

SERMON.

A Familiar Illustration From the Barn-yard is Employed in This Discourse by Dr. Talmage to Show the Comfort and Protection That Heaven Affords to All Trusting Souls.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—A familiar illustration from the barn-yard is employed in this discourse by Dr. Talmage to show the comfort and protection that heaven affords to all trusting souls. The text is Matthew xxiii, 37. "Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

Jerusalem was in sight as Christ came to the crest of Mount Olivet, a height of 700 feet. The splendors of the religious capital of the whole earth irradiated the landscape. There is the temple. Fonder is the king's palace. Spread out before his eyes are the pomp, the wealth, the wickedness and the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and he bursts into tears at the thought of the obduracy of a place that he would gladly have saved and apostrophizes, saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Why did Christ select hen and chickens as a simile? Next to the opposition of the comparison, I think it was to help all public teachers in the matter of illustration to get down off their stilts and use comparisons that all can understand. The plainest bird on earth is the barnyard fowl. Its only adornments are the red comb in its head and the wattles under the throat. It has no grandeur of genealogy. All we know is that its ancestors came from India, some of them from a height of 4,000 feet on the sides of the Himalayas. It has no pretension of nest like the eagle's eyrie. It has no lustrous plumage like the goldfinch. Possessing anatomy that allows flight, yet about the last thing it wants to do is to fly, and in retreat uses foot almost as much as wing. Musicians have written out in musical scale the song of lark and robin redbreasts and nightingale, yet the hen of my text had nothing that could be taken for a song, but only cluck and cackle. Yet a hen gathered her chickens under her wings, and Christ in this simile declares that what he had wished for that city was like what the hen does for her chickens.

CHRIST'S SIMPLE TEACHINGS. Christ was thus simple in his teachings, and yet how hard it is for us who are Sunday school instructors and editors and preachers and reformers and those who would gain the ears of audiences to attain that heavenly and divine art of simplicity! We have to run a course of literary disorders, as children a course of physical disorders. We come out of school and college loaded down with Greek mythology and out of the theological seminary weighed down with what the learned fathers said, and we fly with wings of eagles and flamingoes and albatrosses, and it takes a good while before we can come down to Christ's similitude. Let us kneel under the bushel, the salt that has not its neighbor, the net thrown into the sea, the spittle on the eyes of the blind man and the hen and chickens.

There is not much poetry about this winged creature of God mentioned in my text, but she is more practical and more motherly and more suggestive of good things than many that fly higher and wear brighter colors. She is not a prima donna of the skies nor a strut of beauty in the aisles of the forest. She does not cut a circle under the sun like the Rocky mountain eagle, but stays at home to look after family affairs. She does not swoop like the condor of the cordilleras to transport a rabbit from the valley to the top of the crags, but just scratches for a living.

I am in warm sympathy with the unpretentious old fashioned hen because, like most of us, she has to scratch for a living. She knows at the start the lesson which most people of good sense are slow to learn—that the gaining of a livelihood implies work and that successes do not come from the surface, but are to be attained by positive and continuous effort. The reason that society and the church and the world are so full of failures, so full of loafers, so full of deadbeats is because people are not wise enough to take the lesson which any hen would teach them, that if they would find for themselves and for those dependent upon them anything worth having they must scratch for it. Solomon said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." I say, go to the hen, thou sluggard. In the Old Testament God compares himself to an eagle stirring up her nest, and in the New Testament the Holy Spirit is compared to a descending dove, but Christ in a sermon that began with cutting sarcasm for hypocrites and ends with the paroxysm of pathos in the text compares himself to a hen.

HAWKS OF TEMPTATION. One day in the country we saw sudden consternation in the behavior of old Dominick. Why the hen should be so disturbed we could not understand. We looked about to see if a neighbor's dog were invading the farm. We looked up to see if a stormcloud were hovering. We could see nothing on the ground that could terrify and we could see nothing in the air to ruffle the feathers of the hen, but the loud, wild, affrighted cluck which brought all her brood at full run under her feathers made us look again around and above us, when we saw that high up and far away there was a rapacious bird, wheeling round and round and down and down, and not seeing us we stood in the shadow, it came nearer and lower until we saw its beak curved from base to tip and it had two flames of fire for eyes and it was a hawk. But all the chickens were under old Dominick's wings, and either the bird of prey caught a glimpse of us or, not able to find the brood hidden under wing, dashed back into the woods. So Christ calls with great earnestness to all the young.

