

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Woman's Happiness.

"She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."—1 Timothy 5:6.

The editor of a Boston newspaper, a few days ago wrote asking me the terse questions: "What is the road to happiness?" and "Ought happiness be the chief aim of life?" My answer was: "The road to happiness is the continuous effort to make others happy. The chief aim of life ought to be usefulness, not happiness, but

HAPPINESS ALWAYS FOLLOWS USEFULNESS.

This morning's text in a strong way sets forth the truth that a woman who seeks in worldly advantage her chief enjoyment, will come to disappointment and death. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." My friends, you all want to be happy. You have had a great many recipes by which it is proposed to give you satisfaction—solid satisfaction. At times you feel a thorough unrest. You know as well as older people what it is to be depressed. As dark shadows sometimes fall upon the geography of the school girl as on the page of the spectated philosopher. I have seen as cloudy days. May as in November. There are no deeper sighs breathed by the grandmother than by the granddaughter. I correct the popular impression that people are happier in childhood and youth than they ever will be again. If we live aright, the older the happier.

THE HAPPIEST WOMAN
that I ever knew was a Christian octogenarian; her hair white as white could be the sunlight of heaven late in the afternoon gliding the peaks of snow. I have to say to a great many of the young people that the most miserable time you are ever to have is just now. As you advance in life, as you come out into the world and have your head and heart all full of good, honest, practical Christian work, then you will know what it is to begin to be happy. There are those who would have us believe that life is chasing thistledown and grasping bubbles. We have not found it so. To many of us it has been, discovering diamonds larger than the Kohinoor, and I think that our joy will continue to increase until nothing short of everlasting jubilee of heaven will be able to express it.

Horatio Greenough, at the close of the hardest life a man ever lives—the life of an American artist—wrote: "I don't want to leave this world until I give some sign that, born by the grace of God in this land, I have found life to be a very cheerful thing, and not the dark and bitter thing which my early prospects were clouded."

Albert Barnes, the good Christian, known the world over, stood in his pulpit in Philadelphia, at seventy or eighty years of age, and said: "This world is so very attractive to me, I am very sorry I shall have to leave it."

I know that Solomon said some very delectable things about this world, and three times declared: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." I suppose it was a reference to those times in his career when his seven hundred wives almost pestered the life out of him. But I would rather turn to the description he gave after his conversion, when he says in another place: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." It is reasonable to expect it will be so. The longer the fruit hangs on the tree, the riper and more mellow it ought to grow. Hear, then, while I discourse upon some of the

MISTAKES WHICH YOUNG PEOPLE MAKE

in regard to happiness, and point out to the young woman what I consider to be the source of complete satisfaction.

And, in the first place, I advise you not to build your happiness upon mere social position. Persons at your age, looking off upon life, are apt to think that if, by some stroke of what is called good luck, you could arrive in an elevated and affluent position, a little higher than that in which God has called you to live, you would be completely happy. Infinite mistake! The palace floor of Ahasuerus is red with the blood of Vashti's broken heart. There have been no more scalding tears wept than those which coursed the cheeks of Josephine. If the sob of unhappy womanhood in the great cities could break through the tapestry wall, that sob would come along your streets to-day like the simoon of the desert. Sometimes I have heard in the rustling of the robes on the city pavement the hiss of theadders that followed in the wake. You have come out from your home, and you have looked up

AT THE GREAT HOUSE

and coveted a life under those arches, when perhaps, at that very moment, within that house, there may have been the wringing of hands, the start of horror, and the very agony of hell. I knew of such an one. Her father's house was plain, most of the people who came there were plain; but, by a change in fortune such as sometimes comes, a hand had been offered that led her into a brilliant sphere. All the neighbors congratulated her upon her grand prospects; but what an exchange! On her side it was a heart full of generous impulse and affection. On his side it was a soul dry and withered as the stubble of the field. On her side it was a father's house, where God was honored and the Sabbath, light flooded the rooms with the very mirth of heaven. On his side it was a gorgeous residence and the coming of mighty men to be entertained there; but within it were revelry and godlessness. Hardly had the orange-blossoms of the marriage feast lost their fragrance, than the night of discontent began to cast its shadow.

