A MOONLIGHT RIDE

O THE RUINS OF JERUSALEM

r. Talmage Tells of Nehemiah's Visit to Jerusalem by Night,

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

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

Wouldst then view fair Melrose aright, Go visit it by the pale moonlight. Washington frving describes the Anda-issan moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you derusalem in ruins. The tower lown. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehsmiah on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While is riles, there are some friends on foot going with him for they do not want the many he rises, there are some triends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many torses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do no know he secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are oing se a sort of body guard. I hear licking boof of the horse on which N slicking boof of the horse on which that, aish rides, as he guides it this way and that, no this gate and out of that, winding brough that gate amid the debris of once brough that gate amid the horse comes to a brough that gate amid the debris of once reat Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to a read halt at the tumbled masonry where he amost pass. Now he shies off at the charred imbers. Now he comes along where the war under the moonlight flashes from the nouth of the brazen dragon after which the rate was named. Heavy hearted Nehemiah! thing in and out, now by his old home lesslated, now by the defaced temple, now mid the scars of the city that had gone lown under battering ram and conflagraamid the scars of the city that had gone own under battering ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Vehemiah means. Is be gotting cracy? Have is own personal sorrows, added to the sorows of the nation, unbalanced his intellectifil the midnight exploration goes believed in horseback. till the midnight exploration goes on sehemiah on horseback rides through the shigate, by the tower of the furnaces, by he King's pool, by the dragen well, in and out, until the midnight ride is empleted, and Nehemiah dismounts from is horse, and to the amazed and confounded nd incredulous body guard, declares the ead secret of his heart when he says: Come, now, let us build Jerusalem."
What Neliemiah, have you any money."
No." "Have you any kingly au-bority" "No." "Have you any olo-uence?" "No." Yet that midnight, moontht ride of Nebemiah resulted in the gloriis rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The cople knew not how the thing was to be one, but with great enthusiasm they cried "Let us riss up now and build the city." ne people laughed and said it could not be one Fome people were interrate and or-red physical violence, saying the sing should not be done. But the orange went right on, standing the wall, trowel in one hand word in the other, until the work was briously completed. At that very time, in ome people were infuriate and of-

rece. Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and emostheres was ratting his rhetorical under, but all of them together did not do much for the world as this midnight, mlight ride of praying courageous, he close mouthed Nehemiah. ject first impresses me with the idea inject first impresses me with the idea in intense thing is church affection, a tridle of that horse and stop Nehe-Why are you risking your life hereight? Your horse will stumble over sead half of you. Stop his use-poure of your life. No: Nehemial stop. He at last tells us the whole He lets us know he was an exile in a not land, and he was a servant, a cupther the palace of Artaserses Longias and one day, while he was handing cup of wine to the King, the King said im: "What is the matter with you? You not sick. I know you must have some at trouble. What is the matter with Then he told the King how that be-i Jerusalem was broken down; that his father's comb had descrated; how that the Temple had dishonored and defaced; how that the were scattered and broken, "Well was King Arraxerxes, "what do you want:"
Well, said the cup-bearer Nehemiah,
want to go hone. I want to fix up
e grave of my father. I want to rebre the beauty of the Temple. I want rebuild the masonry of the city wall, sales, I want passports so that I shall the hindered in my journey. And before that, as you will find in the context, want an order on the man who keeps your est for just so much timber as I may need the rebuilding of the city." "How long you be gone?' said the King. The of absence is arranged. In hot ste this seeming adventurer comes Jerusalem, and in my text we d bin on horseback, in the midnight, ling around the ruins. It is through the etacles of this scene that we discover the lent attachment of Nonemiah for sacred ossalem, which in all ages has been typs of the church of Got, our caniem, which we love just as much Nebeniah loved his Jerusalem. Nehemiah loved Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem, fact is that you love the church of God hanch that there is no spot on earth so unless it is your own fireside urch has been to you so much comfort and immation that there is nothing that inst If there have been times when you ve been carried into captivity by kness, you longed for the church, bely Jerusalem, for holy Jerusalem, just as much as mish longed for his Jerusalem, and the at day you came out you came to the use of the Lord. When the Temple was rains as ours was years ago, like Nehe-ali, you walkel around and looked at it, d in the momight you stood listening if a could not hear the voice of the dead an, the pashm of the expired Sab-hs. What Jerusalem was to Nehe-ah, the church of God is to you. eptics and infidels may scoff at the church an obsolete affair, as a reric of the dark to as a convention of goodly goodly people, tall the impression they have ever made your mind against the church of God is our mind against the church of God is obtely nothing. You would make more differs for it to-day than for any ser institution, and if it were next-you would die in its defence, it can take the words of the kingly poet lessail: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, my right hand forgot her cunning." You depart in your own averagement the

