

The King Nobody Wanted

BY G. LANGHORST

It was Thursday. On Friday afternoon the lambs would be killed for the Passover, and on Friday all good Jews would sit down to eat the lambs at the Passover feast. The disciples of Jesus were wondering where He was planning to celebrate the feast with them.

But Jesus did not wait until Friday to have a meal with all his disciples. On Thursday he sent two of them into Jerusalem from Bethany. He told them the name of the man to whom they were to go. Jesus said: "Go to this man, and tell him I said the time has come."

That evening Jesus and the twelve disciples met together at the house in Jerusalem. On the second floor there was a room, where food was spread upon the table. As they were eating supper, Jesus suddenly spoke. "One of you is a traitor!" Everyone stopped eating. And each one of the twelve disciples thought of his own sins. And then each one cried out: "Master, is it I?"

Jesus only answered: "It is one of you twelve men, eating with me now. It would have been better for that traitor if he had never been born!" A moment later Judas Iscariot slipped quietly out of the door. The others did not know where he had gone. Then Jesus performed the ceremony of the last supper. When they had finished they went out walking up to Mount of Olives, and Jesus told Peter: "You will not know of me." Later Jesus was arrested and his disciples fled away in fright and terror, as it was written in the scriptures. Later they took Jesus before all of the high priests and rulers and questioned him. The High priest spoke: "You hear all the things that are being said about you. Aren't you going to defend yourself?" Jesus did not answer the question. Then the priest spoke again: "In the name of the living God I ask you: Are you the Christ—the Messiah—the Son of God?" Jesus answered: "You have said it."

Later a woman spotted Peter sitting in the crowd and said: "Aren't you one of his disciples?" Peter's faith was all gone as he answered: "I certainly am not!"

And others said this to Peter and then he remembered what Jesus had told him: "Before the cock crows three times you will have denied me." When Peter saw what he done he left the palace and wept bitterly.

The great council of the Jews might say that this man deserved to die, but they could not put anyone to death. Only the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate. At daylight the council took Jesus to Pilate's palace.

When Judas Iscariot saw what was happening, he suddenly realized what he had done. He came to the chief priests, and brought them back the thirty pieces of silver they had given him for turning traitor. Later Judas took a rope and found a tree and hanged himself, for, after betraying Jesus he could not bear to live.

While before Pilate, Jesus was questioned by him. Pilate said to Jesus, "Well, are you the king of the Jews?" Jesus answered simply, "You have said it." Pilate was astonished when Jesus did not defend himself and he was wondering of a way to free Jesus. Then he said: "Every year at this time I set a prisoner free. Now you can have your choice. You know we have a man named Barabbas in jail—he's the fellow that started a rebellion a little while ago. We were going to crucify him. And now here is Jesus. Which one shall I let go?" A great shout went up. "Barabbas!" And then Pilate asked them what to do with Christ and they shouted: "Crucify Him! Hang him on a cross till dead!"

The Roman soldiers took Jesus and dressed him in a purple robe. They made a wreath, like the one the Roman emperor wore out of thorns, which stuck into Jesus's head so that the blood ran down his face. Then the soldiers stripped the purple clothes off Jesus, and put his own clothes back on him, and led him outside the city to be crucified. He was too weak to carry his own cross, as those who were to be crucified usually did, so the soldiers forced a man of Cyrene named Simon to carry it for him.

When they reached Calvary, they laid the cross on the ground and stripped Jesus of his clothes. They put Jesus on the cross, and stretched out his arms. They drove a nail through each hand, and one through his feet, fastening him to the cross. Then they stood the cross upright, and let Jesus hang there. On the top of it was written: "This is the King of the Jews."

Then Jesus said: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Soldiers took his clothes and divided them up among themselves. His coat was too good to tear up so they threw dice to see which one would get it.

The crowd came and walked to and fro in front of the cross and mocked Jesus, and one of the thieves said: "If you are the Christ, save yourself and us too!"

The other thief turned to Jesus and said: "Lord, remember me when you come to your Kingdom." Then Jesus said to him, "I tell you, today you will be with me in heaven."

Hours passed and then Jesus cried out, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Then

Jesus said: "I am Thirsty." A soldier dipped a sponge in vinegar and held it up to Jesus lips so that he could drink. Jesus cried out once more: "It is finished. Father, into thy hands I give my spirit." There was a loud sound like a clap of thunder, and the earth shook. In the silence that followed, a Roman soldier spoke. "This man—this man was indeed the Son of God."

On the Sabbath day, three women came to the garden where Jesus was buried. They came, as the custom was, to put ointments and spices on the body of Jesus. On the way they remembered that a great stone had been rolled against the door of the tomb. They wondered how they would get in. But when they reached the tomb, they found that the stone had been rolled back. Some one had been there before them; the door was open.

The women went through the door of the tomb. A man in white clothes was sitting on one side. Seeing their amazement, the man spoke: "Do not be surprised. You are looking for Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is not here. He is risen from the dead. Look! There is the place where he was!"

They looked, and they saw that his body was no longer there. The young man told them, "Go quickly, and tell this to his disciples: 'Jesus is alive'."

Who Said This

This isn't the famous television program in which the panel attempts to answer the question "Who Said That?" This is just a check-up to see how you rate on the following quotations, which, no doubt, you have heard and repeated dozens of times but never knew who said them. They're all by a very famous author.

"I am become a name."

"I am a part of all that I have met."

"Come, my friends, 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

"'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all."

"Arise, and get thee forth and seek A friendship for the years to come."

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light: The year is dying in the night;

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

"Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea."

How did you rate? Of course you knew that Alfred Tennyson was the composer of all.

Men Are What

Yes . . . Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at a time. Like cigarettes, they are made of the same material but some are better than others. Generally speaking, they may be classed into three different divisions: husbands, bachelors, and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties: prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, common sense, faith, hope, and charity—mostly charity.

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death. If you don't, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end. If you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you agree with him in everything, you soon cease to interest him. If you argue with him, you soon cease to charm him. If you believe every thing he tells you, he thinks that you are a fool. If you don't, he thinks that you are a cynic.

If you wear bright colors, rouge, and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little brown toque and a tailored suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman who does wear bright colors, rouge, and a startling hat. If you join him in his parties and approve of his behavior he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you don't approve and urge him to give up his bad habits, he thinks you are priggish.

If you are the "clinging vine" type, he doubts if you have a brain and if you are the modern, independent, advanced type, he doubts that you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate, but if you are an intellectual, he longs for a playmate. If you are popular, he is jealous, if not, he hesitates about marrying a wallflower.

BLESS THE WOMEN
What they have to put up with . .

"That's a funny-looking cow," remarked a sweet young thing from the city. "Why doesn't it have any horns?"

"It might be for any one of a number of reasons," remarked the farmer. "Some cows don't have horns until later in life; some breeds don't have horns at all. Others are dehorned. The reason this cow doesn't have horns is because it's a horse."