REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON.

### "The New Song of Heaven."

TEXT: "And they sang a new song." Rev.

Mearly all the cities of Europe and Amer-in have conservatories of music and associ-ations whose object it is by voice and instru-ment to advance the art of sweet sounds. On Thursday night Exeter Hall, of London, used to resound with the music of first-class per-formers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses who came in with the theory formers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses, who came in with irree tickets and huzzaed at the entertainment. At Ber-lin at 11 o'clock daily the military band, with sixty or a bundred instrumenta, discourses at the Royal Opera House for the people. On Raster Sunday in Dresden the boom of cannon and the ringing of bells bring mul-titudes to the churches to listen to the or-gan peals and the exciting sounds of trumpet and drum. When the great fair day of Leipsic comes the bands of music from far and near gather in the struet and bewilder the ear with incessant playing of bewilder the ear with incessant playing of flute and horn, violin and bassoon. At Dusseldorf once a year the lovers of music as-semble, and for three or four days wait upon the great singing festivals, and shout at the close of the choruses, and greet the success-ful competitors as the prizes are distributed —cups and vases of silver and gold. All our American cities at times resound with or-chestra and oratorio. Those who can sing well or play skillfully upon instruments well or play skillfully upon instruments are greated with vociferation and garlanded by xcited admirers.

There are many whose most ecstatic de-light is to be found in melodies, and all the splandor of celestial gates, and all the lus-cionsness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the throne of God would not make a heaven for them if there were no creat and transporting her-God would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting har-monies. Passing along our streets in the hour of worship you hear the voice of sacred malody, although you do not enter the building. And passing along the street of heaven we hear, from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among the favored throng, but God will not deny us the pleasure of standing a while on the out-side to hear. John listened to it a great while ago, and "they sang a new song." Let none aspire to that blessed place who have no love for this exercise, for although it is many ages since the thrones were set, and the harps were strung, there has been no cessation in the song, excepting once for about thirty minutes; and, judging from the glorious things now transpiring in God's world, and the ever accumulating triumples of the Messiah, that was the last half hour that heaven will ever be silent.

at heaven will ever be silent.

Mark the fact that this was a new song. Sometimes I have in church been floated away upon some great choral, in which all our people seemed to mingle their voices, and I have, in the glow of my emotions, said: and I have, in the glow of my emotions, said: "Surely this is music good enough for heaven." Indeed, I do not believe that "Luther's Hymn," "Coronation," or "Old Hundred," or "Mount Pisgah" would sound ill if spoken by sainted lips or thrummed from seraphic harps. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut heaven's gate against these old time harmonies. But this we are told is a new song. Some of our greatest anthems time harmonies. But this we are told is a new song. Some of our greatest anthems and chorals are compositions from other tupes—the sweetest parts of them gathered up into the harmony; and I have sometimes thought that this "new song" may be partly made up of sweet strains of earthly music mingled in eternal choral. But it will, after all, be a new song. This I do know, that in sweetness and power it will be something that the ear never heard. All the skill of the oldest harp-ers of heaven will be fung into it. All the love of God's heart will ring from it. In its cadences the floods will clap their hands, and cadences the floods will clap their hands, and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day and breathe with odors from the blos-soms of the tree of life. "A new song"-just day and breathe with odors from the blos-soms of the tree of Mfe. "A new song"-just made for heaven. Many earthly songs are written by com-posers just for the purpose of making a tune, and the land is flooded with note books in which really valuable tunes are the excep-tion. But once in a while a man is wrought up by some great spectacle, or moved by some terrible agony, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and heasts down to write a tune or a hymn in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from the forge of his own burning emotions. So Mendels-sohn wrote, and so Beethoven, and so Charles Wesley. Cowper, depressed with misfor-tunes until almost insane, resolved on suicide, and asked the cab driver to take him to a certain place where he expected to destroy certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The cab driver lost his way and Cowper began to think of h's sin, and went back to his home, and sat down and

the heaven's worseries and low remembrances of past endurance, add-ing a sweetness and glory to the triumphal strain. So the glorifiel mother will sing of the cradle that death robbed, and the en-throned spirit from the almhouse will sing of a lifetime of want. God may wipe away all the tears, but not the memory of the grief that started them! Further, it will be an accompanied song. Some have a great projudice against musical instruments; and even among those who like them there is an idea that they are unauthor-ized. I love the cymbals, for Israel clapped them in triumph at the Red See. I love the harp, for David struck it in praising the Lord. Love the trumpet, for we are told