lesstand in your own exparience the flost the homesickness, the courage, the y enthus asm of Nebemah in his mid-ht, moonlight ride around the ruins of beloved Jerusalem. an, my text impresses ma with the fact f before reconstruction there must be an foration of rules. Why was not Nehe-ik aslesp under the covers! Why was not erse stabled in the midnight es of the city arrest this midnight rider on some mischief. No. Nehemian on some mischief. No. Nehemian going to rebuild the city, and is making the preliminary exation. In this gate, out that gate, west, north, south. All through ruing The ruins must be explored be the work of reconstruction can begin. ruins. The ruins must be explored bethe work of reconstruction can begin.
reason that so many people in this
apparently converted, do not stay
verted is because they did not first
one the ruins of their own heart. The
on that there are so many professed
istins who in this day lie and forgo
steal, and commit a fullery, and go to
penitentiary is because they first do not
in the ruin of their own heart. They have
found out that "the heart is deceifful
we all things and desparately wicked."
I had an idea that they were almost right,
they built religion as a sort of extension,
in organisation. they built religion as a sort of extension, a ornamental cupola. There was a super-cture of religion built on a sub-

stratum of unrepented 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 dernusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghartiliness of the rain. 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 fashional way—John Bunyan's way, John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way, Paul's way, Christ's way, God's way. A dentist one; said to me: God's way. A dentist once said to me:
"Does that hurt?" Said I: "Of course it
hurts. It is in your business as it is in my
profession. We have to hurt before we can
nelp." You will never understand redemption until you understand rain. A man tells
me that some one is a member of the
church. It makes no impression on my mind church. It makes no impression on my mind at all. I simply want to know whether he was converted in the old fashloned way, or whether he was converted in the new fashloned way. If he was converted in the old fashloned way he will stand. If he was converted in the new fashloned way he will not stand. That is 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 say: Weil I—

yes," the hesitancy makes me feet that that man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by the gate of his affections, out by the gate of his will, and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reigns on the horse's neck, and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say. "God be merriful to me a suner." and before he has stabled his horse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will 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 acinow:
edge my transgressions and my sins
are ever before Theo. Ah, my friends,
you see this is not a compilmentar,
gospel. That is what makes some peogospel. That is what makes some per ple 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 "You're a pauper." dollars and imperior. 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 independence and says: "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race and says: "You's a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin.

a rain, a ghastly rain, an illimitable rain."
Satan sometimes says to me. "Why
do you preach that truth! Why
don't you preach a goste with
no repentance in it! Why don't you flatter
men's hearts so that you make them feel all
right! Why don't you preach a humani
tarian gospil with no repentance in it, say
ing nothing about the ruin, talking all the
time about redemption." I say: "Get thee
behind me, Satan." I would rather
lead five souls the right way than
twenty themsand 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 that are sick."
"If any one, though he be an angel from
heaven, preach by any other gospel than
this," says the spostle, "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

