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No. 15.



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TWENTY-FIVE SERMONS

ON

THE HOLY LAND.

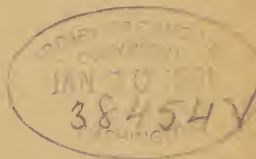
BY

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.,

Pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle.

40

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TWENTY-FIVE SERMONS ON THE HOLY LAND.

THE EVE OF DEPARTURE.

“And they accompanied him unto the ship.”—Acts xx., 38.

To the more than twenty-five million people in many countries to whom my sermons come week by week, in English tongue and by translation, through the kindness of the press, I address these words. I dictate them to a stenographer on the eve of my departure for the Holy Land, Palestine. When you read this sermon I will be in mid-Atlantic. I go to be gone a few weeks on a religious journey. I go because I want for myself and hearers and readers to see Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Jerusalem, and Calvary, and all the other places connected with the Saviour's life and death, and so re-enforce myself for sermons. I go also because I am writing the “Life of Christ,” and can be more accurate and graphic when I have been an eye-witness of the sacred places. Pray for my successful journey and my safe return.

I wish on the eve of departure to pronounce a loving benediction upon all my friends in high places and low, upon congregations to whom my sermons are read in

absence of pastors, upon groups gathered out on prairies, and in mining districts, upon all sick and invalid and aged ones who cannot attend churches, but to whom I have long administered through the printed page. My next sermon will be addressed to you from Rome, Italy, for I feel like Paul when he said: "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also." The fact is that Paul was ever moving about on land or sea. He was an old sailor—not from occupation, but from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a vessel across the Mediterranean as well as some of the ship captains. The sailors never scoffed at him for being a "land lubber." If Paul's advice had been taken, the crew would never have gone ashore at Melita.

PAUL ON THE OCEAN.

When the vessel went scudding under bare poles Paul was the only self-possessed man on board, and, turning to the excited crew and despairing passengers, he exclaims, in a voice that sounds above the thunder of the tempest and the wrath of the sea: "Be of good cheer."

The men who now go to sea with maps, and charts, and modern compass, warned by buoy and lighthouse, know nothing of the perils of ancient navigation. Horace said that the man who first ventured on the sea must have had a heart bound with oak and triple brass. People then ventured only from headland to headland, and from island to island, and not until long after spread their sail for a voyage across the sea. Before starting, the weather was watched, and the vessel having been hauled up on the shore, the mariners placed their shoulders against the stern of the ship and heaved it off—they, at the last moment, leaping into it.

Vessels were then chiefly ships of burden—the transit of passengers being the exception; for the world was not then migratory, as in our day, when the first desire of a man in one place seems to be to get into another place. The ship from which Jonah was thrown overboard, and that in which Paul was carried prisoner, went out chiefly with the idea of taking a cargo. As now, so then, vessels were accustomed to carry a flag. In those times it was inscribed with the name of a heathen deity. A vessel bound for Syracuse had on it the inscription, “Castor and Pollux.” The ships were provided with anchors. Anchors were of two kinds—those that were dropped into the sea, and those that were thrown up on to the rocks to hold the vessel fast. This last kind was what Paul alluded to when he said: “Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail.” That was what the sailors call a “hook anchor.” The rocks and sand bars, shoals and headlands not being mapped out, vessels carried a plumb line. They would drop it and find the water fifty fathoms, and drop it again and find it forty fathoms, and drop it again and find it thirty fathoms, thus discovering their near approach to the shore.

In the spring, summer and autumn the Mediterranean Sea was white with the wings of ships, but at the first wintry blast they hied themselves to the nearest harbor; although now the world’s commerce prospers in January as well as in June, and in mid-winter all over the wide and storm deep there float palaces of light, trampling the billows under foot and showering the sparks of terrible furnaces on the wild wind; and the Christian passenger, tippeted and shawled, sits under the shelter of the smokestack, looking off upon

the phosphorescent deep, on which is written in scrolls of foam and fire : “ Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters ! ”

It is in those days of early navigation that I see a group of men, women and children on the beach of the Mediterranean. Paul is about to leave the congregation to whom he had preached, and they are come down to see him off. It is a solemn thing to part. There are so many traps that wait for a man's feet. The solid ground may break through, and the sea—how many dark mysteries it hides in its bosom ! A few counsels, a hasty good-by, a last look, and the ropes rattle, and the sails are hoisted, and the planks are hauled in, and Paul is gone. I expect to sail over some of the same waters over which Paul sailed, but before going I want to urge you all to embark for heaven.

The church is the dry dock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage, the first need is sound timber. The floor timbers ought to be of solid stuff. For the want of it, vessels that looked able to run their jibboons into the eye of any tempest, when caught in a storm have been crushed like a wafer. The truths of God's Word are what I mean by floor timbers. Away with your lighter materials. Nothing but oaks hewn in the forest of divine truth are stanch enough for this craft.

STRIKING MARITIME SIMILES.

You must have love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither pride, nor ambition, nor avarice will do for a rudder. Love, not only in the heart, but flashing in the eye and tingling in the hand—love married to work, which many look upon as so homely a bride—love, not like brooks which foam and rattle yet

do nothing, but love like a river that runs up the steps of mill wheels and works in the harness of factory bands—love that will not pass by on the other side, but visits the man who fell among thieves near Jericho, not merely saying: “Poor fellow! you are dreadfully hurt,” but like the good Samaritan, pours in oil and wine and pays his board at the tavern. There must also be a prow, arranged to cut and override the billow. That is Christian perseverance.

There are three mountain surges that sometimes dash against the soul in a minute—the world, the flesh, and the devil; and that is a well-built prow that can bound over them. For lack of this, many have put back and never started again. It is the broadside wave that so often sweeps the deck and fills the hatches; but that which strikes in front is harmless. Meet troubles courageously and you surmount them. Stand on the prow, and, as you wipe off the spray of the split surge, cry out with the apostle: “None of these things move me.” Let all your fears stay aft. The right must conquer. Know that Moses, in an ark of bulrushes, can run down a war steamer.

THE ANCHOR OF HOPE.

Have a good, strong anchor. “Which hope we have as an anchor.” By this strong cable and windlass, hold on to your anchor. “If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father.” Do not use the anchor wrongfully. Do not always stay in the same latitude and longitude. You will never ride up the harbor of Eternal Rest if you all the way drag your anchor.

But you must have sails. Vessels are not fit for the sea until they have the flying jib, the foresail, the top-gallant, the skysail, the gaffsail and other canvas. Faith is our canvas. Hoist it and the winds of heaven

will drive you ahead. Sails made out of any other canvas than faith will be slit to tatters by the first northeaster. Strong faith never lost a battle. It will crush foes, blast rocks, quench lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a shield to the warrior, a crank to the most ponderous wheel, a lever to pry up pyramids, a drum whose beat gives strength to the step of the heavenly soldiery, and sails to waft ships laden with priceless pearls from the harbor of earth to the harbor of heaven.

But you are not yet equipped. You must have what seamen call the running rigging. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew lines and such like. Without these the yards could not be braced, the sails lifted nor the canvas in any wise managed. We have prayer for the running rigging. Unless you understand this tackling you are not a spiritual seaman. By pulling on these ropes you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whither. The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless you have strong prayer for a halliard.

One more arrangement and you will be ready for the sea. You must have a compass—which is the Bible. Look at it every day, and always sail by it, as its needle points toward the Star of Bethlehem. Through fog and darkness and storm it works faithfully. Search the Scriptures. "Box the compass."

Let me give you two or three rules for the voyage. Allow your appetites and passions only an under deck passage. Do not allow them ever to come up on the promenade deck. Mortify your members which are upon the earth. Never allow your lower nature anything better than a steerage passage. Let watchfulness walk the decks as an armed sentinel, and

shoot down with great promptness anything like a mutiny of riotous appetites.

Be sure to look out of the fore-castle for icebergs. These are cold Christians floating about in the church. The frigid zone professors will sink you. Steer clear of icebergs. Keep a log book during all the voyage—an account of how many furlongs you make a day. The merchant keeps a day book as well as a ledger. You ought to know every night, as well as every year, how things are going. When the express train stops at the depot you hear a hammer sounding on all the wheels, thus testing the safety of the rail-train. Bound, as we are, with more than express speed toward a great eternity, ought we not often to try the work of self-examination?

Be sure to keep your colors up! You know the ships of England, Russia, France and Spain by the ensigns they carry. Sometimes it is a lion, sometimes an eagle, sometimes a star, sometimes a crown. Let it ever be known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on the very front, with a figure of a cross, a crown and a dove; and from the masthead let float the streamers of Immanuel. Then the pirate vessels of temptation will pass you unharmed as they say: "There goes a Christian bound for the port of heaven. We will not disturb her, for she has too many guns aboard." Run up your flag on this pulley: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." When driven back or laboring under great stress of weather—now changing from starboard tack to larboard, and then from larboard to starboard—look above the topgallants, and your heart shall beat like a war drum as the streamers float on the wind. The sign of the cross

will make you patient, and the crown will make you glad.

THE VOYAGE TO ETERNITY.

Before you gain port you will smell the land breezes of heaven; and Christ, the Pilot, will meet you as you come into the Narrows of Death, and fasten to you, and say: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Are you ready for such a voyage? Make up your minds. The gangplanks are lifting. The bell rings. All aboard for heaven! This world is not your rest. The chaffinch is the silliest bird in all the earth for trying to make its nest on the rocking billow. Oh, how I wish that as I embark for the Holy Land in the East, all to whom I preach by tongue or type would embark for heaven. What you all most need is God, and you need him now. Some of you I leave in trouble. Things are going very rough with you. You have had a hard struggle with poverty, or sickness, or persecution, or bereavement. Light after light has gone out and it is so dark that you can hardly see any blessing left. May that Jesus who comforted the widow of Nain, and raised the deceased to life, with his gentle hand of sympathy wipe away your tears. All is well.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had

it their own way, They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amidst all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said: "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says:

The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields
 Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves.

While the Israelites were on the march, amidst great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile, they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a large flock of quails, and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh! my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails! it is the quails!

I cannot leave you until once more I confess my faith

in the Saviour whom I have preached. He is my all in all. I owe more to the grace of God than most men. With this ardent temperament, if I had gone overboard I would have gone to the very depths. You know I can do nothing by halves.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!

I think all will be well. Do not be worried about me. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and if any fatality should befall me, I think I should go straight. I have been most unworthy, and would be sorry to think that any one of my friends had been as unworthy a Christian as myself. But God has helped a great many through, and I hope he will help me through. It is a long account of shortcomings, but if he is going to rub any of it out, he will rub it all out.

And now give us (for I go not alone) your benediction. When you send letters to a friend in a distant land, you say via such a city, or via such a steamer. When you send your good wishes to us, send them via the throne of God. We shall not travel out of the reach of your prayers.

There is a scene where spirits dwell,
Where friend holds intercourse with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy seat.

And now, may the blessing of God come down upon your bodies and upon your souls, your fathers and mothers, your companions, your children, your brothers and sisters, and your friends! May you be blessed in your business and in your pleasures, in your joys and in your sorrows, in the house and by the way!

And if, during our separation, an arrow from the unseen world should strike any of us, may it only has-

ten on the raptures that God has prepared for those who love him! I utter not the word farewell; it is too sad, too formal a word for me to speak or write. But, considering that I have your hand tightly clasped in both of mine, I utter a kind, an affectionate and a cheerful good-by!

“I MUST ALSO SEE ROME.”

“I must also see Rome.”—Acts xix., 21.

Here is Paul's itinerary. He was a traveling or circuit preacher. He had been mobbed and insulted, and the more good he did the worse the world treated him. But he went right on. Now he proposes to go to Jerusalem, and says: “After that I must also see Rome.” Why did he want to visit this wonderful city in which I am to-day permitted to stand? “To preach the Gospel,” you answer. No doubt of it, but there were other reasons why he wanted to see Rome. A man of Paul's intelligence and classic taste had fifty other reasons for wanting to see it. Your Colosseum was at that time in process of erection, and he wanted to see it. The Forum was even then an old structure, and the eloquent apostle wanted to see that building, in which eloquence had so often thundered and wept. Over the Appian Way the triumphal processions had already marched for hundreds of years, and he wanted to see that. The temple of Saturn was already an antiquity, and he wanted to see that. The architecture of the world-renowned city—he wanted to see that. The places associated with the triumphs, the cruelties, the disasters, the wars, the military genius, the poetic and the rhetorical fame of this great city—he wanted to see them. A man like Paul, so many-sided, so sympathetic, so emotional, so full of analogy, could not have been indifferent to the antiquities and the splendors which move every rightly organized human being.

And with what thrill of interest he walked these streets, those only who for the first time like ourselves enter Rome can imagine. If the inhabitants of all Christendom were gathered into one plain, and it were put to them which two cities they would above all others wish to see, the vast majority of them would vote Jerusalem and Rome. So we can understand something of the record of my text and its surroundings when it says, Paul purposed in the spirit when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia to go to Jerusalem, saying: “After that I must also see Rome.”

As some of you are aware, with my family, and only for the purpose of what we can learn and the good we can get, I am on the way to Palestine. Since leaving Brooklyn, New York, this is the first place we have stopped. Intermediate cities are attractive, but we have visited them in other years, and we hastened on, for I said before starting that while I was going to Jerusalem I must also see Rome. Why do I want to see it? Because I want, by visiting regions associated with the great Apostle to the Gentiles, to have my faith in Christianity confirmed. There are those who will go through large expenditure to have their faith weakened. In my native land I have known persons of very limited means to pay fifty cents or a dollar to hear a lecturer prove that our Christian religion is a myth, a dream, a cheat, a lie. On the contrary, I will give all the thousands of dollars that this journey of my family will cost to have additional evidence that our Christian religion is an authenticated grandeur, a solemn, a joyous, a rapturous, a stupendous, a magnificent fact. So I want to see Rome. I want you to show me the places connected with apostolic ministry. I have heard that in your city and amid its surroundings, apostles

suffered and died for Christ's sake. My common sense tells me that people do not die for the sake of a falsehood. They may practice deception for purposes of gain, but put the sword to their heart, or arrange the halter around their neck, or kindle the fire around their feet, and they would say: "My life is worth more than anything I can gain by losing it." I hear you have in this city Paul's dungeon. Show it to me. I must see Rome also. While I am interested in this city because of her rulers or her citizens who are mighty in history for virtue or vice or talents—Romulus, and Caligula, and Cincinnatus, and Vespasian, and Coriolanus, and Brutus, and a hundred others whose names are bright with an exceeding brightness, or black with the deepest dye—most of all am I interested in this city because the preacher of Mars Hill, and the defier of Agrippa, and the hero of the shipwrecked vessel in the breakers of Melita, and the man who held higher than any one that the world ever saw the torch of Resurrection, lived, and preached, and was massacred here. Show me every place connected with his memory. I must also see Rome!

CURIOSITY OF THE CHRISTIAN.

But my text suggests that in Paul there was the inquisitive and curious spirit. Had my text only meant that he wanted to preach here he would have said so. Indeed, in another place, he declared: "I am ready to preach the Gospel to you who are at Rome also." But my text suggests a sight seeing. This man who had been under Dr. Gamaliel had no lack of phraseology, and was used to saying exactly what he meant, and he said: "I must also see Rome." There is such a thing as Christian curiosity. Paul had it, and some of us have it. About other people's business I have no

curiosity. About all that can confirm my faith in the Christian religion and the world's salvation and the soul's future happiness, I am full of an all-absorbing, all-compelling curiosity. Paul had a great curiosity about the next world, and so have we. I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself, but not now. No well man, no prospered man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there, and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the gates ajar forever. I want them to swing wide open. There are ten thousand things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of the world, about God, about everything. We start in a plain path of what we know, and in a minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know. I wonder how it looks over there. Somebody tells me it is like a paved city—paved with gold; and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession; and the next man I meet tells me it is all figurative. I really want to know after the body is resurrected what they wear and what they eat; and I have an immeasurable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is, and where it is. Columbus risked his life to find the American continent, and shall we shudder to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn with an alpenstock, and guides, and rockets, and ropes, and, getting half way up, stumble and fall down in a horrible massacre. They just wanted to say they had been on the tops of

those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, and when in that ascent there is no peril. A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold and said in joy: "Now, in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased, the little child that died last night knew more than Paul himself before he died.

Friends, the exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt, and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking up, it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany, and geology, and astronomy, and theology. Oh, will it not be grand to have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation point changed for the mark of exclamation. All riddles solved. Who will fear to go out on that discovery, when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if it be no better than through holy curiosity? As this Paul of my text did not suppress his curiosity, we need not suppress ours. Yes, I have an unlimited curiosity about all religious things, and as this city of Rome was so intimately connected with apostolic times, the incidents of which emphasize and explain and augment the Christian religion, you will not take it as an evidence of a prying spirit, but as the outbursting of a Christian curiosity, when I say, I must also see Rome!

CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES OF ROME.

Our desire to visit this city is also intensified by the fact that we want to be confirmed in the feeling that human life is brief, but its work lasts for centuries, indeed, forever. Therefore show us the antiquities of old Rome, about which we have been reading for a lifetime, but never seen. In our beloved America we have no antiquities. A church eighty years old overawes us with its age. We have in America some cathedrals hundreds and thousands of years old, but they are in Yellowstone Park, or Californian cañon, and their architecture and masonry were by the omnipotent God. We want to see the buildings, or ruins of old buildings, that were erected hundreds and thousands of years ago by human hands. They lived forty or seventy years, but the arches they lifted, the paintings they penciled, the sculpture they chiseled, the roads they laid out, I understand are yet to be seen, and we want you to show them to us. I can hardly wait until Monday morning. I must also see Rome! We want to be impressed with the fact that what men do on a small scale or large scale lasts a thousand years; lasts forever; that we build for eternity, and that we do so in a very short space of time! God is the only old living presence. But it is an old age without any of the infirmities or limitations of old age. There is a passage of Scripture which speaks of the birth of the mountains, for there was a time when the Andes were born, and the Pyrenees were born, and the Sierra Nevada were born, but before the birth of those mountains, the Bible tells us, God was born, aye, was never born at all, because He always existed. Psalm xc., 2: “Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even

from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." How short is human life; what antiquity attaches to its worth! How everlasting is God! Show us the antiquities, the things that were old when America was discovered, old when Paul went up and down these streets sight-seeing, old when Christ was born. I must—I *must* also see Rome!

THE PAULINE INTELLECT.

Another reason for our visit to this city is that we want to see the places where the mightiest intellects and the greatest natures wrought for our Christian religion. We have been told in America by some people of swollen heads that the Christian religion is a pusillanimous thing, good for children under seven years of age and small-brained people, but not for the intelligent and swarthy minded. We have heard of your Constantine, the mighty, who pointed his army to the cross, saying, "By this conquer." If there be anything here connected with his reign, or his military history, show it to us. The mightiest intellect of the ages was the author of my text, and if for the Christian religion he was willing to labor and suffer and die, there must be something exalted and sublime and tremendous in it; and show me every place he visited, and show me, if you can, where he was tried, and which of your roads leads out to Ostia, that I may see where he went out to die. We expect before we finish this journey to see Lake Galilee and the places where Simon Peter and Andrew fished, and perhaps we may drop a net or a hook and line into those waters ourselves, but when following the track of those lesser apostles I will learn quite another lesson. I want while in this city of Rome to study the

religion of the brainiest apostles. I want to follow, as far as we can trace it, the track of this great intellect of my text who wanted to see Rome also. He was a logician, he was a metaphysician, he was an all conquering orator, he was a poet of the highest type. He had a nature that could swamp the leading men of his own day, and, hurled against the Sanhedrim, he made it tremble. He learned all he could get in the school of his native village; then he had gone to a higher school, and there he had mastered the Greek and the Hebrew and perfected himself in belles lettres, until, in after years, he astounded the Cretans, and the Corinthians, and the Athenians, by quotations from their own authors. I have never found anything in Carlyle, or Goethe, or Herbert Spencer that could compare in strength or beauty with Paul's epistles. I do not think there is anything in the writings of Sir William Hamilton that shows such mental discipline as you find in Paul's argument about justification and resurrection. I have not found anything in Milton finer in the way of imagination than I can find in Paul's illustrations drawn from the amphitheater. There was nothing in Robert Emmet pleading for his life, or in Edmund Burke arraigning Warren Hastings in Westminster hall, that compared with the scene in the court room, when, before robed officials, Paul bowed and began his speech, saying: "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day." I repeat, that a religion that can capture a man like that must have some power in it. It is time our wiseacres stopped talking as though all the brain of the world were opposed to Christianity. Where Paul leads, we can afford to follow. I am glad to know that Christ has, in the different ages of the world, had in his discipleship a Mozart and Handel in

music; a Raphael and a Reynolds in painting; an Angelo and a Canova in sculpture; a Rush and a Harvey in medicine; a Grotius and a Washington in statesmanship; a Blackstone, a Marshall and a Kent in the law. And the time will come when the religion of Christ will conquer all the observatories and universities, and philosophy will, through her telescope, behold the morning star of Jesus, and in her laboratory see that "all things work together for good," and with her geological hammer discern the "Rock of Ages." Oh, instead of covering and shivering when the skeptic stands before us and talks of religion as though it were a pusillanimous thing—instead of that, let us take out our New Testament and read the story of Paul at Rome, or come and see this city for ourselves, and learn that it could have been no weak Gospel that actuated such a man, but that it is an all-conquering Gospel. Aye! for all ages the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation.

CONCLUDING EXHORTATION.

Men, brethren, and fathers! I thank you for this opportunity of preaching the Gospel to you that are at Rome also. The churches of America salute you. Upon you who are like us, strangers in Rome, I pray the protecting and journeying care of God. Upon you who are resident here, I pray grace, mercy and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. After tarrying here a few days we resume our journey for Palestine, and we shall never meet again either in Italy or America, or what is called the Holy Land; but there is a Holier Land, and there we may meet, saved by the grace that in the same way saves Italian and American; and there is that supernatural clime,

after embracing Him who, by His sufferings on the hill back of Jerusalem, made our heaven possible, and given salutation to our own kindred whose departure broke our hearts on earth, we shall, I think, seek out the traveling preacher and mighty hero of the text, who marked out his journey through Macedonia and Achaia to Jerusalem, saying: “After I have been there, I must also see Rome.”

A MEDITERRANEAN. VOYAGE.

“And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.”—
Acts xxvii., 44.

Having visited your historical city (Brindisi), which we desired to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages—the Roman Appian Way—and for its mighty fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal’s hosts could not thunder down, we must to-morrow morning leave your harbor, and, after touching at Athens and Corinth, voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New Testament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers—one Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, “turning the world upside down.” This convict had gained the confidence of the captain; indeed, I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the captain. He had been shipwrecked three times already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst capstans, and yard-arms, and cables, and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the captain to stay in the harbor. But I

hear the captain and the first mate talking together. They say : " We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a main-line-spike from a luff-tackle. All aboard ! Cast off ! Shift the helm for headway ! Who fears the Mediterranean ? " They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, shook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo ! It is all washed with salt water, and worthless now ; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands ahoy, and out with the anchors !

A GREAT SEA STORM.

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters snort in the foam and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In the lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck, or holds fast to the rigging amid the lurching of the ship, the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew : " Now I exhort you to be of good cheer : for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul ; thou must be brought before Cæsar : and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. "

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness, and, by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of the breakers, and knows they must be coming near to some

country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in the tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lantern they see it is twenty fathoms. Speeding along a little farther, they drop the line again, and by the light of the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The planks spring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but, catching hold of a timber, come floating on it to the beach. Here, strongswimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plow the sand, and they rise up and wring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says the text, "it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land."

SOME WHOLESOME LESSONS.

I learn from this subject:

First, that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who get us into trouble never stop to help

us out. They who tempt that young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out of decent society. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with fists, saying: "I will back you," will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out. They were glad enough to get you out from Fair Havens, but when, with damaged rigging, you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope? Not one. Satan has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb, but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new comer. They who took Paul out of Fair Havens will be of no help to him when he gets into the breakers of Melita.

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that it is dangerous to refuse the counsel of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go out with that ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said: "He is only a minister!" They went and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people who now say of ministers: "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us." Ah, my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not

necessary to have your arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we, who stand in the pulpit and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if the ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We may not know much, but we know that.

Young people refuse the advice of parents. They say: "Father is oversuspicious and mother is getting old." But these parents have been on the sea of life. They know where the storms sleep, and during their voyage have seen a thousand battered hulks marking the place where beauty burned and intellect foundered and morality sank. They are old sailors, having answered many a signal of distress, and endured great stress of weather, and gone scudding under bare poles, and the old folks know what they are talking about. Look at that man—in his cheek the glow of infernal fires. His eye flashes not as once with thought, but with low passion. His brain is a sewer through which impurity floats, and his heart the trough in which lust wallows and drinks. Men shudder as the leper passes, and parents cry "Wolf! Wolf!" Yet he once said the Lord's prayer at his mother's knee, and against that iniquitous brow once pressed a pure mother's lip. But he refused her counsel. He went where Euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of the wreck. Lost Pacifics! Lost Pacifics!

THE SAFETY OF CHRISTIANS.

Another lesson from the subject is that Christians are always safe.

There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering vessels. Their lifeboats were of but little worth. And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul escaped safe to land. And so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into darkness and trouble, but by the throne of the Eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all escape safe to land."

Sometimes there comes a storm of commercial disaster. The cables break. The masts fall. The cargoes are scattered over the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on kegs, and hogsheads, and corn-bins, and store-shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good, trusting in God, all come safe to land.

Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach, and find the shattered hulks of vessels: and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsail slit with banker's pen. Hulks abeam's-end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's children shall at last, through His goodness and mercy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so will God help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls.

You have, my friends, had illustrations in your own life of how God delivers his people. I have had illus-

trations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in what on your Mediterranean you call a Euroclydon, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer Greece of the National line swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Italians, Englishmen, Irishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged, and committing ourselves to the care of Him who holdeth the winds in his fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way, the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one night at eleven o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or to fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And when a ship goes down they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: "Let all that come within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the

surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and portholes it lowers away, thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amidst the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the great cemetery of dead steamers, beside the City of Boston, the Lexington, the President, the Cambria—waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin doors, and unfasten the hatches.

PERILS NOT TO BE MADE LIGHT OF.

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two: one was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there we heard overhead something like minute guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on by both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table getting loose swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons

and stood it on end, and said: "Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?" And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted of a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant, we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After awhile someone said: "The screw is stopped." No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the overtaken machinery, going thump, thump, thump. At three o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say: "I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!"

There were about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage; and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor

creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck, and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They would not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh, how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers, and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here!" Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O blessed Mother! keep us! Have mercy on us!" Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out: "O God! what shall I do? what shall I do?" The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was: "Below! All hands below!" Our brave and sympathetic Captain Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying: "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! If God will permit, I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel!" There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the lifeboat on one side. Crash! went the lifeboat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunderbolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jibboom, studding sail boom, and square sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging; there were ropes of fire, and there were masts of fire, and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it again!

PRAYERS FROM ALL.

Everybody prayed. A lad of twelve years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say: "Here, Lord, take me as I am; I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the portholes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff, and when he put

his foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might, it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew his voice. The waves knew his foot. They died away. And in the shining track of his feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction; and the lips of earth and heaven met.

As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters."

It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire-cleft stood opposite the fire-cleft, and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up, until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and

amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we came into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us! And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land." And may God grant that, when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,

Home at last!

Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,

Home at last!

Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er;

We stand secure on the glorified shore.

Glory to God! we will shout evermore.

Home at last!

Home at last!

PAUL'S MISSION IN ATHENS.

“Eye hath not seen nor ear heard.”—I Corinthians ii., 9. “For now we see through a glass, darkly.”—I Corinthians xiii., 12.

Both these sentences were written by the most illustrious merely human being the world ever saw, one who walked these streets, and preached from yonder pile of rocks, Mars Hill. Though more classic associations are connected with this city than with any city under the sun, because here Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Demosthenes, and Pericles, and Heroditus, and Pythagoras, and Xenophon, and Praxiteles wrote or chiseled, or taught or thundered or sung, yet in my mind all those men and their teachings were eclipsed by Paul and the Gospel he preached in this city and in your nearby city of Corinth. Yesterday, standing on the old fortress at Corinth, the Acro-Corinthus, out from the ruins at its base arose in my imagination the old city, just as Paul saw it. I have been told that for splendor the world beholds no such wonder today as that ancient Corinth, standing on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them

on trucks across the isthmus and sat them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticoes and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column, and statue, and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains, into which, from apertures at the side, there gushed waters everywhere-known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statute of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the ceme-teries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the corintharii, paced up and down to see that no statute was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city the hill held its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples (1,000 slaves awaiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

PAUL ADDRESSED HIGH INTELLIGENCE.

Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered one of my texts. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening

groves ; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say : “ All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acro-Corinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city ; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights ; but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.” Indeed, both my texts, the one spoken by Paul and the one written by Paul, show us that we have very imperfect eyesight, and that our day of vision is yet to come : for now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face. So Paul takes the responsibility of saying that even the Bible is an indistinct mirror, and that its mission shall be finally suspended. I think there may be one Bible in heaven fastened to the throne. Just as now, in a museum, we have a lamp exhumed from Herculaneum or Nineveh, and we look at it with great interest and say : “ How poor a light it must have given, compared with our modern lamps,” so I think that this Bible, which was a lamp to our feet in this world, may lie near the throne of God, exciting our interest to all eternity by the contrast between its comparatively feeble light and

the illumination of heaven. The Bible, now, is the scaffolding to the rising temple, but when the building is done there will be no use for the scaffolding. The idea I shall develop to-day is, that in this world our knowledge is comparatively dim and unsatisfactory, but nevertheless is introductory to grander and more complete vision. This is eminently true in regard to our view of God.

“CANST THOU FIND OUT GOD?”