CRUELITIES AND UNKINDNESSES

changed all those splendid trappings into a hollow mockery. The platters of solid silver, the casquets of pure gold, the head dress of gleaming diamonds, were there; but no God, no peace, no kind words, no Christian sympathy. The festal music that broke on the captive's ear turned out to be a dirge, and the wreath in the plume was a reptile coil, and the upholstery that swayed in the wind was the wing of a destroying angel, and the head-drops on the pitch-

er were the sweat of everlasting despair. O, how many rivalries and unhappinesses among those who seek in social life their chief happiness!

All that this world can do for you in silver, in gold, in Axminster plush, in Gobelin tapestry, in wide halls, in lordly acquaintanceship, will not give you the ten thousandth part of a grain of solid satisfaction. *The English lord*, moving in the very highest sphere, was one day found seated with his chin on his hand and his elbow on the window-sill, looking out and saying: "O, I wish I could exchange places with that dog!" Mere social position will never give happiness to a woman's soul. I have had wide and continuous observation, and I tell the young women that they who build on mere social position their soul's immortal happiness are building on the sand.

Suppose that a young woman expends the brightness of her early life in this unsatisfactory struggle and omits

THE PRESENT OPPORTUNITY
of usefulness in the home circle; what a mistake! So surely as the years roll around, that home in which you now dwell will become extinct. The parents will be gone, the property will go into other possession, you yourself will be in other relationships, and that home which only a year ago, was full of congratulation, will be extinguished. When that period comes, you will look back to see what you did or what you neglected to do in the way of making home happy. It will be too late to correct mistakes. If you did not smooth the path of your parents toward the tomb; if you did not make their last days bright and happy; if you allowed your younger brother to go out into the world unhelped by Christian and sisterly influences; if you allowed the younger sisters of your family to come up without feeling that there had been a Christian example set them on your part—there will be nothing but bitterness of lamentation. That bitterness will be increased by all the surroundings of that home; by every chair, by every picture, by the old time mantle ornaments, by everything you can think of as connected with that home. All these things will rouse up agonizing memories. Young women, have you anything to do in the way of

MAKING YOUR FATHER'S HOME HAPPY?

Now is the time to attend to it, or leave it forever undone. Time is flying very quickly away. I suppose you notice the wrinkles are gathering and accumulating on those kindly faces that have so long looked upon you; there is frost in the locks; the foot is not as firm in its step as it used to be; and they will soon be gone. *The heaviest cloud that ever falls on a parent's coffin-lid is the memory of an ungrateful daughter.* O, make their last days bright and beautiful. Do not act as though they were in the way. Ask their counsel, seek their prayer, and after long years have passed, and you go out to see the grave where they sleep, you will find growing all over the mound something lovelier than cypress, something sweeter than the rose, something clearer than the lily—the bright and beautiful memories of filial kindness performed ere the dying hand dropped on you a benediction, and you closed the lids over the weary eyes of the worn-out pilgrim.

Better that, in the hour of your birth, you had been struck with orphanage, and that you had been handed over into the cold arms of the world, rather than that you should have been brought up under a father's care and a mother's tenderness, at last to scoff at their example and deride their influence; and on the day when you followed them in long procession to the tomb, to find that you are followed by a still larger procession of unfilial deeds done and wrong words uttered. The one procession will leave its burden in the tomb and disband; but that longer

PROCESSION OF GHOSTLY MEMORIES

will forever march and forever wail. O, it is a good time for a young woman when she is in her father's house. How careful they are of her welfare! How watchful those parents of all her interests! Seated at the morning repast, father at one end the table, children on either side and between, but the years will roll on, and great changes will be effected, and one will be missed from one end the table, and another will be missed from the other end the table. God pity that young woman's soul who, in that hour, has nothing but regretful recollections.

I go further, and advise you not to depend for enjoyment upon mere

PERSONAL ATTRACTIVE.