Lord. Love the trumpet, for we are told that 39 chall awake the dead. I love all stringed instruments and organs, for God demands that weshall praise Him on stringed instruments and organs. There is in such music much to suggest the higher worship, for I read that when He had taken the book the four-and there when He had taken the book music much to suggest the higher worship, for I read that when He had taken the book the four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them "harps," and "I heard the voice of the harpers harp-ing with their harps," and "I saw them that had gotten the victory from the beast stand-ing on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

Yes, the song is to be accompanied. You say that all this is figurative. Then I say prove it. I do not know how much of it is literal and how much of it is figurative. Who can say but that from some of the precious woods of earth and heaven there may not be made instruments of celestial accord? In that worship David may take the harp, and Habakkuk the shigionoth; and when the great multitudes shall, following their own inclinations, take up instruments sweeter than Mozart ever fingered, or Schu-mann ever dreamed of, or Biethoven ever wrote for, let all heaven make ready for the

mann ever dreamed of, or Bethoven ever wrote for, let all heaven make ready for the burst of stupendous minstrelsy and the roll of the eternal orchestra! Further, it will be an anticipative song. Why, my friends, heaven has hardly begun yet. If you had taken the opening place of music to-day for the whole service you would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that heaven is fully fnaugurated. Festal choruses on earth last only a short while. The famous musical convocation at Dusseldorf ended with the forth day. Our holidays last only eight or ten days; but heaven, although singing for so many years, has only just begun "the new song." If the glorified inhabitants recount past deliver-ances they will also enkindle at glories to come. If at 9 o'clock, when the church opened, you had taken the few people who were scattered through it as the main audience, you would not have made so great a mistake as if you supposed that the present population of heaven are to be its chief citizenship. Although millions are al-ready there, the inhabitants are only a hand-ful compared with the future populations. All China is yet to be saved. All India is yet to be saved. All Borneo is yet to be saved. All Switzerland is yet to be saved. All Switzerland is yet to be saved. All Russia is yet to be saved. All France is yet to be saved. All England is yet to be saved. All Spaln is yet to be saved. All they world is yet to be saved. After that there may be other worlds to con-quer. I do not know but that every star that glitters in our nights is an inhabited world, and that from all those spheres a mighty host are to march into our heaven. There and that from all those spheres a mighty host are to march into our heaven. There will be no gate to keep them out. We do not want to keep them out. We will not want to keep them out. God will not want to keep them out.

I have sometimes thought that all the mil-lions of earth that go into glory are but a very small colony compared with the influx very small colony compared with the influx from the whole universe. God could build a heaven large enough not only for the uni-verse but for 10,000 universes. I do not know just how it will be, but this I know—that heaven is to be constantly augmented, and that the song of glory is rising higher and higher and the procession is being multi-plied. If heaven sang when Abel weat up— the first soul that ever left for glory—how the first soul that ever left for glory-how must it sing now when souls go up in flocks from all Christendom, hour by hour and mofrom all Christendom, hour by hour and mo-ment by moment? Our happy gatherings on earth are chilled by the thought that soon we must separate. Thanksgiving and Christmas days come, and the rall trains flying thither are crowded. Glad reunions take place. We have a time of great enjoyment. But soon it is "Good-by" in the hall, "Good-by" at the door, "Good-by" on the street, "Good-by" at the rail train, "Good by" at the steamboat wharf. We meet in church. It is good to be here. But soon the doxology will be sung, the benediction pronounced, and the audience will be gone. But there are no soparations, no good-bys in heaven. At the door of the house of many mansions no good-bys. At the pearly gate no good-bys. The song will be more pleasant because we are always to sing it. Mightier song as other gariands are set on the brow of Jesus. Mightier song as Christ's gloffes unfold. I stayed a week at Niagara Falls, hoping thoroughly to understand it and appreciate it. But on the last day it seemed newer and more incomprehensible than on the first day. Gazing on the infinite rush of celestial splea-dors, where the oceans of "Hight meet and pour themselves into the g. at heart of God, how soon will we enhaust the song? Never! Never! Never! The old preachers, in describing the sor-rows of the lost, used to lift up their hands and shout, "The wrath to come?" "The wrath to come?" To-day I lift up my hands, and looking toward the great future cry, "The joy to come?" "The bliss to come?" Oh, to wander on the banks of the bright river, and yet to feel that a little further down we shall find still brighter floods en-tering into it! Oh, to stand a thousand years, listening to the enchanting music of Never! years, listening to the enchanting music of neaven, and then to find out that the harps are only tuning their barps. Finally, I remark that it will be a unar ers are Finally, I remark that it will be a unan-imous song. There will, no doubt, be some to lead, but all will be expected to join. It will be grand congregational singing. All the sweet voices of the redeemed! Grand music it will be when that new song arises. Luther sings it. Charles Wesley sings it. Lowell Mason sings it. Our voices now may be harsh and our ears uncultivated, but, our throats cleared at last and our capacities en-larged, you and I will not be ashamed to utter our voices as loudly as any of them. arged, you and I will not be ashamed to utter our voices as loudly as any of them. Those nations that have always been distinguished for their capacity in song will lift up their voices in that melody. Those who have had much opportunity to hear the Germans sing will know what idea I mean to give when I say that the great German nation will now: their deep <text><text>