We hear so much about God that we conclude that we understand him. He is represented as having the tenderness of a father, the firmness of a judge, the pomp of a king and the love of a mother. We hear about him, talk about him, write about him. We lisp his name in infancy, and it trembles on the tongue of the dying octogenarian. We think that we know very much about him. Take the attribute of mercy. Do we understand it? The Bible blossoms all over with that word, mercy. It speaks again and again of the tender mercies of God, of the sure mercies, of the great mercies, of the mercy that endureth forever, of the multitude of his mercies. And yet I know that the views we have of this great Being are most indefinite, one-sided and incomplete. When, at death, the gates shall fly open, and we shall look directly upon him, how new and surprising! We see upon canvas a picture of the morning. We study the cloud in the sky, the dew upon the grass, and the husbandman on the way to the field. Beautiful picture of the morning! But we rise at daybreak, and go up on a hill to see for ourselves that which was represented to us. While we look, the mountains are transfigured. The burnished gates of heaven swing open and shut, to let pass a host of fiery splendors. The clouds are all

abloom, and hang pendant from arbors of alabaster and amethyst. The waters make pathway of inlaid pearl for the light to walk upon ; and there is morning on the sea. The crags uncover their scarred visage ; and there is morning among the mountains. Now you go home, and how tame your picture of the morning seems in contrast ? Greater than that shall be the contrast between this scriptural view of God and that which we shall have when standing face to face. This is a picture of the morning ; that will be the morning itself.

Again : My texts are true of the Saviour's excellency. By image and sweet rhythm of expression, and startling antitheses, Christ is set forth—his love, his compassion, his work, his life, his death, his resurrection. We are challenged to measure it, to compute it, to weigh it. In the hour of our broken enthrallment we mount up into high experience of his love, and shout until the countenance glows and the blood bounds, and the whole nature is exhilarated. "I have found him." And yet it is through a glass, darkly. We see not half of that compassionate face. We feel not half the warmth of that loving heart. We wait for death to let us rush into His outspread arms. Then we shall be face to face. Not shadow then, but substance. Not hope then, but the fulfilling of all prefigurement. That will be a magnificent unfolding !

TO SEE EYE TO EYE.

The rushing out in view of all hidden excellency ; the coming again of a long-absent Jesus to meet us—not in rags and in penury and death, but amidst a light and pomp and outbursting joy such as none but a glorified intelligence could experience ! Oh ! to gaze

full upon the brow that was lacerated, upon the side that was pierced, upon the feet that were nailed ; to stand close up in the presence of him who prayed for us on the mountain, and thought of us by the sea, and agonized for us in the garden, and died for us in horrible crucifixion ; to feel of him, to embrace him, to take his hand, to kiss his feet, to run our fingers along the scars of ancient suffering ; to say : “ This is my Jesus ! He gave himself for me. I shall never leave his presence. I shall forever behold his glory. I shall eternally hear his voice. Lord Jesus, now I see thee ! I behold where the blood started, where the tears coursed, where the face was distorted. I have waited for this hour. I shall never turn my back on thee. No more looking through imperfect glasses. No more studying thee in the darkness. But as long as this throne stands, and this everlasting river flows, and those garlands bloom, and these arches of victory remain to greet home heaven’s conquerors, so long I shall see thee, Jesus of my choice ; Jesus of my song ; Jesus of my triumph—forever and forever—face to face ! ”

The idea of my text is just as true when applied to God’s providence. Who has not come to some pass in life thoroughly inexplicable ? You say : “ What does this mean ? What is God going to do with me now ? He tells me that all things work together for good. This does not look like it. ” You continue to study the dispensation, and after a while guess about what God means. “ He means to teach me this. I think he means to teach me that. Perhaps it is to humble my pride. Perhaps it is to make me feel more dependent. Perhaps to teach me the uncertainty of life. ” But after all, it is only a guess—a looking through the glass, darkly. The Bible assures us there

shall be a satisfactory unfolding. "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." You will know why God took to himself that only child. Next door there was a household of seven children. Why not take one from that group, instead of your only one? Why single out the dwelling in which there was only one heart beating responsive to yours? Why did God give you a child at all, if he meant to take it away? Why fill the cup of your gladness brimming, if he meant to dash it down? Why allow all the tendrils of your heart to wind around that object, and then, when every fiber of your own life seemed to be interlocked with the child's life, with strong hand to tear you apart until you fall bleeding and crushed, your dwelling desolate, your hopes blasted, your heart broken? Do you suppose that God will explain that? Yea! He will make it plainer than any mathematical problem—as plain as that two and two make four. In the light of the throne you will see that it was right—all right. "Just and true are all thy ways, thou king of saints."

PROVIDENTIAL HINDRANCES IN LIFE.

Here is a man who cannot get on in the world. He always seems to buy at the wrong time and to sell at the worst disadvantage. He tries this enterprise, and fails; that business, and is disappointed. The man next door to him has a lucrative trade, but he lacks customers. A new prospect opens. His income is increased. But that year his family are sick; and the profits are expended in trying to cure the ailments. He gets a discouraged look. Becomes faithless as to success. Begins to expect disasters. Others wait for something to turn up; he waits for it to turn down.

Others, with only half as much education and character, get on twice as well. He sometimes guesses as to what it all means. He says: "Perhaps riches would spoil me. Perhaps poverty is necessary to keep me humble. Perhaps I might, if things were otherwise, be tempted into dissipations." But there is no complete solution of the mystery. He sees through a glass, darkly, and must wait for a higher unfolding. Will there be an explanation? Yes; God will take that man in the light of the throne, and say: "Child immortal, hear the explanation! You remember the failing of that great enterprise. This is the explanation." And you will answer: "It is all right!"

I see, every day, profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne, no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind; and Lazarus that he was covered with sores; and Joseph that he was cast into the pit; and Daniel that he was denuded with the lions; and Paul that he was humpbacked; and David that he was driven from Jerusalem; and the sewing-woman that she could get only a few pence for making a garment; and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow; and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. You know that in a song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and

overwhelming part of the hallelujah of heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places, and gave sumptuous entertainments; but pauper children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed hod-carriers will sing it, those who were once the offscouring of earth will sing it. The hallelujah will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies.

HOW MANY SHALL BE SAVED ?

Again: The thought of my text is true when applied to the enjoyment of the righteous in heaven. I think we have but little idea of the number of the righteous in heaven. Infidels say: "Your heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the lost: for, according to your teaching, the majority of men will be destroyed." I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. I suppose that the few sick people in the hospitals of our great cities, as compared with the hundreds of thousands of well people, would not be smaller than the number of those who shall be cast out in suffering, compared with those who shall have upon them the health of heaven. For we are to remember that we are living in only the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this whole world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. If this be so, the multitudes of the saved will be in vast majority. Take all the congregations that have assembled for worship throughout Christendom. Put them together, and they would make but a small audience compared with the thousands and tens of

thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and the hundred and forty and four thousand that shall stand around the throne. Those flashed up to heaven in martyr fires; those tossed for many years upon the invalid couch; those fought in the armies of liberty, and rose as they fell; those tumbled from high scaffolding, or slipped from the mast, or were washed off into the sea. They came up from Corinth, from Laodicea, from the Red Sea bank and Gennesaret's wave, from Egyptian brickyards, and Gideon's threshing floor. Those thousands of years ago slept the last sleep, and these are this moment having their eyes closed, and their limbs stretched out for the sepulcher.

A general expecting an attack from the enemy stands on a hill and looks through a field glass, and sees, in the great distance multitudes approaching, but has no idea of their numbers. He says: "I cannot tell anything about them. I merely know that they are a great number." And so John, without attempting to count, says: "A great multitude that no man can number." We are told that heaven is a place of happiness; but what do we know about happiness? Happiness in this world is only a half-fledged thing; a flowery path, with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher, from which the water has dropped before we could drink it; a thrill of exhilaration, followed by disastrous reactions. To help us understand the joy of heaven, the Bible takes us to a river. We stand on the grassy bank. We see the waters flow on with ceaseless wave. But the filth of the cities is emptied into it, and the banks are torn, and unhealthy exhalations spring up from it, and we fail to get an idea of the river of life in heaven.

A GLORIOUS AND EVERLASTING REUNION.

We get very imperfect ideas of the reunions of heaven. We think of some festal day on earth, when father and mother were yet living, and the children came home. A good time that! But it had this drawback—all were not there. That brother went off to sea, and never was heard from. That sister—did we not lay her away in the freshness of her young life, never more in this world to look upon her? Ah! there was a skeleton at the feast; and tears mingled with our laughter on that Christmas day. Not so with heaven's reunions. It will be an uninterrupted gladness. Many a Christian parent will look around and find all his children there. "Ah!" he says, "can it be possible that we are all here—life's perils over? the Jordan passed and not one wanting? Why, even the prodigal is here. I almost gave him up. How long he despised my counsels! But grace hath triumphed. All here! all here! Tell the mighty joy through the city. Let the bells ring, and the angels mention it in their song. Wave it from the top of the walls. All here!"

No more breaking of heartstrings, but face to face. The orphans that were left poor, and in a merciless world, kicked and cuffed of many hardships, shall join their parents over whose graves they so long wept, and gaze into their glorified countenances forever, face to face. We may come up from different parts of the world, one from the land and another from the depths of the sea; from lives affluent and prosperous, or from scenes of ragged distress; but we shall all meet in rapture and jubilee, face to face.

Many of our friends have entered upon that joy. A few days ago they sat with us studying these gospel

themes ; but they only saw dimly—now revelation hath come. Your time will also come. God will not leave you floundering in the darkness. You stand wonderstruck and amazed. You feel as if all the loveliness of life were dashed out. You stand gazing into the open chasm of the grave. Wait a little. In the presence of your departed and of Him who carries them in his bosom, you shall soon stand face to face. Oh ! that our last hour may kindle up with this promised joy ! May we be able to say, like the Christian not long ago, departing : “ Though a pilgrim walking through the valley, the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak ! ” or, like my dear friend and brother, Alfred Cookman, who took his flight to the throne of God, saying in his last moment that which has already gone into Christian classics : “ I am sweeping through the pearly gate, washed in the blood of the Lamb ! ”

LIFE AND DEATH OF DORCAS.

“And all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them.”—Acts ix., 39.

Christians of Joppa! Impressed as I am with your mosque, the first I ever saw, and stirred as I am with the fact that your harbor once floated the great rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples at Jerusalem were builded, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through this very town on the way to Jerusalem, nothing can make me forget that this Joppa was the birthplace of the sewing society that has blessed the poor of all succeeding ages in all lands. The disasters to your town when Judas Maccabæus set it on fire, and Napoleon had five hundred prisoners massacred in your neighborhood, cannot make me forget that one of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway and around about the building, and in the room where she sits, are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman, and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one, she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement.

Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard: "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully into her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them; and as she goes out the lane, eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half-paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home, and sees his little boy well clad, and says: "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas brought the oil. In another place, a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

"DORCAS IS DEAD."

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate, telling the stages of a king's disease, is more anxiously awaited for than the news from this sick benefactress. Alas for Joppa! there is wailing, wailing. That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which had made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every

Godforsaken place in this town ; wherever there is a sick child and no balm ; wherever there is hunger and no bread ; wherever there is guilt and no commiseration ; wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks, and streaming eyes, and frantic gesticulations as they cry : “ Dorcas is dead ! ” They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of this place, stopping with a tanner by the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door, and stands in the presence of the dead. What expostulation and grief all about him ! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amidst the excited crowd, so he kindly orders that the whole room be cleared. The door is shut against the populace. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body ! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulcher, and in the strength of Him who is the resurrection, he exclaims : “ Tabitha, arise ! ” There is a stir in the fountains of life ; the heart flutters ; the nerves thrill ; the cheek flushes ; the eye opens ; she sits up !

We see in this subject Dorcas the disciple, Dorcas the benefactress, Dorcas the lamented, Dorcas the resurrected.

A MODEL FOR ALL WOMEN.

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace. Before I show

you the needlework of this woman I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of to-morrow, I charge you, in the name of God and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment day, O woman ! that you attend to the first, last and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for God and being at peace with him. When the trumpet shall sound there will be an uproar and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amidst the rising of the dead, and amidst the boiling of yonder sea, and amidst the live, leaping thunder of the flying heavens, calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ ; calm, notwithstanding all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens were only the gildings of an autumnal sunset, as though the peal of the trumpet were only the harmony of an orchestra, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at eventime with laughter, and shouting : “ Dorcas, the disciple ! ” Would God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet of Jesus !

DORCAS, THE BENEFACTRESS.

Further, we see Dorcas, the benefactress. History has told the story of the crown ; the epic poet has sung of the sword ; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops and a-rustle with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plow. I tell you the praises of the needle. From the fig-leaf robe prepared in the Garden of Eden to the last stitch taken

on the garment for the poor, the needle has wrought wonders of kindness, generosity and benefaction. It adorned the girdle of the high-priest ; it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle ; it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon ; it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth, and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the flash of the chandelier, everywhere, it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the war cry of "Stitch, stitch, stitch !" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer have been constructed. Amidst the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands, I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes ; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire ; it has punctured the eye ; it has pierced the side ; it has struck weakness into the lungs ; it has sent madness into the brain ; it has filled the Potter's Field ; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall speak only of the charities of the needle.

TRUE CHARITY.

This woman was a representative of all those women who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute bearing that gospel which is sight for the blind, and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart, and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day ! This woman did not

spend her time idly planning how the poor of your city, Joppa, were to be relieved ; she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform, and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying : “ Hush your miserable howling ! ” The sufferers of the world want not so much theory as practice ; not so much tears as dollars ; not so much kind wishes as loaves of bread ; not so much smiles as shoes ; not so much “ God bless you’s ! ” as jackets and frocks. I will put one earnest Christian man, hard working, against five thousand mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have fine ideas about church architecture who never in their life helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, who never sent a farthing for their evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world, who never had the courage like Dorcas to take the needle and assault it.

WOMAN’S BENEVOLENCE.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world’s history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, Come now and hear the widow’s mite rattle down into the poor box. The Princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII. of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amidst the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud,

the wife of Henry I., went down amidst the poor and washed their sores, and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battle field while the missiles of death were flying around, and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the women of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, or the fact that, before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain, the women of the North met the women of the South on the battle field, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded, and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas, the benefactress!

DORCAS, THE LAMENTED.

I come now to speak of Dorcas, the lamented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in this town of Joppa! I suppose there were women here with larger fortunes; women, perhaps, with handsomer faces; but there was no grief at their departure like this at the death of Dorcas. There was not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean Sea, dashing against the wharves of this seaport, than there were surgings to and fro of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. There may be a very large funeral; there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse; there may be high sounding eulogiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting-place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham. The Church of God has lost nothing; the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated; it is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault; it is only an idler stopped yawning; it is

only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar ; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The Church of God cries out like the prophet, “ Howl, fir tree, for the cedar has fallen.” Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning because Dorcas is dead.

When Josephine of France was carried out to her grave there were a great many men and women of pomp and pride and position that went out after her ; but I am most affected by the story of history that on that day there were ten thousand of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because when they lost Josephine they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities? There may be no mass for the dead ; there may be no costly sarcophagus ; there may be no elaborate mausoleum ; but in the damp cellars of the city and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead ! “ Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord ; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.”

DORCAS, THE RESURRECTED.

I speak to you of Dorcas, the resurrected. The apostle came to where she was, and said: “ Arise! and she sat up.” In what a short compass the great writer put that: “ She sat up ! ” Oh, what a time there

must have been around this town when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What clapping of hands there must have been! What singing! What laughter! Sound it all through that lane! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Dorcas is resurrected!

You and I have seen the same thing many a time; not a dead body resuscitated, but the deceased coming up again after death in the good accomplished. If a man labors up to fifty years of age, serving God, and then dies, we are apt to think that his earthly work is done. No! His influence on earth will continue till the world ceases. Services rendered for Christ never stop. A Christian woman toils for the upbuilding of a church through many anxieties, through many self-denials, with prayers and tears, and then she dies. It is fifteen years since she went away. Now the spirit of God descends upon that church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of Christ. Has that Christian woman, who went away fifteen years ago, nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all the songs over sins forgiven, in all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again. Dorcas is resurrected.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

After awhile all these womanly friends of Christ will put down their needles forever. After making garments for others, someone will make a garment for them—the last robe we ever wear—the robe for the grave. You will have heard the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last orphanage. You will have come in worn out from your last round of mercy. I do

not know where you will sleep, nor what your epitaph will be ; but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on ! Soft bed, pleasant shadows, undisturbed repose ! Sleep on !

Asleep in Jesus ! Blessed sleep !
From which none ever wake to weep.

Then one day there will be a sky rending, and a whirl of wheels, and the flash of a pageant ; armies marching, chains clanking, banners waving, thunders booming, and that Christian woman will arise from the dust, and she will be suddenly surrounded—surrounded by the wanderers of the street whom she reclaimed ; surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she administered ! Daughter of God, so strangely surrounded, what means this ? It means that reward has come ; that the victory is won ; that the crown is ready ; that the banquet is spread. Shout it through all the crumbling earth. Sing it through all the flying heavens. Dorcas is resurrected !

THE GREAT AND FINAL REWARD.

In 1855, when some of the soldiers come back from the Crimean war to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called Crimean medals. Galleries were erected for the two houses of parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel, who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkerman, was pulled in on a wheel chair ; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the Queen of England arose before them in the name of her government and uttered words of commendation to the officers

and men, and distributed these medals, inscribed with the four great battlefields—Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman* and Sebastopol. As the queen gave these to the wounded men and the wounded officers, the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people, with streaming eyes, joined in the song :

God save our gracious queen !
Long live our noble queen !
God save the queen !

And then they shouted : “ Huzza ! huzza ! ” O, it was a proud day for those returned warriors ! But a brighter, better and gladder day will come, when Christ shall gather those who have toiled in his service, good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of heaven he will say : “ Well done, good and faithful servant ! ” and then he will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields, dear to earth and dear to heaven, Bethlehem ! Nazareth ! Gethsemane ! Calvary !

THE GLORY OF SOLOMON'S REIGN.

“Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !”—Matthew xxiii., 37.

This exclamation burst from Christ's lips as he came in sight of this great city, and although things have marvelously changed, who can visit Jerusalem to-day without having its mighty past roll over him, and ordinary utterance must give place for the exclamatory as we cry O Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! Disappointed with the Holy Land many have been, and I have heard good friends say that their ardor about sacred places had been so dampened that they were sorry they ever visited Jerusalem. But with me the city and its surroundings are a rapture, a solemnity, an overwhelming emotion. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! The procession of kings, conquerors, poets and immortal men and women pass before me as I stand here. Among the throng are Solomon, David and Christ. Yes, through these streets and amid these surroundings rode Solomon, that wonder of splendor and wretchedness. It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brightest flowers into his garland. It set its richest gems in his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lips. It robed him in the purest purple and embroidery. It cheered him with the sweetest music in that land of harps. It greeted him with the gladdest laughter that ever leaped from mirth's lip. It sprinkled his cheek with spray from the brightest fountains. Royalty had no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no sweetness, song no

melody, light no radiance, upholstery no gorgeousness, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his. Across the thick grass of the lawn, fragrant with tufts of camphire from Engedi, fell the long shadows of trees brought from distant forests. Fish pools, fed by artificial channels that brought the streams from hills far away, were perpetually ruffled with fins, and golden scales shot from water cave to water cave with endless dive and swirl, attracting the gaze of foreign potentates. Birds that had been brought from foreign aviaries glanced and fluttered among the foliage, and called to their mates far beyond the sea. From the royal stables there came up the neighing of twelve thousand horses standing in blankets of Tyrian purple, chewing their bits over troughs of gold, waiting for the king's order to be brought out in front of the palace, when the official dignitaries would leap into the saddle for some grand parade; or, harnessed to some of the fourteen hundred chariots of the king, the fiery chargers, with flaunting mane and throbbing nostril, would make the earth jar with the tramp of hoofs and the thunder of wheels. While within and without the palace you could not think of a single luxury that could be added, or of a single splendor that could be kindled; down on the banks of the sea the drydocks of Ezion-geber rang with the hammers of the shipwrights who were constructing larger vessels for a still wider commerce; for all lands and climes were to be robbed to make up Solomon's glory. No rest till his keels shall cut every sea, his axmen hew every forest, his archers strike every rare wing, his fishermen whip every stream, his merchants trade in every bazar, his name be honored by every tribe; and royalty shall have no dominion,

wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, song no melody, light no radiance, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, upholstery no gorgeousness, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his.

“VANITY, VANITY—ALL IS VANITY.”

“Well,” you say, “if there is any man happy, he ought to be.” But I hear him coming out through the palace, and see his robes actually incrustated with jewels, as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say? King Solomon, great is your dominion, great is your honor, great is your joy? No. While standing here amidst all the splendor, the tears start, and his heart breaks and he exclaims: “Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.” What! Solomon not happy yet? No, not happy. The honors and the emoluments of this world bring so many cares with them that they bring also torture and disquietude. Pharaoh sits on one of the highest earthly eminences, yet he is miserable because there are some people in his realm that do not want any longer to make bricks. The head of Edward I. aches under his crown, because the people will not pay the taxes, and Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, will not do him homage, and Wallace will be a hero. Frederick William III. of Prussia is miserable because France wants to take the Prussian provinces. The world is not large enough for Louis XIV. and William III. The ghastliest suffering, the most shriveling fear, the most rending jealousies, the most gigantic disquietude, have walked amidst obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel, and sat on judgment seats of power.

Honor and truth and justice cannot go so high up in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. The pure and the good in all ages have been execrated

by the mob who cry out: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." By honesty, by Christian principle, I would have you seek for the favor and the confidence of your fellow men, but do not look upon some high position as though that were always sunshine. The mountains of earthly honor are like the mountains of Switzerland, covered with perpetual ice and snow. Having obtained the confidence and love of your associates, be content with such things as you have. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." There is an honor that is worth possessing, but it is an honor that comes from God. This day rise up and take it. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Who aspires not for that royalty? Come now, and be kings and priests unto God and the Lamb forever.

If wealth and wisdom could have satisfied a man, Solomon would have been satisfied. To say that Solomon was a millionaire gives but a very imperfect idea of the property he inherited from David, his father. He had at his command gold to the value of six hundred and eighty million pounds, and he had silver to the value of one billion, twenty-nine million, three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. The queen of Sheba made him a nice little present of seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and Hiram made him a present of the same amount. If he had lost the value of a whole realm out of his pocket, it would have hardly been worth his while to stoop down and pick it up. He wrote one thousand and five songs. He wrote three thousand proverbs. He wrote about almost everything. The Bible says distinctly he wrote about plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop

that groweth out of the wall, and about birds and beasts and fishes. No doubt he put off his royal robes and put on hunter's trapping, and went out with his arrows to bring down the rarest specimens of birds; and then with his fishing apparatus he went down to the stream to bring up the denizens of the deep, and plunged into the forest and found the rarest specimens of flowers; and then he came back to his study and wrote books about zoölogy, the science of animals; about ichthyology, the science of fishes; about ornithology, the science of birds; about botany, the science of plants. Yet, notwithstanding all his wisdom and wealth, behold his wretchedness and let him pass on. Did any other city ever behold so wonderful a man? O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

DAVID'S GREATEST GRIEF.

But here passes through these streets, as in imagination I see him, quite as wonderful and a far better man. David, the conqueror, the king, the poet. Can it be that I am in the very city where he lived and reigned? David, great for power, and great for grief. He was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that, when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But, notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the con-

flict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion ! Two great questions were to be decided : the safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile a servant, standing on the top of a house, looks off, and he sees someone running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on the top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits ; and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne ? Does he say : “ Have the armies of Israel been victorious ? Am I to continue in my imperial authority ? Have I overthrown my enemies ? ” Oh, no ! There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battlefield—the question : “ Is the young man, Absalom, safe ? ” When it was told to David, the king, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation, and went up the stairs of the palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes, and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying : “ O Absalom ! my son ! my son ! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom ! my son ! my son ! ” Stupendous grief of David resounding through all succeeding ages. This was the city that heard the woe. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem !

I am also thrilled and overpowered with the remembrance that yonder, where now stands a Mohammedan mosque, stood the Temple, the very one that Christ visited. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zerubbabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Then

Herod built a temple because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar, and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades, and ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy for forty-six years. Stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence! But the material and architectural grandeur of the building were very tame compared with the spiritual meaning of its altars and holy of holies, and the overwhelming significance of its ceremonies. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

CHRIST'S LAST VISIT THERE.

But standing in this old city all other facts are eclipsed when we think that near here our blessed Lord was born, that up and down the streets of this city he walked, and that in the outskirts of it he died. Here was his only day of triumph, and his assassination. One day this old Jerusalem is at the tip top of excitement. Christ has been doing some remarkable works and asserting very high authority. The police court has issued papers for his arrest, for this thing must be stopped, as the very government is imperiled. News comes that last night this stranger arrived at a suburban village, and that he is stopping at the house of a man whom he had resuscitated after four days' sepulture. Well, the people rush out into the streets, some with the idea of helping in the arrest of this stranger when he arrives, and others expecting that on the morrow he will come into the town, and by

some supernatural force oust the municipal and royal authorities and take everything in his own hands. They pour out of the city gates until the procession reaches to the village. They come all around about the house where the stranger is stopping, and peer into the doors and windows that they may get one glimpse of him or hear the hum of his voice. The police dare not make the arrest, because he has somehow won the affections of all the people. Oh, it is a lively night in yonder Bethany! The heretofore quiet village is filled with uproar and outcry and loud discussions about the strange acting countryman. I do not think there was any sleep in that house that night where the stranger was stopping. Although he came in weary, he finds no rest, though for once in his lifetime he had a pillow. But the morning dawns, the olive gardens wave in the light, and all along yonder road, reaching over the top of Olivet toward this city, there is a vast, swaying crowd of wondering people. The excitement around the door of the cottage is wild as the stranger steps out beside an unbroken colt that had never been mounted, and after his friends had strewn their garments on the beast for a saddle, the Saviour mounts it, and the populace, excited, and shouting, and feverish, push on back toward this city of Jerusalem. Let none jeer now or scoff at this rider, or the populace will trample him under foot in an instant. There is one long shout of two miles, and as far as the eye can reach you see wavings of demonstrations and approval. There was something in the rider's visage, something in his majestic brow, something in his princely behavior, that stirs up the enthusiasm of the people. They run up against the beast and try to pull the rider off into their arms, and carry on their shoulders the illustrious stranger. The

populace are so excited that they hardly know what to do with themselves, and some rush up to the roadside trees and wrench off branches and throw them in his way; and others doff their garments, what though they be new and costly, and spread them for a carpet for the conqueror to ride over. "Hosanna!" cry the people at the foot of the hill. "Hosanna!" cry the people all up and down the mountain. The procession has now come to the brow of yonder Olivet. Magnificent prospect reaching out in every direction—vineyards, olive groves, jutting rock, silvery Siloam, and above all, rising on its throne of hills, this most highly honored city of all the earth, Jerusalem. Christ there, in the midst of the procession, looks off and sees here fortified gates, and yonder the circling wall, and here the towers blazing in the sun, Phasaelus and Mariamne. Yonder is Hippicus, the king's castle. Looking along in the range of the larger branch of that olive tree, you see the mansions of the merchant princes. Through this cleft in the limestone rock you see the palace of the richest trafficker in all the earth. He has made his money by selling Tyrian purple. Behold now the temple! Clouds of smoke lifting from the shimmering roof, while the building rises up beautiful, grand, majestic, the architectural skill and glory of the earth, lifting themselves there in one triumphant doxology, the frozen prayer of all nations.

PERSONALITY OF CHRIST.

The crowd looked around to see exhilaration and transport in the face of Christ. Oh, no! Out from amid the gates, and the domes, and the palaces, there arose a vision of this city's sin, and of this city's doom which obliterated the landscape from horizon to hori-

zon, and he burst into tears, crying: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" But that was the only day of pomp that Jesus saw in and around this city. Yet he walked the streets of this city the loveliest and most majestic being the world ever saw or ever will see. Publius Lentilus, in a letter to the Roman senate, describes him as "a man of stature somewhat tall; his hair the color of a chestnut fully ripe, plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about the shoulders; in the midst of his forehead is a stream, or partition of his hair; forehead plain, and very delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, a lovely red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be represented; his beard thick, in color like his hair—not very long; his eyes gray, quick and clear." He must die. The French army in Italy found a brass plate on which was a copy of his death warrant, signed by John Zerubbabel, Raphael Robani, Daniel Robani and Capet.

Sometimes men on the way to the scaffold have been rescued by the mob. No such attempt was made in this case, for the mob were against him. From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, Jesus hung a-dying in the outskirts of the city. It was a scene of blood. We are so constituted that nothing is so exciting as blood. It is not the child's cry in the street that so arouses you as the crimson dripping from its lip. In the dark hall, seeing the finger marks of blood on the plastering, you cry: "What terrible deed has been done here?" Looking upon this suspended victim of the cross, we thrill with the sight of blood—blood dripping from thorn and nail, blood rushing upon his cheek, blood saturating his garments, blood gathered in a pool beneath. It is called an honor to have in one's veins the blood of the house of Stuart, or of the

house of Hapsburg. Is it nothing when I point you to the outpouring blood of the king of the universe.

In England the name of Henry was so great that its honors were divided among different reigns. It was Henry the First, and Henry the Second, and Henry the Third, and Henry the Fourth, and Henry the Fifth. In France the name of Louis was so favorably regarded that it was Louis the First, Louis the Second, Louis the Third, and so on. But the king who walked these streets was Christ the First, Christ the Last, and Christ the Only. He reigned before the Czar mounted the throne of Russia, or the throne of Austria was lifted, "King; Eternal, Immortal." Through the indulgences of the royal family, the physical life degenerates, and some of the kings have been almost imbecile, and their bodies weak, and their blood thin and watery; but the crimson life that flowed upon Calvary had in it the health of the immortal God.

THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

Tell it now to all the earth and to all the heavens—Jesus, our king, is sick with his last sickness. Let couriers carry the swift dispatch. His pains are worse; he is breathing a last groan; through his body quivers the last anguish; the king is dying; the king is dead! It is royal blood.

It is said that some religionists make too much of the humanity of Christ. I respond that we make too little. If some Roman surgeon standing under the cross had caught one drop of the blood on his hand and analyzed it, it would have been found to have the same plasma, the same disc, the same fibrin, the same albumen. It was unmistakably human blood. It is a man that hangs there. His bones are of the same material as

ours. His nerves are sensitive like ours. If it were an angel being despoiled I would not feel it so much, for it belongs to a different order of beings. But my Saviour is a man, and my whole sympathy is aroused. I can imagine how the spikes felt—how hot the temples burned—what deathly sickness seized his heart—how mountain and city and mob swam away from his dying vision—something of the meaning of that cry for help that makes the blood of all the ages curdle with horror: “My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?”

Forever with all these scenes of a Saviour's suffering will this city be associated. Here his unjust trial and here his death. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

But finally, I am thrilled with the fact that this city is a symbol of heaven, which is only another Jerusalem. “The New Jerusalem!” And this thought has kindled the imagination of all the sacred poets. I am glad that Horatio Bonar, the Scotch hymnist, rummaged among old manuscripts of the British Museum until he found that hymn in ancient spelling, parts of which we have in mutilated form in our modern hymn books, but the quaint power of which we do not get in our modern versions:

Hierusalem, my happy home!
 When shall I come to thee!
 When shall my sorrowes have an end,
 Thy joys when shall I see?

Noe dampish mist is seene in thee,
 Noe colde nor darksome night;
 There everie soule shines as the sunne,
 There God himselfe gives light.

The walls are made of pretious stones,
 Thy bulwarkes diamondes square;
 Thy gates are of right orient pearle,
 Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles doe shine;
Thy verrie streets are paved with gould,
Surpassinge cleare and fine.

Thy houses are of yvorie,
Thy windows crystal cleare,
Thy tyles are made of beaten gould,
O God ! that I were there.

Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule,
Our pleasure is but paine ;
Our ioyes scarce last the lookeing on,
Our sorrowes stille remaine.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand yeares
Doth seme as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes
Continually are greene;
There grow such sweete and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seene.

There trees forevermore beare fruite,
And evermore doe springe;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore doe singe.

Hierusalem ! my happie home !
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy ioyes that I might see !

PEACE, BE STILL!

“Entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum.”—John vi., 17.

“And he arose and rebuked the wind and the sea.”—Mark iv., 39.

Here in this seashore village was the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of his life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake, what scenes of kindness and power, and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! It has been the wish of my life—I cannot say the hope, for I never expected the privilege—to stand on the banks of Galilee. What a solemnity and what a rapture to be here! I can now understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert McCheyne, when sitting on the banks of this lake he wrote:

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell,
Oft wandered by thy side.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

I can now easily understand from the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. From the gentle way this lake treated our boat when we sailed on it yesterday, one would have thought it in-

capable of a paroxysm of rage, but it was quite different on both the occasions spoken of in my two texts. I close my eyes and the shore of Lake Galilee, as it now is, with but little signs of human life, disappears, and there comes back to my vision the lake as it was in Christ's time. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, grooved, so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful; all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate.

It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing this lake, and countrymen in fish smacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. O, what a beautiful scene!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation.

THE VOYAGE BEGINS.

From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron, or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of life, and light, and peace. Christ is in the back of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If

there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and his head touches the pillow, than he is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night. Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm, as it comes on with great strides, and all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats like petrels poise on the cliffs of the waves and then plunge.

SAVED BY CHRIST.

Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat, and lay hold of Christ, and say unto him: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifts his head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel and looks out into the storm. All around him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from his beard. He has one word for the sky and another for

the waves. Looking upward he cries: "Peace!" Looking downward he says: "Be still!"

The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars relight their torches. The tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with his feet on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and then cry out: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

The subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship, for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! We must always have Christ in the ship. Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. All you can do, with utmost tension of body, mind and soul, you are bound to do; but oh! have Christ in every enterprise, Christ in every voyage.

THE NECESSITY OF GOD'S HELP.

There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After awhile the storm comes and tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his lifeboat and the long boat;

the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off ; they can't help him off ; he must go down—no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadow. There may be in it Arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes ; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck, and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help ; then all is well ; all is well for time ; all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing.

THE TROUBLES OF THE APOSTLES.

These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said : “ What a beautiful day this is ! What a smooth sea ! What a bright sky this is ! How delightful is sailing in this boat, and as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why they only make the motion of our little boat more delightful.” But when the winds swept down, and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it ; so I have found it. Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ ? You would say, if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a li?

St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in the fire, Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go into history when we can draw from our own memory illustrations of the truth of what I say. Some young man in a store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity; the young men in the same store antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad, saying, "You're a pretty Christian." Does that young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Or you remember a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no! All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution; if you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way. The question was asked: "Who are those nearest the throne?" And the answer came back: "These are they who came up out of great tribulation—great flailing, as the original has it; great flailing, great pounding—and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh, do not be disheartened! Take courage. You are

in glorious companionship. God will see you through all trials and he will deliver you. My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get very much frightened.

NO REAL CAUSE FOR FEAR.

In the tones of these disciples, as they rushed into the back part of the boat, I find they are frightened almost to death. They say, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrightened. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people got very much affrightened. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the various errors going over the Church of God; we are going to founder; the Church is going to perish; she is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrightened by iniquity in our day, and think the Church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrightened as were the disciples of my text. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness. A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down, with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread, until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spider's web, and the spiders say: "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After awhile the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spider's web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning their sophistries

and skepticism about Jesus Christ: he seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord; he will never come forth again upon the nation; Christ is captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after awhile the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple and truth will come off victor.

But there are a great many good people who get affrightened in other respects; they are affrighted in our day about revivals. They say: "Oh! this is a strong religious gale. We are afraid the Church of God is going to be upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it," and they are affrighted when they see a revival taking hold of the churches. As though a ship captain, with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo, should say, some day, coming upon deck: "Throw overboard all the cargo," and the sailors should say: "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard." Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals—because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat. Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh, that such gales from heaven might sweep through

all our churches! Oh, for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England, and Robert McCheyne saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century a revival broke out at Somerville, N. J., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said: "Oh, you are going to bring too many people into the church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival. Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went and looked at the revival. They wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath and looked over the solemn auditory, and he said: "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff, and took hold of the small end of the staff, and began to let it fall slowly through between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impenitent, thou art falling now—falling from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling through my hand—falling certainly, though perhaps falling slowly." And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom, as the cane kept falling, until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly and said: "But the grace of God can stop you as I stopped that cane," and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation. "Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse." Oh, for gales from heaven to sweep all the

continents! The danger of the Church of God is not in revivals.

GOD AND MAN.

Again, my subject impressed me with the fact that Jesus was God and man in the same being. Here he is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired he looks; what sad dreams he must have! Look at his countenance; he must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at him, he is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, he falls asleep; he is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear him say: “Peace, be still;” and I see the storm kneeling at his feet, and the tempests folding their wings in his presence; he is a God.

If I have sorrow and trouble and want sympathy I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat and say: “Oh, Christ! weary one of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, man of Nazareth, man of the cross.” A man, a man. But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down and I say: “Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief, hush all my temptation, hush all my sin!” A man, a man; a God, a God.

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest.

It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and he puts his foot on the storm, and it crouches at his feet. Oh, yes, Christ can hush the tempest. You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions,

and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle, the owls of the night hooting among the fallen arches and crumbling stairways. Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with your troubles. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand will do you no more kindness; that white lock of hair you put away in the casket or in the locket didn't look as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle or in the country church. Or your property gone, you said: "I have so much bank stock, I have so many government securities, I have so many houses, I have so many farms—all gone, all gone." Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ says: "I have that little one in my keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, O, bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said: "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never break." Jesus hushing the tempest. There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this world and try to take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death; all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears;

calm, satisfied and peaceful ; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well, Jesus being our guide.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide ;
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on the bright, silv'ry tide,
We're home at last.
Glory to God ! all dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore ;
Glory to God ! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

“Thou has kept the good wine until now.”—John ii., 10.

Standing not far off from the demolished town of what was once called Cana of Galilee I bethink myself of our Lord's first manhood miracle which has been the astonishment of the ages. My visit last week to that place makes vivid in my mind that beautiful occurrence in Christ's ministry. My text brings us to a wedding in that village. It is a wedding in common life, two plain people having pledged each other, hand and heart, and their friends having come in for congratulation. The joy is not the less because there is no pretension. In each other they find all the future they want. The daisy in the cup on the table may mean as much as a score of artistic garlands fresh from the hothouse. When a daughter goes off from home with nothing but a plain father's blessing and a plain mother's love, she is missed as much as though she were a princess. It seems hard, after the parents have sheltered her for eighteen years, that in a few short months her affections should have been carried off by another; but mother remembers how it was in her own case when she was young, and so she braces up until the wedding has passed, and the banqueters are gone, and she has a good cry all alone.

“Well, we are to-day at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. Jesus and his mother have been invited. It is evident that there are more people there than were expected. Either some people have come who were not

invited or more invitations have been sent out than it was supposed would be accepted. Of course, there is not enough supply of wine. You know that there is nothing more embarrassing to a housekeeper than a scant supply. Jesus sees the embarrassment, and he comes up immediately to relieve it. He sees standing six water pots. He orders the servants to fill them with water, then waves his hand over the water, and immediately it is wine—real wine. Taste of it, and see for yourselves; no logwood in it, no strychnine in it, but first-rate wine. I will not now be diverted to the question so often discussed in my own country, whether it is right to drink wine. I am describing the scene as it was. When God makes wine, he makes the very best wine, and one hundred and thirty gallons of it standing around in these water pots; wine so good that the ruler of the feast tastes it and says: “Why, this is really better than anything we have had! Thou hast kept the good wine until now.” Beautiful miracle! A prize was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle:

The unconscious water saw its God, and blushed.

WHAT THE MIRACLE TEACHES.

We learn from this miracle, in the first place, that Christ has sympathy with housekeepers. You might have thought that Jesus would have said: “I cannot be bothered with this household deficiency of wine. It is not for me, Lord of heaven and earth, to become caterer to this feast. I have vaster things than this to attend to.” Not so said Jesus. The wine gave out, and Jesus, by miraculous power, came to the rescue.

Does there ever come a scant supply in your household? Have you to make a very close calculation? Is it hard work for you to carry on things decently and respectably. If so, don't sit down and cry. Don't go out and fret; but go to him who stood in the house in Cana of Gallilee. Pray in the parlor! Pray in the kitchen! Let there be no room in all your house unconsecrated by the voice of prayer. If you have a microscope, put under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about; and when you see that God makes them, and cares for them, and feeds them, come to the conclusion that he will take care of you and feed you, oh, ye of little faith.

A boy asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said: "Yes. You seem very poor." He says: "I am very poor." She says: "Don't you sometimes get discouraged, and feel that God is going to let you starve?" The lad looked up in the woman's face and said: "Do you think God will let me starve when I trust him, and then do the best I can?" Enough theology for older people! Trust in God and do the best you can. Amidst all the worriments of housekeeping go to him; he will help you control your temper, and supervise your domestics, and entertain your guests, and manage your home economies. There are hundreds of women weak, and nervous, and exhausted with the cares of housekeeping. I commend you to the Lord Jesus Christ as the best adviser and the most efficient aid—the Lord Jesus who performed his first miracle to relieve a housekeeper.

I learn also from this miracle that Christ does things in abundance. I think a small supply of wine would have made up for the deficiency. I think certainly they must have had enough for half of the guests.

One gallon of wine will do; certainly five gallons will be enough; certainly ten. But Jesus goes on, and he gives them thirty gallons, and forty gallons, and fifty gallons, and seventy gallons, and one hundred gallons, and one hundred and thirty gallons of the very best wine.

THE CREATOR'S GENEROSITY.

It is just like him! Doing everthing on the largest and most generous scale. Does Christ, our creator, go forth to make leaves, he makes them by the whole forest full; notched like the fern, or silvered like the aspen, or broad like the palm; thickets in the tropics, Oregon forests. Does he go forth to make flowers, he makes plenty of them; they flame from the hedge, they hang from the top of the grapevine in blossoms, they roll in the blue wave of the violets, they toss their white surf into the spiræa—enough for every child's hand a flower, enough to make for every brow a chaplet, enough with beauty to cover up the ghastliness of all the graves. Does he go forth to create water, he pours it out, not by the cupful, but by a river full, a lake full, an ocean full, pouring it out until all the earth has enough to drink and enough with which to wash.

Does Jesus, our Lord, provide redemption, it is not a little salvation for this one, a little for that, and a little for the other; but enough for all—"Whosoever will, let him come." Each man an ocean full for himself. Promises for the young, promises for the old, promises for the lowly, promises for the blind, for the halt, for the outcast, for the abandoned. Pardon for all, comfort for all, mercy for all, heaven for all; not merely a cupful of Gospel supply, but one hundred and thirty gallons. Ay, the tears of godly repentance are all gathered up into God's bottle, and some day, standing before the throne, we will lift our cup of delight

and ask that it be filled with the wine of heaven ; and Jesus, from that bottle of tears, will begin to pour in the cup, and we will cry : “ Stop, Jesus, we do not want to drink our own tears ; ” and Jesus will say : “ Know ye not that the tears of earth are the wine of heaven ? ” Sorrow may endure but joy cometh in the morning.

I remark further, Jesus does not shadow the joys of others with his own griefs. He might have sat down in that wedding and said : “ I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much persecution, and the cross is coming ; I shall not rejoice, and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this group. ” So said not Jesus. He said to himself : “ Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide my own griefs. I will kindle their joy. ” There are many not so wise as that. I know a household where there are many little children, where for two years the musical instrument has been kept shut because there has been trouble in the house. Alas for the folly ! Parents saying : “ We will have no Christmas tree this coming holiday because there has been trouble in the house. Hush that laughing upstairs ! How can there be any joy when there has been so much trouble ? ” And so they make everything consistently doleful, and send their sons and daughters to ruin with the gloom they throw around them.

Oh, my dear friends, do you know not those children will have trouble enough of their own after a while ? Be glad they cannot appreciate all yours. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter’s lips. When your head is down in the grass of the tomb, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that son may, after a while, have his heart

broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long; fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul; rather be like Jesus, who came to the wedding hiding his own grief and kindling the joys of others. So I have seen the sun, on a dark day, struggling amidst the clouds, black, ragged and portentous, but after a while the sun, with golden pry, heaved back the blackness, and the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon, under the saffron sky, the water was all turned into wine.

HE WANTS US TO BE COMFORTABLE.

I learn from this miracle that Christ is not impatient with the luxuries of life. It was not necessary that they should have that wine. Hundreds of people have been married without any wine. We do not read that any of the other provisions fell short. When Christ made the wine it was not a necessity, but a positive luxury. I do not believe that he wants us to eat hard bread, and sleep on hard mattresses, unless we like them the best. I think, if circumstances will allow, we have a right to the luxuries of dress, the luxuries of diet, and the luxuries of residence. There is no more religion in an old coat than in a new one. We can serve God drawn by golden-plated harness as certainly as when we go afoot. Jesus Christ will dwell with us under a fine ceiling as well as under a thatched roof; and when you get wine made out of water, drink as much of it as you can.

What is the difference between a Chinese mud hovel and an American home? What is the difference between the rough bear skins of the Russian boor and the outfit of an American gentleman? No difference, except that which the gospel of Christ, directly or in-

directly, has caused. When Christ shall have vanquished all the world, I suppose every house will be a mansion, and every garment a robe, and every horse an arched-necked courser, and every carriage a glittering vehicle, and every man a king, and every woman a queen, and the whole earth a paradise; the glories of the natural world harmonizing with the glories of the material world, until the very bells of the horses shall jingle the praises of the Lord.

I learn, further, from this miracle, that Christ has no impatience with festal joy, otherwise he would not have accepted the invitation to that wedding. He certainly would not have done that which increased the hilarity. There may have been many in that room who were happy; but there was not one of them that did so much for the joy of the wedding party as Christ himself. He was the chief of the banqueters. When the wine gave out he supplied it; and so, I take it, he will not deny us the joys that are positively festal.

I think the children of God have more right to laugh than any other people, and to clap their hands as loudly. There is not a single joy denied them that is given to any other people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity? I take it to be, simply, a proclamation from the throne of God of emancipation for all the enslaved! and if a man accepts the terms of that proclamation, and becomes free, has he not a right to be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds? Will he say: "My children, you must not walk through these paths, or sit down under these trees, or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders. They may walk in them." No father would say anything like that. He would

say: "The first privileges in all the grounds, and all of my house, shall be for my own children." And yet men try to make us believe that God's children are on the limits, and the chief refreshments and enjoyments of life are for outsiders, and not for his own children. It is stark atheism! There is no innocent beverage too rich for God's child to drink, there is no robe too costly for him to wear. There is no hilarity too great for him to indulge in, and no house too splendid for him to live in. He has a right to the joys of earth; he shall have a right to the joys of heaven! Though tribulation, and trial, and hardship may come unto him, let him rejoice. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and again I say, rejoice."

HE COMES IN THE HOUR OF EXTREMITY.

I remark again that Christ comes to us in the hour of our extremity. He knew the wine was giving out before there was any embarrassment or mortification. Why did he not perform the miracle sooner? Why wait until it was all gone, and no help could come from any source, and then come in and perform the miracle? This is Christ's way; and when he did come in, at the hour of extremity, he made first-rate wine, so that they cried out: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Jesus, in the hour of extremity! He seems to prefer that hour.

In a Christian home in Poland great poverty had come, and on the week day the man was obliged to move out of the house with his whole family. That night he knelt with his family and prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayer there was a tap on the window pane. They opened the window, and there was a raven that the family had fed and trained, and it had in its bill a ring all set with precious stones,

which was found out to be a ring belonging to the royal family. It was taken up to the king's residence, and for the honesty of the man in bringing it back he had a house given to him, and a garden, and a farm. Who was it that sent the raven tapping on the window? The same God that sent the raven to feed Elijah by the brook Cherith. Christ in the hour of extremity!

You mourned over your sins. You could not find the way out. You sat down and said: "God will not be merciful. He has cast me off;" but in that, the darkest hour of your history, light broke from the throne, and Jesus said: "O wanderer, come home. I have seen all thy sorrows. In this, the hour of thy extremity, I offer thee pardon and everlasting life!"

Trouble came. You were almost torn to pieces by that trouble. You braced yourself up against it. You said: "I will be a Stoic and will not care;" but before you had got through making the resolution it broke down under you. You felt that all your resources were gone, and then Jesus came. "In the fourth watch of the night," the Bible says, "Jesus came walking on the sea." Why did he not come in the first watch? or in the second watch? or in the third watch? I do not know. He came in the fourth, and gave deliverance to his disciples. Jesus in the last extremity!

I wonder if it will be so in our very last extremity. We shall fall suddenly sick, and doctors will come, but in vain. We will try the anodynes, and the stimulants, and the bathings, but all in vain. Something will say: "You must go." No one to hold us back, but the hands of eternity stretched out to pull us on. What then? Jesus will come to us, and as we say: "Lord Jesus, I am afraid of that water, I cannot wade through to the other side," he will say: "Take hold of

my arm ;” and we will take hold of his arm, and then he will put his foot in the surf of the wave, taking us on down deeper, deeper, deeper, and our soul will cry: “All thy waves and billows have gone over me.” They cover the feet, come to the knee, pass the girdle, and come to the head, and our soul cries out: “Lord Jesus Christ, I cannot hold thine arm any longer !” Then Jesus will turn around, throw both his arms about us, and set us on the beach, far beyond the tossing of the billow. Jesus in the last extremity !

A GRANDER WEDDING.

That wedding scene is gone now. The wedding ring has been lost, the tankards have been broken, the house is down ; but Jesus invites us to a grander wedding. You know the Bible says that the Church is the Lamb’s wife ; and the Lord will after awhile come to fetch her home. There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music ; and Jesus will stretch out his hand, and the Church, robed in white, will put aside her veil and look up into the face of her Lord the king, and the bridegroom will say to the bride: “Thou hast been faithful through all these years ! The mansion is ready ! Come home ! Thou art fair, my love !” and then he shall put upon her brow the crown of dominion, and the table will be spread and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals ; and the bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters, looking up, will wonder and admire, and say: “That is Jesus, the bridegroom ! But the scar on his brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in his side is covered with a robe !” and

“That is the bride! the weariness of her earthly woe lost in the flush of this wedding triumph!”

There will be wine enough at that wedding; not coming up from the poisoned vats of earth, but the vineyards of God will press their ripest clusters, and the cups and the tankards will blush to the brim with the heavenly vintage, and then all the banqueters will drink standing. Esther having come up from the bacchanalian revelry of Ahasuerus, where a thousand lords feasted, will be there. And the queen of Sheba, from the banquet of Solomon, will be there. And the mother of Jesus, from the wedding in Cana, will be there. And they all will agree that the earthly feasting was poor compared with that. Then, lifting their chalices in that holy light, they shall cry to the lord of the feast: “Thou has kept the good wine until now.”

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE HOLY LAND.

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.” —Luke ii., 14.

At last I have what I longed for, a Christmas eve in the Holy Land. This is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which he descended. I look up through these Christmas skies and I see no loosened star hastening southward to halt above Bethlehem, but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that any of them run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they kneel at the feet of Him who, though once an exile, is now enthroned forever. Fresh up from Bethlehem, I am full of the scenes suggested by a visit to that village. You know that whole region of Bethlehem is famous in Bible story. There were the waving harvests of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David, the warrior, was thirsty, and three men of unheard-of self-denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scripture means when it says they came “to be taxed,” for people did not in those days rush after the assessors of tax any more than they now do.

The village inn was crowded with the strangers who had come up by the command of government to have

their names in the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stables. You have seen some of those large stone buildings, in the center of which the camels were kept, while running out from this center in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jesus was born. Had his parents been more showily appareled, I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable entertainment. That night in the fields the shepherds with crook and kindled fires were watching their flocks, when hark! to the sound of voices strangely sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come out to serenade the weary shepherds? But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking their snowy fleece and bleating to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony, as, echoed back from cloud to cloud, it rings over the midnight hills: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind him was hung on the sky in sight of Bethlehem. Who knows but that that crown may have been mistaken by the wise men for the star running and pointing downward?

PURITY IN POVERTY.

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that indigence is not always significant of degradation. When princes are born heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it, and flags wave it, and illuminations set cities on fire with the tidings. Some of us in England or America remember the time of rejoicing when the Prince of Wales was born. You can remember the gladness throughout Christendom at the nativity in the palace at Madrid. But when our glori-

ous Prince was born there was no rejoicing on earth. Poor and growing poorer, yet the heavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth of the proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

In all ages there have been great hearts throbbing under rags, tender sympathies under rough exterior, gold in the quartz, Parian marble in the quarry, and in every stable of privation wonders of excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host. All the great deliverers of literature and of nations were born in homes without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his pine knot light from the wilderness until all nations and generations have seen it, and off of his hard crust of penury has broken the bread of knowledge and religion for the starving millions of the race. Poetry, and science, and literature, and commerce, and laws, and constitutions, and liberty, like Christ, were born in a manger. All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods, who wanted to slay them, and Iscariots, who betrayed them, and rabbles that crucified them, and sepulchers that confined them until they burst forth in glorious resurrection. Strong character, like the rhododendron, is an Alpine plant that grows fastest in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for being flailed. Some of the most useful people would never have come to positions of usefulness had they not been ground and pounded and hammered in the foundry of disaster. When I see Moses coming up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest law giver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremble with his prophecies, and David from the sheep

cote to sway the poet's pen and the king's scepter, and Peter from the fishing net to be the great preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the truth of my proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

My subject also impresses me with the thought that it is while at our useful occupations that we have the divine manifestations. Had those shepherds gone that night into Bethlehem, and risked their flocks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, that man sees most of God and heaven who minds his own business. We all have our posts of duty, and, standing there, God appears to us. We are all shepherds or shepherdesses, and we have our flocks of cares and annoyances and anxieties, and we must tend them.

“DILIGENT IN BUSINESS, FERVENT IN SPIRIT.”

We sometimes hear very good people say: “If I had a month or a year or two to do nothing but attend to religious things, I would be a great deal better than I am now.” You are mistaken. Generally the best people are the busy people. Elisha was plowing in the field when the prophetic mantle fell on him. Matthew was attending to his custom house duties when Christ commanded him to follow. James and John were mending their nets when Christ called them to be fishers of men. Had they been snoring in the sun Christ would not have called their indolence into the apostleship. Gideon was at work with the flail on the threshing floor when he saw an angel. Saul was with great fatigue hunting up the lost asses when he found the crown of Israel. The prodigal son would never have reformed and wanted to have returned to his father's house if he had not first gone into business, though it

was swine feeding. Not once out of a hundred times will a lazy man become a Christian. Those who have nothing to do are in very unfavorable circumstances for the receiving of divine manifestations. It is not when you are in idleness, but when you are like the Bethlehem shepherds, watching your flocks, that the glory descends and there is joy among the angels of God over your soul penitent and forgiven.

My subject also strikes at the delusion that the religion of Christ is dolorous and grief infusing. The music that broke through the midnight heavens was not a dirge, but an anthem. It shook joy over the hills. It not only dropped upon the shepherds, but it sprang upward among the thrones. The robe of a Saviour's righteousness is not black. The Christian life is not made up of weeping and cross-bearing and war-waging. Through the revelation of that Christmas night I find that religion is not a groan but a song. In a world of sin and sick bed and sepulchers, we must have trouble, but in the darkest night the heavens part with angelic song. You may, like Paul, be shipwrecked, but I exhort you to be of good cheer, for you shall all escape safe to the land. Religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face and the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion into his phylactery has none left for his heart. Fretfulness and complaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. Christianity does not frown upon amusements and recreations. It is not a cynic, it is not a shrew, it chokes no laughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as much at home on the playground as it is in the church. It is just as graceful in the charade as it is in the psalm book. It sings just as well in Surrey gardens as it

prays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ wept that we might laugh.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that glorious endings sometimes have very humble beginnings. The straw pallet was the starting point, but the shout in the midnight sky revealed what would be the glorious consummation. Christ on Mary's lap, Christ on the throne of universal dominion—what an humble starting! what a glorious ending! Grace begins on a small scale in the heart. You see only men as trees walking. The grace of God in the heart is a feeble spark, and Christ has to keep both hands over it lest it be blown out. What an humble beginning! But look at that same man when he has entered heaven. No crown able to express his royalty. No palace able to express his wealth. No scepter able to express his power and dominion. Drinking from the fountain that drips from the everlasting Rock. Among the harpers harping with their harps. On a sea of glass mingled with fire. Before the throne of God, to go no more out forever. The spark of grace, that Christ had to keep both hands over lest it come to extinction, having flamed up into honor and glory and immortality. What humble starting! What glorious consummation!

“AS A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.”

The New Testament Church was on a small scale. Fishermen watched it. Against the uprising walls crashed infernal enginery. The world said anathema. Ten thousand people rejoiced at every seeming defeat, and said: “Aha! aha! so we would have it.” Martyrs on fire cried: “How long, O Lord, how long?” Very humble starting, but see the difference at the

consummation, when Christ with his almighty arm has struck off the last chain of human bondage and Himalaya shall be Mount Zion, and Pyrenees, Moriah, and oceans the walking place of him who trod the wave cliffs of stormed Tiberias; and island shall call to island, sea to sea, continent to continent, and the song of the world's redemption rising, the heavens like a great sounding board shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of God, and all heaven rising on their thrones beat time with their scepters. Oh, what an humble beginning! What a glorious ending! Throne linked to a manger, heavenly mansions to a stable.

My subject also impresses me with the effect of Christ's mission upward and downward. Glory to God, peace to man. When God sent his Son into the world angels discovered something new in God, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that before. But when God sent his Son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of self-denial in God, the spirit of self-sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on his throne than a thief on the cross, a seraph in his worship than an adulteress in her crime. When the angels saw God—the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in heaven to be hurt—give up his Son, his Son, his only, only Son, they saw something that they had never thought of before, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out on that pilgrimage the angels in heaven clapped their wings in triumph and called on all the hosts of heaven to help them celebrate it, and sang so loud that the Bethlehem shepherds heard it: "Glory to God in the highest."

But it was also to be a mission of peace to man. Infinite holiness—accumulated depravity. How could

they ever come together? The gospel bridges over the distance. It brings God to us. It takes us to God. God in us, and we in God. Atonement! Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins forgiven, eternal life secured, heaven built on a manger.

But it was also to be the pacification of all individual and international animosities. What a sound this word of peace had in that Roman empire that boasted of the number of people it had massacred, that prided itself on the number of the slain, that rejoiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily, and Corsica, and Sardinia, and Macedonia, and Egypt had bowed to her sword and crouched at the cry of her war eagles. She gave her chief honor to Scipio and Fabius and Cæsar—all men of blood. What contempt they must have had there for the penniless, unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarene, starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would upbear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been spent in slaughter thirty-five thousand millions of dollars, or what would be equal to that; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thousand millions of dollars in civil war.

