

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON:

The Moonlight Ride.

"Then went I up in the night by the brook, viewed the wall, and turned back and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned." Neh. 2: 15.

A dead city is more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit is by moonlight. The Coliseum is far more fascinating to the traveler after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight and the monastic ruins of Melrose Abbey, and study shafted oriel, and resetted stone and mullion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel":

Wouldst thou view fair Melrose aught, Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to the enchantment. My text presents you

JERUSALEM IN RUINS. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, by moonlight to ring upon the ruins. While he rides, there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of body-guard. I hear the clicking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris of once great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to a dead halt at the tumbled masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the dragon after which the gate was named.

Heavy hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering-ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crazy? Have his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect?

THE MIDNIGHT EXPLORATION goes on. Nehemiah on horseback rides through the Fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the King's pool, by the Dragon well, in and out, in and out, until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous body-guard, declares the dead secret of his heart when he says, "Come, now, let us build Jerusalem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No."

Yet that midnight moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out, "Let us rise up now and build the city!" Some people laughed, and said it could not be done. Some people were infuriated, and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time, in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and Demosthenes was rattling his rhetorical thunder, but all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight moonlight ride of praying, courageous, homesick, close-mouthed Nehemiah.

My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is CHURCH AFFECTION. Seize the bride of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant, a cup-bearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day, while he was handling the cup of wine to the king, the king said to him, "What is the matter with you? You are not sick. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down; how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that THE TEMPLE HAD BEEN DISHONORED and defaced; how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cup-bearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports, so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that," as you find in the context, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in ages has been the type of the Church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that

YOU LOVE THE CHURCH of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it is your own fireside. The Church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the Church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the

house of the Lord. When the Temple was in ruins, as ours was years ago, like Nehemiah you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of the expired Sabbaths.

What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the Church of God is to you. Sceptics and infidels may scoff at the Church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goodly-goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the Church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than for any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defence. You can take the words of the kingly poet as he said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the pathos, the homesickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that before reconstruction there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider out on some mischief. No, Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making preliminary exploration.

In this gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin. The reason that so many people in this day, apparently converted, do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge and steal and commit adultery and go to the penitentiary, is because they first do not learn the ruin of their own heart. They have not found out that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." They had an idea that they were almost right, and they built religion as a sort of extension, as an ornamental cupola. There was a superstructure of religion built on a substratum of sins.

The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation, it builds on the debris of an unregenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction they have seen the ghastliness of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first northeast storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in

THE OLD FASHIONED WAY

—John Bunyan's way, John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way, Paul's way, Christ's way, God's way. A dentist once said to me, "Does that hurt?" Said I, "Of course it hurts! It is in your business as in my profession; you have to hurt before you can help." You will never understand redemption until you understand ruin. A man tells me that someone is a member of the Church. It makes no impression on my mind at all. I simply want to know whether he was converted in the old-fashioned way, or whether he was converted in the new-fashioned way. If he was converted in the old-fashioned way, he will stand. If he was converted in the new-fashioned way, he will not stand. That it all there is about it.

A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is, "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" If he says, "Well, I—yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that that man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by the gate of his affection, out by the gate of his will; and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse's neck, and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say: "God be merciful to me a sinner," and before he had stabled his horse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel, crying, "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. For I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before thee." Ah, my friends, you see this is

NOT A COMPLIMENTARY GOSPEL.

That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars and impenitent in his sins and says, "You're a pauper." It comes to a woman of fairest cheek, who has never repented, and says, "You're a sinner." It comes to a man priding himself on his independences and says, "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race and says, "You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illegitimate ruin." Satan sometimes says to me, "Why do you preach that truth? Why don't you preach a gospel with no repentance in it? Why don't you fatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right? Why don't you preach a humanitarian gospel with no repentance in it, saying nothing about the ruin, taking all the time about redemption?" I say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." I would rather lead five souls the right way than twenty thousand the wrong way. The redemption of the gospel is a perfect farce if there is no ruin. "The whole need not a physician, but they are sick." "If any one, though he is an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel than this," says the apostle, "let him be accursed." There must be the midnight ride over the ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clicking of the hoofs before there can be the ringing of the trowels. Again: My subject gives me a specimen of busy and

TRIUMPHANT SADNESS.