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 everytimg as lost, it was Nehomiah. You say: "He was a cup bearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was was Nehomiah. You say: "He was a cup bearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grant 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 foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehomiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these desolated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the dismantled towers, and by the young face of his father, you would suppose 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 neve 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 penniless, expatriated Nehemiah rouses 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 roins. He overcomes the most gets his passports. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most forecome opposition. He areness the piety and patrictism 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 My friends, the whole temptation is with you, when you have trouble, to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehamian, and that is to give up. You say: "I have lost my child and can never smile again." You say: "I have lost my property, 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 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 coush 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 navil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for a better use. Oh, that the ford Got of Nebeniah would rouse up all of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken-hearted people to robuild. Whipped, betrayed, shipwrocked, imprisoned Paul went right on. The Italian marryy 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 of the Leonine prison. That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew a moth-r who buried her baby on Friday and on Sabbati appeared in the house of God and said appears! in the house of Got and said:
"Give me a class; give me a Sabbath school
class. I have no child now left me,
and I would litte to have a class of little
children. Give me real poor children.
Give me a class off the back street."
That, I say, is beautifu! That is triumphant sainess. At 3 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 be from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. It has been so every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock for many years. Those destitute children receive religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that has been going on for many years? I knew it in this way

That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to confort a great sor-row. 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 cars to dec. 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 outery in the room drowned out ni the pray. But the Lori comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go on the snowlest winter afternoon into Laurel Hill you would find a momunent 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 that the Christian mother who sends those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons others ten or twenty of the lost afternoons others ten or twenty of the los ones of the street. That is beautiful. Tha 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: "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in heaven. I have a vice and a heart to serve [Col."). 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 troublenever to 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 powerty? A little child was found holding her deal 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, Gol will he 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 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 in the cemetery—so much more care than in the larger graves, and the old 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. Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, cir, it is clean different with the bairns."

Oh, if you have had been, 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 bairns.

Or, if you have invasily to the contract of the child. 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 auction:

Fell like a san white, from heaven to hell— Fell, to be trampled as lith in the street— Fell to be scoffed at, splt on and heat; Fraying, corsing, wishing to die, lielling my soul to whoever would buy, Posling in shame for a morest of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead.

Hating the living and fearing the dead.

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of Got 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 no crite. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick! Nehemiah was honesick. Are you troken hearted! Nehemiah was broken hearted! Nehemiah was broken hearted. But inst see him in the text riding along the sacrile of grave of his father, 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 a long shadow at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sai reminiscence, but the courage, the hops, the enthusiasm of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rabuilded. I pick you un to lay out of your sans and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of thrist. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the overlasting arms." neath are the everlasting arms

Lotharios Should Learn.

A court decision that should be a lesson to Lotharios is that of the general term of the Supreme Court affirming the \$45,000 verdict in the "Baby Bunting" case that smused the public not long since. Millionaire Arbuckle, "Baby Bunting" of the comical comedy, appealed from the verdict on the ground that the award of \$45,000 in favor of Miss Campbell, for his refusal to marry her, was excessive; but the court declares that it was not excessive, and intimates pretty plainly that Mr. Arbuckle might have fared worse and yet have no reason to complain. The jury, it says, might very weil flave awarded compensatory damages instead of considering only actual damages. But the Lotharios are neighty hard to teach. They keep right on providing causes for suits like that of "Bunnie" against "Baby Bunting," just the same as if "Bunnie" and "Baby" were never heard o'. Several suits of the same character have been in court since that one was tried, and no doubt there are lots more to come. The woods are full of 'em, so to speak, and probably always will be, no matter how much gunning the law may The utter failure of lessons in court to produce an effect outside has a fair illustration in the case of Frank Dudgeon, the fast young man with plenty of money, who is in serious trouble on account of the death of a pretty girl in whom he was "inter-Dudgeon knew well enough ested." that the course he was taking might bring him into the clutches of the law any moment, but he was willing to take the chances, as he had done before, and went straight ahead. That's the way with all of them. They'll take the chances and never mind the law until they are really in its grip. "Never too late to mend" is all very well, but the Lotharios never think of mending till age uses them up, and some won't mend even then. Baron Chevrial, of "A Parisian Romance," has many counterparts. New York letter.

One Rainy Day.

Drip! drip! drip! The clouds were black in the sky and the rain would not stop, although Haddy and Ray stood by the window wishing for the bright sunshine to dry the grass so that they could run over to auntie's to see Gracie. Mamma was nearly beside herself with their noise and teasing. She had tried every way to quiet them, and she was so tired.

The door opened and Aunt Letty came in, wet and dripping. "Why, what's the matter with my boys?" she

The story was soon told, and she said, "Is that all? I thought the express train was smashed up, or the rocking-horse had his leg broken. We'll soon have the sun shining, in the house, at least."