ARMIES OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's armies march past! What

a spectacle it would be ! There go the hosts of Israel through a score of Red Seas—one of water, the rest of blood. There go Cyrus and his army, with infuriate yell rejoicing over the fall of the gates of Babylon. There goes Alexander leading forth his hosts and conquering all the world but himself, the earth reeling with the battle gash of Arbela and Persepolis. There goes Ferdinand Cortes, leaving his butchered enemies on the table lands once fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering cacao. There goes the great Frenchman, leading his army down through Egypt, like one of its plagues, and up through Russia, like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave trench under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the ruins of Delhi and Allahabad, and yonder are the inhuman Sepoys and the brave regiments under Havelock avenging the insulted flag of Britain ; while cut right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie one million Northern and Southern dead. Oh, the tears ! Oh, the blood ! Oh, the long marches ! Oh, the hospital wounds ! Oh, the martyrdom ! Oh, the death ! But brighter than the light which flashed on all these swords and shields and musketry is the light that fell on Bethlehem, and louder than the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the groaning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, swept as though all the bells of heaven rung a jubilee : “ Peace on earth, good will toward men.” Oh, when will the day come—God hasten it !—when the swords shall be turned into plowshares, and the fortresses shall be remodeled into churches, and the men of blood battling for renown shall become good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the

cannon now striking down whole columns of death shall thunder the victories of the truth.

MANY WILL BE SAVED.

When we think of the whole world saved, we are apt to think of the few people that now inhabit it. Only a very few compared with the populations to come. And what a small part cultivated. Do you know it has been authentically estimated that three-fourths of Europe is yet all barrenness, and that nine hundred and ninety-one one-thousandth parts of the entire globe is uncultivated? This is all to be cultivated, all inhabited and all gospelized. Oh, what tears of repentance when nations begin to weep! Oh, what supplications when continents begin to pray! Oh, what rejoicing when hemispheres begin to sing! Churches will worship on the places where this very hour smokes the blood of human sacrifice, and wandering through the snake-infested jungles of Africa, Christ's heel will bruise the serpent's head. Oh, when the trumpet of salvation shall be sounded everywhere and the nations are redeemed, a light will fall upon every town brighter than that which fell upon Bethlehem, and more overwhelming than the song that fell on the pasture fields where the flocks fed, there will be a song louder than the voice of the storm-lifted oceans, "Glory to God in the highest," and from all nations and kindred and people and tongues will come the response, "And on earth peace, good will toward men!" On this Christmas day I bring you good tidings of great joy. Pardon for all sin, comfort for all trouble, and life for the dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts? The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on your heart—one, two, three; three times less it will beat. Life is passing

like gazelles over the plain. Sorrows hover like petrels over the sea. Death swoops like a vulture from the mountains. Misery rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly songs fall to us like stars.

I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with Gospel gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your loved ones who have preceded you. In that grandest and best sense a merry Christmas.

And God grant that in our final moment we may have as bright a vision as did the dying girl when she said: "Mother"—pointing with her thin white hand through the window—"mother, what is that beautiful land out yonder beyond the mountains, the high mountains?" "Oh," said the mother, "my darling, there are no mountains within sight of our home." "Oh, yes," she said, "don't you see them—that beautiful land beyond the mountains out there, just beyond the high mountains?"

The mother looked down into the face of her dying child and said: "My dear, I think that must be heaven that you see." "Well, then," she said, "father, you come, and with your strong arms carry me over those mountains, into that beautiful land beyond the high mountains." "No," said the weeping father, "my darling, I can't go with you." "Well," said she, clapping her hands, "never mind, never mind; I see yonder a shining One coming. He is coming now, in his strong arms to carry me over the mountains to the beautiful land—over the mountains, over the high mountains!"

THE JOYFUL SURPRISE.

“Behold, the half was not told to me.”—I Kings, x., 7.

Appearing before you to-day, my mind yet agitated with the scenery of the Holy Land from which we have just arrived, you will expect me to revert to some of the scenes once enacted there. Mark a circle around Lake Galilee, and another circle around Jerusalem, and you describe the two regions in which cluster memories of more events than in any other two circles. Jerusalem was a spell of fascination that will hold me the rest of my life. Solomon had resolved that that city should be the center of all sacred, regal and commercial magnificence. He set himself to work and monopolized the surrounding desert as a highway for his caravans. He built the city of Palmyra around one of the principal wells of the east, so that all the long trains of merchandise from the East were obliged to stop there, pay toll and leave part of their wealth in the hands of Solomon's merchants. He named the fortress Thapsacus, at the chief ford of the Euphrates, and put under guard everything that passed there. The three great products of Palestine—wine pressed from the richest clusters and celebrated all the world over; oil, which in that hot country is the entire substitute for butter and lard, and was pressed from the olive branches until every tree in the country became an oil well; and honey, which was the entire substitute for sugar—these three great products of the country Solomon exported,

and received in return fruits and precious woods and the animals of every clime.

HOW SOLOMON ENLARGED HIS KINGDOM.

He went down to Ezion-geber and ordered a fleet of ships to be constructed, oversaw the workmen, and watched the launching of the flotilla which was to go out on more than a year's voyage, to bring home the wealth of the then known world. He heard that the Egyptian horses were large and swift, and long maned and round limbed, and he resolved to purchase them, giving eighty-five dollars apiece for them, putting the best of these horses in his own stall, and selling the surplus to foreign potentates at great profit.

He heard that there was the best of timber on Mount Lebanon, and he sent out one hundred and eighty thousand men to hew down the forest and drag the timber through the mountain gorges, to construct it into rafts to be floated to Joppa, and from thence to be drawn by ox teams twenty-five miles across the land to Jerusalem. He heard that there were beautiful flowers in other lands. He sent for them, planted them in his own gardens, and to this very day there are flowers found in the ruins of that city such as are to be found in no other part of Palestine, the lineal descendants of the very flowers that Solomon planted. He heard that in foreign groves there were birds of richest voice and luxuriant wing. He sent out people to catch them and bring them there, and he put them into his cages.

Stand back now and see this long train of camels coming up to the king's gate, and the ox trains from Egypt, gold and silver and precious stones, and beasts of every hoof, and birds of every wing, and fish of every scale! See the peacocks strut under the cedars,

and the horsemen run, and chariots wheel! Hark to the orchestra! Gaze upon the dance! Not stopping to look into the wonders of the temple, step right on to the causeway, and pass up to Solomon's palace!

Here we find ourselves amid a collection of buildings on which the king had lavished the wealth of many empires. The genius of Hiram, the architect, and of the other artists is here seen in the long line of corridors and the suspended gallery and the approach to the throne. Traceried window opposite traceried window. Bronzed ornaments bursting into lotus and lily and pomegranate. Chapters, surrounded by network of leaves, in which imitation fruit seemed suspended, as in hanging baskets. Three branches—so Josephus tells us—three branches sculptured on the marble, so thin and subtle that even the leaves seemed to quiver. A laver, capable of holding five hundred barrels of water on six hundred brazen oxheads, which gushed with water and filled the whole place with coolness and crystalline brightness and musical splash. Ten tables chased with chariot wheel and lion and cherubim. Solomon sat on a throne of ivory. At the seating place of the throne, on each end of the steps, a brazen lion. Why, my friends, in that place they trimmed their candles with snuffers of gold, and they cut their fruits with knives of gold, and they washed their faces in basins of gold, and they scooped out the ashes with shovels of gold, and they stirred the altar fires with tongs of gold. Gold reflected in the water! Gold flashing from the apparel! Gold blazing in the crown! Gold, gold, gold!

Of course the news of the affluence of that place went out everywhere by every caravan and by wing of every ship, until soon the streets of Jerusalem are crowded with curiosity seekers. What is that long

procession approaching Jerusalem? I think from the pomp of it there must be royalty in the train. I smell the breath of the spices which are brought as presents, and I hear the shout of the drivers, and I see the dust-covered caravan showing that they come from far away. Cry the news up to the palace. The queen of Sheba advances. Let all the people come out to see. Let the mighty men of the land come out on the palace corridors. Let Solomon come down the stairs of the palace before the queen has alighted. Shake out the cinnamon, and the saffron, and the calmus, and the frankincense, and pass it into the treasure house. Take up the diamonds until they glitter in the sun.

SHE WOULD SEE FOR HERSELF.

The queen of Sheba alights. She enters the palace. She washes at the bath. She sits down at the banquet. The cup bearers bow. The meat smokes. The music trembles in the dash of the waters from the molten sea. Then she rises from the banquet, and walks through the conservatories, and gazes on the architecture, and she asks Solomon many strange questions, and she learns about the religion of the Hebrews, and she then and there becomes a servant of the Lord God.

She is overwhelmed. She begins to think that all the spices she brought, and all the precious woods which are intended to be turned into harps and psalteries and into railings for the causeway between the temple and the palace, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in money—she begins to think that all these presents amount to nothing in such a place, and she is almost ashamed that she has brought them, and she says within herself: “I heard a great deal about this place and about this wonderful religion of the Hebrews, but I find it far beyond my highest anticipations. I

must add more than fifty per cent to what has been related. It exceeds everything that I could have expected. The half—the half was not told me.”

Learn from this subject what a beautiful thing it is when social position and wealth surrender themselves to God. When religion comes to a neighborhood, the first to receive it are the women. Some men say it is because they are weakminded. I say it is because they have quicker perception of what is right, more ardent affection and capacity for sublimer emotion. After the women have received the gospel, then all the distressed and the poor of both sexes, those who have no friends, accept Jesus. Last of all come the greatly prospered. Alas, that it is so !

If there are those who have been favored of fortune, or, as I might better put it, favored of God, surrender all you have and all you expect to be to the Lord who blessed this queen of Sheba. Certainly you are not ashamed to be found in this queen's company. I am glad that Christ has had his imperial friends in all ages—Elizabeth Christina, queen of Prussia ; Maria Feodorovna, queen of Russia ; Marie, empress of France ; Helena, the imperial mother of Constantine ; Arcadia, from her great fortunes building public baths in Constantinople and toiling for the alleviation of the masses ; Queen Clotilda, leading her husband and three thousand of his armed warriors to Christian baptism ; Elizabeth, of Burgundy, giving her jeweled glove to a beggar, and scattering great fortunes among the distressed ; Prince Albert, singing “ Rock of Ages ” in Windsor Castle, and Queen Victoria, incognita, reading the Scriptures to a dying pauper.

I bless God that the day is coming when royalty will bring all its thrones, and music all its harmonies, and painting all its pictures, and sculpture all its

statuary, and architecture all its pillars, and conquest all its scepters ; and the queens of the earth, in long line of advance, frankincense filling the air, and the camels laden with gold, shall approach Jerusalem, and the gates shall be hoisted, and the great burden of splendor shall be lifted into the palace of this greater than Solomon.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN MUST BE SOUGHT.

Again, my subject teaches me what is earnestness in the search of truth. Do you know where Sheba was ? It was in Abyssinia, or some say in the southern part of Arabia Felix. In either case, it was a great way from Jerusalem, To get from there to Jerusalem she had to cross a country infested with bandits, and go across blistering deserts. Why did not the queen of Sheba stay at home and send a committee to inquire about this new religion, and have the delegates report in regard to that religion and wealth of King Solomon ? She wanted to see for herself and hear for herself. She could not do this by work of committee. She felt she had a soul worth ten thousand kingdoms like Sheba, and she wanted a robe richer than any woven by Oriental shuttles, and she wanted a crown set with the jewels of eternity. Bring out the camels ! Put on the spices ! Gather up the jewels of the throne and put them on the caravan ! Start now ! No time to be lost ! Goad on the camels ! When I see that caravan, dust-covered, weary and exhausted, trudging on across the desert and among the bandits until it reaches Jerusalem, I say, " There is an earnest seeker after the truth."

But there are a great many who do not act in that way. They all want to get the truth, but they want the truth to come to them ; they do not want to go to

it. There are people who fold their arms and say: "I am ready to become a Christian at any time; if I am to be saved I shall be saved, and if I am to be lost I shall be lost." But Jerusalem will never come to you; you must go to Jerusalem. The religion of our Lord Jesus Christ will not come to you; you must go and get religion. Bring out the camels; put on all the sweet spices, all the treasures of the heart's affection. Start for the throne. Go in and hear the waters of salvation dashing in fountains all around about the throne. Sit down at the banquet—the wine pressed from the grapes of the heavenly Eshcol, the angels of God the cupbearers. Goad on the camels. The Bible declares it: "The queen of the south"—that is, this very woman I am speaking of—"the queen of the south shall rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold! a greater than Solomon is here." What infatuation, the sitting down in idleness expecting to be saved. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Urge on the camels!

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that religion is a surprise to anyone that gets it. This story of the new religion in Jerusalem, and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ—that story rolled on and on, and was told by every traveler coming back from Jerusalem. The news goes on the wing of every ship and with every caravan, and you know a story enlarges as it is retold, and by the time that story gets down into the southern part of Arabia Felix, and the queen of Sheba hears it, it must be a

tremendous story. And yet this queen declares in regard to it, although she had heard so much and had her anticipations raised so high, the half—the half was not told her.

THE CONVERT'S JOYFUL SURPRISE.

So religion is always a surprise to anyone that gets it. The story of grace—an old story. Apostles preached it with rattle of chain; martyrs declared it with arm of fire; deathbeds have affirmed it with visions of glory, and ministers of religion have sounded it through the lanes, and the highways, and the chapels and cathedrals. It has been cut into stone with chisel, and spread on the canvas with pencil; and it has been recited in the doxology of great congregations. And yet when a man first comes to look on the palace of God's mercy, and to see the royalty of Christ, and the wealth of his banquet, and the luxuriance of his attendants, and the loveliness of his face, and the joy of his service, he exclaims with prayers, with tears, with sighs, with triumphs: "The half—the half was not told me!"

I appeal to those who are Christians. Compare the idea you had of the joy of the Christian life before you became a Christian, with the appreciation of that joy you have now since you have become a Christian, and you are willing to attest before angels and men that you never in the days of your spiritual bondage had any appreciation of what was to come. You are ready to-day to answer and say in regard to the discoveries you have made of the mercy, and the grace, and the goodness of God: "The half—the half was not told me!"

Well, we hear a great deal about the good time that is coming to this world, when it is to be girded with

salvation. Holiness on the bells of the horses. The lion's mane patted by the hand of a babe. Ships of Tarshish bringing cargoes for Jesus, and the hard, dry, barren, winter-bleached, storm-scarred, thunder-split rock breaking into floods of bright water. Deserts into which dromedaries thrust their nostrils, because they were afraid of the simoon deserts blooming into carnation roses and silver-tipped lilies.

It is the old story. Everybody tells it. Isaiah told it, John told it, Paul told it, Ezekiel told it, Luther told it, Calvin told it, John Milton told it—everybody tells it; and yet—and yet when the midnight shall fly the hills, and Christ shall marshal his great army, and China, dashing her idols into the dust, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and India, destroying her Juggernaut and snatching up her little children from the Ganges, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and vine-covered Italy and wheat-crowned Russia, and all the nations of the earth shall hear the voice of God and fall into line; then the Church, which has been toiling and struggling through the centuries, robed and garlanded like a bride adorned for her husband, shall put aside her veil and look up into the face of her Lord the King and say: “The half—the half was not told me.”

HEAVEN THE GREATEST SURPRISE.

Well, there is coming a greater surprise to every Christian—a greater surprise than anything I have depicted. Heaven is an old story. Everybody talks about it. There is hardly a hymn in the hymn-book that does not refer to it. Children read about it in their Sabbath-school book. Aged men put on their spectacles to study it. We say it is a harbor from the storm. We call it home. We say it is the house of

many mansions. We weave together all sweet, beautiful, delicate, exhilarant words; we weave them into letters, and then we spell it out in rose and lily and amaranth. And yet that place is going to be a surprise to the most intelligent Christian. Like the Queen of Sheba, the report has come to us from the far country, and many of us have started. It is a desert march, but we urge on the camels. What though our feet be blistered with the way? We are hastening to the palace. We take all our loves and hopes and Christian ambitions, as frankincense and myrrh and cassia, to the great King. We must not rest, we must not halt. The night is coming on, and it is not safe out here in the desert. Urge on the camels! I see the domes against the sky, and the houses of Lebanon, and the temples and the gardens. See the fountains dance in the sun, and the gates flash as they open to let in the poor pilgrims.

Send the word up to the palace that we are coming, and that we are weary of the march of the desert. The King will come out and say: "Welcome to the palace; bathe in these waters; recline on these banks. Take this cinnamon and frankincense and myrrh, and put it upon a censer and swing it before the altar." And yet, my friends, when heaven bursts upon us, it will be a greater surprise than that—Jesus on the throne, and we made like him! All our Christian friends surrounding us in glory! All our sorrows and tears and sins gone by forever! The thousands of thousands; the one hundred and forty and four thousand; the great multitudes that no man can number, will cry, world without end, "The half—the half was not told me!"

HOW A KING'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

“Jehosheba, the daughter of King Joram, sister of Ahaziah, took Joash the son of Ahaizah, and stole him from among the king's sons which were slain; and they hid him, even him and his nurse, in the bed-chamber from Athaliah, so that he was not slain. And he was with her hid in the house of the Lord six years.”—II Kings xi., 2, 3.

Grandmother's are more lenient with their children's children than they were with their own. At forty years of age, if discipline be necessary, chastisement is used, but at seventy, the grandmother, looking upon the misbehavior of the grandchild, is apologetic and disposed to substitute confectionery for whip. There is nothing more beautiful than this mellowing of old age toward childhood. Grandmother takes out her pocket handkerchief and wipes her spectacles and puts them on, and looks down into the face of her mischievous and rebellious descendant, and says: “I don't think he meant to do it; let him off this time; I'll be responsible for his behavior in the future.” My mother, with the second generation around her—a boisterous crew—said one day: “I suppose they ought to be disciplined, but I can't do it. Grandmothers are not fit to bring up grandchildren.” But here, in my text, we have a grandmother of a different hue.

I have within a few days been at Jerusalem, where the occurrence of the text took place, and the whole scene came vividly before me while I was going over the site of the ancient temple and climbing the towers of the king's palace. Here in the text it is old Atha-

liah, the queenly murderess. She ought to have been honorable. Her father was a king. Her husband was a king. Her son was a king. And yet we find her plotting for the extermination of the entire royal family, including her own grandchildren. The executioners' knives are sharpened. The palace is red with the blood of princes and princesses. On all sides are shrieks, and hands thrown up, and struggle, and death groan. No mercy! Kill! Kill! But while the ivory floors of the palace run with carnage, and the whole land is under the shadow of a great horror, a fleet-footed woman, a clergyman's wife, Jehosheba by name, stealthily approaches the imperial nursery, seizēs upon the grandchild that had somehow as yet escaped massacre, wraps it up tenderly but in haste, snuggles it against her, flies down the palace stairs, her heart in her throat lest she be discovered in this Christian abduction. Get her out of the way as quick as you can, for she carries a precious burden, even a young king. With this youthful prize she presses into the room of the ancient temple, the church of olden times, unwraps the young king and puts him down, sound asleep as he is, and unconscious of the peril that has been threatened; and there for six years he is secreted in that church apartment. Meanwhile old Athaliah smæcks her lips with satisfaction, and thinks that all the royal family are dead.

But the six years expire, and it is now time for young Joash to come forth and take the throne, and to push back into disgrace and death old Athaliah. The arrangements are all made for political revolution. The military come and take possession of the temple, swear loyalty to the boy, Joash, and stand around for his defense. See the sharpened swords and the burnished shields! Everything is ready. Now, Joash, half affrighted at the armed tramp of his defenders,

scared at the vociferation of his admirers, is brought forth in full regalia. The scroll of authority is put in his hand, the coronet of government is put on his brow, and the people clapped, and waved, and huzzahed, and trumpeted. "What is that?" said Athaliah. "What is that sound over in the temple?" And she flies to see, and on her way they meet her and say: "Why, haven't you heard? You thought you had slain all the royal family, but Joash has come to light." Then the queenly murderess, frantic with rage, grabbed her mantle and tore it to tatters, and cried until she foamed at the mouth: "You have no right to crown my grandson. You have no right to take the government from my shoulders. Treason! Treason!" While she stood there crying that, the military started for her arrest, and she took a short cut through a back door of the temple, and ran through the royal stables; but the battle axes of the military fell on her in the barnyard, and for many a day, when the horses were being unloosed from the chariot, after drawing out young Joash, the fiery steeds would snort and rear passing the place, as they smelt the place of the carnage.

The first thought I had you from this subject is that the extermination of righteousness is an impossibility. When a woman is good, she is apt to be very good, and when she is bad, she is apt to be very bad, and this Athaliah was one of the latter sort. She would exterminate the last scion of the house of David, through whom Jesus was to come. There was plenty of work for embalmers and undertakers. She would clear the land of all God-fearing and God-loving people. She would put an end to everything that could in anywise interfere with her imperial criminality. She folds her hands and says: "The work is

done ; it is completely done." Is it? In the swaddling clothes of that church apartment are wrapped the cause of God, and the cause of good government. That is the scion of the house of David ; it is Joash, the Christian reformer ; it is Joash, the friend of God ; it is Joash, the demolisher of Baalitish idolatry. Rock him tenderly ; nurse him gently. Athaliah, you may kill all the other children, but you cannot kill him. Eternal defenses are thrown all around him, and this clergyman's wife, Jehosheba, will snatch him up from the palace nursery, and will run up and down with him into the house of the Lord, and there she will hide him for six years, and at the end of that time he will come forth for your dethronement and obliteration.

Well, my friend, just as poor a botch does the world always make of extinguishing righteousness. Superstition rises up and says : "I will just put an end to pure religion." Domitian slew forty thousand Christians, Diocletian slew eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians. And the scythe of persecution has been swung through all the ages, and the flames hissed, and the guillotine chopped, and the Bastile groaned ; but did the foes of Christianity exterminate it? Did they exterminate Alban, the first British sacrifice ; or Zuinglius, the Swiss reformer ; or John Oldcastle, the Christian nobleman ; or Abdallah, the Arabian martyr ; or Anne Askew, or Sanders, or Cranmer? Great work of extermination they made of it. Just at the time when they thought they had slain all the royal family of Jesus, some Joash would spring up and out, and take the throne of power, and wield a very scepter of Christian dominion.

Infidelity says : "I'll just exterminate the Bible," and the Scriptures were thrown into the street for the mob to trample on, and they were piled up in the public

squares and set on fire, and mountains of indignant contempt were hurled on them, and learned universities decreed the Bible out of existence. Thomas Paine said: "In my 'Age of Reason' I have annihilated the Scriptures. Your Washington is a pusillanimous Christian, but I am the foe of Bibles and of churches." Oh, how many assaults upon that Word! All the hostilities that have ever been created on earth are not to be compared with the hostilities against that one book. Said one man in his infidel desperation, to his wife: "You must not be reading that Bible," and he snatched it away from her. And though in that Bible was a lock of hair of the dead child—the only child that God had ever given them—he pitched the book with its contents into the fire, and stirred it with the tongs, and spat on it, and cursed it, and said: "Susan, never have any more of that damnable stuff here!"

How many individual and organized attempts have been made to exterminate that Bible! Have they done it? Have they exterminated the American Bible Society? Have they exterminated the British and Foreign Bible Society? Have they exterminated the thousand of Christian institutions, whose only object is to multiply copies of the Scriptures, and throw them broadcast around the world? They have exterminated until instead of one or two copies of the Bible in our houses we have eight or ten, and we pile them up in the corners of Sabbath-school rooms, and send great boxes of them everywhere. If they get on as well as they are now going on in the work of extermination, I do not know but that our children may live to see the millenium! Yea, if there should come a time of persecution in which all the known Bibles of the earth should be destroyed, all these lamps of light that blaze in our pul-

pits and in our families extinguished—in the very day that infidelity and sin should be holding a jubilee over the universal extinction, there would be in some closet of a backwoods church a secreted copy of the Bible, and this Joash of eternal literature would come out and come up and take the throne, and the Athaliah of infidelity and persecution would fly out the back door of the palace, and drop her miserable carcass under the hoofs of the horses of the king's stables. You cannot exterminate Christianity! You cannot kill Joash.

The second thought I hand you from my subject is that there are opportunities in which we may save royal life. You know that profane history is replete with stories of strangled monarchs and of young princes who have been put out of the way. Here is the story of a young prince saved. How Jehosheba, the clergyman's wife, must have trembled as she rushed into the imperial nursery and snatched up Joash. How she hushed him, lest by his cry he hinder the escape. Fly with him! Jehosheba, you hold in your arms the cause of God and good government. Fail, and he is slain. Succeed, and you turn the tide of the world's history in the right direction. It seems as if between the young king and his assassins there is nothing but the frail arm of a woman. But why should we spend our time in praising this bravery of expedition when God asks the same thing of you and me? All around us are the imperiled children of a great King.

They are born of Almighty parentage, and will come to a throne or a crown, if permitted. But sin, the old Athaliah, goes forth to the massacre. Murderous temptations are out for the assassination. Valens, the emperor, was told that there was somebody in his realm who would usurp his throne, and that the name of the man who should be the usurper would begin with the

letters T. H. E. O. D. and the edict went forth from the emperor's throne: "Kill everybody whose name begins with T. H. E. O. D." And hundreds and thousands were slain, hoping by that massacre to put an end to that one usurper. But sin is more terrific in its denunciation. It matters not how you spell your name, you come under its knife, under its sword, under its doom, unless there be some omnipotent relief brought to the rescue. But, blessed be God, there is such a thing as delivering a royal soul. Who will snatch away Joash?

This afternoon, in your Sabbath-school class, there will be a prince of God—someone who may yet reign as king forever before the throne; there will be someone in your class who has a corrupt physical inheritance; there will be someone in your class who has a father and mother who do not know how to pray; there will be someone in your class who is destined to command in church or state—some Cromwell to dissolve a Parliament, some Beethoven to touch the world's harp-strings, some John Howard to pour fresh air into the lazaretto, some Florence Nightingale to bandage the battle wounds, some Miss Dix to soothe the crazed brain, some John Frederick Oberlin to educate the besotted, some David Brainard to change the Indian's war-whoop to a Sabbath song, some John Wesley to marshal three-fourths of Christendom, some John Knox to make queens turn pale, some Joash to demolish idolatry and strike for the kingdom of Heaven.

There are sleeping in your cradles by night, there are playing in your nurseries by day, imperial souls waiting for dominion, and whichever side the cradle they get out will decide the destiny of empires. For each one of these children sin and holiness contend—Athaliah on the one side and Jehosheba on the other.

But I hear people say : “ What’s the use of bothering children with religious instruction ? Let them grow up and choose for themselves. Don’t interfere with their volition.” Suppose someone had said to Jehosh-eba : “ Don’t interfere with that young Joash. Let him grow up and decide whether he likes the palace or not, whether he wants to be king or not. Don’t disturb his volition.” Jehosheba knew right well that unless that day the young king was rescued, he would never be rescued at all.

I tell you, my friends, the reason we don’t reclaim all our children from worldliness is because we begin too late. Parents wait until their children lie before they teach them the value of truth. They wait until their children swear before they teach them the importance of righteous conversation. They wait until their children are all wrapped up in this world before they tell them of a better world. Too late with your prayers. Too late with your discipline. Too late with your benediction. You put all care upon your children between twelve and eighteen. Why do you not put the chief care between four and nine ? It is too late to repair a vessel when it has got out of the dry docks. It is too late to save Joash after the executioners have broken in. May God arm us all for this work of snatching royal souls from death to coronation. Can you imagine any sublimer work than this soul saving ? That was what flushed Paul’s cheek with enthusiasm ; that was what led Munson to risk his life among Bornesian cannibals ; that was what sent Dr. Abeel to preach under the consuming skies of China ; that was what gave courage to Phocus in the third century. When the military officers came to put him to death for Christ’s sake, he put them to bed that they might rest while he himself went out,

and in his own garden dug his grave, and then came back and said : " I am ready ; " but they were shocked at the idea of taking the life of their host. He said : " It is the will of God that I should die, " and he stood on the margin of his own grave and they beheaded him. You say it is a mania, a foolhardiness, a fanaticism. Rather would I call it a glorious self-abnegation, the thrill of eternal satisfaction, the plucking of Joash from death, and raising him to coronation.

The third thought I hand to you from my text is that the Church of God is a good hiding place. When Jehosheba rushes into the nursery of the king and picks up Joash, what shall she do with him? Shall she take him to some room in the palace? No; for the official desperadoes will hunt through every nook and corner of that building. Shall she take him to the residence of some wealthy citizen? No; the citizen would not dare to harbor the fugitive. But she has to take him somewhere. She hears the cry of the mob in the streets; she hears the shriek of the dying nobility; so she rushes with Joash unto the room of the temple, into the house of God, and then she puts him down. She knows that Athaliah and her wicked assassins will not bother the temple a great deal; they are not apt to go very much to church, and so she sets down Joash in the temple. There he will be hearing the songs of the worshipers year after year; there he will breathe the odor of the golden censers; in that sacred spot he will tarry, secreted until the six years have passed, and he come to enthronement.

Would God that we were as wise as Jehosheba, and knew that the Church of God is the best hiding place. Perhaps our parents took us there in early days; they snatched us away from the world and hid us behind the baptismal fonts and amid the Bibles and psalm

books. Oh, glorious inclosure! We have been breathing the breath of the golden censers all the time, and we have seen the lamb on the altar and we have handled the phials which are the prayers of all saints, and we have dwelt under the wings of the cherubim. Glorious inclosure! When my father and mother died, and the property was settled up, there was hardly anything left; but they endowed us with a property worth more than any earthly possession, because they hid us in the temple. And when days of temptation have come upon my soul I have gone there for shelter: and when assaulted of sorrows, I have gone there for comfort, and there I mean to live. I want, like Joash, to stay there until coronation. I mean to be buried out of the house of God.

O men of the world outside there, betrayed, caricatured and cheated of the world, why do you not come in through the broad, wide open door of Christian communion? I wish I could act the part of Jehosheba to-day, and steal you away from your perils and hide you in the temple. How few of us appreciate the fact that the Church of God is a hiding place. There are many people who put the church at so low a mark that they begrudge it everything, even the few dollars they give toward it. They make no sacrifices. They dole a little out of their surplusage. They pay their butcher's bill, and they pay their doctor's bill, and they pay their landlord, and they pay everybody but the Lord, and they come in at the last to pay the Lord in His church, and frown as they say: "There, Lord, it is; if you will have it, take it—now take it, take it; send me a receipt in full, and don't bother me soon again!"