If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say, "He was a cup-bearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand place." So it was. The hall of that palace was two hundred feet square, and the roof hovered over thirty-six marble pillars, each pillar sixty feet high; and the intense blue of the sky, and the deep green of the forest fol-

age, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the cypolostery. But, my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these desolated streets, and by these prosopilated towers, and by the torn-up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The Temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that penitence, expatriated Nehemiah, roused himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence. He gets his passports. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night, on horseback, he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the pious and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months, namely, in fifty-two days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is, with you.

WHEN YOU HAVE TROUBLE, to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say, "I have lost my child, and I can never smile again." You say, "I have lost my money, and I never can repair my fortunes." You say, "I have fallen into sin, and I never can start again for a new life." If Satan can make you form that resolution, and make you keep it, he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush you, but to arouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for a better use. That the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken-hearted people to rebuild.

Whipped, betrayed, shipwrecked, imprisoned Paul went right on. The Italian martyr Algerius sits in his dungeon writing a letter, and he dates it "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew A MOTHER WHO BURIED HER BABY on Friday and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said, "Give me a class; give me a Sabbath-school class. I have no child now left, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class of the back street. That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness." At three o'clock this afternoon, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statuetted—there will be from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. It has been so every Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock for many years. These destitute children receive religious instruction, with cakes and sandwiches.

How do I know that that has been going on for many years? I know it in this way. That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to conduct a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy, and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears to-day. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray, the outcry in the room drowned out all the prayer. But

THE LORD COMFORTED

that sorrow. They do not forget their trouble. If you should go on the snowiest winter afternoon into Laurel Hill you will find a monument with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there has not been an hour all these years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sends those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons mothers ten or twenty of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says: "Hearness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in heaven. I have a voice and a heart to serve God." You say that that man has failed. He has not failed—he has triumphed. Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble to NEVER GIVE UP.

I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements and hardships and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up, when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand in the darkness of a tenement house, and some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said: "Oh I do wish that God had made MORE LIGHT FOR POOR FOLKS."

My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bereavements of life? Is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves, and the sexton said, "Sir, you know that of such is the kingdom of heaven," and I think the Saviour is pleased when He sees so much white clover growing around these little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said, "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not, but you know sir, it is clean different with the keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the

loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is ALL WELL WITH THE BARRAINS.

Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously—sinned until you have been cast out by the Church, sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell— Fell like a snowflake from heaven to hell— Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street— Fell, to be scoffed at, spit on and beat— Praying, cursing, wishing to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy, Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead.

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you to-day, saying, "Go and sin no more," while He cries out to your assailants, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh! there is no reason why any one in this house by reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land? Nehemiah was an exile. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick? Nehemiah was homesick. Are you broken-hearted? Nehemiah was broken-hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrilegious grave of his father, and by the Dragon well, and through the Fish gate, and by the King's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of the man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, but the courage, the hope, the enthusiasm, of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilt. I pick you up to-day out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

A College For Women.

From an article in the Public Ledger we glean some important facts with respect to the contemplated establishment, by Mr. A. J. Drexel, our millionaire banker, of an institution at Wayne, Delaware County, Pa., for the proper training and education of young women. The project which has been in contemplation for some time past by Mr. Drexel, was put in practical shape the other day by the purchase of the Lowella Mansion at Wayne, and a selection of trustees and managers for the institution, which is to be called, "Drexel Industrial College for Women."

The object of the institution as set forth in the charter, is to instruct females between the ages of 13 and 19 years in all duties appertaining to the care of a household, and to teach such trades and businesses as will make them practical women, able to earn a respectable livelihood. The benefits of the college are to be extended, first, to the daughters of clergymen, and second, to daughters of respectable parents, who through adverse circumstances, are unable to give their children proper training and education.