Then she begged some old newspapers of mamma, and taking a pair of seissors sat down by the fire with a boy m a little arm-chair on each side.

Such wonderful things as those sharp cissors cut from those ald papers! There were team-horses and trottinghorses and saddle-borses with men on their backs, and horses that could only stand still. There were cows, and pigs, and dogs, and cats, and-andeverything!

Haddy and Ray shouted for joy and forgot all about the rainy day, and when at last Aunt Letty said she must go, mamma bade her good by with a rested look in her poor tired face and said she was a sunbeam.

And the boys had paper anima's enough to last them a week.

Among the famous cases of existence without load or drink is tast of a fast of 66 days just completed by a sheep on a farm near Tuscola, 1st. The poor animal was imprisoned all that time beneath a straw stack.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

THE LESSON FOR MARCH 24.

"Blind Bartimoeus," Mark x., 46-52 -Golden Text : Mark x., 48-Explanatory Notes.

40. "And they came to Jericho." Jesus is drawing near to Jerusalem, there to accomplish that decease or exodus of which Moses and Elijah talked on the mount of transing tration and of which He Himself had so often spoken (John if 10-21; Matt.xii, 38,40; Mark viii, 31; ix, 31; x, 33, 34, 40; the death prefigured in all the sacrifices since the Lord God first clothed Adam and Eve with the coats of skins (Gen. iii. 2b; the atonoment

prefigured in all the sacrifices since the Lord God first clothed Adam and Eve with the coats of skins (Gen. int. 21); the atonoment which provides the only salvation for sinners, sufficient for the sins of for whole world, efficient for all who receive it.

"As He went out of Jericho," Luke says that He healed a blind man as He came night to Jericho, and that He then entered and passed through (Luke xviii., 35; xix., 1); Matthew says that as they departed from Jericho there were two blind men sitting by the wayside, and that He healed them both (Matt. xx., 23-34); these accounts read in the simplest way seem to indicate that there were three blind men healed at this time, one as He entered Jericho and two as idelet it, Bartimeus being one of the two. There is no need to attempt to reconcile these accounts so as to try and make out that Jesus healed at this time only one or two blind men; there is nothing here to reconcile except our hearts to the Saviour, and that we become as little children, believing what He says.

"Blind Bartimeus, the son of Timaus." The one name explains the other, Bar signifying a son as in Matt. xvi. 17. Acts iv. 16.

The one name explains the other, Bar signifying a son as in Matt xvi., 17; Acts iv. 6. We are not often told the names of these who were healed, and just why we should be told the name of this blind man is somewhat of a mystery. What an honor to have his name recorded in this Book of Books and handed down to all generations as one whom Jesus healed; but think of the greater honor of having our names written in heaven

"Sat by the highway side begging." Only

"Sat by the bighway side begging." Only a poor blind beggar, picture of utter help lessness, having nothing and unable to de anything but piteously ask alms of those who were passing by; what a picture of the sinner, wretched and miserable, and poor and blind and naked (Rev. iii. 17), but if sinners were only as sensible of their blindness and poverty as Bartimens, how good if would be for them.

47. "He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth." He had ofter heard of Him, for His fame had spread over all the land, and as he listened to the reports of His wondrous works, making the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, the blind to see, the lame to walk, the sick to be whole, and even the deaf to live again, he became convinced that this was none other than the one of whom the prophets had spoken and foretold that He prophets had spoken and forefold that He would do these very things (lss. xxxv., 5, 6), longing, no doubt, in his heart that some day Jesus might pass that way so that he might ory unto Him and he healed, for he had beard that it was written in the Scriptures. "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper."

luxii., 12.) "He began to cry out, and say: Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me." Would it be strange if, as he heard the crowd approaching, he inwardly felt that the day of his deligrance had. ing, he inwardly feit that the day of his de-liverance had come, and nervously asked; Who is it! What is coming! Then as they told him that it was Jesus, with what earn-actness he must have cried out. Here was the opportunity he had longed for the Mighty One of Israel was at hand, and he must cry unto Him; to do otherwas would indicate either indifference or unbelief, Here is poverty and helplessness crying unto the source of all riches and blessing and the only ples is the manifest and a lized need. That is the way to come such such pleading always brings the answer.

brings the answer.