I tell you there is not more than one man out of a

thousand that appreciates what the church is. Where are the souls that put aside that one-tenth for Christian institutions—one-tenth of their income? Where are those who, having put aside that one-tenth, draw upon it cheerfully? Why, it is pull, and drag, and hold on, and grab, and clutch; and giving is an affliction to most people, when it ought to be an exhilaration and a rapture. Oh, that God would remodel our souls on this subject, and that we might appreciate the house of God as the great refuge. If your children are to come up to lives of virtue and happiness, they will come up under the shadow of the church. If the church does not get them the world will.

Ah, when you pass away—and it will not be long before you do—when you pass away it will be a satisfaction to see your children in Christian society. You want to have them sitting at the holy sacraments. You want them mingling in Christian associations. You would like to have them die in the sacred precincts. When you are on your dying bed, and your little ones come up to take your last word, and you look into their bewildered faces, you will want to leave them under the church's benediction. I don't care how hard you are, that is so. I said to a man of the world: "Your son and daughter are going to join our church next Sunday. Have you any objections?" "Bless you," he said, "objections? I wish all my children belonged to the church. I don't attend to those matters myself—I know I am very wicked—but I am very glad they are going, and I shall be there to see them. I am very glad, sir; I am very glad. I want them there." And so, though you may have been wanderers from God, and though you may have sometimes caricatured the Church of Jesus, it is your great desire

that your sons and daughters should be standing all their lives within this sacred inclosure.

More than that, you yourself will want the church for a hiding place when the mortgage is foreclosed ; when your daughter, just blooming into womanhood, suddenly clasps her hands in a slumber that knows no waking ; when gaunt trouble walks through the parlor, and the sitting room, and the dining hall, and the nursery, you will want some shelter from the tempest. Ah, some of you have been run upon by misfortune and trial ; why do you not come into the shelter ? I said to a widowed mother after she had buried her only son—months after, I said to her : “How do you get along now-a-days ?” “Oh,” she replied, “I get along tolerably well except when the sun shines.” I said : “What do you mean by that ?” when she said : “I can’t bear to see the sun shine ; my heart is so dark that all the brightness of the natural world seems a mockery to me.” O darkened soul, O broken-hearted man, broken-hearted woman, why do you not come into the shelter ? I swing the door wide open. I swing it from wall to wall. Come in ! Come in ! You want a place where your troubles shall be interpreted, where your burdens shall be unstrapped, where your tears shall be wiped away.

Church of God, be a hiding place to all these people. Give them a seat where they can rest their weary souls. Flash some light from your chandeliers upon their darkness. With some soothing hymn hush their griefs. O Church of God, gate of Heaven, let me go through it ! All other institutions are going to fail ; but the Church of God—its foundation is the “Rock of Ages,” its charter is for everlasting years, its keys are held by the universal proprietor, its dividend is Heaven, its president is God !

“Sure as Thy truth shall last
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of Heaven.”

God grant that all this audience, the youngest, the eldest, the worst, the best, may find their safe and glorious hiding place where Joash found it—in the temple.

THE PHILIPPIAN EARTHQUAKE.

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine, to-day, we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of the incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in a nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?" It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas.

But while we are standing in the gloom of that

Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sobs and groans, and blasphemy, and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and rock till all the doors swing open, and the walls fall with a terrible crash. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and feeling suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—put his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: “Stop! stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here.” Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: “What shall I do? What shall I do?” Did Paul answer: “Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hobbles on these other prisoners, lest they get away”? No word of that kind. Compact, thrilling, tremendous answer; answer memorable all through earth and heaven; “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caraccas; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was 'felt' in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself: “Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation.” But a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash!

goes all that magnificent business establishment. He is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and an unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at the beach. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes, and prospects, and expectations.

So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Christ"; but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come in together—"the Lord Jesus Christ." Now, who is this Being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character; but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated

if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable this morning, when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he was a very attractive person. You tell me that the contemporary writers describe him, and they give the color of his eyes, and the color of his hair, and they describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. Christ did not tell the little children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me" was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the Pharisees. The children had come without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones pitched from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. "Suffer little children to come unto me." That was addressed to the Pharisees; not to the children.

Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom; John could not help but put his head there. Such eyes, such cheeks, such a chin, such hair, such physical condition and appearance—why, it must have been completely captivating and winsome. I suppose to look at him was just to love him. Oh! how attractive his manner. Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they

could and brought them out that he might look at them. Oh! there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these sick ones were brought out did he say: "Take away these sores; do not trouble me with these leprosy?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the old hypocrites trembled before him. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back coming off the Sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all the ages. Oh! he was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy, or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross. You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If he must die, let him expire amid all kindly attentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death-rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and the hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve, and muscle, and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand: and then they shake his right hand to see if it is

fast, and they shake his left foot to see if it is fast, and then they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it?

He could have taken those rocks, and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no, he was to die. He must die! His life for my life. His life for your life. In one of the European cities a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer, and not her son. In a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when someone looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say, "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, not for his father, but for his sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust him?

I think there are many under the Spirit of God who are saying, "I will trust him, if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by thousands in

this assemblage is, "How? How?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust anyone. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. You go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe; I take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day? What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly." "Oh," says someone, in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country."

You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cries: "No hope! we are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wreck hisses in the waves, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life-boats!" cries the captain. "Down with the life-boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says: "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long-continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and with joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; ay, the salvation of your immortal soul.

You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back and experi-

ment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there ever a prize offered so cheap as pardon and Heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing. Less than that—"Without money and without price. No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul; "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point: "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and he is bound to see me through. He has sworn he will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, farther than that—it means a peaceful death.

Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those

whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand, and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ be with us. I confess to you to an infinite fear, a consuming horror, of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home, and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lit, and the further on in life I get, the more I like to have my friends around about me. And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come, and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas," or the "Happy New Year"? Ah, do not point down to the hole in ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place; unless there be some supernatural illumination, I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death: my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent, when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day, are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirts of his own garment? What darkness can fall upon my

eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee then! Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battle-ax I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth, and through the heavens: "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was on the earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us up to his house how great our glee! His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of Heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness. Oh, broken-hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all your hardships, and bereavements, and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with me in Heaven."

Someone went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble, and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only my-

self." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of Heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? Oh, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! Oh, aged men and women, fed by his love and warmed by his grace for three score years and ten! Will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom, having not seen, you love? Oh, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lambs reclining on the sun-lit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar, and crash, and boom of battle, but amid the disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm while He looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair."

WHAT IS IN A NAME?

“ A name which is above every name.”—Philippians xi., 2.

On my way from the Holy Land, and while I wait for the steamer to resume her voyage to America, I preach to you from this text, which was one of Paul's rapturous and enthusiastic descriptions of the name of Jesus. By common proverb we have come to believe that there is nothing in a name, and so parents sometimes present their children for baptism regardless of the title given them, and not thinking that that particular title will be either a hindrance or a help. Strange mistake. You have no right to give to your child a name that is lacking either in euphony or in moral meaning. It is a sin for you to call your child Jehoiakim or Tiglath-Pileser. Because you yourself may have an exasperating name is no reason why you should give it to those who come after you. But how often we have seen some name, filled with jargon, rattling down from generation to generation, simply because someone a long while ago happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and enterprises have sometimes without sufficient deliberation taken their nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by the significance of a name. There are men who all their life long toil and tussle to get over the influence of some unfortunate name. While we may, through right behavior and Christian demeanor, outlive the fact that we were baptized by the name of a despot, or an infidel, or a cheat, how much better it would have

been if we all could have started life without any such incumbrance. When I find the apostle, in my text and in other parts of his writing, breaking out in ascriptions of admiration in regard to the name of Jesus, I want to inquire what are some of the characteristics of that appellation. And oh that the Saviour himself, while I speak, might fill me with his own presence, for we never can tell to others that which we have not ourselves felt.

First, this name of Jesus is an easy name. Sometimes we are introduced to people whose name is so long and unpronounceable that we have sharply to listen, and to hear the name given to us two or three times, before we venture to speak it. But within the first two years the little child clasps its hands, and looks up, and says "Jesus." Can it be, amid all the families represented here to day there is one household where the little ones speak of "father," and "mother," and "brother," and "sister," and not of "the Name which is above every name"? Sometimes we forget the titles of our very best friends, and we have to pause and think before we can recall the name. But can you imagine any freak of intellect in which you could forget the Saviour's designation? That word "Jesus" seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. When the voice in old age gets feeble and tremulous, and indistinct, still this regal word has potent utterance.

Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That Heaven and earth might hear.

Still further, I remark it is a beautiful name. You have noticed that it is impossible to dissociate a name from the person who has the name. So there are names

that are to me repulsive—I do not want to hear them at all—while those very names are attractive to you. Why the difference? It is because I happen to know persons by those names who are cross, and sour, and snappish, and queer, while the persons you used to know by those names were pleasant and attractive. As we cannot dissociate a name from the person who holds the name, that consideration makes Christ's name so unspeakably beautiful. No sooner is it pronounced in your presence than you think of Bethlehem, and Gethsemane, and Golgotha, and you see the loving face, and hear the tender voice, and feel the gentle touch. You see Jesus, the One who, though banqueting with heavenly hierarchs, came down to breakfast on the fish that rough men had just hauled out of Gennesaret; Jesus, the One who, though the clouds are the dust of his feet, walked footsore on the road to Emmaus. Just as soon as that name is pronounced in your presence you think of how the shining One gave back the centurion's daughter, and how he helped the blind man to the sunlight, and how he made the cripple's crutches useless, and how he looked down into the babe's laughing eyes, and, as the little one struggled to go to him, flung out his arms around it and impressed a loving kiss on its brow, and said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Beautiful name—Jesus! It stands for love, for patience, for kindness, for forbearance, for self-sacrifice, for magnanimity. It is aromatic with all odors and accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes I see that name, and the letters seem to be made out of tears, and then again they look like gleaming crowns. Sometimes they seem to me as though twisted out of the straw on which He lay, and then as though built out of the thrones on which His people shall reign. Some-

times I sound that word "Jesus," and I hear coming through the two syllables the sigh of Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary; and again I sound it, and it is all a-ripple with gladness and a-ring with hosanna. Take all the glories of bookbindery and put them around the page where that name is printed. On Christmas morning wreath it on the wall.

Let it drip from harp's strings and thunder out in organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea, and day and night, and earth and Heaven acclaim in full chant: "Blessed be His glorious name forever. The name that is above every name."

Jesus, the name high over all,
In Heaven and earth and sky.

To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday-school girl, to the snow-white octogenarian, it is beautiful. The old man comes in from a long walk, and tremblingly opens the door, and hangs his hat on the old nail, and sets his cane in the usual corner, and lies down on a couch, and says to his children and grandchildren: "My dears, I am going to leave you." They say: "Why, where are you going, grandfather?" "I am going to Jesus." And so the old man faints away into Heaven. The little child comes in from play and throws herself on your lap, and says: "Mamma, I am so sick, so sick." And you put her to bed, and the fever is worse and worse, until in some midnight she looks up into your face and says: "Mamma, kiss me goodby; I am going away from you." And you say: "My dear, where are you going to?" And she says: "I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek which you thought was the mark of the

fever, only turns out to be the carnation bloom of Heaven! Oh, yes; it is a sweet name spoken by the lips of childhood, spoken by the old man.

Still further: it is a mighty name. Rothschild is a potent name in the commercial world, Cuvier in the scientific world, Irving a powerful name in the literary world, Washington an influential name in the political world, Wellington a mighty name in the military world; but tell me any name in all the earth so potent to awe, and lift, and thrill, and rouse, and agitate, and bless, as this name of Jesus. That one word unhorsed Saul, and flung Newton on his face on ship's deck, and to-day holds 400,000,000 of the race with omnipotent spell. That name in England to-day means more than Victoria; in Germany, means more than Emperor William; in France, means more than Carnot; in Italy, means more than Humbert of the present or Garibaldi of the past. I have seen a man bound hand and foot in sin, Satan his hard taskmaster, in a bondage from which no human power could deliver him, and yet at the pronounciation of that one word he dashed down his chains and marched out forever free. I have seen a man overwhelmed with disaster, the last hope fled, the last light gone out; that name pronounced in his hearing, the sea dropped, the clouds scattered, and a sunburst of eternal gladness poured into his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, defiant of God, full of scoff and jeer, jocosse of the judgment, reckless of an unending eternity, at the mere pronounciation of that name blanch, cower, and quake, and pray, and sob, and groan, and believe, and rejoice. Oh, it is a mighty name! At its utterance the last wall of sin will fall, the last temple of superstition crumble, the last Juggernaut of cruelty crash to pieces. That name will first make all the

earth tremble, and then it will make all the nations sing. It is to be the password at every gate of honor, the insignia on every flag, the battle shout in every conflict. All the millions of the earth are to know it. The red horse of carnage seen in Apocalyptic vision, and the black horse of death, are to fall back on their haunches, and the white horse of victory will go forth, mounted by Him who hath the moon under his feet, and the stars of heaven for His tiara. Other dominions seem to be giving out; this seems to be enlarging. Spain has had to give up much of its dominion. Austria has been wonderfully depleted in power. France has had to surrender some of her favorite provinces. Most of the thrones of the world are being lowered, and most of the scepters of the world are being shortened; but every Bible printed, every tract distributed, every Sunday-school class taught, every school founded, every church established, is extending the power of Christ's name. That name has already been spoken under the Chinese wall, and a Siberian snow castle, in Brazilian grove and in Eastern pagoda. That name is to swallow up all other names. That crown is to cover up all other crowns. That empire is to absorb all other dominations :

All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive-wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend.

Still further : it is an enduring name. You clamber over the fence of the graveyard and pull aside the weeds, and you see the faded inscription on the tombstone. That was the name of a man who once ruled all that town. The mightiest names of the world have perished or are perishing. Gregory VI., Sancho of Spain, Conrad I. of Germany, Richard I. of England,

Louis XVI. of France, Catharine of Russia—mighty names once, that made the world tremble; but now, none so poor as to do them reverence, and to the great mass of the people they mean absolutely nothing—they never heard of them. But the name of Christ is to endure forever. It will be perpetuated in art; for there will be other Bellinis to depict the Madonna; there will be other Ghirlandajos to represent Christ's baptism; there will be other Bronzinos to show us Christ's visiting the spirits in prison; other Giottos to appall our sight with the crucifixion. The name will be preserved in song, for there will be other Alexander Popes to write the "Messiah," other Dr. Youngs to portray His triumphs, other Cowpers to sing His love. It will be preserved in costly and magnificent architecture, for Protestantism as well as Catholicism is yet to have its St. Marks and its St. Peters. That name will be preserved in the literature of the world, for already it is embalmed in the best books; and there will be other Dr. Paleys to write the "Evidences of Christianity," and other Richard Baxters to describe the Saviour's coming to judgment. But above all, and more than all, that name will be embalmed in the memory of all the good of earth and all the great ones of Heaven. Will the delivered bondman of earth ever forget who freed him? Will the blind man of earth forget who gave him sight? Will the outcast of earth forget who brought him home? No! No!

To destroy the memory of that name of Christ, you would have to burn up all the Bibles and all the churches on earth, and then in a spirit of universal arson go through the gate of Heaven, and put a torch to the temples and the towers and the palaces, and after all that city was wrapped in awful conflagration, and the citizens came out and gazed on the ruin—

even then they would hear that name in the thunder of falling tower and the crash of crumbling wall, and see it inwrought in the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of the Lord on high would be happy yet and cry out : " Let the palaces and the temples burn ; we have Jesus left ! " " Blessed be his glorious name for ever and ever. The name that is above every name. "

Have you ever made up your mind by what name you will call Christ when you meet him in Heaven ? You know he has many names. Will you call him Jesus, or the Anointed One, or the Messiah, or will you take some of the symbolical names which on earth you learned from your Bible ?

Wandering some day in the garden of God on high, the place a-bloom with eternal springtide, infinite luxuriances of rose, and lily, and amaranth, you may look up into His face and say : " My Lord, thou art the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. "

Some day, as a soul comes up from earth to take its place in the firmament, and shine as a star forever and ever, and the luster of a useful life shall beam forth tremulous and beautiful, you may look up into the face of Christ and say : " My Lord, thou art a brighter star—the morning star—a star forever. "

Wandering some day amid the fountains of life that toss in the sunlight and fall in the crash of pearl and amethyst in golden and crystalline urn, and you wander up the round-banked river to where it first tingles its silver on the rock, and out of the chalices of love you drink to honor and everlasting joy, you may look up into the face of Christ and say : " My Lord, thou art the fountain of living water. "

Some day wandering amid the lambs and sheep in the heavenly pastures, feeding by the rock, rejoicing

in the presence of him who brought you out of the wolfish wilderness to the sheepfold above, you may look up into his loving and watchful eye and say: "My Lord, thou art the Shepherd of the everlasting hills."

But there is another name you may select. I will imagine that Heaven is done. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. Heaven has gathered up everything that is worth having. The treasures of the whole universe have poured into it. The song full. The ranks full. The mansions full. Heaven full. The sun shall set afire with splendor the domes of the temples, and burnish the golden streets into a blaze, and be reflected back from the solid pearl of the twelve gates, and it shall be noon in Heaven, noon on the river, noon on the hills, noon in all the valleys—high noon. Then the soul may look up, gradually accustoming itself to the vision, shading the eyes as from the almost insufferable splendor of the moonday light, until the vision can endure it, then crying out: "Thou art the Sun that never sets!"

At this point I am staggered with the thought that notwithstanding all the charm in the name of Jesus, and the fact that it is so easy a name, and so beautiful a name, and so potent a name, and so enduring a name, there are people who find no charm in those two syllables. Oh, come this day and see whether there is anything in Jesus. I challenge those of you who are farther from God to come at the close of this service and test with me whether God is good, Christ is gracious, and the Holy Spirit is omnipotent. I challenge you to come and kneel down with me at the altar of mercy. I will kneel one side of the altar and you kneel on the other side of it, and neither of us will rise up until our sins are forgiven, and we ascribe, in the words of the text all honor to the name of Jesus—you

pronouncing it, I pronouncing it—the name that is above every name.

His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too.

O, that God to-day, by the power of his Holy Spirit, would roll over you a vision of that blessed Christ, and you would begin to weep and pray and believe and rejoice. You have heard of the warrior who went out to fight against Christ. He knew he was in the wrong, and while waging the war against the kingdom of Christ, an arrow struck him and he fell. It pierced him in the heart, and lying there, his face to the sun, his life blood running away, he caught a handful of the blood that was running out in his right hand, and held it up before the sun and cried out: “O Jesus, thou hast conquered!” And if to-day the arrow of God’s spirit piercing your soul, you felt the truth of what I have been trying to proclaim, you would surrender now and forever to the Lord who bought you. Glorious name! I know not whether you will accept it or not; but I will tell you one thing here and now, in the presence of angels and men, I take Him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my life, my joy, my salvation, my Heaven! “Blessed be His glorious name forever. The name that is above every name.” “Hallelujah! unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen and amen and amen.”

“THE HALF WAS NOT TOLD ME.”

“The half was not told me.”—I Kings x., 7.

Out of the sixty-four millions of our present American population and the millions of our past only about five thousand have ever visited the Holy Land. Of all those who cross to Europe, less than five per cent ever get as far as Rome, and less than two per cent ever get to Athens, and less than a quarter of one per cent ever get to Palestine. Of the less than a quarter of one per cent who do go to the Holy Land, some see nothing but the noxious insects and the filth of the Oriental cities and come back wishing they had never gone. Of those who see much of interest and come home, only a small portion can tell what they have seen, the tongue unable to report the eye. The rarity of a successful, intelligent and happy journey through the Holy Land is very marked. But the time approaches when a journey to Palestine will be common. Thousands will go where now there are scores. Two locomotives were recently sent up from Joppa to Jerusalem, and railroads are about to begin in Palestine, and the day will come when the cry will be, “All out for Jerusalem!” “Twenty minutes for breakfast at Tiberias!” “Change cars for Tyre!” “Grand Trunk Junction for Nineveh!” “All out for Damascus!”

Meanwhile the wetlocks of the Atlantic Ocean and Adriatic and Mediterranean Seas are being shorn, and not only is the voyage shortened, but, after a while, without crossing the ocean, you or your children will

visit the Holy Land. A company of capitalists have gone up to Behring Straits, where the American and Asiatic continents come within thirty-six miles of meeting. These capitalists or others will build a bridge across those straits, for mid-way are three islands called “The Diomedes,” and the water is not deep and is never disturbed with icebergs. Trains of cars will run from America across that bridge and on down through Siberia, bringing under more immediate observation the Russian outrages against exiles and consequently abolishing them, and there are persons here to-day, who, without one qualm of sea-sickness, will visit that wonderful land where the Christ-like, Abrahamic, Mosaic, Davidic, Solomonian and Herodic histories overlap each other with such power that by the time I took my feet out of the stirrups at the close of the journey I felt so wrung out with emotion that it seemed nothing else could ever absorb my feelings again.

The chief hindrance for going to Palestine with many is the dreadful sea, and though I have crossed it ten times it is more dreadful every time, and I fully sympathize with what was said one night when Mr. Beecher and I went over to speak in New York at the anniversary of the Seamen’s Friend Society and the clergyman making the opening prayer quoted from St. John : “There shall be no more sea,” and Mr. Beecher, seated beside me, in memory of a recent ocean voyage, said, “Amen, I am glad of that.” By the partial abolition of the Atlantic Ocean and the putting down of rail tracks across every country in all the world, the most sacred land on earth will come under the observation of so many people, who will be ready to tell what they saw, that infidelity will be pronounced only another form of insanity, for no honest man can visit the Holy Land and remain an infidel. This Bible from which I preach

has almost fallen apart, for I read from it the most of the events in it recorded on the very places where they occurred. And some of the leaves got wet as the waves dashed over our boat on Lake Galilee and the book was jostled in the saddle-bags for many weeks, but it is a new book to me, newer than any book that yesterday came out of any of our great printing-houses. All my life I had heard of Palestine and I had read about it, talked about it, and preached about it, and sung about it, and prayed about it, and dreamed about it, until my anticipations were piled up into something like Himalayan proportions, and yet I have to cry out as did the Queen of Sheba when she first visited the Holy Land : "The half was not told me."

In order to make the more accurate and vivid a book I have been writing, a life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne," I left home last October, and on the last night of November we were walking the decks of the Senegal, a Mediterranean steamer. It was a ship of immense proportions. There were but few passengers, for it is generally rough at that time of year, and pleaurists are not apt to be voyaging there and then. The stars were all out that night. Those armies of light seemed to have had their shields newly burnished. We walked the polished deck. Not much was said, for in all our hearts was the dominant word "to-morrow," Somehow the Acropolis, which a few days before had thrilled us at Athens, now in our minds lessened in the height of its columns and the glory of its temples. And the Egyptian pyramids in our memory lessened their wonders of obsolete masonry, and the Coliseum of Rome was not so vast a ruin as it a few weeks before had seemed to be. And all that we had seen and heard dwindled in importance, for to-morrow, *to-morrow* we shall see the Holy Land.

"Captain, what time will we come in sight of Palestine?" "Well," he said, "if the wind and sea remain as they are, about daybreak." Never was I so impatient for a night to pass. I could not see much use for that night, anyhow. I pulled aside the curtain from the port-hole of my stateroom, so that the first hint of dawn would waken me. But it was a useless precaution. Sleep was among the impossibilities. Who could be so stupid as to slumber when any moment there might start out within sight of the ship the land where the most stupendous scenes of all time and all eternity were enacted, land of ruin and redemption, land where was fought the battle that made our Heaven possible, land of Godfrey and Saladin, of Joshua and Jesus.

Will the night ever be gone? Yes, it is growing lighter, and along the horizon there is something like a bank of clouds, and as a watchman paces the deck, I say to him: "What is that out yonder?" "That is land, sir," said the sailor. "The land!" I cried, and soon all our friends were aroused from sleep, and the shore began more clearly to reveal itself. With roar, and rattle, and bang, the anchor dropped in the roadstead a half mile from land, for though Joppa is the only harbor of Palestine, it is the worst harbor on all the coasts. Sometimes for weeks no ship stops there. Between rocks about seventy-five feet apart a small boat must take the passengers ashore. The depths are strewn with the skeletons of those who have attempted to land or attempted to embark. Twenty-seven pilgrims perished with one crash of a boat against the rocks. Whole fleets of crusaders, of Romans, of Syrians, of Egyptians, have gone to splinters there. A writer of eight hundred years ago said he stood on the beach in a storm at Joppa, and out of

thirty ships all but seven went to pieces on the rocks, and a thousand of the dead were washed ashore.

As we descended the narrow steps at the side of the ship, we heard the clamor, and quarrel, and swearing of fifteen or sixteen different races of men of all features, and all colors, and all vernaculars; all different in appearance, but all alike in desire to get our baggage and ourselves at exorbitant prices. Twenty boats and only ten passengers to go ashore. The man having charge of us pushes aside some and strikes with a heavy stick others, and by violence that would not be tolerated in our country, but which seems to be the only manner of making any impression there, clears our way into one of the boats, which heads for the shore. We are within fifteen minutes of the Christ-land. Now we hear shouting from the beach, and in five minutes we will be landed. The prow of the boat is caught by men who wade out to help us in. We are tremulous with suppressed excitement, our breath is quick, and from the side of the boat we spring to the shore, and Sunday morning, December 1, 1889, about eight o'clock, our feet touch Palestine. Forever to me and mine will that day and hour be commemorated, for that pre-eminent mercy. Let it be mentioned in prayer by my children and children's children after we are gone, that morning we were permitted to enter that land, and gaze upon those holy hills, and feel the emotions that rise and fall, and weep, and laugh, and sing, and triumph at such a disembarkation.

On the back of hills one hundred and fifty feet high Joppa is lifted toward the skies. It is as picturesque as it is quaint, and as much unlike any city we have ever seen as though it was built in that star Mars, where a few nights ago this very September, astronomers through unparalleled telescopes saw a snow-

storm ranging. How glad we were to be in Joppa ! Why, this is the city where Dorcas, that queen of the needle, lived and died and was resurrected. You remember that the poor people came around the dead body of this benefactress and brought specimens of her kind needlework, and said, “Dorcas made this ;” “Dorcas sewed that ;” “Dorcas cut and fitted this ;” “Dorcas hemmed that.” According to Lightfoot, the commentator, they laid her out in state in a public room and the poor wrung their hands and cried, and sent for Peter, who performed a miracle by which the good woman came back to life and resumed her benefactions. An especial resurrection day for one woman ! She was the model by which many women of our day have fashioned their lives, and at the first blast of the horn of the wintry tempest there appear ten thousand Dorcases—Dorcases of Brooklyn, Dorcases of New York, Dorcases of London, Dorcases of all the neighborhoods and towns and cities of Christendom, just as good as the Dorcas of the Joppa which I visited. Thank God for the ever-increasing skill and sharpness and speed and generosity of Dorcas’s needle !

“What is that man doing ?” I said to the dragoon in the streets of Joppa. “Oh, he is carrying his bed.” Multitudes of the people sleep out of doors, and that is the way so many in those lands become blind. It is from the dew of the night falling on the eyelids. As a result of this, in Egypt every twentieth person is totally blind. In Oriental lands the bed is made of a thin small mattress, a blanket and a pillow, and when the man rises in the morning he just ties up the three into a bundle and shoulders it and takes it away. It was to that the Saviour referred when he said to the sick man, “Take up thy bed and walk.”

An American couch or an English couch would require at least four men to carry it, but one Oriental can easily manage his slumber equipment.

But I inhale some of the odors of the large tanneries around Joppa. It is there, to this day, a prosperous business, this tanning of hides. And that reminds me of Simon the tanner, who lived at Joppa, and was a host of Peter the apostle. I suppose the olfactories of Peter were as easily insulted by the odors of a tannery as others. But the Bible says, "He lodged with one Simon, a tanner." People who go out to do reformatory and missionary and Christian work must not be too sensitive. Simon, no doubt, brought to his homestead every night the malodors of the calf-skins and ox-hides in his tannery, but Peter lodged in that home, not only because he may not have been invited to the houses of merchant princes surrounded by redolent gardens, but to teach all men and women engaged in trying to make the world better, they must not be squeamish and fastidious and finical and over-particular in doing the work of the world. The Church of God is dying of fastidiousness. We cry over the sufferings of the world in hundred dollar pocket handkerchiefs, and then put a cent in the poor box. There are many willing to do Christian work among the cleanly and the refined and the elegant and the educated; but excuse them from taking a loaf of bread down a dirty alley, excuse them from teaching a mission school among the uncombed and unwashed, excuse them from touching the hand of one whose finger-nails are in mourning for departed soap. Such religious precisionists can toil in atmospheres laden with honeysuckle and rosemary, but not in air floating up from the malodorous vats. No, no, no! excuse them from lodging with one Simon, the tanner,

During the last war, there were in Virginia some sixty or seventy wounded soldiers in a barn on the second floor, so near the roof that the heat of the August sun was almost insupportable. The men were dying from sheer exhaustion and suffocation. A distinguished member of the Christian Commission said to the nurse who stood there, “Wash the faces and feet of the semen and it will revive them.” “No,” said the nurse, “I didn’t come into the army to wash anybody’s feet.” “Well,” said the distinguished member of the commission, “bring me water and towel; I will be very glad to wash their feet.” One was the spirit of the devil, the other the spirit of Christ.