The property which has been purchased, as stated above, at Wayne is well-known as a summer hotel, and it is to be retained as the home or living building, and on either side Mr. Drexel proposes to erect the college and administration buildings. It is said that Mr. Drexel contemplates devoting \$1,500,000 to this laudable object.

It is stated that in connection with the college, instruction will be given upon the plan of the Cooper Institute, of N. Y., by which pupils will receive tuition while residing at their own homes. It will be about eighteen months before the college will be in full operation. About one hundred women will be accommodated in the beginning, and when the new buildings are completed, there will be room for three hundred.

Mr. Drexel has selected the following persons for Trustees: President, the Right Rev. Bishop Whitaker; Vice President, A. J. Drexel; Treasurer, James W. Paul; Secretary, Rev. T. K. Conrad, D. D. The other Trustees are, John R. Drexel, A. J. Drexel, Jr., G. N. C. Drexel, J. R. Fell, G. C. Thomas, George W. Childs, J. C. Bullitt, B. C. Dale, George B. Roberts, H. C. Gibson, Dr. William Pepper, H. F. Geyelin, W. H. Runk, Rev. W. L. Watkins and Dr. H. B. Howe. Mrs. Drexel, who takes a great personal interest in the project has selected the following ladies as managers: Mrs. John Bellanges Cox, Mrs. T. K. Conrad, Mrs. James N. Paul, Mrs. J. R. Fell, Mrs. J. R. Drexel, Mrs. H. C. Gibson, Mrs. George W. Childs, Mrs. J. Lippincott, Mrs. J. Rhoades, Miss Maria Brown, Mrs. Wayne MacVeach, Mrs. Harry Biddle, Mrs. Edward Roberts, Mrs. Horace Fassett, Mrs. George R. Preston, Mrs. George Krumbhaar, Mrs. J. D. Lippincott, Miss C. B. Smith, Mrs. H. J. Rowland, Mrs. George B. Roberts, Mrs. A. V. Meigs, and Miss Marion Biddle.

Until the college is completed the meetings of the managers will be held at the Lincoln Institution. The first was held on the 11th inst., at which Bishop Whitaker delivered an address explaining the needs and usefulness of the magnificent institution of which these ladies are to assume the control.

Mrs. Cox also made some very interesting statements regarding what is to be accomplished through the instrumentality of this institution.

Education Not Grace.

With all their charms it must be confessed that Boston women lack grace and dignity of bearing, at least when seen on our thoroughfares, asserts the Boston Evening Post. There are, to be sure, some exceptions to this rule, but usually the maids and matrons of this modern Athens walk through our streets with a gait that seems to indicate that they are afraid they will not arrive at some reformatory or philanthropic meeting on time, where, perhaps, some sister may get the start of them in advancing a new idea.

Faithful can make the best sport, but truth can do the steadiest trotting.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY APRIL 7, 1890.

The Triumphal Entry.

LESSON TEXT. (Mark II: 1-11. Memory verses, 6-10.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus Finishing His Work.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: I have glorified thee on the earth, having accomplished the work which thou hast given me to do.—John 17: 4.

LESSON TOPIC: Inviting a Welcome. Lesson Outline: 1. Preparing to Enter the City, vs. 1-4. 2. Waiting to Receive a Welcome, vs. 5-10. 3. Moving Amid the Sacred Places, vs. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT: Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion: shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee.—Zech. 1: 9.

DAILY HOME READINGS: M.—Mark 11: 1-11. Inviting a welcome.

T.—Matt. 21: 1-17. Matthew's parallel narrative. W.—Luke 19: 28-40. Luke's parallel narrative. T.—John 12: 12-19. John's parallel narrative. F.—Psa. 118: 19-20. A psalm of welcome. S.—John 2: 13-25. The first cleansing of the temple. S.—Rev. 3: 17-22. Waiting for a welcome.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. PREPARING TO ENTER THE CITY.