48. "Many charged him that he should hold his peace." As well tell a man who is drown ing, or in the third or fourth story of a burning building with no apparent means of escape, to hold his peace; as well tell this man that he is not blind, and poor, and needy, or that Jesus can't stop to attend to beggars. He knows better, he has long realized his sad condition and he believes that Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of David is a de-

Nazareth, the Son of David is a de-liverer for just such as he, and there-fore they cannot shut him up, but their efforts to do so only make him cry the more a great deal that the Son of David would have mercy on him.

49. "Jesus stood still and commanded him to be called." Blessed Jesus, hearer of the cry of the needy, Thou dost not respect the rich because of his riches, nor despise the poor because of his poverty. The poor man's opportunity has prevailed and the Lord of Heaven and earth stops to grant him his dedeaven and earth stops to grant him his deare. Think of the result if he let this opporsire. Think of the result if he let this oppor-tunity go by, for Jesus never passed that away again, it was his last chance." "Be of good comfort; rise He calleth thee." "He of good comfort; rise He calleth thee." What a word that was for the poor bind man; how his heart must have leaned within him. This word "Be of good cheer." the Saviour used to the paralytic, the woman with the issue, the disciples in the storm, and also to the eleven on the last night before He was crucified (Mattix, 2,22, xiv, 27; Lohnwan). John xvi., 33. And to-day He is saying the same words to every afflicted tempest tossed. troubled soul who comes to Him.

50. "He casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus." The Revised Version ays that he "sprang up;" he lost no time, and that he might not be hinder A he casts and his content. aside his outer garment and quickly came to Jesus. He did not say to any one, please arrange my cloak, fix my turhan, make me presentable, tell me how to come before if in but simply knowing his need, and that Jasus could heal him and was now calling him, he comes to Jesus just as he is. Oh, for such a sanse of our need as he had of his, then would we hear no more of 'no clothes fit to wear," 'the weather is too stormy, or too hot or too cold," but sinners and saints would fill the places of public worship with the cry: "We would see Jesus," "Tell us

51. "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?' They are now face to face, the helper and the helpiess, the Almighty and the undone, and these are the words of Jesus the undone, and these are the words of Jesus to the beseeching and expectant heart of the poor blind beggar. It is written that Ahasuerus said to the Queen, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther; and what is thy request? It shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom" (Esth. v., 3); also that Solomon gave to the Queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoeven the asked (Il Chron ix. 12); but a greater she asked (II Chron ix., 12): but a greater than either of these Kings is here, even the same who said to Solomon that night at Gibson: "Ask what I shall give thee." (I) Chron. i., 7). The same who says to us: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you.

ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." (John xv., 7). "The blind man said unto Him, Lord, that I might receive my sight." He did not say I am slow of speech, I cannot speak before this multitude, I cannot find words to tell my need, but simply, definitely and in a few words he tells his need. The most helpful prayer meetings I ever attended were those where the prayers consisted of but two or three sentences right from the heart, telling out the real felt need of the soul, and from twenty to fifty such prayers in quick suc

"Jesus said unto him. Go thy way; thy faith had made thee whole." word that went forth at creation goes forth, as He speaks, on behalf of this poor man, and is ever going forth as freely and readily on behalf of all who look up confidingly to Him, for "the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him" (II Chron. xvi., b), "Immediately he received his sight." It could not be otherwise, for all sickness, blindness and death flees before Him who is the Life and the Light. The entrance of word that went forth at creation goes forth. the Life and the Light. The entrance of His word giveth light—Only believe, receive His word. "And followed Jesus in the way." Another trophy of Grace, another victory over the prince of darkness, another earnest of the deliverance of the whole

creation from its bondage and groaning, when He shall come in power and glory. Let the reader say as in He sight. when He shall come in power and glory. Let the reader say as in His night:
Has He opened my eyes, whereas I once was blind do I now see! And if \$50, what do I ree! Have I eyes and heart only and all for Him who opened my eyes, and do I seven days in the week follow Jesus in the way! Let us aim to be people wholly devoted to Jesus, clean and empty vessels entirely at the diamonal of the season of the seaso

True Heroism. Let others write of battles fought On bloody, ghastly fields. Where honor greets the man who wins, And death the man who yields: But I will not write of him who fights

And vanquishes his sins—
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself and wars.