Why, what is the matter? It is bright sunlight, and there can be no danger. Health is theirs. A good dinner is theirs. Plenty of food is theirs. But Christ continues to call, calls with more emphasis and urges haste and says not a second ought to be lost. Oh, he sees us what is the matter. Ah, now I see, there are hawks of temptation in the air, there are vultures wheeling for their prey, there are beaks of death ready to clutch. Now I see the peril. Now I understand the urgency. Now I see the only safety. Would that Christ might this day take our sons and daughters into his shelter as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing.

The fact is that the most of them will never mind the shelter unless while they are chickens. It is a simple matter of inexorable statistics that most of those who do not come to Christ in youth never come at all. What chance is there for the young without divine protection? There are the groshops, there are the gamboling hells, there are the infidelities and immoralities of spiritualism, there are the business rascalies, and so numerous are these assailants that it is a wonder that honesty and virtue are not lost arts. The birds of prey, diurnal and nocturnal, of the natural world are ever on the alert. They are the assassins of the sky, they have varieties of taste. The eagle prefers the flesh of the living animal; the vulture prefers the carcass, the falcon kills with one stroke, while other styles of beak give prolongation of torture. And so the temptations of this life are various.

PROTECT THE YOUNG. Fathers, mothers, older brothers and sisters and Sabbath school teachers, be quick and earnest, and prayerful and importunate and get the chickens under wing. May the Sabbath schools of America and Great Britain within the next three months sweep all their scholars into the kingdom. Whom they have now under charge is uncertain. Concerning that scrawny, young child that lay in the cradle many years ago the father died, many years ago, "What a mercy if the Lord would take the child!" And the mother really thought so too. But what a good thing that God spared that child, for it became a world renowned in Christian literature and one of God's most illustrious servants—John Todd. Remember, your children will remain children only a little while. What you do for them as children you must do quickly or never do at all. "Why have you never written a book?" said one to a young man. He replied: "I am writing two and on the other five years—my two children. They are my life work." When the house of John Wesley's father burned and they got the eight children out, John Wesley said before the roof fell in, the father said, "Let us kneel down and thank God. The children are all saved. Let the rest of the place go." My hearers, if we secure the present and everlasting welfare of our children, most other things belonging to us are of but comparative importance. Alexander the Great allowed his soldiers to take their families for them to war, and he accounted for the bravery of his men by the fact that many of them were born in camp and were used to warlike scenes from the start. Would God that all the children of our day might be born into the army of the Lord!

THE MERCY OF GOD. But we all need the protecting wing. If you had known when you entered upon manhood or womanhood what was ahead of you, would you have dared to undertake life? How much you have been through! With most life has been a disappointment. They tell me so. They have not attained that which they expected to attain. They have not expected the physical and mental vigor they expected, they have met with rebuffs which they did not anticipate. You are not at forty or fifty or sixty or seventy or eighty years of age where you thought you would be. I do not know any one except myself to whom life has been a happy surprise. I never expected anything and so when anything came in the form of a human favor or comfortable position or wider field of work it was to me a surprise. I was told in the theological seminary by some of my fellow students that I never would get anybody to hear me preach unless I changed my style, so that when I found that some people did come to hear me it was a happy surprise. But most people, according to their own statement, have found life a disappointment. Indeed, we all need shelter from its tempests.