lelujah to hallelujah! "Until the day break and the shadows fiee away, turn, my be-loved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether!"

The Seville Cathedral.

BY WILLIS STEELL

How subtle and fleeting are the charms of those abstract things, a square and a street, when you come to write about them! I cannot attribute the quality of bad taste to the numerous travelers who call Seville an uninteresting desert; the city is a quiet plain, with a wonder-ful cathedral and a lofty tower to ac-centuate its general flatness. It makes no more lasting impression on the brain of a rapid traveler than does the land-scape on the headlight of a locomotive. To us, however, who ingered away the winter in Seville, her cathedral and Giralda soon lost their prominence, while corners and triangles of streets, quaint unpretentious dwellings, 'Ittle

Sevi .. that was generally destitute of occu-pants. But it counted one constant friend, au old fruit woman, who kept he went over to her stall and grumbled at the malevolence of his rivals in trade, the old women at the church doors who had driven him away from that coveted stand, and, when his breath gave out, she would begin to vituperate in her turn.

On ordinary days, as I have said, the

chapel, and linger in each as long as one wished, without being advised something better worth looking at farther on; to pore over the rich marbles of the choir and the carvings of the throne, just as one might over an illuminated missal; to look at the pictures in the same spirit, without saying that one was good and the other bad; in

brief, to see without criticising, to enjoy without judging-how delightful all th Was.

But it was one of the pictures that brought down my soaring spirit. 1 had been looking at them with simple won-der, like a child who believed that they were portraits of saints, and not of models more or less spiritualized by poor diet. I had given a child's cred-ence to the stories told of "The Descent from the Cross," a picture by Campana in the vestry of the sacristy; that it had frightened Pacheco in the dusk, and that Murillo had often stood before it, waiting until Joseph and his companions should finish taking down squares, frowned upon by monotonous the Saviour. I believed every word of these tales just as I believe the modern like f atures of home, and became our history of the destruction of the picture

Of the squares, a plaza behind the cathedra', shut in by the Aleazar and the archbi-hop's palace, made a deightful lounging p ace on warm morn-ings. It had no attractions in itself; a out, carried to New York, and offered ings. It had no attractions in Risell, a three-cornered piece of sandy grass, un-der fortress walls, with trees set in reg-u ar rows, that grew feebly. Hard benches without backs formed a sort of benches without backs formed a sort of fence on the three sides of the p'aza is an age where child-like simplicity

her stall there, and it could confidently stands the memorial stone of Ferdinand her stall there, and it could connidently stands the memorial stone of rerdinand expect to see, some time during the day, a priest in rusty soutane and wide three-cornered hat, who took his exercise within its boundaries. Beg-than we are able to accord him. exercise within its boundaries. Beg-gars and guitar-players never came to this p'aza, but on Sundays and feast days a modest movable stall was set up directly beneath the flying buttress of the cathedral. A thin, old man, who ought to have been a hermit, kept it, and sold his wares, or offered them for sale, to the worshippers who strayed from the grand portal and the orange garden. These wares were waxen imfrom the grand portal and the orange garden. These wares were waxen im-ages and tapers, pictures of saints, ros-aries, crucifixes; all the religious objects used for funeral ceremonies, as well as the mortuary interest of the cathedra. This sepulchral chapel, almost a church by itself, is a fiteenth century addition to the pile, and most of the royalties who had in their lives any good or evil waxen arms, legs, eyes, ears, and bab-ies, for offerings at the shrine of a pop-memorials here. Yet have the chapel hes, for onerings at the shrine of a pop-ular saint for the recovery of a person or an afflicted member of the body. A friendly understanding existed between this old man and the fruit aunty. When business was more than commonly dull, as one is for or against that unhappy as one is for or against that unhappy lady, doomed to extend her enemies and lovers beyond the grave.