1. The Colt Sought: Ye shall find a colt tied;... loose him, and bring him (2). A colt the foal of an ass (Zech. 9: 9). Ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her (Matt. 21: 2). Ye shall find a colt tied (Luke 19: 30). Jesus, having found a young ass, sat thereon (John 12: 14).

II. The Lord's Need:

The Lord hath need of him (3). Thy king cometh... riding upon an ass (Zech. 9: 9). This came to pass, that it might be fulfilled (Matt. 21: 4). Jesus... sat thereon; as it is written (John 12: 14). Then remembered they that these things were written (John 12: 16).

III. The Owner's Consent.

They let them go (6). Thy people offer themselves willingly (Psa. 110: 3). Straightway he will send them (Matt. 21: 5).

They brought him to Jesus (Luke 19: 35). If the readiness is there, it is acceptable (2 Cor. 8: 12).

1. "Loose him, and bring him." (1) Prophecy remembered; (2) Prophecy honored; (3) Prophecy fulfilled.

3. "The Lord hath need of him." (1) For a royal entry; (2) For a prophetic fulfillment; (3) For a perpetual lesson.

3. "They went away, and found." (1) Willing obedience rendered; (2) Willing obedience rewarded.

I. WILLING TO RECEIVE A WELCOME.

1. The Royal Rider: They bring the colt unto Jesus,.... and he sat upon him (7). Rejoice greatly:... behold, thy King cometh unto thee (Zech. 9: 9). Behold, thy King cometh unto thee (Matt. 21: 5). They threw their garments upon the colt, and set Jesus thereon (Luke 19: 35). Thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt (John 12: 15).

II. The Royal Greeting: Many spread their garments;... and others branches (8). The most part... spread their garments in the way (Matt. 21: 8). Others cut branches,.... and spread them in the way (Matt. 21: 8). As he went, they spread their garments in the way (Luke 19: 36). Took the branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him (John 12: 13).

III. The Royal Song: And they... cried, Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh (9). Hosanna to the son of David:... Hosanna in the highest (Matt. 21: 9). The disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice (Luke 19: 37). Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord (19: 38). Blessed is he,.... even the King of Israel (John 12: 13).

1. "They bring the colt unto Jesus, and cast on him their garments." (Brought in obedience; 2) Equipped in gratitude.

2. "Many spread their garments upon the way; and others branches." (1) The coming King; (2) The joyous throng; (3) The grateful act.

3. "They that went before, and they that followed, cried, Hosanna." (1) The praiseful throng; (2) The worthy King; (3) The significant psalm.

III. MOVING AMID THE SACRED PLACES

I. Jerusalem: He entered into Jerusalem (11). Jerusalem, the holy city (Neh. 11: 1). O Jerusalem, the holy city (Isa. 52: 1). He must go unto Jerusalem (Matt. 16: 12).

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

II. The Temple: He entered... into the temple (11). Jesus entered into the temple of God (Matt. 21: 12). The parents brought in the child Jesus (Luke 2: 27). They found him in the temple (Luke 2: 46). He was teaching daily in the temple (Luke 19: 47).

III. Bethany: He went out unto Bethany (11). He... went forth... to Bethany, and lodged there (Matt. 21: 17). Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon (Matt. 26: 6). Bethany, at the mount of Olives (Mark 11: 1).

He led them out... over against Bethany (Luke 24: 50). 1. "He entered into Jerusalem, into the temple." (1) The sacred city; (2) The sacred temple; (3) The

sacred visitor; (4) The sacred mission.

2. "Looked round about upon all things." (1) The supreme inspector; (2) The objects inspected; (3) The searching inspection.

3. "He went out unto Bethany." (1) His destination; (2) His journey; (3) His companions; (4) His purposes.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

CHRIST'S KINGSHIP. Typified by Melchizedek (Gen. 14: 18; Heb. 6: 20; 7: 1-3).

Typified by David (1 Sam. 16: 1, 12, 13; Luke 1: 32). Typified by Solomon (1 Chron. 28: 6, 7; Psa. 89: 34-37).