But reference to Peter reminds me that we must go to the house-top in Joppa where he was taught the democracy of religion. That was about the queerest thing that ever happened. On our way up to that house-top we passed an old well where the great stones were worn deep with the ropes of the buckets, and it must be a well many centuries old, and I think Peter drank out of it. Four or five goat or calf skins filled with water lay about the yard. We soon got up the steps and on the house-top. It was in such a place in Joppa that Peter, one noon, while he was waiting for dinner, had a hungry fit and fainted away and had a vision or dream or trance. I said to my family and friends on that house-top, “Listen while I read about what happened here.” And, opening the Bible, we had the whole story. It seems that Peter on the house-top dreamed that a great blanket was let down out of Heaven, and in it were sheep and goats and cattle and mules and pigeons and buzzards and snakes and all manner of creatures that fly the air or walk the fields, or crawl the earth, and in the dream a voice told him as he was hungry, to eat, and he said, “I cannot eat

things unclean." Three times he dreamed it. There was then heard a knocking at the gate of the house on the top of which Peter lay in a trance and three men asked, "Is Peter here?" Peter, while yet wondering what his dream meant, descends the stairs and meets these strangers at the gate, and they tell him that a good man by the name of Cornelius, in the city of Cæsarea, has also had a dream and has sent them for Peter and to ask him to come and preach. At that call Peter left Joppa for Cæsarea. The dream he had just had prepared him to preach, for Peter learned by it to reject no people as unclean, and whereas he previously thought he must preach only to the Jews, now he goes to preach to the Gentiles, who were considered unclean.

Notice how the two dreams meet—Peter's dream on the house-top, Cornelius' dream at Cæsarea. So I have noticed providences meet, distant events meet, dreams meet. Every dream is hunting up some other dream and every event is searching for some other event. In the fifteenth century (1492) the great event was the discovery of America. The art of printing, born in the same century, goes out to meet that discovery and make the new world an intelligent world. The Declaration of Independence announcing equal rights meets Robert Burns's

"A man's a man for a' that."

The United States was getting too large to be managed by one government, and telegraphy was invented to compress within an hour the whole continent. Armies in the civil war were to be fitted out with clothing, and the sewing machine invention came out to make it possible. Immense farming acreage is presented in this country, enough to support millions of

our native born and millions of foreigners ; but the old style of plough, and scythe, and reaper, and thresher cannot do the work, and there came steam ploughs, steam harrows, steam reapers, steam rakes, steam threshers, and the work is accomplished. The forests of the earth fail to afford sufficient fuel, and so the coal mines surrender a sufficiency. The cotton crops were luxuriant, but of comparatively little value, for they could not be managed, and so, at just the right time, Hargreaves came with his invention of the spinning-jenny, and Arkwright with his roller, and Whitney with his cotton-gin. The world, after pottering along with tallow candles and whale oil, was crying for better light and more of it ; and the hills of Pennsylvania poured out rivers of oil and kerosene illumined the nations. But the oil-wells began to fail, and then the electric light comes forth to turn night into day. So all events are woven together, and the world is magnificently governed, because it is divinely governed. We criticise things and think the divine machinery is going wrong, and put our fingers amid the wheels only to get them crushed. But, I say, Hands off ! Things are coming out gloriously. Cornelius may be in Cæsaræa, and Peter in Joppa, but their dreams meet. It is one hand that is managing the world, and that is God's hand, and one mind that is planning all things for good, and that is God's mind ; and one heart that is filled with love and pardon, and sympathy, and that is God's heart. Have faith in him. Fret about nothing. Things are not at loose ends. There are no accidents. All will come out right in your history and in the world. As you are waking from one dream upstairs, an explanatory dream will be knocking at the gate down stairs.

Standing here in Joppa, I remember that where we

this morning disembarked the prophet Jonah embarked. For the first time in my life I fully understood that story. God told Jonah to go to Nineveh, but the prophet declined that call and came here to Joppa. I was for weeks, while in the Holy Land, consulting with tourist companies as to how I could take Nineveh in my journey. They did not encourage the undertaking. It is a most tedious ride to Nineveh and a desert. Now I see an additional reason why Jonah did not want to go to Nineveh. He not only revolted because of the disagreeable message he was called to deliver at Nineveh, but because it was a long way and tough, and bandit-infested, so he came here to Joppa and took ship. But, alas! for the disastrous voyage! He paid his full fare for the whole voyage, but the ship company did not fill their part of the contract. To this day they have not paid back that passage money. Why people should doubt the story of Jonah and the whale is more of a mystery than the Bible event itself. I do not need the fact that Pliny, the historian, records that the skeleton of a whale forty feet long, and with a hide a foot and a half thick, was brought from Joppa to Rome. The event recorded in the book of Jonah has occurred a thousand times. The Lord always has a whale outside the harbor for a man who starts in the wrong direction. Recreant Jonah! I do not wonder that even the whale was sick of him. This prophet was put in the Bible, not as an example, but as a warning, because the world not only needs lighthouses but buoys to show where the rocks are. The Bible story of him ends by showing the prophet in a fit of the sulks. He was mad because Nineveh was not destroyed, and then he went out to pout, and sat under a big leaf, using it for shade from the tropical sun, and when a worm disturbed that leaf, and it withered and the sun

smote Jonah, he flew into a great rage, and said: “It is better for me to die than to live.” A prophet in a rage because he had lost his umbrella! Beware of petulance!

But standing on this Joppa house-top, I look off on the Mediterranean, and what is that strange sight I see? The waters are black, seemingly for miles. There seems to be a great multitude of logs fastened together. Oh yes, it is a great raft of timbers. They are cedars of Lebanon which King Hiram is furnishing King Solomon in exchange for 20,000 measures of wheat, 20,000 baths of oil, and 20,000 baths of wine. These cedars have been cut down and trimmed in the mountains of Lebanon by the 70,000 axmen engaged there and with great withes and iron bolts are fastened together, and they are floating down to Joppa to be taken across the land for Solomon’s temple now building at Jerusalem, for we have lost our hold of the nineteenth century and are clear back in the ages. The rafts of cedar are guided into what is called the Moon Pool, an old harbor south of Joppa, now filled with sand and useless. With long pikes the timber is pushed this way and that in the water, then with levers, and many a loud, long “Lo, heave!” as the carters get their shoulders under the great weight, the timber is fastened to the wagons and the lowing oxen are yoked to the load, and the procession of teams moves on with crack of whip, and drawled-out words which translated, I suppose, would correspond with the “Whoa, haw, gee!” of modern teamsters, toward Jerusalem, which is thirty miles away, over mountainous distances, which for hundreds of years defied all engineering. And these rough cedars shall become carved pillars, and beautiful altars, and rounded ban-

nisters, and traceried panels, and sublime ceiling and exquisite harps, and kingly chariots.

As the wagon train moves out from Joppa over the plain of Sharon toward Jerusalem, I say to myself, What vast numbers of people helped build that temple of Solomon, and what vast numbers of people are now engaged in building the wider, higher, grander temple of righteousness rising in the earth. Our Christian ancestry toiled at it, amid sweat and tears, and hundreds of the generations of the good, and the long train of Christian workers still moves on, and as in the construction of Solomon's temple some hewed with the ax in far away Lebanon, and some drove a wedge, and some twisted a withe, and some trod the wet and slippery rafts on the sea, and some yoked the ox, and some pulled at the load, and some shoved the plane, and some fitted the points, and some heaved up the rafters, but all helped build the temple, though some of these never saw it, so now let us all put our hands, and our shoulders, and our hearts to the work of building the temple of righteousness, which is to fill the earth; and one will bind a wound, and another will wipe away a tear, and another will teach a class, and another will speak the encouraging word, and all of us will be ready to pull and lift and in some way help on the work until the millennial morn shall gild the pinnacle of that finished temple, and at its shining gates the world shall put down its last burden, and in its lavers wash off its last stain, and at its altar the last wanderer shall kneel. At the dedication of that temple all the armies of earth and Heaven will "shoulder arms," and "present arms," and "ground arms," for "behold! a greater than Solomon is here."

But my first day in the Holy Land is ended. The sun is already closing his eye for the night. I stand

on the balcony of a hotel which was brought to Joppa in pieces from the State of Maine by some fanatics who came here expecting to see Christ reappear in Palestine. My room here was once occupied by that Christian hero of the centuries—English, Chinese, Egyptian, worldwide General Gordon, a man mighty for God as well as for the world's pacification. Although the first of December and winter, the air is full of fragrance from gardens all a-bloom, and under my window are acacia and tamarisk and mulberry and century plants and orange groves and oleander. From the drowsiness of the air and the fatigues of the day I feel sleepy. Good-night! To-morrow morning we start for Jerusalem.

“I WENT UP TO JERUSALEM.”

“I went up to Jerusalem.”—Galatians i., 18.

My second day in the Holy Land. We are in Joppa. It is six o'clock in the morning, but we must start early, for by night we are to be in Jerusalem, and that city is forty-one miles away. We may take camel, or horse, or carriage. As to-day will be our last opportunity in Palestine for taking the wheel, we choose that. The horses, with harness tasseled and jingling, are hitched, and, with a dragoman in coat of many colors seated in front, we start on a road which unveils within twelve hours enough to think of for all time and all eternity. Farewell, Mediterranean, with such a blue as no one but the Divine Chemist could mix, and such a fire of morning glow as only the Divine Illuminator could kindle! Hail! Mountains of Ephraim and Juda whose ramparts of rock we shall mount in a few hours, for modern engineers can make a road anywhere, and without piling Ossa upon Pelion, those giants can scale the heavens.

We start out of the city amid barricades of cactus on either side. Not cacti in boxes two or three feet high, but cactus higher than the top of the carriage—a plant that has more swords for defense, considering the amount of beauty it can exhibit, than anything created. We passed out amid about four hundred gardens seven or eight acres to the garden, from which at the right seasons are plucked oranges, lemons, figs, olives, citron, and pomegranates, and

which hold up their censers of perfume before the Lord in perpetual praise. We meet great processions of camels loaded with kegs of oil and with fruits, and some wealthy Mohammedan with four wives—three too many. The camel is a proud, mysterious, solemn, ancient, ungainly, majestic and ridiculous shape, stalking out of the past. The driver with his whip taps the camel on the foreleg, and he kneels to take you as a rider. But when he rises, hold fast or you will fall off backward as he puts his fore-feet in standing posture, and then you will fall off in front as his back legs take their place. But the inhabitants are used to his ways, although I find the riders often dismount and walk as though to rest themselves. Better stand out of the path of the camel; he stops for nothing and seems not to look down, and in the street I saw a child, by the stroke of a camel's front foot, hurled seven or eight feet along the ground.

Here we meet people with faces, and arms, and hands tattooed, as in all lands sailors tattoo their arms with some favorite ship or admired face. It was to this habit of tattooing among the Orientals that God refers in a figure, when he says of his Church: “I have graven thee on the palms of my hands.”

Many of these regions are naturally sandy, but by irrigation they are made fruitful, and, as in this irrigation the brooks and rivers are turned this way and that to water the gardens or farms, so the Bible says, “The king's heart is in the hands of the Lord, and he turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever he will.”

As we passed out and on we find about eight hundred acres belonging to the Universal Israelitish Alliance. Montefiore, the Israelitish centenarian and

philanthropist, and Rothschild, the banker, and others of the large-hearted have paid the passage to Palestine for many of the Israelites, and set apart lands for their culture; and it is only a beginning of the fulfillment of Divine prophecy, when these people shall take possession of the Holy Land. The road from Joppa to Jerusalem, and all the roads leading to Nazareth and Galilee, we saw lined with processions of Jews, going to the sacred places, either on holy pilgrimage, or as settlers. All the fingers of Providence nowadays are pointing toward that resumption of Palestine by the Israelites. I do not take it that the prospered Israelites of other lands are to go there. They would be foolish to leave their prosperities in our American cities, where they are among our best citizens, and cross two seas to begin life over again in a strange land. But the outrages heaped upon them in Russia, and the insults offered them in Germany, will soon quadruple and centuple the procession of Israelites from Russia to Palestine.

Facilities for getting there will be multiplied, not only in the railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem, to which I referred last Sabbath as being built, but permission for a road from Damascus to the Bay of Acre has been obtained, and that of course will soon connect with Joppa, and make one great ocean-shore railroad. So the railroad from Jerusalem to Joppa, from Joppa to Damascus, will soon bring all the Holy Land within a few hours of connection. Jewish colonization societies in England and Russia are gathering money for the transportation of the Israelites to Palestine, and for the purchase for them of lands and farming implements, and so many desire to go that it is decided by lot as to which families shall go first. They were God's chosen people at the first, and he has promised

to bring them back to their home, and there is no power in one thousand or five thousand years to make God forget his promises. Those who are prospered in other lands will do well to stay where they are. But let the Israelites, who are depreciated, and attacked, and persecuted, turn their faces towards the rising sun of their deliverance. God will gather in that distant land those of that race who have been maltreated, and he will blast with the lightnings of his omnipotence those lands on either side of the Atlantic which have been the instruments of annoyance and harm to that Jewish race, to which belonged Abraham, and David, and Joshua, and Baron Hirsch, and Montefiore, and Paul the Apostle, and Mary the Virgin, and Jesus Christ the Lord.

On the way across the plain of Sharon we meet many veiled women. It is not respectable for them to go unveiled, and it is a veil that is so hung as to make them hideous. A man may not even see the face of his wife until after betrothal, or engagement of marriage. Hence the awful mistakes, and the unhappy homes, for God has made the face an index of character, and honesty or dishonesty usually is demonstrated in the features. I do not see what God made a fair face for if it were not to be looked at. But here come the crowds of disfigured women down the road on their way to Joppa, bundles of sticks for firewood on their heads. They started at three o'clock in the morning to get the fuel. They stagger under the burdens. Whipped and beaten will some of them be if their bundle of sticks is too small. All that is required for divorce is for a man to say to his wife: “Be off, I don't want you any more.” Woman a-slave in all lands, except those in which the Gospel of Christ makes her a queen. And yet in Christian countries there

are women posing as skeptics, and men with family deriding the only religion that makes sacred and honorable the names of wife, mother, daughter, and sister.

What is that? Town of Ramleh, birthplace, residence and tomb of Samuel, the glorious prophet.

Nearby is the Tower of Forty Martyrs, so called because that number of disciples perished there for Christ's sake; but if towers had been built for all those who in the time of war as in time of peace, have fallen on this road during the ages past, you might almost walk on turrets from Joppa to Jerusalem.

Now we pass guard-houses which are castles of chopped straw and mud, where at night and partly through the day armed men dwell and keep the bandits off travelers. In the caves of these mountains dwell men to whom massacre would be high play and a purse with a few pennies would be compensation enough for the struggle that the savage might have with the wayfarer. There is only one other defense that amounts to much in these lands, and that is the law of hospitality. If you can get an Arab to eat with you, if only one mouthful, you are sure of his protection, and that has been so from age to age. The Lord's Supper was built on that custom, a special friendship after partaking food together. To that custom Walter Scott refers in his immortal "Talisman," where Saladin, with one stroke of the sword, strikes the head from an enemy who stands in Saladin's tent with a cup in his hand, and before he has time to put it to his lip, and does it so suddenly that the body of his enemy, beheaded, stands for a moment after the beheading, with the cup still in his right hand. After the cup had been sipped it would have been impossible, according to the laws of Oriental hospitality, to give the fatal blow.

The only lands where it is safe to travel unarmed are

Christian lands. Human life is more highly valued and personal rights are better respected, and I am glad to believe that in our country, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean, there is not a place to-day where a man is not safer without a pistol than with one. But all through our journeys in Palestine we required fire-arms. While the only weapon I had on my person was a New Testament, we went through the region where I said to the dragoman: “David, are you armed?” and he said, “Yes,” and I said, “Are those fifteen or twenty muleteers or baggage-men and attendants armed?” and he said, “Yes,” and I felt safer.

On we roll through the Plain of Sharon. Here grew the rose after which Christ was named, Rose of Sharon, celebrated in all Christendom and throughout all ages. There has been controversy as to what flower it was. Some say it was a marsh-mallow that thrives here, and some claim this honor for the narcissus, and some for the blue iris, and some for the scarlet anemone, for you must know that this Plain of Sharon is a rolling ocean of color when the spring breezes move across it. But leaving the botanists in controversy as to what it is, I would take the most aromatic and beautiful of them all and twist them into a garland for the “Name which is above every name.”

Yonder, a little to the north as we move on, is the Plain of Ono. The Bible mentions it again and again. The village standing on this Plain of Ono is a mud village. Two great basins of rock catch the rains for the people. Of more importance in olden time than in modern time was this Plain of Ono. But as the dragoman announced it and in the Bible I read of it, I was reminded of the vast multitude of people who now dwell in the Plain of Ono. They are, by their nervous constitution or by their lack of faith in God, always in

the negative. Will you help to build a church? Oh, no! Will you start out in some new Christian enterprise? Oh, no! Do you think the world is getting any better? Oh, no! They lie down in the path of all good movements, sanitary, social, political and religious. They harness their horses with no traces to pull ahead, but only breeching-straps to hold back. For all Christian work I would not give for a thousand of them the price of a clipped ten-cent piece. They are in the Plain of Oh, no! May the Lord multiply the numbers of those who, when anything good is undertaken, are found to live in the Plain of Oh, yes! Will you support this new charity? Oh, yes! Do you think that this victim of evil habit can be reformed? Oh, yes! Are you willing to do anything, whether obscure or resounding, for the welfare of the Church and the salvation of a ruined world? Oh, yes? But I am sorry to say that the most populous plain in all the earth to-day is the Plain of Ono.

Here now we come where stood the fields into which Samson fired the foxes. The foxes are no rarity in this land. I counted at one time twenty or thirty of them in one group, and the cry all along the line was "Foxes! Look at the foxes!" and at night they sometimes bark until all attempts to sleep are an absurdity. Those I saw and heard in Palestine might have been descendants of the very foxes that Samson employed for an appalling incendiarism. The wealth of that land was in the harvests, and it was harvest time and the straw was dry. Three hundred foxes are caught and tied in couples by some wire or incombustible cord which the flames cannot divide, and firebrands are fastened to those couples of foxes, and the affrighted creatures are let loose and run every whither among the harvests and in the awful blaze down go the corn-

shocks, and the vineyards, and the olives, and all through the valleys and over the hills, and among the villages is heard the cry of Fire! And in the burnt pathway walk Hunger, and Want, and Desolation.

All this for spite. And some theologians learn one thing, and some another. But I learn from it that a great man may sometimes stoop to a very mean piece of business, and that if men would use as much ingenuity in trying to bless as they do in trying to destroy, the world all the way down would have been in better condition. Yet the fire of the foxes, kindled that night in Palestine, has not gone out, but has leaped the seas, and the sly foxes, the human foxes, are now still running every whither, kindling political fires, fires of religious controversy, fires of hate, world-wide fires, and whole harvests of righteousness perish. It took the hard work of multitudes on all those plains of Palestine for months and months to rear the vine and raise the corn, but it took only three hundred worthless foxes one night to blaze all into ashes.

Brace up your nerves now, that you may look while I point them out. Yonder is Kirjath-Jearim, where the ark of God stayed until David took it to Jerusalem. Yonder John the Baptist was born. Yonder is Emmaus, where Christ walked with the disciples at eventide. Here are men ploughing, only one handle to the plough, showing the accuracy of Christ's allusion. When we plough in America or England there are two hands on two handles, but in Palestine only one handle. And so Christ uses the singular, saying, “No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom.” The ox is urged on by a wooden stick pointed with sharp iron, and the ox knows enough not to kick, for he would only hurt himself instead of breaking the goad. And the Bible refers to that when

it says to Saul: "It is hard for thee to kick against the goads."

Here is the valley of Ajalon, famous for Joshua's pursuit of the five kings, and the lunar arrest. And in imagination I see the moon in day-time halt. Who has not sometimes seen the moon dispute the throne with the sun? But when the king of day and the queen of night, who never before Joshua's time, nor since then, stopped a moment in their march, halted at Joshua's command, it was a scene, enough to make the universe shiver: "Moon! stand thou still in the valley of Ajalon!" At another time we will see the sun stop above Gibeon, but now we have only to do with the moon, and you must remember that it was more of an orb than it is now. It is a burnt-out world now, a dead world now, an extinct world now, a corpse laid out in state, in the heavens, waiting for the judgment day to bury it. But on the day of which I speak the moon was probably a living world, yet it halted at the wave of Joshua's finger, "Stand thou still!" Do not budge an inch until Joshua finishes those five kings, who are there tumbling over the rocks, sword of man slashing them, hailstones out of the sky pelting them.

And there is the cavern of Makkedah, where they fled for safety, and where they were afterwards locked in, and from which they were taken out to be slain, and in which they were afterwards buried; and you do well to examine that cavern, for within a few hours it became three things which no other cave ever was: Fortress, prison, sepulcher.

Now we pass the place where once lived one of the greatest robbers of the century, Abou Gosh by name. From this point, you see, he could look over all the surrounding country, and long before the travelers came up to him, the plan for the taking of their money

or their life, or both, was consummated. He one day found a company of monks who would not pay, and he smothered them to death in a hot oven. In his last days he lived here like an Oriental prince, and had his attendants and admirers, to whom he told the stories of brigandage and assassination. So late as when our eminent and beloved American, William C. Prime, passed through, Abou Gosh, the scoundrelly Bedouin, sat at his doorway, smoking his pipe. His descendants live in this village, and probably are no more honest than their distinguished ancestor, but marauding and murder are not as safe a business now as when all this route to Jerusalem was subject to outrages pandemoniac.

Here we pass the village of Latrun, the home of the penitent thief, the village a few straggling houses on steep hills rising from the valley of Ajalon. Up these steep hills, in his earlier days, the thief had carried the spoils of arson and burglary, and down them he had borne the heavier burden of a guilty heart. But higher than these hills he mounted, after he had repented, from the tranfixed posture on the cross to the bosom of a forgiving God.

Now we come to the brook Elah, from which little David took the smooth stones with which he prostrated Goliath. There is a bridge spanning the ravine, but at the season we crossed there is not a drop of water in the brook. We went down into the ravine and walked amid the pebbles that had been washed smooth, very smooth, by the rush of the waters through all the ages. There is where David armed himself. He walked around and picked up five of these polished pebbles. He got them of just the right size. He prepared himself for five volleys, so that if the giant escapes the first, he will not escape the

whole five. The topography of the place so corresponds with the Bible story that I could see the memorable fight go on. It is the only fight I ever did watch. Pugilism I abhor, but there were two champions, the one God-appointed, the other Satan-appointed, and deciding the destiny of a nation, the destiny of a world. It was a Marathon, an Arbelá, a Waterloo, a Blenheim, a Sedan, concentrated into two right arms. Here are two ridges of mountains five hundred feet high, the Philistines on one ridge, the Israelites on the other ridge. The fight is in the valley between, at that season shaded, and sweet with terebinth and acacia. David, the champion for the Israelites ; Goliath, the champion for the Philistines. David, under-sized and almost effeminate, only a mouthful for Goliath, who was nearly ten feet high.

They advance to meet each other, but the Bible says that David made the first step forward. Nearer and nearer they come, but I do not think David will wait until he comes within reach of Goliath's sword, for that would be fatal, and David has a weapon with which he can fight at long range. Closer and closer they come, but David advances the more rapidly. "Come to me," said the giant, "and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field." You see Goliath going to give David for a banquet to the vulture and jackal. He, the mountain of flesh, will fall over on that little hillock. I hear him laugh through the mouthpiece of his helmet. He will toast the little whiffet on the top of his long sword. He will call all the crows for a breakfast. "Come to me you contemptible little fellow, and I will make quick work with you. The idea that a five-footer should dare to come out against a ten-footer ! Let the two armies looking down from the ridges

“watch me!” David responded: “I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts.” Aha, that is the right kind of battle-shout. “In the name of the Lord of hosts!” How that cry rings through the Wadyes-Sumpt! He who fights in that spirit wins the day. The almost dwarfed Israelite enlarges into omnipotent proportions. The moment to strike has come. David takes his sling with a stone in it and whirls it round and round his head, until he has put the weapon into sufficient momentum, and then, taking sure aim, hurls it. The giant throws up his hands and reels back and falls. The stone sank into his forehead. That was the only available point of attack. But how about the helmet on his head? Did the stone that David flung crush through the helmet? No; an old rabbi says he thinks that when Goliath scoffed at David, the giant so suddenly and contemptuously jerked up his head that the helmet fell off. That is like enough. David saw the bare forehead, a foot high, and aimed at the center of it, and the skull cracked and broke in like an eggshell, and the ground shook as this great oak of a military chieftain struck it. Huzzah for David!

But we must hasten on, for the danger now is that night will be upon us before we reach Jerusalem. Oh! we must see it before sundown. We are climbing the hills which are terraced with olive groves, uplands rising above uplands, until we come to an immensity of barrenness, gray rocks above gray rocks, where neither tree, nor leaf, nor bush, nor grass-blade can grow. The horses stumble, and slip, and pull, till it seems the harness must break. Solemnity and awe take possession of us. Though a vivacious party, and during part of the day jocularities had reigned, now no one spoke a word except to say to the dragoman,

“Tell us when you get the first glimpse of the city.” I never had such high expectation of seeing any place as of seeing Jerusalem. I think my feelings may have been slightly akin to that of the Christian just about to enter the heavenly Jerusalem. My ideas of the earthly Jerusalem were bewildering. Had I not seen pictures of it? Oh yes; but they only increase the bewilderment. They were taken from a variety of stand-points. If twenty artists attempt to sketch Brooklyn, or New York, or London, or Jerusalem, they will plant their cameras at different places, and take as many different pictures, but in a few minutes I shall see the sacred city with my own eyes. Over another shoulder of the hill we go, and nothing in sight but rocks and mountains, and awful gulches between them, which make the head swim if you look down. On and up, on and up, until the lathered and smoking horses are reined in, and the dragoman rises in front and points eastward, crying, “Jerusalem!” It was mightier than an electric shock. We all rose. There it lay, the prize of nations, the terminus of famous pilgrimages, the object of Roman and crusading wars, and for it Assyrians had fought, and Egyptians had fought, and the world had fought; the place which the Queen of Sheba visited, and Richard Cœur de Lion had conquered. Home of Solomon. Home of Ezekiel. Home of Jeremiah. Home of Isaiah. Home of Saladin. Mount Zion of David’s heartbreak, and Mount Moriah, where the sacrifices smoked, Mount of Olives where Jesus preached, and Gethsemane where he agonized, and Golgotha where he died, and the Holy Sepulcher where he was buried. Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Greatest city on earth, and type of the city celestial.

After I have been ten thousand years in Heaven, the memory of that first view from the rocks on the

afternoon of December 2d will be as vivid as now. An Arab on a horse that was like a whirlwind, bitted and saddled and spurred, its mane and flanks jet as the night—and there are no such horsemen as Arab horsemen—had come far out to meet us, and invite us to his hotel inside the gates. But arrangements had been made for us to stay at a hotel outside the gates. In the dusk of evening we halted in front of the place and entered, but I said, “No, thank you for your courteous reception, but I must sleep to-night inside the gates of Jerusalem. I would rather have the poorest place inside the gates than the best place outside.” So we remounted our coach and moved on amid a clamor of voices, and between camels grunting with great beams and timbers on their backs, brought in for building purposes—for it is amazing how much a camel can carry—until we came to what is called the Joppa Gate of Jerusalem. It is about forty feet wide, twenty feet deep, and sixty feet high. There is a sharp turn just after you have entered, so planned as to make the entrance of armed enemies the more difficult. On the structure of these gates the safety of Jerusalem depended and all the Bible writers used them for illustrations. Within five minutes’ walk of the gate we entered, David wrote: “Enter into thy gates with thanksgiving,” “Lift up your heads, O ye gates!” “The Lord loveth the gates of Zion,” “Open to me the gates of righteousness.” And Isaiah wrote: “Go through, go through the gates.” And the captive of Patmos wrote: “The city had twelve gates.” Having passed the gate we went on through the narrow streets, dimly-lighted, and passed to our halting-place, and sat down by the window from which we could see Mount Zion, and said: “Here we are at last, in the capital of the whole earth,” And thoughts of the

past and the future rushed through my soul in quick succession, and I thought of that old hymn, sung by so many ascending spirits :

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy Heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

And so with our hearts full of gratitude to God for journeying mercies all the way from Joppa to Jerusalem, and with bright anticipation of our entrance into the shining gate of the heavenly city when earthly journeys are over, my second day in Palestine is ended.

ON THE HOUSE-TOP IN JERUSALEM.

“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.”—Psalm cxxxvii., 5.

Paralysis of his best hand, the withering of its muscles and nerves, is here invoked if the author allows to pass out of mind the grandeurs of the Holy City where once he dwelt. Jeremiah, seated by the river Euphrates, wrote this psalm and not David. Afraid I am of anything that approaches imprecation, and yet I can understand how anyone who has ever been at Jerusalem should, in enthusiasm of soul, cry out, whether he be sitting by the Euphrates, or the Hudson or the Thames, “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!” You see, it is a city unlike all others for topography, for history, for significance, for style of population, for water-works, for ruins, for towers, for domes, for ramparts, for literature, for tragedies, for memorable birth-places, for sepulchers, for conflagrations and famines, for victories and defeats.

I am here at last in this very Jerusalem and on a house-top, just after the dawn of the morning of December 3, with an old inhabitant to point out the salient features of the scenery. “Now,” I said, “where is Mount Zion?” “Here at your right.” “Where is Mount Olivet?” “In front of where you stand.” “Where is the Garden of Gethsemane?” “In yonder valley.” “Where is Mount Calvary?” Before he

answered, I saw it. No unprejudiced mind can have a moment's doubt as to where it is. Yonder I see a hill in the shape of a human skull, and the Bible says that Calvary was the "place of a skull." Not only is it skull-shaped, but just beneath the forehead of the hill is a cavern that looks like eyeless sockets. Within the grotto under it is the shape of the inside of a skull. Then the Bible says that Christ was crucified outside the gate, and this is outside the gate, while the site formerly selected was inside the gate. Besides that, this skull hill was for ages the place where malefactors were put to death, and Christ was slain as a malefactor.