It would be sheer hypocrisy, because we may not have it ourselves, to despise, or affect, to despise, beauty in others. When God gives it, He gives it as a blessing and as a means of usefulness. David and his army were coming down from the mountains to destroy Nabal and his flocks and vineyards. The beautiful Abigail, the wife of Nabal, went out to arrest him when he came down from the mountains, and she succeeded. Coming to the foot of the hill, she knelt. David with his army of sworn men came down over the cliffs, and when he saw her kneeling at the foot of the hill he cried, "Hail!" to his men, and the caves echoed it: "Hail! hail!" That one beautiful woman kneeling at the foot of the cliff had arrested all those armed troops. A dew-drop dashed back Niagara.

The Bible sets before us the portraits of Sarah and Rebecca and Abigail, and Job's daughters, and says: "They were fair to look upon." By out-door exercise, and by skilful arrangement of apparel, let women make themselves attractive. The sloven has only one mission, and that is to excite our loathing and disgust. But alas! for those who depend upon personal charms for their happiness. Beauty is such a subtle thing, it does not seem to depend upon facial proportions or upon the sparkle of the eye or upon the flush of the cheek. You sometimes find it among irregular features.

IT IS THE SOUL SHINING THROUGH

the face that makes one beautiful. But alas! for those who depend upon mere personal charms. They will come to disappointment and to a great fret. There are so many different opinions about what are personal charms; and

then sickness and trouble and age do make the face ravaged. *The poorest god that a woman wears is her own face.* The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charms begin to vanish. O, how they try to cover the wrinkles and hide the ravages of time! When Time, with iron-shod feet, steps on a face

THE HOOF-MARKS
remain, and you cannot hide them. It is silly to try to hide them. I think the most repulsive fool in all the world is an old fool! Why, my friends, should you be ashamed of getting old? It is a sign—it is *prima facie* evidence that you have behaved tolerably well, or you would not have lived to this time. The grandest thing, I think, is eternity, and that is made up of countless years. When the Bible would set forth the attractiveness of Jesus Christ, it says: "His hair was white as snow." But when the color goes from the cheek, and the lustre from the eye, and the spring from the step, and the gracefulness from the gait, alas! for those who have built their time and their eternity upon good looks. But all the passage of years cannot take out of one's face benignity and kindness, and compassion and faith. Culture your heart and you culture your face. The brightest glory that ever beamed from a woman's face was the religion of Jesus Christ. In the last few hundred wounded soldiers came to Philadelphia one night, and came unheralded, and they had to extemporize a hospital for them, and the Christian women of my church, and the other churches went out that night to take care of the poor wounded fellows. That night I saw a Christian woman

IN THE WARDS OF THE HOSPITAL,
her sleeves rolled up, ready for hard work, her hair dishevelled in the excitement of the hour. Her face was plain, very plain; but after the wounds were washed and the new bandages were put round the splintered limbs, and the exhausted boy fell off into his first pleasant sleep, she put her hand on his brow and he started in his dream, and said, "O, I thought an angel touched me!" There may have been no classic elegance in the features of that woman, but she came into the hospital after the "Seven Days" awful fight, as she sat down by

A WOUNDED DRUMMER BOY,

and heard him soliloquize: "A ball through my body, and my poor mother will never again see her boy. What a pity it is!" And she leaned over him and said: "Shall I be your mother, and comfort you?" And he looked up and said: "Yes, I'll try to think she's here. Please to write a long letter to her and tell her all about it, and send her a lock of my hair and comfort her. But I would like you to tell her how much I suffered—yes, I would like you to do that, for she would feel so for me. Hold my hand while I die." There may have been no classic elegance in her features, but all the hospitals of Harrison's Landing and Fort Monroe would have agreed that she was beautiful, and if any rough man in all that ward had insulted her, some wounded soldier would have leaped from his couch on his best foot, and struck him dead with a crutch.

Again: I advise you not to depend for happiness upon

THE FLATTERIES OF MEN.

It is a poor compliment to your sex that so many men feel obliged, in your presence, to offer unmeaning compliments. Many capable of elegant and elaborate conversation elsewhere, sometimes feel called upon at the door of the drawing-room to drop their common sense and to dole out sickening flatteries. They say things about your dress and about your appearance, that you know, and they know, are false. They say you are an angel. You know you are not. Determined to tell the truth in office, and store and shop, they consider it honorable to lie to a woman. The same thing that they told you on this side of the drawing-room, three minutes ago they said to some one on the other side of the drawing-room. O, let no one trample on your self-respect. The meanest thing on which a woman can build her happiness is the flatteries of men.