He is a hero, true and brave, Who fights an unseen foe, And puts at last beneath his feet His passions base and low.

And stands erect in manhood's might,

Undanted, undismayed—

The bravest man who drew a sword In foray or in raid. it calls for something more than brawn Or muscle to o'ercome An enemy who marcheth not With banner, plume or drum— A foe forever lurking nigh, With silent, stenithy tread;

Forever near your board by day, At night beside your bed. All honor, then, to that brave heart, Though poor or rich he be, Who struggles with his base c part,

Who conquers and is free.

He may not wear a hero's crown
Or fill a hero's grave.

Sut truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

Drinking in Ancient Times.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the medicaval unabitants of northern Europe were mere hordes of drunken barbarians, The favorite beverage of the ancient Teu-tors was the lightest kind of beer brewed on camp kettles on their monthly days of merrymaking, we en their petations, n less, were lunded only by the veto of rather indulgent chiefs, who knew how soon the silects of the symposium would be neutralized by the rough, out-door sports of their followers. In time of war the beer-kettle was often burged for markle to be the control of the control of the symposium. ofien buried for months together, and the Gothic warriors who annihilated a Roman army on the plain of Adrianople were, on the whole, parhaps the subscreat men of their time. In subscripent centuries the bibulous propensities of the Saxon rustics were greatly initial by their ited by their poverty.

A "Professor" Who is Not Wanted-Among the arrivals in New York by the North German Lloyd steamer Trave, on the M uit, was a champagne 'professor,' Professor F. P. Hofmeister, of Wurtemburg, inventor of a new system of making champagne from at II wines. He and nis assistant, Dr. Gotte, it is announced, have come to this country in response to the invitation of New York wine merchants, with ritation of New York wine merchants, with a view to applying his process to California white wines. He expresses the opinion that America can become an extensive experter of champagne and still wines. Any increase in champagne and wine-making in this country is to be depored. We are in no sense in need of champagne "professorshin" on this sole of the Atlantic, and it would be well for investing capitalists to take note of well for investing capitalists to take note of well for investing capitalists to take note of the signs of the times in various States wherein Prohibition aiready obtains, and others wherein Prohibitory constitutional ameniment campaigns are now pending. Lake broweries and distilleries, wine pro-Like breweries and distilleries, wine pro-ducing vineyards and champagne inven-tions are certainly destinal in the not distant future, to become poor paying property on American soil.—Temperance Advocate.

Drink's Deadly Grin

of Medical Reform, "I was called to the sain yard in Derby to see a man who had fallon from a scaffold while under the influ once of liquor. After dressing his wounded sead, I spoke to him of the folly of continuing to induly his passion for drink, and ob-tained his promise that he would abandon it. Not long after I learned that he was drinking again, and his excuse was that it would not do for him to abandon the practice too suidenly. A few weeks after this, he called at my office and rejuested me to do some-thing or other, as he felt very much as he did once before having a fit. I said to him: "John, sit down here and let us consider your case a little." I drew a picture of a prosperus family and happy fireside, then another f a blighted home and himself moldering in a drunkard's grave; and appealed to him to scide which should prove to be the true icture. The poor fellow burst into tears, Doctor,' he said, 'let me tell you the truth. t is not because I am afrail of the consequences of stopping suddenly that do not give up drinking. I can not do it, I have tried and tried gain, but all in vain Sometimes I have gone a number of weeks without drink ing, but the thirst for strong drink returned, and such was my inde-rabable handering and distress for rum that I found it today impossable to keep away from it; and now, if there was a soct on earth where men could live, and could not get spirits, and I could

get there. I would start in a minute."