The Saviour's assassination took place beside a thoroughfare along which people went "wagging their heads," and there is the ancient thoroughfare. I saw at Cairo, Egypt, a clay mould of that skull hill, made by the late General Gordon, the arbiter of nations. While Empress Helena, eighty years of age and imposed upon, by having three crosses exhumed before her dim eyes, as though they were the three crosses of Bible story, selected another site as Calvary, all recent travelers agree that the one I point out to you was, without doubt, the scene of the most terrific and overwhelming tragedy this planet ever witnessed.

There were a thousand things we wanted to see that third day of December, and our dragoman proposed this and that and the other journey, but I said: "First of all show us Calvary. Something might happen if we went elsewhere, and sickness or accident might hinder our seeing the sacred mount. If we see nothing else we must see that, and see it this morning." Some of us in carriage and some on mule-back, we were soon on the way to the most sacred spot that the world has ever seen or ever will see. Coming to

the base of the hill we first went inside the skull of rocks. It is called Jeremiah's Grotto, for there the prophet wrote his book of Lamentations. The grotto is thirty-five feet high and its top and side are malachite, green, brown, black, white, red, and gray.

Coming forth from those pictured subterraneous passages, we begin to climb the steep sides of Calvary. As we go up, we see cracks and crevices in the rocks which I think were made by the convulsions of nature when Jesus died. On the hill lay a limestone rock, white but tinged with crimson, the white so suggestive of purity and the crimson of sacrifice, that I said, "That stone would be beautifully appropriate for a memorial wall in my church, now building in America; and the stone now being brought on camel's back from Sinai across the desert, when put under it, how significant of the law and the Gospel! And these lips of stone will continue to speak of justice and mercy long after all our living lips have uttered their last message." So I rolled it down the hill and transported it. When that day comes for which many of you have prayed—the dedication of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the third immense structure we have reared in this city, and that makes it somewhat difficult being the third structure, a work such as no other church was ever called on to undertake—we invite you in the main entrance of that building to look upon a memorial wall containing the most suggestive, and solemn and tremendous antiquities ever brought together; this, rent with the earthquake at the giving of the law at Sinai, the other end rent at the crucifixion on Calvary.

It is impossible for you to realize what our emotions were as we gathered, a group of men and women, all saved by the blood of the Lamb, on a bluff of Calvary, just wide enough to contain three crosses. I said to my

family and friends : “ I think here is where stood the cross of the impenitent burglar, and there the cross of the miscreant, and here between, I think, stood the cross on which all our hopes depend.” As I opened the nineteenth chapter of John to read, a chill blast struck the hill and a cloud hovered, the natural solemnity impressing the spiritual solemnity. I read a little, but broke down. I defy any emotional Christian man sitting upon Golgotha to read aloud and with unbroken voice, or with any voice at all, the whole of that account in Luke and John of which these sentences are a fragment : “ They took Jesus and led him away, and he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, where they crucified him and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst ” ; “ Behold thy mother ! ” “ I thirst ” ; “ This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise ” ; “ Father, forgive them, they know not what they do ” ; “ If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.” What sighs, what sobs, what tears, what tempests of sorrow, what surging oceans of agony in those utterances !

While we sat there, the whole scene came before us. All around the top and the sides and the foot of the hill a mob raged. They gnash their teeth and shake their clenched fists at Him. Here the cavalry horses champ their bits and paw the earth and snort at the smell of the carnage. Yonder a group of gamblers are pitching up as to who shall have the coat of the dying Saviour. There are women almost dead with grief among the crowd, his mother and his aunt, and some whose sorrows He had comforted, and whose guilt He had pardoned. Here a man dips a sponge into sour wine, and by a stick lifts it to the hot and cracked lips. The hemorrhage of the five wounds has done its work. The atmospheric conditions are such as the world saw

never before or since. It was not a solar eclipse, such as astronomers record or we ourselves have seen. It was a bereavement of the heavens! Darker! Until the towers of the temple were no longer visible. Darker! Until the surrounding hills disappeared. Darker! Until the inscription above the middle cross becomes illegible. Darker! Until the chin of the dying Lord falls upon the breast, and he sighs with this last sigh the words, "It is finished!"

As we sat there a silence took possession of us and we thought: This is the center from which continents have been touched and all the world shall yet be moved. Toward this hill the prophets pointed forward. Toward this hill the apostles and martyrs pointed backward. To this all Heaven pointed downward. To this with foaming execrations perdition pointed upward. Round it circles all history, all time, all eternity, and with this scene painters have covered the mightiest canvas, and sculptors cut the richest marble, and orchestras rolled their grandest oratorios, and churches lifted their greatest doxologies, and Heaven built its highest thrones.

Unable longer to endure the pressure of this scene, we moved on, and into a garden of olives, a garden which in the right season is full of flowers, and here is the reputed tomb of Christ. You know the Book says, "In the midst of the garden was a sepulcher." I think this was the garden, and this the sepulcher. It is shattered, of course. About four steps down we went into this, which seemed a family tomb. There is room in it for about five bodies. We measured it and found it about eight feet high, and nine feet wide, and fourteen feet long. The crypt where I think our Lord slept was seven feet long. I think that there once lay the King wrapped in his last slumber. On some of these rocks

the Roman government set its seal. At the gate of this mausoleum on the first Easter morning, the angels rolled the stone thundering down the hill. Up these steps walked the lacerated feet of the Conqueror, and from these heights he looked off upon the city that had cast him out, and upon the world he had come to redeem and at the heavens through which he would soon ascend.

But we must hasten back to the city. There are stones in the wall which Solomon had lifted. Stop here and see a startling proof of the truth of prophecy. In Jeremiah, 21st chapter and 40th verse, it is said that Jerusalem shall be built through the ashes. What ashes? people have been asking. Were those ashes just put into the prophecy to fill up? No! the meaning has been recently discovered. Jerusalem is now being built out in a certain direction where the ground has been submitted to chemical analysis and it has been found to be the ashes cast out from the sacrifices of the ancient temple, ashes of the wood and ashes of the bones of animals. There are great mounds of ashes, accumulation of centuries of sacrifices. It has taken all these thousands of years to discover what Jeremiah meant when he said, "Behold the days shall come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner, and the whole valley of the dead bodies and of the ashes." The people of Jerusalem are at this very time fulfilling that prophecy. One handful of that ashes on which they are building is enough to prove the divinity of the Scriptures! Pass by the place where the cornerstone of the ancient temple was laid three thousand years ago by Solomon. Explorers have been digging, and they found that cornerstone seventy-five feet beneath the surface. It is

fourteen feet long, and three feet eight inches high, and beautifully cut and shaped, and near it was an earthen jar that was supposed to have contained the oil of consecration used at the ceremony of laying the cornerstone. Yonder, from a depth of forty feet, a signet ring has been brought up inscribed with the words, "Haggai, the son of Shebnaiah," showing it belonged to the prophet Haggai, and to that seal ring he refers in his prophecy, saying, "I will make thee as a signet." I walk further on far under ground, and I find myself in Solomon's stables, and see the places worn in the stone pillars by the halters of some of his twelve thousand horses. Further on, look at the pillars on which Mount Moriah was built. You know that the mountain was too small for the temple, and so they built the mountain out on pillars, and I saw eight of those pillars, each one strong enough to hold a mountain.

Here we enter the Mosque of Omar, a throne of Mohammedanism, where we are met at the door by officials who bring slippers that we must put on before we take a step further, lest our feet pollute the sacred places. A man attempting to go in without these slippers would be struck dead on the spot. These awkward sandals adjusted as well as we could, we are led to where we see a rock with an opening in it, through which, no doubt, the blood of sacrifice in the ancient temple rolled down and away. At vast expense the mosque has been built, but so somber is the place I am glad to get through it and take off the cumbrous slippers, and step into the clear air.

Yonder is a curve of stone which is part of a bridge which once reached from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion, and over it David walked or rode to prayers in the temple. Here is the wailing-place of the Jews, where

for centuries almost perpetually during the day-time, whole generations of the Jews have stood putting their head or lips against the wall of what was once Solomon's temple. It was one of the saddest and most solemn and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see scores of these descendants of Abraham, with tears rolling down their cheeks, and lips trembling with emotion, a book of psalms open before them, bewailing the ruin of the ancient temple and the captivity of their race, and crying to God for the restoration of the temple in all its original splendor. Most affecting scene! And such a prayer as that, century after century, I am sure God will answer, and in some way the departed grandeur will return, or something better. I looked over the shoulders of some of them and saw that they were reading from the mournful psalms of David, while I have been told that this is the litany which some chant:

“For the temple that lies desolate,
 We sit in solitude and mourn;
 For the palace that is destroyed,
 We sit in solitude and mourn;
 For the walls that are overthrown,
 We sit in solitude and mourn;
 For our majesty that is departed,
 We sit in solitude and mourn;
 For our great men that lie dead,
 We sit in solitude and mourn;
 For priests who have stumbled,
 We sit in solitude and mourn.”

I think at that prayer Jerusalem will come again to more than its ancient magnificence. It may not be precious stones and architectural majesty, but in a moral splendor that shall eclipse forever all that David or Solomon saw.

But I must get back to the house-top where I stood

early this morning, and before the sun sets, that I may catch a wider vision of what the city now is and once was. Standing here on the house-top, I see that the city was built for military safety. Some old warrior, I warrant, selected the spot. It stands on a hill twenty-six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and deep ravines on three sides do the work of military trenches. Compact as no other city was compact. Only three miles journey round, and the three ancient towers, Hippicus, Phasaelus, Mariamne, frowning death upon the approach of all enemies.

As I stood there on the house-top in the midst of the city, I said, "O Lord, reveal to me this metropolis of the world, that I may see it as it once appeared." No one was with me, for there are some things you can see more vividly with no one but God and yourself present. Immediately the Mosque of Omar, which has stood for ages on Mount Moriah, the site of the ancient temple, disappeared and the most honored structure of all the ages lifted itself in the light and I saw it—the temple, the ancient temple! Not Solomon's temple, but some things grander than that. Not Zerubbabel's temple, but something more gorgeous than that. It was Herod's temple built for the one purpose of eclipsing all its architectural predecessors. There it stood, covering nineteen acres, and ten thousand workmen had been forty-six years in building it. Blaze of magnificence! Bewildering range of porticoes, and ten gateways, and double arches, and Corinthian capitals chiseled into lilies and acanthus. Masonry beveled and grooved into such delicate forms that it seemed to tremble in the light. Cloisters with two rows of Corinthian columns, royal arches, marble steps pure as though made out of frozen snow, carving that seemed like a panel of the door of Heaven let down and

set in, the façade of the building on shoulders at each end lifting the glory higher and higher, and walls wherein gold put out the silver, and the carbuncle put out the gold, and the jasper put out the carbuncle, until in the changing light they would all seem to come back again into a chorus of harmonious color. The temple! The temple! Doxology in stone! Anthems soaring in rafters of Lebanon cedar! From side to side and from foundation to gilded pinnacle, the frozen prayer of all ages!

From this house-top on the December afternoon we look out in another direction and I see the King's palace covering a hundred and sixty thousand square feet, three rows of windows illumining the inside brilliance, the hallway wainscoted with all styles of colored marbles surmounted by arabesque, vermilion and gold, looking down on mosaics, music of waterfalls in the garden outside answering the music of the harps thrummed by deft fingers inside; banisters over which princes and princesses leaned, and talked to kings and queens ascending the stairway. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Mountain city! City of God? Joy of the whole earth! Stronger than Gibraltar and Sebastopol, surely it never could have been captured.

But while standing there on the house-top that December afternoon, I hear the crash of the twenty-three mighty sieges which have come against Jerusalem in the ages past. Yonder is the pool of Hezekiah and Siloam, but again and again were those waters reddened with human gore. Yonder are the towers, but again and again they fall. Yonder are the high walls, but again and again they were leveled. To rob the treasures from her temple and palace and dethrone this queen city of the earth, all nations plotted. David taking the throne at Hebron decides that he must have

Jerusalem for his capital, and, coming up from the south at the head of two hundred and eighty thousand troops, he captures it. Look, here comes another siege of Jerusalem! The Assyrians under Sennacherib, enslaved nations at his chariot wheel, having taken two hundred thousand captives in his one campaign, Phœnician cities kneeling at his feet. Egypt trembling at the flash of his sword, comes upon Jerusalem. Look, another siege! The armies of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar come down and take plunder from Jerusalem such as no other city had to yield, and ten thousand of her citizens trudge off into Babylonian bondage. Look, another siege! and Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts by night go through a breach of the Jerusalem wall, and the morning finds some of them seated triumphant in the temple, and what they could not take away because too heavy, they break up—the brazen sea, and the two wreathed pillars, Jachin and Boaz.

Another siege of Jerusalem: and Pompey with the battering-rams which a hundred men would roll back, and then at full run forward would bang against the wall of the city, and catapults hurling the rocks upon the people, left twelve thousand dead, and the city in the clutch of the Roman war eagle. Look, a more desperate siege of Jerusalem! Titus with his tenth legion on Mount of Olives, and ballista, arranged on the principle of the pendulum to swing great boulders against the walls and towers, and miners digging under the city making galleries of beams underground which, set on fire, tumbled great masses of houses and human beings into destruction and death. All is taken now but the temple, and Titus, the conqueror, wants to save that unharmed, but a soldier, contrary to orders, hurls a torch into the temple and it is consumed. Many strangers were in the city at the time and ninety-seven

thousand captives were taken, and Josephus says one million one hundred thousand lay dead.

But looking from this house-top, the siege that most absorbs us is that of the Crusaders. England, and France, and all Christendom, wanted to capture the Holy Sepulcher and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Mohammedans, under the command of one of the loveliest, bravest, and mightiest men that ever lived, for justice must be done him though he was a Mohammedan—glorious Saladin! Against him came the armies of Europe, under Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England; Philip Augustus, King of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey, and other valiant men, marching on through fevers, and plagues, and battle charges, and sufferings as intense as the world ever saw. Saladin in Jerusalem, hearing of the sickness of King Richard, his chief enemy, sends him his own physician, and from the walls of Jerusalem seeing King Richard afoot, sends him a horse. With all the world looking on, the armies of Europe come within sight of Jerusalem. At the first glimpse of the city they fall on their faces in reverence, and then lift anthems of praise. Feuds and hatred among themselves were given up, and Raymond and Tancred, the bitterest rivals, embraced while the armies looked on. Then the battering-rams rolled, and the catapults swung, and the swords thrust, and the carnage raged. Godfrey of Bouillon is the first to mount the wall and the crusaders, a cross on every shoulder or breast, having taken the city, march bareheaded and barefooted to what they suppose to be the Holy Sepulcher, and kiss the Tomb. Jerusalem the possession of Christendom. But Saladin retook the city, and for the last four hundred years it has been in possession of cruel and polluted Mohammedanism!

Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in this nineteenth century greater than all those of the past centuries put together. A crusade in which you and I will march. A crusade without weapons of death, but only the sword of the Spirit. A crusade that will make not a single wound, nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homestead. A crusade of Gospel Peace! And the cross again be lifted on Calvary, not as once, an instrument of pain, but a signal of invitation, and the Mosque of Omar shall give place to a church of Christ, and Mount Zion become the dwelling-place not of David, but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heavenly city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the holy Jerusalem descending out of Heaven from God." Through its gates may we all enter when our work is done, and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in one, may we worship. Russian pilgrims lined all the roads around the Jerusalem we visited last winter. They had walked hundreds of miles, and their feet bled on the way of Jerusalem. Many of them had spent their last farthing to get there, and they had left some of those who starved with them dying or dead by the roadside. An aged woman, exhausted with the long way, begged her fellow-pilgrims not to let her die until she had seen the Holy City. As she came to the gate of the city she could not take another step, but she was carried in, and then said, "Now hold my head up till I can look upon Jerusalem," and her head lifted, she took one look and said: "Now I die content. I have seen it! I have seen it." Some of us, before we reach the heavenly Jerusalem, may be as tired as that, but angels of mercy

will help us in, and one glimpse of the Temple of God and the Lamb, and one good look at the "King in his beauty" will more than compensate for all the toils and tears and heartbreaks of the pilgrimage. Hallelujah! Amen!

THE JOURNEY FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

“A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho.”—
Luke x., 30.

It is morning in Jerusalem, and we take stirrups for the road along which the wayfarer of old fell among thieves, who left him wounded and half dead. Job's picture of the horse in the Orient, as having neck “clothed with thunder,” is not true of most horses now in Palestine. There is no thunder on their neck, though there is some lightning in their heels. Poorly fed and unmercifully whacked, they sometimes retort. To Americans and English, who are accustomed to guide horses by the bridle, these horses of the Orient, guided only by foot and voice, make equestrianism an uncertainty, and the pull on the bridle that you intend for slowing up of the pace may be mistaken for a hint that you intend to outgallop the wind or wheel in swift circles like the hawk. But they can climb steeps and descend precipices with skilled foot; and the one I chose for our journey in Palestine shall have the praise of going for weeks without one stumbling step, amid rocky steeps where an ordinary horse would not for an hour maintain sure-footedness. There were eighteen of our party, and twenty-two beasts of burden carried our camp equipment. We are led by an Arab sheik with his black Nubian servant carrying a loaded gun in full sight; but it is the fact that this sheik represents

the Turkish government, which assures the safety of the caravan.

We cross the Jehoshaphat valley, which, if it had not been memorable in history, and were only now discovered, would excite the admiration of all who look upon it. It is like the gorges of the Yosemite or the chasms of Yellowstone Park. The sides of this Jehoshaphat valley are tunneled with graves and overlooked by Jerusalem walls—an eternity of depths overshadowed by an eternity of architecture. Within sight of Mount Olivet and Gethsemane, and with the heavens and the earth full of sunshine, we start out on the very road mentioned in the text, when it says: “A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves.” No road that I ever saw was so well constructed for brigandage—deep gulleys, sharp turns, caves on either side. There are fifty places on this road where a highwayman might surprise and overpower an unarmed pilgrim. His cry for help, his shriek of pain, his death-groan, would be answered only by the echoes. On this road to-day we met groups of men who, judging from their countenances, have in their veins the blood of many generations of Rob Roys. Josephus says that Herod at one time discharged from the service of the temple forty thousand men, and that the great part of them became robbers. So late as 1820, Sir Frederick Henniker, an English tourist, was attacked on this very road from Jerusalem to Jericho, and shot and almost slain. There has never been any scarcity of bandits along the road we travel to day.

With the fresh memory of some recent violence in their minds, Christ tells the people of the good Samaritan who came along that way and took care of a poor fellow that had been set upon by villainous Arabs, and

robbed, and pounded and cut. We encamped for lunch that noon close by an old stone building, said to be the tavern where the scene spoken of in the Bible culminated. Tumbled in the dust and ghastly with wounds, the victim of this highway robbery lay in the middle of the road—a fact of which I am certain, because the Bible says the people passed by on either side. There were twelve thousand priests living at Jericho and they had to go to Jerusalem to officiate at the temple. And one of these ministers of religion, I suppose, was on his way to the temple service and he is startled as he sees this bleeding victim in the middle of the road. “Oh,” he says, “here is a man that has been attacked of thieves.” “Why don’t you go home?” says the minister. The man in a comatose state, makes no answer, or, with a half-dazed look, puts his wounded hand to his gashed forehead and drawls out “What?” “Well,” says the minister, “I must hurry on to my duties at Jerusalem. I have to kill a lamb and two pigeons in sacrifice to-day. I cannot spend any more time with this unfortunate. I guess somebody else will take care of him. But this is one of the things that cannot be helped, anyhow. Besides that, my business is with souls and not with bodies. Good morning! When you get well enough to sit up, I will be glad to see you at the temple.” And the minister curves his way out toward the overhanging sides of the road and passes. You hypocrite! One of the chief offices of religion is to heal wounds. You might have done here a kindness that would been more acceptable to God than all the incense that will smoke up from your censer for the next three weeks, and you missed the chance. Go on your way! Execrated by the centuries.

Soon afterward a Levite came upon the scene. The

Levites looked after the music of the temple and waited upon the priests and provided the supplies of the temple. This Levite, passing along this road where we are to-day, took a look at the mass of bruises and laceration in the middle of the road. "My! my!" says the Levite, "this man is awfully hurt and he ought to be helped. But my business is to sing in the temple. If I am not there, no one will carry my part. Besides that, there may not be enough frankincense for the censers and the wine or oil may have given out, and what a fearful balk in the service that would make. Then one of the priests might get his breast-plate on crooked. But it seems too bad to leave this man in this condition. Perhaps I had better try to staunch this bleeding and give him a little stimulant. But, no! The ceremony at Jerusalem is of more importance than taking care of the wounds of a man who will probably soon be dead, anyhow. This highway robbery ought to be stopped, for it hinders us Levites on our way up to the temple. There, I have lost five minutes already! Go along you beast!" he shouts as he strikes his heels into the sides of the animal carrying him, and the dust rising from the road soon hides the hard-hearted official.

But a third person is coming along this road. You cannot expect him to do anything by way of alleviation, because he and the wounded man belong to different nations which have abominated each other for centuries. The wounded man is an Israelite, and the stranger now coming on this scene of suffering is a Samaritan. They belong to nations which hated each other with an objurgation and malediction diabolic. They had opposition temples, one on Mount Gerizim and the other on Mount Moriah, and I guess this Samaritan when he comes up will give the fallen Israelite

another clip and say : " Good for you ! I will just finish the work these bandits began, and give you one more kick that will put you out of your misery. And here is a rag of your coat that they did not steal, and I will take that. What ! Do you dare to appeal to me for mercy ? Hush up ! Why, your ancestors worshiped at Jerusalem when they ought to have worshiped at Gerizim. Now take that ! And that ! And that ! " will say the Samaritan as he pounds the fallen Israelite.

No ; the Samaritan rides up to the scene of suffering, gets off the beast and steps down and looks into the face of the wounded man and says : " This poor fellow does not belong to my nation, and our ancestors worshiped in different places, but he is a man, and that makes us brothers. God pity him, as I do ! " And he gets down on his knees and begins to examine his wounds, and straighten out his limbs to see if any of his bones are broken, and says : " My dear fellow, cheer up, you need have no more care about yourself, for I am going to take care of you. Let me feel of your pulse ! Let me listen to your breathing ! I have in these bottles two liquids that will help you. The one is oil, and that will soothe the pain of these wounds, and the other is wine, and your pulse is feeble and you feel faint, and that will stimulate you. Now I must get you to the nearest tavern. " " Oh, no, " says the man, " I can't walk ; let me stay here and die. " " Nonsense ! " says the Samaritan. " You are not going to die. I am going to put you on this beast, and I will hold you on till I get you to a place where you can have a soft mattress and an easy pillow. "

Now the Samaritan has got the wounded man on his feet, and with much tugging and lifting puts him on the beast, for it is astonishing how strong the spirit of

kindness will make one, as you have seen a mother, after three weeks of sleepless watching of her boy, down with scarlet fever, lift that half-grown boy, heavier than herself, from couch to lounge. And so this sympathetic Samaritan has, unaided, put the wounded man in the saddle, and at slow pace the extemporized ambulance is moving toward the tavern. "You feel better now, I think," says the Samaritan to the Hebrew. "Yes," he says, "I do feel better." "Halloo, you landlord! Help me carry this man in and make him comfortable." That night the Samaritan sat up with the Jew, giving him water whenever he felt thirsty and turning his pillow when it got hot, and in the morning before the Samaritan started on his journey, he said, "Landlord, now I am obliged to go. Take good care of this man and I will be along here soon again and pay you for all you do for him. Meanwhile here is something to meet present expenses." The "two pence" he gave the landlord sounds small, but it was as much as ten dollars here and now, considering what it would there and then buy of food and lodging.

As on that December noon we sat under the shadow of the tavern where this scene of mercy had occurred, and just having passed along the road where the tragedy had happened, I could, as plainly as I now see the nearest man to this platform, see that Bible story re-enacted, and I said aloud to our group under the tent: "One drop of practical Christianity is worth more than a whole temple full of ecclesiasticism, and that good Samaritan had more religion in five minutes than that minister and that Levite had in a lifetime, and the most accursed thing on earth is national prejudice, and I bless God that I live in America, where Gentile and Jew, Protestant and Catholic can live to-

gether without quarrel, and where, in the great national crucible, the differences of sect, and tribe and people are being moulded into a great brotherhood, and that the question which the lawyer flung at Christ, and which brought forth this incident of the good Samaritan, 'Who is my neighbor?' is bringing forth the answer, 'My neighbor is the first man I meet in trouble,' and a wound close at hand calls louder than a temple seventeen miles off, though it covers nineteen acres."

I saw in London the vast procession which one day last January moved to St. Paul's Cathedral at the burial of that Christian hero, Lord Napier. The day after at Hawarden, in conversation on various themes, I asked Mr. Gladstone if he did not think that many who were under the shadow of false religions might not nevertheless be at heart really Christian. Mr. Gladstone replied: "Yes; my old friend Lord Napier, who was yesterday buried, after he returned from his Abyssinian campaign, visited us here at Hawarden, and, walking in this park where we are now walking, he told me a very beautiful incident. He said: 'After the war in Africa was over, we were on the march and we had a soldier with a broken leg who was not strong enough to go along with us and we did not dare to leave him to be taken care of by savages, but we found we were compelled to leave him, and we went into the house of a woman who was said to be a very kind woman, though of the race of savages, and we said: "Here is a sick man, and if you will take care of him till he gets well we will pay you very largely," and then we offered her five times that which would ordinarily be offered, hoping by the excess of pay to secure for him great kindness. The woman replied: "I will not take care of him for the money you offer. I

do not want your money. But leave him here, and I will take care of him for the sake of the love of God.”” Mr. Gladstone turned to me and said: “Dr. Talmage, don't you think that though she belonged to a race of savages, that was pure religion?” And I answered: “I do; I do.” May God multiply all the world over the number of good Samaritans!

In Philadelphia a young woman was dying. She was a wreck. Sunken into the depths of depravity there was no lower depth for her to reach. Word came to the midnight mission that she was dying in a haunt of iniquity nearby. Who would go to tell her of the Christ of Mary Magdalen? This one refused, and that one refused, saying, “I dare not go there.” A Christian woman, her white locks typical of her purity of soul, said, “I will go, and I will go now.” She went and sat down by the dying girl, and told her of the Christ who came to seek and save that which was lost. First to the forlorn one came tears of repentance, and then the smile as though she had begun to hope for the pardon of Him who came to save to the uttermost. Then, just before she breathed her last, she said to the angel of mercy bending over her pillow: “Would you kiss me?” “I will,” said the Christian woman, as she put upon her cheek the last salutation before in the heavenly world, I think, God gave her the welcoming kiss. That was religion! Yes, that was religion. Good Samaritans along every street, and along every road, as well as this one on the road to Jericho.

But our procession of sightseers is again in line, and here we pass through a deep ravine, and I cry to the dragoman: “David, what place do you call this?” and he replied: “This is the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens.” And in that answer

he overthrew my life-long notions of the place where Elijah was waited on by the black servants of the sky. A brook to me had meant a slight depression of ground, and a stream fordable, and perhaps fifteen feet wide. But here was a chasm that an earthquake must have scooped out with its biggest shovel or split with its mightiest battle-ax. Six hundred feet deep is it, and the brook Cherith is a river, which when in full force is a silver wedge, splitting the mountains into precipices. The feathered descendants of Elijah's ravens still wing their way across this ravine, but are not like the crows we supposed them to be. They are as large as eagles, and one of them could carry in its beak and clenched claw at once enough food for a half dozen Elijahs. No thanks to the ravens; they are carnivorous and would rather have picked out the eyes of Elijah, whom they found at the mouth of his cave on the side of Cherith, waiting for his breakfast, having drunk his morning beverage from the rushing stream beneath, than have been his butlers and purveyors. But God compelled them, as he always has compelled and always will compel black and cruel and overshadowing providences to carry help to his children if they only have faith enough to catch the blessing as it drops from the seeming adversity; the greatest blessing always coming not with white wings, but black wings. Black wings of conviction bringing pardon to the sinner. Black wings of crucifixion over Calvary, bringing redemption for the world. Black wings of American revolution, bringing free institutions to a continent. Black wings of American civil war, bringing unification and solidarity to the republic. Black wings of the Judgment Day, bringing resurrection to an entombed human race. And in the last day, when all your life and mine will be summed up, we will find

that the greatest blessing we ever received came on the wings of the black ravens of disaster. Bless God for trouble! Bless God for sickness! Bless God for persecution! Bless God for poverty! You never heard of any man or woman of great use to the world who had not had lots of trouble. The diamond must be cut. The wheat must be threshed. The black ravens must fly. Who are these nearest the throne? "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But look! Look what at four o'clock in the afternoon bursts upon our vision—the plain of Jericho and the valley of Jordan and the Dead Sea. We have come to a place where the horses not so much walk as slide upon their haunches, and we all dismount, for the steep descent is simply terrific, though a princess of Wallachis, who fell here and was dangerously injured, after recovery, spent a large amount of money in trying to make the road passable. Down and down, till we saw the white tents pitched for us by our muleteers amid the ruins of ancient Jericho, which fell at the sound of poor music played on "ram's horn," that ancient instrument which, taken from the head of the leader of the flock of sheep, is perforated and prepared to be fingered by the musical performer, and blown upon when pressed to the lips. As in another sermon I have fully described that scene, I will only say that every day for seven days the ministers of religion went round the city of Jericho, blowing upon those rams' horns, and on the seventh day, without the roll of a war-chariot, or the stroke of a catapult, or the swing of a ballista, crash! crash! crash! went the walls of that magnificent capital.