Again: I charge you not to depend for happiness upon

THE DISCIPLESHIP OF WORLDLINESS.

I have seen men as vain of their old-fashioned and their eccentric hat as your brainless fop is proud of his dangling fooleries. Fashion sometimes makes a reasonable demand of us, and then we ought to yield to it. The daisies of the field have their fashion of color and leaf; the honeysuckles have their fashion of ear-drop; and the snowflakes flung out of the winter heavens have their fashion of exquisite-ness. After the summer shower the sky veils the earth with ring of rainbow. And I do not think we have a right to despise the elegancies and fashions of this world, especially if they make reasonable demands upon us; but the discipleship and worship of fashion is death to the body, and death to the soul.

I am glad the world is improving. Look at the fashion plates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and you will find that the world is not so extravagant and extraordinary now as it was then, and all the marvellous things that the granddaughter will do will never equal that done by the grandmother. Go still farther back, to the Bible times, and you find that in those times fashion wielded a more terrible sceptre. You have only to turn to the third chapter of Isaiah, a portion of the Scriptures from which I once preached to you, to read:

THE JEWISH FASHION PLATE,

"Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and with stretched-forth necks, and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the head-bands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings, and the nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods and veils." Only think of a woman having all that on! I am glad that the world is getting

better and that fashion which has dominated in the world so ruinously in other days has for a little time, for a little degree at any rate, relaxed its energies.

All the splendors and the extravaganzas of this world dyed into your robe, and flung over your shoulder, cannot wrap peace around your heart for a single moment. The gayest wardrobe will utter no voice of condolence in the day of trouble and darkness. The woman is grandly dressed, and only she, who is wrapped in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. The home may be very humble, the hat may be very plain, the frock may be very coarse; but the halo of heaven settles in the room when she wears it, and the faintest touch of the resurrection angel will change that garment into raiment of exceeding white, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it. I come to you, young woman, to-day, to say that this world cannot make you happy. I know it is a bright world, with glorious sunshine, and golden rivers, and fire-worked sunset, and bird orchestra, and the darkest cave has its crystals, and the writhing wave has its foam wreath, and the coldest midnight is flaming aurora; but God will put out all these lights with the blast of His own north-east wind, and the glories of this world will perish in

THE FINAL CONFLAGRATION.

You will never be happy until you get your sins forgotten, and allow Christ Jesus to take full possession of your soul. He will be your friend in every perplexity. He will be your comfort in every trial. He will be your defender in every strait. I do not ask you to bring, like Mary, the spices to the sepulchre of a dead Christ, but to bring your all to the foot of a living Jesus. His word is peace. His love is life. His smile is help. O, come, then, in flocks and groups. Come like the south wind over banks of myrrh. Come like the morning light, tripping over the mountains. Wait at all your affections on Christ's brow, set all your gems in Christ's coronet, let this Sabbath air rustle with the wings of rejoicing angels, and the towers of God ring out the news of souls saved.

"This world is this faded pearl may crave.
'Tis not the pearl for me;
'Twill dim its lustre in the grave,
'Twill perish in the sea."
But there's a pearl of price untold,
Which never can be bought with gold;
O, that's the pearl for me."

The snow was very deep, and it was still falling rapidly, when in the first year of my Christian ministry, I hastened

TO SEE A YOUNG WOMAN DIE,

It was a very humble home. She was an orphan; her father had been shipwrecked on the banks of Newfoundland. She had earned her living. As I entered the room I saw nothing attractive. No pictures. No tapestry. Not even a cushioned chair. The snow on the window casement was not whiter than the cheek of that dying girl. It was a face never to be forgotten. Sweetness and majesty of soul, and faith in God, had given her a matchless beauty, and the sculptor who could have caught the outlines of those features, and frozen them into stone, would have made himself immortal. With her large, brown eyes she looked calmly into the great eternity I sat down by her bedside and said: "Now tell me all your troubles, and sorrows, and struggles, and doubts, or struggles. It is all plain to me. Jesus has smoothed the way for my feet. I wish when you go to your pulpit next Sunday, you would tell the people that

RELIGION WILL MAKE THEM HAPPY.