That hopey lami where drankards try in vain to reach is their lost hirthiand of health and undeprayed instincts. The contract with he powers of perdition is sealed in the mo ment when the inborn aversion to stimulant process first yields to an unnatural appetite that appetite which ninety nine of dred topers can acquire only by a persistent disregard of the instinctive horror at the first The barrier taste of a "barmless stimulant" nce passed the road to ruin is all downhill and shippery. Not only the ability of dis-riconation, but the power of self-control is lest in the surrender to the sway of a morbid passion. Only natural appetites have natural

A Roy's Terrible Inheritance

The most striking illustration that is in ny recollection at the present moment was in one whom I knew from his birth until he must his death by the most tragical of soici-Int acts, and who was as peculiar in some re-spects before the fatal influence of drink had actually seized on him as afterward. On his paternal side this boy directly inherited the alcoholic taint; on his mother's side, indi-rectly. He was a boy not wanting in a ce-tain align, and hot tain ability, and not wanting in a certain beauty of build; but he had about him no de-termination of purpose. He was restless without object, capricious, and often melon choly. He was not intentionally cruel, but as it without knowing it he was suddenly and often desperately cross with animals and playiellows slike. So be grow up, not mak-ing much progress in anything, and caring est for play than a healthy boy should. At last, when he was under age, the taste for wine, and almost industry for atronger fluid of the same apart class, was acquired. Then as it were, with a bound, he passed icto dipoma ara. There were no preliminary stages of gavety, of occasional intoxication, with periods of reformation; no relapses under anxiety or urgent temptation, but a complete transformation of the whole man—or, rather, the whole youth-into drunk mad ress. He did not, would not, could not reason on the matter. He was as conscious of the evil as was anyone who looked at him in his worst phases. He had no desire what over to reform. It was his confession that no cared for life only so far as it gave the opportunity to indulge in drink. claving no pity for himself, he had no pity for others and disregardful of his welfare, dragget all who approached him, as fer as he could, into his own course; not, he it observed, from any desire to do them wrong, but from an actual indifference, or it may be ignorance of the relations between right and wrong; and so, for many years, his distorted way of life, occursed, as he himself said, and accorsing, progressed, until in mere freak, and practising in the actual act of killing himself an awful crueity on others, he came to his untimely and.—Francer.

R JUGIOUS.

By and By.

By and by the path shall brighten,
And its outlines rise to view;
As the moving masts shall lighten,
And distil the evening dew;
When the gens of gold shall glisten,
In the cloud supported sky;
While the soul shall look and listen,
By and by By and by, yes, by and by

By and by a fringe of beauty, Shall appear beyond the line Shall appear beyond the line.
Where the upw 'rd path of duy
Meets and melts in love divine;
There the Lord shall rise in glory,
Through the star depths drawing nigh; Crowning thus redemption's story, By and by, yes, by and by.

By and by shall come the ringing Of the music from the throne,
As the scraphs in their singing,
Chant the marsels they have known;
And the nazare heights shall thunder
With the chorals of the sky; 'Till the soul shall wait and wonder, By and by, yes, by and by.

By and by the city golden, Shall in broad perspective stand;
All its massive bulk upholden
In the hollow of God's hand.
Then the templeal heights shall glisten,
Near the throne exalt d high;
While, the shall be and listen. While the soul shall look and li-ten,
By and by, yes, by and by.

-Wm. Alfred Gay.

Mistakes in Religion.

Mistakes in spiritual matters are disastr us because the issues are eternal. We can orten repair earth's losses, or get along counter ably without what our mistakes have cost us, but the scall lost is lost forever; the mis ake of choosing earthly riches for a trousure in heaven cannot be corrected; a rained character cannot be rebuilt. The young man who has threwn away the restraints of home, and run that wild course of wekeliness which some call "pleasure" and others "sowing wild outs," can recent and reform and be forgiven and saved. He may live and be useful, but he can have requir the damage Mistakes in spiritual matters are disastr us given and saved. He may live and be useful, but he can never repair the damage which he has done to himself and to others in all the ages of the ages. This kind of mistakes have an eternal character which increases their innertance and danger. It is a bad thing to cause vexation and werry and temperary loss by our errors, but these are trilles compared to the wrongs which are done to the scals of merr by headless and wanten and recaless sinners. I am told that this is an age of mate allism. this is an age of mate inlism, and that everything is reduced to a commercial standard, and estimated acto a commit reial standard, and estimated ne-cording to profit or loss. He it so, it does not pay to make mistakes in things temporal; and our Lord said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose the own sulf" Let carefulness, thoroughness, fait fulness be the qualities when are culti-vated in every phase of life, temp ral and spiritual, and we shall lay up treasure for both worlds.—New York Observer.