A dim, foreboding gloom, not so much darkness as privation of light, creeps from the church over the pinnacles of the high altar, and gives birth to grotesque ideas. No doubt St. Fer-

On ordinary days, as I have said, the old woman alone shared the plaza with us. She was always there in the day-time, and I think she slert under her us. She was always there in the day time, and I think she slept under her bit of awning. It must have been the charm of the place that held her there, and not her love of gain, for if she sells situation and to each other. No doubt oranges and mixes sugary drinks in that -but when, as we stood by the railing plaza to the end of time, the profit can hardly keep her out of the alms-gold hair of the Virgin de los Reyes, endowing it with the appearance of life, we hurried away, without looking pression on us, though we visited it on back, for fear we should see the kings

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1890. Jesus Entering Jerusalem. LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 19 : 37-48. Memory verses: 37-38.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the Saviour of Men.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER : He is able to save to the uttermost .-Heb. 7:25.

LESSON TOPIC: Asserting the Right of Sovereignty.

LESSON OUTLINE: 1. The King Recognized, vs. 3740. 2. The King Grieved, vs. 4144. 3. The King Aroused, vs. 4548.

GOLDEN TEXT: Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.— Luke 19:38. Bestowed on Joseph (Gen. 41:37-43), Enjoyed by David (1 Chron. 28:1;29: 3, 4, 26-28).

DAILY HOME READINGS :

M.-L ke 19 : 37-48. Jesus entering Jerusalem. T.-Matt. 21:1-16. Matthew's paral-

lel narrative.

W .- Mark 11 : 1-18. Mark's paral-

lel narrative. T.—John 12 : 12-16. John's paral-

lel narrative.

F.-Psa. 2: 1-12. Sovereignty decreed.

S.-Dan. 2 : 31-45. Sovereignty foreshadowed. S.-Rev. 11 : 1-19. Sovereignty

realized.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

L THE KING RECOGNIZED.

I. The Lord's Mighty Works: All the mighty works which they had seen (37).

Whence hath this man ... , these mighty works? (Matt. 13 : 54).

What mean such mighty works wrought by his hands? Mark 6 : 2).

A prophet mighty in deed and word (Luke 24 : 19). The multitude....he

had done this sign (John 12:18).

II. The Lord's Splendid Welcome: Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord (38).

The multitude spread their garments in the way (Matt. 21 : 8).

They that went before, and. .follow-

ed, cried, Hosanna (Mark 11 : 9). Took the branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him (John 12:13). Yea: I come quickly. Amen: come, Lord Jesus (Rev. 22:20).

III. The Generous Welcome Justi-

fied: If these shall hold their peace, the

stones will cry out (40). Kiss the son, lest he be angry (Psa. 2: 12).

Unto thee will I sing, .... O thou Holy One of Israel (Psa. 71: 22).

Cry aloud and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion (Isa, 12:6).

The stone shall cry out of the wall (Hab, 2: 11).

1. "To rejoice and praise God with a

The whole counc l s ught witgess against Jesus;...and found it not (Mark 14:55). The officers answered, Never man so

The oncers answered, never man so spake (John 7: 46). The Pharisees also asked him how he received his sight (John 9: 15). What do we? for this man doeth many

signs (John 11: 47).

1. "He.... began to ca out them that sold." (1) 1 , ses of the temple; (2) Pollutious of the temple; (3) Furifications of the temple. 2. "Ye have made it a den of robbers." (1) A sacred place; (2) A base use; (3) A severe arraignment; (4) A summary restoration. 3. "They could not find what they might do." (1) Plotting against Jesus, (2) Puzzled about Jesus.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

BOYAL HONORS.

5, 2, 20-20). Absalom's display (2 Sam. 15 : 1). Adonijah's display (1 Kings 1 : 5). Solomon's glory (1 Kings 4 : 26-28 ; 10:

26-29). Mordecai's honors (Esther 6 : 7-11).

Daniel's honors (Dan. 2 : 46-49). Messiah's honors foretold (Psa. 24 ;

7-10). Messiah's honors accorded (Luke 19 :

35-40).