"O death, where is thy sting?" Mr. Talmage, I wonder if this is not the bliss of dying?" I said: "Yes, I think it must be." I lingered around the couch. The sun was setting, and her sister lighted a candle. She lighted the candle for me. The dying girl, the dawn of heaven in her face, needed no candle. I rose to go, and she said: "I thank you for coming. Good night! When we meet again it will be in heaven—heaven! Good night! good night!" For her it was good night to tears, good night to poverty, good night to death; but when the sun rose again it was good morning. The light of another day had burst in upon her soul. Good morning! The angels were singing her welcome home, and the hand of Christ was putting upon her brow a garland. Good morning! Her sun rising. Her palm waving. Her spirit exulting before the throne of God. Good morning! Good morning! The white lily of poor Margaret's cheek had blushed into the rose of health immortal, and the snows through which we carried her to that country graveyard were symbols of that robe which she wears, so white that no fuller on earth could whiten it.

My sister, my daughter, may your last end be like hers!

Novel Way of Advertising.

"I saw a funny sight the other day," said a gentleman in the habit of observing things pretty closely. "It was on North Broad street, Philadelphia, on Sunday afternoon. Three dogs of mongrel breeds, and of different sizes and varieties, were gamboling about the street in the utmost good humor and seemed to be identified with a carriage containing a family party that had been out for a pleasure ride. The dogs raced each other playfully, and seemed to be carrying little knapsacks on their backs attached to a comfortable cover that clothed them from the neck to the tail. On looking closely I found printed on the covers the name of a brand of cigar, and came to the conclusion that the maker must be the occupant of the carriage and was utilizing his pets to advertise his wares. The dogs seemed to enjoy it as much as he did. But it was a poor way of advertising, nevertheless."

The Chrotograph.

The chrotograph is a pencil manufactured in Germany for writing on the skin. It is made in various colors, and affords legible writing, which can be easily removed without the use of water. It is designed for the use of physicians, to make memoranda upon their patients.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 1883.
Christ Entering Jerusalem.

LESSON TEXT.
(Matt. 21: 1-16. Memory verses, 9-11.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the King in Zion.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *He is Lord of lords, and King of kings; and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful.*—Rev. 17: 14.

LESSON TOPIC: *The King's Lessons on True Meekness.*

Lesson (1) Meekly Preparing, vs. 1-5. Outline: (a) Mighty Working, vs. 12-16.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord.*—Psalm, 118: 26.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 21: 1-16. Lessons on true meekness.

T.—Mark 11: 1-17. Mark's parallel narrative.

W.—Luke 19: 29-46. Luke's parallel narrative.

Th.—John 12: 12-19. John's parallel narrative.

F.—Isa. 62: 1-12. The Lord's coming foretold.

S.—Zech. 9: 9-17. Joy in the Lord's coming.

S.—Phil. 2: 1-9. The Lord's meekness.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. WEEKLY PREPARING.

I. **Nearing Jerusalem:** They drew nigh unto Jerusalem (1).

To show... how that he must go unto Jerusalem (Matt. 16: 21).

He steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem (Luke 9: 51).

It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem (Luke 13: 33).

They heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem (John 12: 12).

II. **Supplying Need:** Ye shall say, The Lord hath need of them (3).

Ye said, Bring them hither to me (Matt. 14: 18).

Thou shalt find a shekel; that take, and give (Matt. 17: 27).

The Lord hath need of him (Mark 11: 3).

Buy what things we have need of for the year of the feast (John 13: 29).

III. **Fulfilling Prophecy:** That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet (4).

Behold, thy salvation cometh (Isa. 62: 11).

Behold, thy king cometh unto thee (Zech. 9: 9).

That all things which are written may be fulfilled (Luke 21: 22).

Then remembered they that these things were written of him (John 12: 16).

1. "They drew nigh unto Jerusalem."