Recognized by the wise men (Matt. 2: 2). Recognized by Nathanael (John 1: 40). Recognized by his followers (Luke 19: 38; John 12: 13).

Declared by himself (Matt. 25: 34; John 18: 37). Proclaimed from the cross (John 19: 19, 20). Shall be universally conceded (Phil. 2: 9-11).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

It is probable that the healing of Bartimeus was immediately followed by the events recorded in Luke 19: 28-29—the incident of Zaccheus and the parable of the ten pounds. It is also probable that our Lord remained over night at the house of Zaccheus, since the word "lodge" (Luke 19: 7) suggests this. That the next journey was to Bethany is clear from John 12: 1, but it is not certain whether this occurred on Friday evening or on Saturday morning. It is also uncertain whether the supper at Bethany took place before the triumphal entry or later in the week. The former seems more probable, but the question will be discussed in connection with Lesson 6.

The place of this lesson was on the road to Jerusalem, over the Mount of Olives. The traditional route is the direct road over the summit, but Dean Stanley and others think that our Lord passed along the southern (main) road, between two peaks of the mountain range.

The time was probably the first day of the week, since this makes proper allowance for the several days referred to in Mark's account. (Matthew is less exact.) For convenience, the chronology of Andrews will be given for the lessons of this quarter. The date he assigns is Sunday, 10th of Nisan (April 2), year of Rome 783—A. D. 30. Parallel passages: Matt. 21: 1-11; Luke 19: 29-44; John 12: 12-19.

The Question of Eating Meat.

The advocates for an exclusively vegetarian diet were quite numerous in our country a few years ago. Their number, however, has been diminishing of late years. The necessity for animal food, as a means for developing man's physical nature, is generally conceded among the most intelligent classes of society. The most important question in this connection is not whether we shall eat meat or not; but how often and in what quantity we shall eat it. There is no doubt in the minds of persons who have given the subject of hygiene the most attention that people generally eat too much meat. Nearly all persons eat meat twice, and many three times a day.

We have consulted about a dozen eminent authorities and they all agree that it is by far the best, especially of persons of indoor life, to eat meat only once a day—and that at dinner time. For breakfast, a variety of dishes may be served up; such as milk toast, and boiled eggs with coffee; or baked potatoes with butter, salt and pepper, and egg omelet, accompanied also with coffee; hash (one third meat and two thirds potato), with boiled eggs; fresh fish and potatoes, mackerel and potatoes, etc., etc. In the fruit season, fruit should form an every day, dish for the breakfast table. There is a good old proverb: "Fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and led at night." Our reading object to be kept in view in the selection, and preparation, of our food is that it is of vital importance to keep up constantly a good appetite for food, so that we will relish every meal eaten. Very little good arises from eating, unless we have a keen relish for the food we partake, just at the present time, both as a matter of health and economy, it would be well to restrict one meat diet to one meal a day. For supper, light and simple articles of food should be supplied.

We are quite certain for all persons not engaged in hard physical work the plan of diet which we have suggested is the best, though there may be some who are undergoing severe toil that may require two meals of meat diet a day.

The Center of Population.

The center of population of the United States is steadily moving westward at the rate of about 30 miles every 10 years. The following is the center point at each census:

- 1790—23 miles East of Baltimore.
- 1800—18 miles West of Baltimore.
- 1810—40 miles Northwest of Washington.
- 1820—16 miles North of Woodstock, Virginia.
- 1830—19 miles West by S. W. of Moorefield, West Virginia.
- 1840—16 miles West of Clarkesburg, West Virginia.
- 1850—23 miles Southeast of Parkersburg, West Virginia.
- 1860—30 miles South of Chillicothe, Ohio.
- 1870—48 miles East by North of Cincinnati, Ohio.
- 1880—8 miles West by South of Cincinnati, Ohio.

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose.

Lawyers ought to be good poets; they write lots of "versus."

Each man wants his neighbor to be more virtuous than himself.

A virtuous animal is the snake; it can always make both ends meet.

Man may growl, grumble and fight, but it has no effect upon natural right. Gunners are reporting poor progress.