The Revival and Its Cost.

There can be no advance in spirituality without self-denial. The history of the church is a continued illustration of this. There are so many things to lead the minds of men away from Christ and religion, that of men away from Christ and religion, that a reveval, a living again, is necessary to gain the attention of soils to the importance of salvation. All worldly excitements are unfriendly to religion and direct the mind from spiritual things. It has be n Golfs plan in the history of the church to awaken the people to a sense of their condition by means of revivals. In this way backshidden Christians have been awakened to a sense of duty and filled with a longing desire for the salva ion of the world. We all know that Golfs agency in giving user in the contract of the corrections. We all know that God's agency in saving the wor in the could be purchased by paying a good, fair price, there are some churche that would be sure to have one. There are various things that stand in the way of revivals in our churches. There is the worldly spirit, for instance. The members are conformed to the world to its display, its amusements and its sins. There is play, its amusements and its sins. There is play, its amusements and its sins. There is the unconcern of processors who do not seem to be at all troubled at the irreligion of the unconverted, and they sleep while sinners are unsaved. Now we undertake to say that the reason why churches do not enjoy revival influences is that are not willing to pay the process. is they are not willing to pay the price in self-dental and consecration to Gad. In every church there are some carnest souls who by faithfulness have power at the throne of grace. But there is a large measure of the spirit of the world in our churches, and this puralyzes the power of prayer and puts its co d hand on every pulse of the church. There are scores of churches in Connecti ut in just this condition. Nothing can be worse than the dead ming in fluence of a cold courch. Many have the feeble signs of life, but are in the slumbers of feeble signs of life, but are in the slumbers of feeble signs of life, but are in the slumbers of feath. How shall these churches be awakened. Let Christians ask God to have their faith renewed, and pray that the power of sin and the world over us may be broken. We have never known a church to to a higher state of Christian life and no conversions to follow. It is the worldly spirit in our heart, that ticks the convard course of be kingdom of Christ. Every theconseated professor is a lump of its, to whom he burning realities of eternity are nothing. We have often had our heart pained at the

great lack of consecration on the part of leading members of churches. God blesser great lack of consecration on the part of leading members of churches. God blesser us just as far as it is possible to do so, and the cost of spiritual blessings will be the con-secration of ourselves to his services.—Hart. Rel. Herald.

Two million and a half is the number of persons who are said to be slaves to Sabbath teil in America, and they generally revive no more than six days' wages for seven days'

We are wanting the strength we need for the discovery of truth as yet unknown, be-cause we do not rest enough in truth that we know. "Rest in the Lord." The greatest things are known already.

Let us make a note of this, as a point of spiritual wisdom, nover to restrain an im-pulse to pray. What can tell with what treasure he is laden when the Holy Spirit in

this way knocks at our heart's door. He who never changed any of his opinions never corrected any f his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes

in others. It is a bad sign when our chosen assesciates are chosen for every other reason but their religion, and when our talk is copiously flowing on all other subjects, and becomes a constraine i driblet when religion

comes to be spoken of -Dr. A. Maclaren. Many people spend their time in trying to frei the hole where sin got into the world. If two men break through the ice into the mill-pond, they had better hunt for some

hole to get out, rather than get into a long argument about the hole they came to fall

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster? To see rare effects, and no cause; a motion, without rare effects, and no cause; a motion, without a mover; a circle wi hout a centre; a time, without an etercity; a second, without a first; these are things so against philosophy and natur I reason, that he must be a beast in his understanding who can believe in them. The thing for red, says that nothing formed it; and that which is made, is, while that which made it is not! This folly is instinct, Jereany Taulor. finite. - Jeremy Taylor.