(1) The sacred group; (2) The holy city; (3) The approaching doom.

2. "The Lord hath need of them."

(1) The ground of his need; (2) The supply of his need.—The needs of Jesus (1) From whence they arise; (2) Of what they consist; (3) How they are met.

3. "Behold, thy king cometh unto thee." (1) A royal visitor; (2) An expectant city; (3) A lowly approach.

II. HONORABLY ENTERING.

I. **The Meek Rider:** Put on them their garments; and he sat thereon (7).

Lowly, and riding upon an ass (Zech. 9: 9).

Meek, and riding upon an ass (Matt. 21: 5).

They bring the colt unto Jesus;—and he sat upon him (Mark 11: 7).

Thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt (John 12: 15).

II. **The Praiseful Greeting:** Hosanna to the son of David (9).

Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Zion: for, lo, I come (Zech. 2: 10).

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion: thy King cometh (Zech. 9: 9).

They that went before, and... followed, cried, Hosanna (Mark 11: 9).

The disciples began to rejoice and praise God (Luke 19: 37).

III. **The Famous Nazarene:** This is the prophet, Jesus, from Nazareth of Galilee (11).

He should be called a Nazarene (Matt. 2: 23).

A great prophet is arisen among us (Luke 7: 16).

They told him, that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by (Luke 18: 37).

This is a truth the prophet that cometh (John 6: 14).

1. "The disciples went and did even as Jesus appointed them." (1) An odd errand; (2) A prompt start; (3) An exact obedience.—(1) The appointments of Jesus; (2) The submission of men.

2. "Hosanna to the son of David." (1) The shout of adoration; (2) The recipient of honor; (3) The officers of praise.

3. "This is the prophet, Jesus, from Nazareth." (1) The famous Jesus; (2) The peerless prophet; (3) The lowly Nazarene.

III. MIGHTILY WORKING.

I. **Casting Out Intruders:** Jesus... cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple (12).

He... overthrew the tables of the money-changers (Mark 11: 15).

He... began to cast out them that sold (Luke 19: 45).

He made a scourge of cords, and cast out all (John 2: 15).

Your body is a temple... glorify God therefore in your body (1 Cor. 6: 19, 20).

II. **Healing the Afflicted:** The blind and the lame came... and he healed them (14).

Healing all manner of disease and... of sickness (Matt. 4: 23).

Jesus went about all the cities and the villages... healing (Matt. 9: 35).

He went... preaching and casting out devils (Mark 1: 39).

Preaching the gospel, and healing everywhere (Luke 9: 6).

III. **Rebuking the Cavillers:** Jesus saith unto them, Yea: did ye ever read? (16)

Ye blind guides, which strain out the

gnat, and swallow the camel (Matt. 23: 24).

How can Satan cast out Satan? (Mark 3: 23).

Was it from heaven, or from men? answer me (Mark 11: 80).

Nor man after that durst ask him any question (Mark 12: 34).

1. "Jesus... cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple." (1) The sacred precincts; (2) The mercenary traders; (3) The indignant expulsion.

2. "The blind and the lame come to him in the temple; and he healed them." (1) The sacred precincts; (2) The needy throng; (3) The efficient cure.

3. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." (1) A diviner agent; (2) A lowly instrument; (3) A perfected result.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

MEEKNESS.

I. **In the Lord:** Foretold (Isa. 42: 2, 3; 50: 6; 53: 7).

Fulfilled (Matt. 12: 16-21); Affirmed (Matt. 11: 29; 21: 5); Illustrated (Mark 15: 4, 5; Luke 23: 34; John 13: 3-5).

Remembered (2 Cor. 10: 1; 1 Pet. 2: 21-23).

II. **In the Saints:** Commanded (Zeph. 2: 3; Matt. 10: 16; 1 Tim. 6: 11); Experienced (Gal. 5: 22, 23); Illustrated (Acts 7: 59, 60; 1 Cor. 4: 11-13).

Honored of God (1 Pet. 3: 3, 4); Rewarded (Ps. 25: 9; 37: 11; Matt. 5: 5).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

Between our Lord's arrival at Bethany and his entry into Jerusalem