The heavenly grandeur (Rev. 5 : 7-14)

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.-Leaving Jericha, our Lord with his disciples arrived cha, our Lord with his disciples arrived at Bethany "six days before the pass-over" (John 12: 1). There a supper was made for him, at the house of Simon the leper (Matt. 26:6; Mark 14:3), Martha, Mary, and Lazarus be-ing present. Mary anointed the Lord, the disciples murmured especielly the disciples murmured, especially Judas, but our Lord commended Mary (Mait. 26:7-13; Mark 14:4-9; John 12:2-8). Matthew and Mark seemed to place this event two days before the passover, but it is easier to account for their inserting it later than for John's

placing it too early. John also notices that many of the Jews came to Bethany, and that the enmity of the chief priests was aroused against Lazarus.

On the morrow, as they went to Jerusalem, our Lord sent two of his disciptes into a village (probably Beth-phage) to find a colt (with its mother) on which he should ride, The colt was bronght; our Lord sat upon it; two parties of disciples were formed, as it were in triumphal procession,—one be-fore him, the other following. The lesson describes the rejoicings of these disciples.

According to Mark (Mark 11 : 11-15), a day intervened between the events recorded in verses 44 and 45 of the lesson. On the first day our Lord only looked around about the temple, re-tiring to Bethany in the evening. On the second day, he saw the barren fig-tree on the way to Jerusalem; he also cleansed the temple on that day.

PLACE. - The scen opens "at the descent of the Mount of Olives," east of Jerusalem. The road traveled was prob-ably the southern one, though tradition

by Soult's soldiers and its restoration. But I came out of wonderland when we

# God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps in the sea And rides upon the storm.

## Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds you so much dread Are big with mercy and shall break In blessings on your head.

Mozart composed his own requiem and said to his daughter Emily, "Play that." And while Emily was playing the requiem Mozart's soal went up on the wave of his own music into glory. Emily looked around and her father was dead. This new song of heaven was not com-posed, because heaven had nothing else to the, but Christ, in memory of cross and

posed, because heaven had nothing else to da, but Christ, in memory of cross and grown, of manger and throna, of earth and heaven, and wrought upon by the raptures of the great eternity, poured this from His heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in celebration of victory, for worship-ers to chant in their temple services, for the imnumerable home circles of heaven to sing in the house of many mansions. If a new tune be started in church there is only here and there a person who can sing it. It is some time before the congregation learns a new tune. But not so with the new song of heaven. The children who went up to-day from the waters of the Ganges are now singing it. That Christian man or woman who a few minutes ago departed from this very street has joined it. All know it—those by the gates, those on the river bank, those in the temple. Not feeling their way through it, or halting or going back, as if they never before had sung it, but with a full, round voice they throw their soul into this new song. If some Sab-bath day a few notes of that anthem should travel down the air we could not sing it. No organ could roll its thunder. No harp could catch it trill. No lip could announce its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchanted, dumb, we could nothear it—the faintest note of the new song. Yet while I speak heaven's cathodral quakes under it, and seas of glory bear it from beach to beach, and thousands of thousands sing it—"the new song." We

shot times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands sing it—"the new song." Further, it is a commemorative song. We are distinctly told that it makes a reference to past deliverances. Oh, how much have they to sing about. They sing of the dark-ness through which on earth they passed and it is a night soug. That one was killed at Yorktown, and with him it is a battle song. That one was imprisoned for Christ's make, and with him it is a prison song. That was a Christian sailor boy that had his back broken on the ship's halyards, and with him it is a sailor's song. That one burned at Smithfield, and with him it is a fire song. Oh how they will sing of floods waded, of fires endured, of persecutions suffered, of grace extended! Song of axs! As when the organ pipes peal out some great har-mony, there come occasionally the sound of the tremulante, weeping through the caten-tee, adding exquisiteness to the perform-ances so amid the stupendous acclaim of the tremulante. The source tremut

house.

The Alcazar made no such dry imdays warmer than the New England June. The halls of the old Moorish palace offered a better imitation to Book. winter than all the rest of Seville's buildings combined, and its vaults, which some one has called the pantheon of Maria Padilla, were unp'easantly moist and cold. The gardeners in attendance never seemed to remember that we had been there before, and when we returned from a ramble in the formally loveother famous shoes.

