The spheres seem to be breaking up; the stars tumbling from the sky. He groped amid chaos for the front door. Suddenly a shape confronted him.

"Say, professor," it said huskily, "I'm going over into another county in the morning, to look at some hogs, and I guess I'd better explain my little joke before I go. I ain't after Miss Rose. She's too finicky for a farmer's wife. I've got my eye on one of Pettigrew's girls. I was only chaffing the other night. I got to thinking, yesterday, I'd as well explain the joke or you mightn't see it. You know you've been sun-struck, and that makes a fellow kind o' dull and queer for a while, but you'll right up in time."

The shape disappeared, leaving the unhappy lover in a whirl that made the laws of gravitation visible to the naked eye. Was—was he "kind o' dull and queer?" Was this rudely shattered dream of connubial bliss the delirium of coup de soleil?

He could not answer—in fact he was afraid to hazard any guesses. That night he packed his effects with trembling hands, and hied away.

From time to time his symptoms returned in a mild form, but as Andy Lee had prophesied, he "righted up." After the night he looked in the window, he was never dangerously affected, save when he received Mrs. Walter Stacey's wedding cards. Even that paroxysm passed harmlessly, and he took a pensive satisfaction in sending her a valuable collection of grasshoppers, originally intended for the Smithsonian institute.—Julia Scott in Overland Monthly.

The Jews' Quarter in Rome.

The Jews' quarter in Rome will in a week or two's time be a thing of the past. From the sanitary point of view the demolition of the Ghetto is no doubt highly desirable; but the traveler seldom troubles himself about the health of the people whose streets he visits, and he will regret that he will see no more those picturesque ruins creeping up beside the ancient monuments, leaning against the gate of Octavius, swarming with an active and industrious folk who lived, so to speak, on their doorsteps.

The Jews had made themselves there a sort of second fatherland; their habits, their traditions, had followed them there, and they were a little town to themselves. The present government dispossesses them, and gives them wide streets, and Israel is again dispersed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Nellie Grant Sartoris' Life.

The country will be glad to learn that the extravagant stories of the alleged domestic unhappiness of Mrs. Sartoris, the daughter of Gen. Grant, and her cruel treatment by her husband and his family, are altogether without foundation. It is stated on the authority of the Grant family, that her life abroad is a cheerful one, and that she is happy in it, and that instead of being poor as has been alleged, the senior Sartoris is wealthy, and is besides thoroughly fond of his American daughter.—Frank Leslie's.

The Dying Jack-Rabbits.

An examination of the carcasses of the jack-rabbits which are dying by thousands in the eastern part of Nevada shows that the animals are filled with tape-worms.—Western Letter.

THE ARTICULATE HEART.

You touch the strings and then the soul
  Of sadness, where she lies asleep,
Will wake and bring the tears to eyes
  That do not often cloud or weep.

I wonder when I hear you play
  At twilight on your violin,
If all the thrilling tones you find
  Are hid the instrument within;

Or does the music of your life
  Find voice along the sparkling strings,
And tell its secret in the dusk
  To speed away on zephyr wings;

Your heart is speaking, for I hear
  A dual chord of bliss and pain,
A symphony of life and death;
  It is love's sweetly sad refrain.
—Julia Clark Chase in Inter Ocean.

CHIROGRAPHY OF SOME WRITERS.

Edgar A. Poe—T. S. Arthur—G. P. R. James—Elihu Burritt—William Gilmore Simms—Cooper—Dickens.

The late Edgar A. Poe was indeed a strange genius. He has had no American imitators. No one has endeavored to mutilate the thoughts he left behind him. His writings read like the wild imaginings of a mind diseased. He was born to misfortune, and the knowledge of it cast around him the gloom of melancholy. His chirography is decidedly picturesque, and evinces a mind wild and visionary. It gives evidence of indefatigability—a quality which he possessed in an eminent degree. He wrote a large, sprawling hand, light and intelligible.

T. S. Arthur won a brilliant reputation as a novelist. He possessed talent, superior talent, and employed it to the best advantage. He wrote to instruct the heart and head. No one, however dull, but arises from a perusal of his temperance tales a better man. His writing was carefully studied, but at times was hardly legible.

G. P. R. James was a voluminous writer. For a long period his productions were eagerly sought for. His manuscript was plain, hurried, of course, but very uniform and what the printers term good copy.

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, seemed to have possessed a mind as well tempered as his own anvil. We are indebted to him for some sparks from its creative power that have burst into never dying fame. His manuscript was uncouth and irregular, but wonderfully plain and distinct.

William Gilmore Simms once upon a time was styled the "Bulwer of America." He was superior to Lord Bulwer in his perception of the graceful, but in beauty he was deficient to a certain extent. As a poet he did well. His greatest thoughts linger in the mind like the recollection of some gorgeous sunset. His handwriting had much shape and suggested gracefulness and perfect freedom.

The autograph of Charles Dickens was more picturesque than that of any other author of his time. It possessed all the unique uniformity of the old German text; and as distinctly legible as it was graceful. There was a peculiarity in his style that is beyond imitation. He wrote in a sphere wholly his own. He spread a few thoughts over a great surface of paper, and extended them to an unusual length.

The handwriting of J. Fennimore Cooper was decidedly bad. Of the two specimens lying before me, one seems to have been written with a steel pen, and the other with a quill. Both are frightful in the extreme. Yet he possessed a talent of the highest order, and left a name imperishable. There is a strange inconsistency between his chirography and his writing.—Detroit Free Press.

Habits of the Emu.

The curious case of the emu is described in a letter from Mr. Alfred Bennett, who had an opportunity of watching the habits of this bird, which was, during several seasons, successfully bred by his father in Surrey. The hen bird, says Mr. Bennett, begins to lay about the end of October or beginning of November, and as each brood consists of twenty eggs or more, laid at intervals of two days, the process takes about six weeks. Before it is completed the cock bird begins to set. The eggs laid subsequently are deposited by the hen by the side of her mate, who puts out his foot and draws them under him. As soon as the eggs begin to hatch it is necessary to isolate the hen, as she fights furiously with her mate, and would, to all appearance, kill the chicks if she were allowed to get at them. The whole of the tending of the young is performed by the mail bird.—Nature.

A Family Medicine Chest.

There is a fortune awaiting some enterprising druggist who will get up a system of family medicine chests. They can be made of all sizes and prices. They should contain all the standard remedies for the minor ills that flesh is heir to, the bottles being labeled with the English name of the drug, and giving explicit instructions as to the size and administering of the doze. The average family accumulates a large number of bottles during the year, the results of getting a new prescription every time any one is sick. A few doses are taken, the patient gets well and the remainder is a clear loss, because no one would risk using the same medicine again, being ignorant of the fact that the medicine in the bottle is some simple and standard remedy that no household should be without.—Dr. Conery in Globe-Democrat.

The Gods of Ancient Rome.

The early Christians and fathers of the church did not look upon the heathen deities as mere fables and shadows; they believed that they really existed, but were devils, and they taught that the gods of Rome and all other nations must be utterly renounced. Thus Christianity in ancient Rome came to be looked on as dangerous to the existing order of things and to the empire.—Boston Budget.

A Place for It.

A man has invented a machine which will make 10,000 revolutions per second. He ought to find a ready sale for it in Mexico.—Philadelphia Call.