About three o'clock on a hot August afternoon you have heard a rumble that you first took for a wagon crossing a bridge, but afterward there was a louder rumbling, and you said "It is thunder!" And, sure enough, the clouds were being convoked for a full diapason. At whole park of artillery went rolling down the heavens, and the blinds of the windows in the sky were closed. But the sounds above were not more certain than the sounds beneath. The cattle came to the bars and moaned for them to be let down that they might come home to shelter, and the fowl, whether dark Brahmas or Hamburg or Leghorns or Dominicks, began to call to its young, "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" and take them under the wagon house or shed and had them all hid under the soft feathers by the time that the first splash of rain struck the roof. So there are summer tempests for our souls, and, oh, how dark it gets, and threatening clouds of bankruptcy or sickness or persecution or bereavement gather and thicken and blacken and some run for shelter to a bank, but it is poor shelter, and others run to friendly advisers, and they fall to help, and others fly nowhere, simply because they know not where to go, and they perish in the blast, but others hear the divine call, saying, "Come, for all things are now ready." "The spirit and the bride say come."

NEED OF WARMTH.

The wings of my text suggest warmth, and that is what most folks want. The fact is that this is a cold world whether you take it literally or figuratively. We have a big fireplace called the sun, and it has a very hot fire, and the stokers keep the coals well stirred up, but much of the year cannot get warm enough to the first place to get warm. The world's extremities are cold all the time, not that it is colder at the south pole than at the north pole and that the arctic is not so destructive as the antarctic. Once in a while the arctic will get explorers come back, but the antarctic hardly ever. When the south pole a ship sails in, the door of ice is almost sure to be shut against its people. So life to many millions of people at the south is a prolonged shiver. If you want to say that this is a cold world, it is only meant figuratively. If it is the most of the world, it is the meaning of the ordinary term of receiving the "cold shoulder," get out of mediocrity and try to borrow. The conversation may have been almost tropical for luxuriance of thought and speech, but suggest your necessities and see the thermometer drop to 50 degrees below zero, and that which till a moment before had been a warm blanket, what is an unpopular position on the public question and see your friends fly as chaff before a windmill. As far as myself is concerned, I have no word of complaint, but I look off day by day and see communities freezing out men and women of whom the world is made worthy. Now it takes after one and now after another. It becomes popular to depreciate and defame and excrete and lie about some people. This is the best world I ever got into, but it is the worst world that some people ever got into. The best thing that ever happened to them was their death, and the best thing that will ever happen to them will be their grave.

What people want is warmth. Many years ago a man was floating down the ice of the Merrimack, and great efforts were made to rescue him. Twice he got hold of a plank thrown to him and twice he slipped away from it, because that end of the plank was covered with ice, and he cried out, "For God's sake, give me the wooden end of the plank this time!" and this does not start again. In thought return to the place and hear the cluck and see the outspread feathers and come under the wing and make the Lord your portion everything that may come and so avoid being classed among the birds described by the closing words of my text, a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Ah, that throws the responsibility upon us. "Ye would not." Alas, for the "would have been" and "other's call and risk the hawk and dash your wings and expose themselves to the frost and storm, surely their calamities are not the mother's fault. "Ye would not?" God would, but how many would not?

When a good man asked a young woman who had abandoned her home and who was departing her wretchedness why she did not return to her father's house, she replied: "I dare not go home. My father is so provoked he would not receive me home." Then, said the Christian man, "I will tell this." And so he went to the father, and the reply came back, and in a letter which he handed to the man, he said: "Immediate" and inside saying, "So God's invitation for you is marked 'immediate' on the outside, and inside it is written, 'He will abundantly pardon.' Oh, ye wanderers from God and happiness and heaven, come under the sheltering wing of mercy in the Bristol channel was heaving, the rocks called the Steep Holmes. Under the tempest the vessel was unmanageable and the only hope was that the tide would change before she struck the rocks and was driven to the captain stood on the deck, and so the bark Plymouth, Davidson, from Shelburne, NS; brig May, Marshall, from Bahia.

CHRIST TAKES THE STORM. But notice some one must take the storm for the chickens. Ah, the hen takes the storm. I have seen her under the pelting rain. I have seen her in the pinching frosts. Almost frozen to death or almost strangled in the waters, and what a fight she makes for the young under her wing if a dog or a hawk or a man come too near! And so the brooding chicken takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting rain. I have seen her take the storm for the children, and Christ takes the storm for us. What look of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul. What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Carhens of hell was not let out upon him when he was manhood and glory and honor under the pelting