The calm brooding over this neighborhood is not the stillness of death. wrens or sparrows. The portal of the archbishop's palace is Last summer, wh sometimes quick with dispersing priests. The Alcazar walls lose on familiarity their resemblance to those of Balciutha, and the counting-room of the Lonja sion of suspended vitality was conveyed by the dormant plaza unless the extrav-This "spindle" is a strong rod of

how it would look with its eyes open, and we let it sleep on. To the charm of the purlieus of the build of the purlieus of the perched, watching for their finny prey.

cathedral that my pen has no power to describe, a great delight was added by cathedral that my pen has no power to describe, a great delight was added by the color which washed the whole, rich, old yellow; painful to the eyes in the sun, but deliciously soothing in the shade. Above this tapestry border the cathedral towered, a mass of heavy walls springing to parapets, castellated tow-refs minacles and surges all modeled ers, pinnacles, and spires, all moulded. as it were, out of a Gargantuan cake of eye, this jumble of confusing forms, this jaundiced construction of incongruous details, which are nearly the words which architects use to describe Seville with, stands a wonderful, mysterious drama in stone which Time has taken in hand, and collaborated with the builder to preserve the unities.

The cathedrals we had already seen failed to prepare us for Seville. To name one Gothic cathedral of Europe sets the names of the others echoing, and I cannot call up one without being lost in a procession. But the cathedral of Seville is not included.

Within the walls of Seville we felt like humble worshippers. The dim, rich vastness of Seville, from the curtain at the door to the recess of the high altar, was all a Holy of Holies, The spell was not broken when we

began to walk about, examining by parts, because, owing to oversight or laziness on the part of the vergers, we were left alone to discover for ourselves were left alone to discover for ourselves the genius of the place. To gaze along the middle aisle, that infinitely receded; to gaze aloft into the octagonal dome, that hung nearer heaven than earth; to take the lateral aisles, chapel by

### A Fish-Hawk's Nest.

The nests of birds always interest us. The skill with which the oriole attaches his swinging house to the branches of the elm is ever a source of admiration. ly gardens, they were sure to sprinkle us with water by means of a contriv-ance beneath the pavement, that has a fence to serve as a scarecrow attracts played its practical joke on royal and the smaller birds, and that which was an occasion of terror to the crows becomes a cosey residence for a pair of

Last summer, while cruising along the coast of Maine, writes a correspondent of The Companion, we saw a fish-hawk's nest in a very unexpected place. We were running through what is callseems but to be sleeping an enchanted s'eep, from which it will wake up to be oughfare, and were headed to the westseep, from which it will wate up to be the centre of busy interests, and to throb again with the 'quick pulse of gain." I know not how this impres-tion was called to a "spindle" on the

by the dormant plaza unless the extrav-agant tales related of its teeming life in the Holy Week had something to do with it. A part of the charm lay there; if it had been dead past waking we would have shunned the place. But we gazed up on the plaza son the face of a sleeping child content to imaging a sleeping child, content to imagine nest constructed of coarse sticks and

Here, a mile from shore, safe above

on cliffs-in places not to be reached by man without much difficulty, but chocolate. To the amateur's kindling instinct had led this pair to choose s home amid the waves, a home suited to the wild and wary nature that loves solitude so well.

> The owner of a new tire, made of ho! lowspring steel, circular, oval, or square tanks that it will succeed rubber tires for wagons or bicycles. It can be fixed on so that it can never come off.

### HOMEWARD.

When I come to my Father's house he will hear

me: I shall not need With words implore Compassion at my Father's door: With yearning mute my heart will plead, And my Father's heart will hear me.

One thought all the weary day hath caressed

me: Though cloud-o'creast Is the way I go, Though steep is the hill I must climb, yet, ob, When evening falls and the light is past, At my father's house I will rest me.

tude; (2) The worthy Lord; (3) The glad song; (4) The emphatic utterance.

"The mighty works which they had seen." (1) The mighty Work-er; (2) The mighty works; (3) The supreme impression

3. "Master, rebuke thy disciples." (1) The offended Pharisees; (2) The offending disciples; (3) The offen-sive acts; (4) The vinducating Lord.

II. THE KING GRIEVED.

I. Jesus Sorrowing: He saw the city and wept over it (41).

A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief (Isa. 53: 3).

He.... began to be sorrowful and sore troubled (Matt. 26: 37). Jesus wept (John 11: 35).

In the days of his flesh, ..., with strong crying and tears (Heb. 5: 7). II. Opportunity Lost:

Now they are hid from thine eyes 42)

Then shall they call upon me. but will not answer (Prov. 1: 28).

The harvest is past, the summer is ended (Jer. 8: 20). He went away sorrowful (Matt. 19; 22). The door was shut (Matt. 25: 10).

III. Doom Impending:

They shall not leave in thee one stone upon another (44).

I will destroy man whom 1 have created (Gen. 6: 7). The Lord hath sent us to destroy it

(Gen. 19:13). The soul that sinneth, it shall die

(Ezek. 18:4). The day of the Lord so cometh as a

thief in the night (1 Thess. 5: 2).

1. "He saw the city and wept over it." (1) The Lord's outlook; (2) The city's doom; (3) The Lord's tears.

2. "Now they are hid from thine eyes." (1) Jerusalem's opportunity; (2) Jerusalem's doom .- (1) Op-

portunity present; (2) Opportunity passing; (3) Opportunity gone.

"Thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." (1) Jerusalem's op-portunity; (2) Jerusalem's igno-rance; (3) Jerusalem's doom.

III. THE KING ABOUSED. Cleansing the Temple:

He entered into the temple, and .... cast out them that sold (45). Mine house shall be called an house of

prayer (Isa, 56: 7). Jesus....cast out all them that sold and bought (Matt. 21: 12). He. . overthrew the tables of

money-changers (Mark 11: 15). He made a scourge of cords, and cast all out (John 2: 15).

II. Teaching the Truth:

He was teaching daily in the temple

(47). teachest the way of God in Thou-

truth (Matt. 22: 16),

III. Baffling his Enemies:

They could not find what they might

mit. At a point on the southern road the city comes partially into view, and here the the hosannas probably began (v. 37). Then the city is hidden, but at a turn of the road comes into full view; here our Lord probably wept over Jerusalem (vs. 41-44). The scene of verses 45 and 46 is in the temple itself, in the Court of the Gentiles. TIME .- The public entry took place,

accepts the direct route over the sum-

tude of disciples; some Pharisees who murmured; the traders in the temple; the rulers; the listening multitudes. INCIDENTS .- The crowd descend the Mount of Olives; they break out into hosannas; the Pharisees ask Jesus to rebuke the disciples; he says the stones would cry out if they held their peace; when he sees the city, he weeps over it. Entering the temple, he drives out the traders. A general description of our Lord's teaching, of the hostility of the rulers, and of the attention of the peo-

PARALLEL PASSAGES .- Matthew 21 : 8-17; Mark 11 : 7-19.

No characteristic of the young kingbirds was more winning than their confiding and unsuspicious reception of strangers, for so soon as they began to frequent other trees than the one to frequent other frees than the one the paternal vigilance had made com-paratively sacred to them, they were the subjects of attention. The English sparrow was first, as usual, to inquire into their right to be out of their own to call, and to move toward him, as if expecting to be fed. This was too much even for a sparrow.

Another curious visitor was a redeyed vireo, who, being received in the same innocent and childlike way, also took his leave. But this bird appeared to feel insulted, and in a few minutes stole back, and took revenge in a most peculiar way: he hovered under the twig on which the three were sitting, their dumpy tails hanging down in a row, and actually twitched the feathers of those tails! Even that did not frighten the little ones; they leaned far over and stared at their assailant, but nothing more. I looked carefully to see if the vireo had a nest on that tree, so strange a thing it seemed for a bird to do. The tree was quite tall, with few branches, an oak grown in a close grove, and 1 am sure there was no vireo nest on it; so that it was an abso lutely gratuitous insult. - September Atlantic.

Little Kingbirds. BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

tree. He came near them, alighted, and began to hop still closer. Not in the least startled by his threatening manner, the nearest youngster looked at him, and began to flutter his wings,

most probably, on Sunday, the 10th of Nisan, 783 A. U. C.; that is, April 2, A. D. 30. The arrival at Bethany may be placed on Friday or Saturday; the supper there (according to John's order) probably occurred on the evening of Saturday. The temple was cleansed on Monday, the day after the entry. Verses 47 and 48 refer in general to the earlier half of that week.

PERSONS .- Our Lord, with a multi-

ple, follows,

the

Our heaviest burdens are those we

I and daily in the temple teaching (Matt. 26: 55). He began to teach them many things (Mark 6: 34). We know that thou art a teacher come from God (John 3: 2).