On the evening of December the 6th we walked

amid the brick and mortar of that shattered city, and I said to myself: All this done by poor music blest of God, for it was not a harp, or a flute, or a clapping cymbal, or an organ played, at the sound of which the city surrendered to destruction, but a rude instrument making rude music blest of God, to the demolition of that wicked place which had for centuries defied the Almighty. And I said, if all this was by the blessing of God on poor music, what mightier things could be done by the blessing of God on good music, skillful music, Gospel music. If all the good that has already been done by music were subtracted from the world, I believe three-fourths of its religion would be gone. The lullabys of mothers which keep sounding on, though the lips which sang them forty years ago became ashes, the old hymns in log-cabin churches, and country meeting-houses, and psalms in Rouse's version in Scotch kirks, the anthem in English cathedrals, the roll of organs that will never let Handel, or Haydn, or Beethoven die, the thrum of harps, the sweep of the bow across bass viols, the song of Sabbath-schools storming the heavens, the doxology of great assemblages—why, a thousand Jerichos of sin have by them all been brought down.

Seated by the warmth of our camp-fires that evening of December 6th, amid the bricks and debris of Jericho, and thinking what poor music has done and what mightier things could be accomplished by the blessings of God on good music, I said to myself: Ministers have been doing a grand work, and sermons have been blessed, but would it not be well for us to put more emphasis on music? Oh, for a campaign of Old Hundred! Oh, for a brigade of Mount Pisgahs! Oh, for a cavalry charge of Coronations! Oh, for an army of Antiochs and St. Martins and Ariels! Oh, for enough

orchestral batons lifted to marshal all nations! As Jericho was surrounded by poor music for seven days and was conquered, so let our earth be surrounded seven days by good Gospel music, and the round planet will all be taken for God. Not a wall of opposition, not a throne of tyranny, not a palace of sin, not an enterprise of unrighteousness could stand the mighty throb of such atmospheric pulsation. Music! It sounded at the laying of creation's cornerstone when the morning stars sang together. Music! It will be the last reverberation, when the archangel's trumpet shall wake the dead. Music! Let its full power be now tested to comfort and bless and arouse and save.

While our evening meal is being prepared in the tents, we walk out for a moment to the "Fountain of Elisha," the one into which the prophet threw the salt, because the waters were poisonous and bitter, and lo! they became sweet and healthy; and ever since, with gurgle and laughter, they have rushed down the hill, and leaped from the rocks, the only cheerful object in all that region being these waters.

Now on this plain of Jericho the sun is setting, making the mountains look like balustrades and battlements of amber and maroon and gold; and the moon, just above the crests, seems to be a window of Heaven through which immortals might be looking down upon the scene. Three Arabs as watchmen sit beside the camp-fire at the door of my tent, their low conversation in a strange language all night long a soothing rather than an interruption. I had a dream that night never to be forgotten, that dream amid the complete ruins of Jericho. Its past grandeur returned, and I saw the city as it was when Mark Antony gave it to Cleopatra and Herod bought it from her. And I heard the hoofs of its swift steeds, and the rumbling of

its chariots and the shouts of excited spectators in its amphitheater.

And there was white marble amid green groves of palm and balsam : cold stone warmed with sculptured foliage : hard pillars cut into soft lace : Iliads and Odysseys in granite : basalt jet as the night, mounted by carbuncle flaming as the morning ; upholstery dyed as though dipped in the blood of battle-fields : robes encrusted with diamond : mosaics white as sea-foam flashed on by auroras : gayeties which the sun saw by day, rivaled by revels the moon saw by night : blasphemy built against the sky : ceilings stellar as the midnight heavens : grandeurs turreted, archivoluted and intercolumnar wickedness so appalling that established vocabulary fails, and we must make an adjective and call it Herodic.

The region round about the city walls seemed to me white with cotton such as *Thenius* describes as once growing there, and sweet with sugar-cane, and luscious with oranges and figs and pomegranates, and redolent with such flora as can only grow where a tropical sun kisses the earth. And the hour came back to me when in the midst of all that splendor Herod died, commanding his sister *Salome* immediately after his death to secure the assassination of all the chief Jews whom he had brought to the city, and shut up in a circus for that purpose, and the news came to the audience in the theater as someone took the stage, and announced to the excited multitude : "Herod is dead ! Herod is dead !" Then in my dream, all the pomp of Jericho vanished and gloom was added to gloom, and desolation to desolation, and woe to woe, until, perhaps, the rippling waters or the Fountain of *Elisha* suggesting it—as sounds will sometimes give direction to a dream—I thought that the waters of Christ's salvation and

the fountains "open for sin and uncleanness," were rolling through that plain and rolling across that continent, and rolling round the earth, until on either side of their banks all the thorns became flowers, and all the deserts gardens, and all the hovels mansions, and all the funerals bridal processions, and all the blood of war was turned into dahlias, and all the groans became anthems, and Dante's "Inferno" became Dante's "Divina Commedia," and "Paradise Lost" was submerged by "Paradise Regained," and tears became crystals, and cruel swords came out of foundries glistening ploughshares, and, in my dream, at the blast of a trumpet the prostrate walls of Jericho rose again. And someone told me that as these walls in Joshua's time, at the sounding trumpets of doom went down, now at the sounding trumpet of the Gospel they come up again. And I thought a man appeared at the door of my tent, and I said: "Who are you and from whence have you come?" and he said, "I am the Samaritan you heard of at the tavern on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, as taking care of the man who fell among thieves, and I have just come from healing the last wound of the last unfortunate in all the earth." And I rose from my pillow in the tent to greet him, and my dream broke, and I realized it was only a dream, but a dream which shall become a glorious reality as surely as God is true and Christ's Gospel is the world's Catholicon. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

HE TOUCHETH THE HILLS AND THEY SMOKE.

“He toucheth the hills and they smoke.”—Psalm civ., 32.

David, the poet, here pictures a volcano, and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas this author does in words. You see a hill calm and still, and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts his finger on the top of it, and from it rise thick vapors, intershot with fire. “He toucheth the hills and they smoke.”

God is the only being who can manage a volcano, and again and again has he employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century, that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, pillared into architectural exquisiteness, was at the foot of a mountain up the sides of which it ran with vineyards and villas of merchant princes, and all that marble, and bronze, and imperial baths, and arboriculture, and rainbowed fountains, and a coliseum at the dedication of which nine thousand beasts had been slain, and a supernal landscape in which the shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crystals to the shore; yes, all that beauty, and pomp, and wealth could give was there to be seen or heard. But the bad morals of the city had shocked the world. In the year 79, on the 4th of August, a black column

rose above the adjoining mountain and spread out, Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city, first thin ashes, and then pumice stone, and sulphurous fumes scooped, and streams of mud poured through the streets till few people escaped, and the city was buried, and some of the inhabitants eighteen hundred years after were found embalmed in the scoriæ of that awful doom. The Lord called upon volcanic forces to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead Sea, upon which I looked last December, and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been controversy enough to fill libraries, science saying one thing, revelation saying another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and zoölogy are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation, and the penmanship is by the same divine hand. Our horseback ride will not be so steep to-day, and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling, and by the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of Lake Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea, we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when he touched the hills and they smoked.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada, where occurred something more wonderful in the way of desperation than you have ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace

amid these heaps of black and awful rocks which look like a tumbled midnight. A great band of robbers, about one thousand, including their families, afterward held the fortress. When the Roman army stormed that steep and the bandits could no longer hold the place, their chieftain, Eleazar, made a powerful speech which persuaded them to die before they were captured. First the men kissed their families a loving and tearful good-bye, and then put a dagger into their hearts, and the women and the children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by the dead wife and children and waited for these executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other nine. Then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves, and after all was over came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaughtered. Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great butchers, were nearly all born or reared among mountain precipices. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have anything greatly good or greatly evil to do, they come down off the rocks.

Pass on from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of concentrated diabolism, and come along where the salt crystals crackle under the horses' hoofs. You are near the most God-forsaken region of all the earth. You to whom the word lake has heretofore suggested those bewitchments of beauty, Luzerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant valley, change all your ideas about a lake, and see this sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt Sea or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the

horses while we get down to the brink and dip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch, and have six times larger percentage of salt than those of the Atlantic Ocean, the ocean having four per cent of salt, and this lake twenty-six and a quarter per cent. Lake Sir-i-kol of India is the highest lake in the world. This lake on the banks of which we kneel is the lowest lake. It empties into no sea, among other things, for the simple reason that water cannot run uphill. It swallows up the river Jordan, and makes no reponse of thanks, and never reports what it does with the twenty million cubic feet of water annually received from that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of bitumen to decay there.

The hot springs near its banks by the name of Calirhoe, where King Herod came to bathe off his illnesses, no sooner pour into the sea than they are poisoned. Not a fish-scale swims it. Not an insect walks it. It hates life, and if you attempt to swim there it lifts you by an unnatural buoyancy to the surface, as much as to say, "We want no life here, but death is our preference, death." Those who attempt to wade into this lake, and submerge themselves, come out almost maddened, as with the sting of a hundred wasps and hornets, and with lips and eyelids swollen with the strange ablution. The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of beauty on other lakes, but a metallic luster like unto the flash of a sword that would thrust you. The gazelles and the ibexes that live on the hills beside it, and the cranes and wild ducks that fly across—for, contrary to the old belief, birds do safely wing their way over it—and the Arab horses you have been riding, though thirsty enough, will not drink out of

this dreadful mixture. A mist hovers over parts of it almost continually, which, though natural evaporation, seems like a wing of doom spread over liquid desolation. It is the rinsings of abomination. It is an aqueous monster coiled among the hills, or creeping with ripples, and stenchful with nauseating malodors.

In these regions once stood four great cities of Assyria: Sodom, Gomorrah, Adma and Zeboim. The Bible says they were destroyed by a tempest of fire and brimstone after these cities had filled up of wickedness. "No, that is absurd," cries someone; "it is evident that this was a region of salt and brimstone and pitch, long before that." And so it was. The Bible says it was a region of sulphur long before the great catastrophe. "Well, now," says someone, wanting to raise a quarrel between science and revelation, "you have no right to say the cities of the plain were destroyed by a tempest of fire and sulphur and brimstone, because this region had these characteristics long before these cities were destroyed." Volcanic action is my reply. These cities had been built out of very combustible materials. The mortar was of bitumen easily ignited, and the walls dripped with pitch most inflammable. They sat, I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant in their sins, ostentatious in their debaucheries, four hells on earth. One day there was a rumbling in the earth, and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the affrighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving way. A volcano, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command burst forth, easily setting everything a-flame, and first lifting these cities high in the air, and then dashing them down in chasms fathomless. The fires of that eruption intershot the dense smoke, and rolled

unto the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanness came widespread desolation. The red-hot spade of volcanic action had shoveled under the cities of the plain. Before the catastrophe the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right. Revelation right. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scriptures, and then Moses must go under. But as in the Dead Sea instance, so in all cases God's writing on the earth, and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible Society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, and so the Bible announces plants first. Science digs down and says, "Marine animals next," and the Bible says, "Marine animals next." Science digs down and says, "Land animals next, and the Bible responds, "Land animals next." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man!" responds the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire, and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological formation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible: "Moses wrote thousands of years ago 'The Lord rained upon Sodom, and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of Heaven,' and David wrote, 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'" So I guess we will hold on to our Bibles a little longer. A gentleman in the ante-room of the White House, at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. Lincoln at five o'clock in the

morning, got there fifteen minutes early, and asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir!" "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends every morning from four to five o'clock reading the Scriptures."

My text implies that God controls volcanoes not with the full force of his hand, but with the tip of his finger. Etna, Stromboli, and Vesuvius fawn at His feet like hounds before the hunter. These eruptions of the hills do not belong to Pluto's realm as the ancients thought, but to the Divine dominions. Humboldt counted two hundred of them, but since then the Indian archipelago has been found to have nine hundred of these great mouthpieces. They are on every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook all America about six or seven summers ago was only the raving around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it will be at the Divine call. They seem reserved for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression. Profligacy was the chief characteristic of the seven cities over which they put their smothering wing: Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ, Adma, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrah. If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high and low life dissoluteness does not cease to be a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism continues to find so many doors of domestic life open to its faintest touch, if Russian, and French, and American literature, steeped in pruriency, does not get banished from the news stands and ladies' parlors, God will let loose some of these suppressed monsters of the earth. And I tell these American cities that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and

Gomorrah in the Day of Judgment, whether that Day of Judgment be in this present century or in the closing century of the earth's continuance. The volcanic forces are already in existence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the kennels of subterranean fires. Yet let profligacy, whether it stagger into a lazaretto or sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under the street gas-light or be wrapped in the finest array that foreign loom ever wrought or lapidary ever empearled, know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life, or social life, or political life, or in the foundations of the earth from which sprang out the devastations that swallowed the cities of the plain. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

But the dragoman was rejoiced when we had seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightens the girths, for another march, around the horses, which are prancing and neighing for departure. We are off for the Jordan, only two hours away. We pass Bedouins whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation *Salaam Aleikoum*, "Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronunciation of the Arabic. Oh, they are a strange race, those Bedouins: such a commingling of ruffianism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness! When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately was traveling and were about to take pocketbooks and perhaps life, this lady sitting upon her horse took out her notebook and pencil and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure the bandits thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or

manliness is all-conquering. When Martin Luther was told that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipsic, Luther replied, "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges nine days."

Now we come through regions where there are hills cut into the shape of cathedrals, with altar, and column, and arch, and chancel, and pulpit and dome, and architecture of the rocks that I think can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it is because God loves the Church so well, he builds in the solitudes of Yellowstone Park and Yosemite, and Switzerland, and Palestine, these ecclesiastical piles. And who knows but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there? "Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan?" I asked. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the greatest river of all earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amazon is longer, the Hudson rolls amid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Tiber suggests more imperial procession, the Ilyssus has more classic memories, and the Nile feeds greater populations by its irrigation; but the Jordan is the queen of rivers and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung like beads with heroics, and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah and Elisha, and David, and Jacob, and Joshua, and John and Jesus.

At last between two trees I got a glimpse of a river, and said, "What is that?" "The Jordan!" was the quick reply. And all along the line which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America, and some from Europe, and some from Asia, the cry was sounded "The Jordan! The Jordan!" Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of them dip a gown in the wave and wring it out and carry it home for their

own shroud. It is an impetuous stream and rushes on as though it were hastening to tell its story to the ages. Many an explorer has it whelmed, and many a boat has it wrecked. Lieutenant Molineux had copper-bottomed crafts split upon its shelvings. Only one boat, that of Lieutenant Lynch, ever lived to sail the whole length of it. At the season when the snows on Lebanon melt, the rage of this stream is like the Cone-maugh when Johnstown perished, and the wild beasts that may be near run for the hills, explaining what Jeremiah says: "Behold, he shall go up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan." No river so often changes its mind, for it turns and twists, traveling two hundred miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now of rocks, now of mud, and now of sand, laving the feet of the terebinths and oleanders, and acacias, and reeds, and pistachios, and silver poplars. This river marries the Dead Sea to Lake Galilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so fair a bride?

This is the river which parted to let an army of two million Israelites cross. Here the skilled major-general of the Syrian host at the seventh plunge dropped his leprosy, not only by miraculous cure, but suggesting to all ages that water, and plenty of it, had much to do with the sanitary improvement of the world. Here is where some theological students of Elisha's time were cutting trees with which to build a theological seminary, and an ax-head, not sufficiently wedged to the handle, flew off into the river and sank, and the young man deplored not so much the loss of the ax-head, as the fact that it was not his own, and cried, "Alas! it was borrowed," and the prophet threw a stick into the river and, in defiance of the law

of gravitation, the iron ax-head came to the surface and floated like a cork upon the water, and kept floating until the young man caught it. A miracle performed to give one an opportunity to return that which was borrowed, and a rebuke in all ages for those who borrow and never return, their bad habit in this respect so established that it would be a miracle if they did return it. Yea, from the bank of this river Elijah took team of fire, showing that the most raging element is servant of the good, and that there is no need that a child of God fear anything; for, if the most destructive of all elements was that day fashioned into a vehicle for a departing saint, nothing can ever hurt you who love and trust the Lord. I am so glad that that chariot of Elijah was not made out of wood, or crystal, or anything ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire, and yet he went up without having so much as to fan himself. When, stepping from amid the foliage of these oleanders and tamarisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands, and spurred the galloping steeds toward the wide open gate of Heaven, it was a scene forever memorable. So the hottest afflictions of your life may roll you Heavenward. So the most burning persecutions, the most fiery troubles, may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire, you drive up toward God, and not down towards the Dead Sea. When Latimer and Ridley died at the stake, they went up in a chariot of fire. When my friend, P. P. Bliss, the Gospel singer, was consumed with the rail-train that broke through Ashtabula bridge, and then took flame, I said: "Another Elijah gone up in a chariot of fire!"

But this river is a river of baptisms. Christ was

here baptized and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion went into this river, and then, while both were standing, the water was dipped in the hand of one and sprinkled upon the forehead of the other, or whether the entire form of the one baptized disappeared for a moment beneath the surface of the flood, I do not now declare. While I cannot think without deep emotion of the fact that my parents held me in infancy to the baptismal font in the old meeting-house at Somerville, and assumed vows on my behalf, I must tell you now of another mode of baptism observed in the river Jordan, on that afternoon in last December, the particulars of which I now for the first time relate.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity. A comrade in our Holy Land journey rode up by my side that day, and told me that a young man, who is now studying for the Gospel ministry, would like to be baptized by me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts I could concerning his earnestness and faith, and through personal examination made myself confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants two robes not unlike those used for American baptistries, and these we obtained. As we were to have a large group of different nationalities present, I dictated to my daughter a few verses, and had copies enough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoman had a man familiar with the river wade through and across to show the depth and the swiftness of the stream and the most appropriate place for the ceremony. Then I read from the Bible the accounts of baptisms in that sacred stream, and implored the presence of the Christ on whose head the dove descended at the Jordan. Then, as the candidate and myself stepped into the

waters, the people on the banks sang in full and resounding voice :

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wistful eye
 To Canaan’s fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
 That rises to my sight ;
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.”

By this time we had reached the middle of the river. As the candidate sank under the floods and rose again under a baptism in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, there rushed through our souls a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not probably feel again until we step into the Jordan that divides earth from Heaven. Will those waters be deep ? Will those tides be strong ? No matter, if Jesus steps in with us. Friends on this shore to help us off. Friends on the other shore to help us land. See ! They are coming down the hills on the other side to greet us. How well we know their step ! How easily we distinguish their voices ! From bank to bank we hail them with tears and they hail us with palm branches. They say to us, “ Is that you, father ? ” “ Is that you, mother ? ” and we answer by asking, “ Is that you, my darling ? ” How near they seem, and how narrow the stream that divides us !

“ Could we but stand where Moses stood
 And view the landscape o’er,
 Not Jordan’s stream nor Death’s cold flood
 Could fright us from the shore.”

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY.

“I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards, and planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees.”—Ecclesiastes ii., 4-6.

A spring morning and before breakfast at Jerusalem: A king with robes snowy white, in chariot decked with gold, drawn by eight horses, high-mettled, and housings as brilliant as if scolloped out of the very sunrise, and like the winds for speed, followed by a regiment of archers on horseback with hand on gilded bow, and arrows with steel points flashing in the sun, clad from head to foot in Tyrian purple, and black hair sprinkled with gold dust, all dashing down the road, the horses at full run, the reins loose on their necks, and the crack of whips, and the halloo of the reckless cavalcade putting the miles at defiance. Who is it, and what is it? King Solomon taking an outing before breakfast, from Jerusalem, to his gardens, and parks, and orchards, and reservoirs, six miles down the road towards Hebron. What a contrast between that and myself on that very road one morning, last December, going afoot, for our plain vehicle turned back for photographic apparatus forgotten, we on the way to find what is called Solomon's pools, the ancient water-works of Jerusalem, and the gardens of a king nearly three thousand years ago. We cross the aqueduct again and again, and here we are at the three great reservoirs, not ruins of reservoirs, but the reser-

voirs themselves, that Solomon built three millenniums ago for the purpose of catching the mountain streams, and passing them to Jerusalem to slake the thirst of the city, and also to irrigate the most glorious range of gardens that ever bloomed with all colors, or breathed with all redolence, for Solomon was the greatest horticulturist, the greatest botanist, the greatest ornithologist, the greatest capitalist, the greatest scientist of his century.

Come over the piles of gray rock, and here we are at the first of the three reservoirs, which are on three great levels, the base of the top reservoir higher than the top of the second, the base of the second reservoir higher than the top of the third, so arranged that the waters gathered from several sources above shall descend from basin to basin, the sediment of the water deposited in each of the three, so that by the time it gets down to the aqueduct which is to take it to Jerusalem, it has had three filterings, and is as pure as when the clouds rained it. Wonderful specimens of masonry are these three reservoirs. The white cement fastening the blocks of stone together is now just as when the trowels three thousand years ago smoothed the layers. The highest reservoir 380 feet by 229 ; the second, 423 feet by 160 ; and the lowest reservoir 589 feet by 169 ; and deep enough and wide enough, and mighty enough to float an ocean steamer.

On that December morning we saw the waters rolling down from reservoir to reservoir, and can well understand how in this neighborhood the imperial gardens were one great blossom and the orchard one one great basket of fruit, and that Solomon in his palace, writing the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes, may have been drawing illustrations from what he had seen that very morning in the royal gardens when he

alluded to melons, and mandrakes, and apricots, and grapes, and pomegranates, and figs, and spikenard, and cinnamon, and calamus, and camphire, and "apple trees among the trees of the wood," and the almond tree as flourishing, and the myrrh and frankincense, and represented Christ as "gone down into his gardens, and the beds of spices to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies," and to "eyes like fish-pools," and to the voice of the turtle dove as heard in the land. I think it was when Solomon was showing the Queen of Sheba through these gardens that the Bible says of her: "There remained no more spirit in her." She gave it up.

But all this splendor did not make Solomon happy. One day, after getting back from his morning ride and before the horses had yet been cooled off and rubbed down by the royal equerry, Solomon wrote the memorable words following my text, like a dirge played after a grand march, "Behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." In other words, "It don't pay!" Would God that we might all learn the lesson that this world cannot produce happiness! At Marseilles there is a castellated house on high ground, crowned with all that grove and garden can do, and the whole place looks out upon as enchanting a landscape as the world holds, water and hill clasping hands in a perfect bewitchment of scenery, but the owner of that place is totally blind, and to him all this goes for nothing, illustrating the truth that, whether one be physically or morally blind, brilliancy of surrounding cannot give satisfaction. But tradition says that when the "wise men of the East" were being guided by the star on the way to Bethelhem, they, for a little while, lost sight of that star, and in despair and exhaustion came to a

well to drink, when, looking down into the well, they saw the star reflected in the water, and that cheered them, and they resumed their journey, and I have the notion that though grandeur and pomp of surroundings may not afford peace, at the well of God's consolation, close by, you may find happiness, and the plainest cup at the well of salvation may hold the brightest star that ever shone from the heavens.

Although these Solomonic gardens are in ruins, there are now growing there flowers that are to be found nowhere else in the Holy Land. How do I account for that? Solomon sent out his ships and robbed the gardens of the whole earth for flowers and planted these exotics here, and these particular flowers are direct descendants of the foreign plants he imported. Mr. Meshullam, a Christian Israelite, on the very site of these royal gardens, has in our day, by putting in his own spade, demonstrated that the ground is only waiting for the right call to yield just as much luxuriance and splendor eighteen hundred years after Christ, as it yielded Solomon one thousand years before Christ. So all Palestine is waiting to become the richest scene of horticulture, arboriculture, and agriculture.

Recent travelers in the Holy Land speak of the rocky and stony surface of nearly all Palestine as an impassable barrier to the future cultivation of the soil. But if they had examined minutely the rocks and stones of the Holy Land, they would find that they are being skeletonized and are being melted into the soil, and, being for the most part limestone, they are doing for that land what the American and English farmer does when, at great expense and fatigue, he draws his wagon-load of lime and scatters it on the fields for their enrichment. The storms, the winters,

the great midsummer heats of Palestine, by crumbling up and dissolving the rocks, are gradually preparing Palestine and Syria to yield a product like unto the luxuriant Westchester farms of New York, and Lancaster County farms of Pennsylvania, and Somerset County farms of New Jersey, and the other magnificent farm fields of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the opulent orchards of Maryland and California. Let the Turk be driven out and the American or Englishman or Scotchman go in, and Mohammedanism withdraw its idolatries, and pure Christianity build its altars, and the irrigation of which Solomon's pools was only a suggestion will make all that land from Dan to Beersheba as fertile and aromatic and resplendent as on the morning when the king rode out to his pleasure grounds in chariot so swift, and followed by mounted riders so brilliant that it was for speed like a hurricane followed by a cyclone.

As I look upon this great aqueduct of Palestine, a wondrous specimen of ancient masonry, about seven feet high, two feet wide, sometimes tunneling the solid rock and then rolling its waters through stoneware pipes, an aqueduct doing its work ten miles before it gets to those three reservoirs, and then gathering their wealth of refreshment and pouring it on, to the mighty city of Jerusalem and filling the brazen sea of her temple, and the bathrooms of her palaces, and the great pools of Siloam, and Hezekiah, and Bethesda, I find that our century has no monopoly of the world's wonders, and that the conceited age in which we live had better take in some of the sails of its pride when it remembers that it is hard work in later ages to get masonry that will last fifty years, to say nothing of the three thousand, and no modern machinery could lift blocks of stone like some of those standing high up

in the walls of Baalbec, and that the art of printing claimed for recent ages was practiced by the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago, and that our midnight lightning express rail-train was foreseen by the prophet Nahum, when in the Bible he wrote, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings," and our electric telegraph was foreseen by Job, when in the Bible he wrote, "Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, 'Here we are'?" What is talking by the lightnings, but the electric telegraph? I do not know but that the electric forces now being year by year more thoroughly harnessed may have been employed in ages extinct, and that the lightnings all up and down the skies have been running around like lost hounds to find their former master.

Embalmmment was a more thorough art three thousand years ago than to-day. Dentistry, that we suppose one of the important arts discovered in recent centuries, is proven to be four thousand years old by the filled teeth of the mummies in the museums at Cairo, Egypt, and artificial teeth on gold plates found by Belzoni in the tombs of departed nations. We have been taught that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood so late as the seventeenth century. Oh, no! Solomon announces it in Ecclesiastes, where first having shown that he understood the spinal cord, silver-colored as it is, and that it relaxes in old age, "the silver cord be loosed," goes on to compare the heart to a pitcher at a well, for the three canals of the heart do receive the blood like a pitcher, "or the pitcher be broken at the fountain." What is that but the circulation of the blood, found out twenty-six hundred years before Harvey was born? After many centuries of explora-

tion and calculation, astronomy finds out that the world is round. Why, Isaiah knew it was round thousands of years before, when in the Bible he said : "The Lord sitteth upon the circle of the earth." Scientists toiled on for centuries and found out refraction, or that the rays of light when touching the earth were not straight, but bent or curved. Why, Job knew that when ages before in the Bible he wrote of the light : "It is turned as clay to the seal."

In the old cathedrals of England modern painters, in the repair of windows, are trying to make something as good as the window painting of four hundred years ago and always failing by the unanimous verdict of all who examine and compare. The color of modern painting fades in fifty years, while the color of the old masters is as well preserved after five hundred years as after one year. I saw last winter on the walls of exhumed Pompeii paintings with color as fresh as though made the day before, though they were buried eighteen hundred years ago. The making of Tyrian purple is an impossibility now. In our modern potteries we are trying hard to make cups and pitchers and bowls as exquisite as those exhumed from Herculaneum, and our artificers are attempting to make jewelry for ear and neck and finger equal to that brought up from the mausoleums of two thousand years before Christ. We have in our time glass in all shapes and all colors, but Pliny, more than eighteen hundred years ago, described a malleable glass, which, if thrown upon the ground and dented, could be pounded straight again by the hammer or could be twisted around the wrists, and that confounds all the glass manufactories of our own time. I tried in Damascus, Syria, to buy a Damascus blade, one of those swords that could be bent double or tied into a knot without breaking. I could not get one.

Why? The nineteenth century cannot make a Damascus blade. If we go on enlarging our cities we may after a while get a city as large as Babylon, which was five times the size of London.

The aqueducts of Solomon that I visit to-day, finding them in good condition three thousand years after construction, make me think that the world may have forgotten more than it now knows. The great honor of our age is not machinery, for the ancients had some styles of it more wonderful; nor art, for the ancients had art more exquisite and durable; nor architecture, for Roman Coliseum and Grecian Acropolis surpass all modern architecture; nor cities, for some of the ancient cities were larger than ours in the sweep of their pomp. But our attempts must be in moral achievement and Gospel victory. In that we have already surpassed them, and in that direction let the ages push on. Let us brag less of worldly achievement and thank God for moral opportunity. More good men and good women is what the world wants. Toward moral elevation and spiritual attainment let the chief struggle be. The source of all that I will show you before sundown of this day, on which we have visited the pools of Solomon, and the gardens of the king.

We are on this December afternoon on the way to the cradle of Him who called Himself greater than Solomon. We are coming upon the chief cradle of all the world, not lined with satin, but strewn with straw; not sheltered by a palace, but covered by a barn; not presided over by a princess, but hovered over by a peasant girl; yet a cradle the canopy of which is angelic wings, and the lullaby of which is the first Christmas carol ever sung, and from which all the vents of the past, and all the events of the future have

and must take date as being B.C. or A.D.—before Christ or after Christ. All eternity past occupied in getting ready for this cradle, and all eternity to come to be employed in celebrating its consequences.

I said to the tourist companies planning our Oriental journey, “Put us in Bethlehem in December, the place and the month of our Lord’s birth,” and we had our wish. I am the only man who ever attempted to tell how Bethlehem looked at the season Jesus was born. Tourists and writers are there in February or March or April, when the valleys are an embroidered sheet of wild flowers and anemones, and ranunculus are flushed as though from attempting to climb the steeps, and lark and bullfinch are flooding the air with bird-orchestra. But I was there in December, a winter month, the barren beach between the two oceans of redolence. I was told I must not go there at that season; told so before I started; told so in Egypt; the books told me so; all travelers that I consulted about it told me so. But I was determined to see Bethlehem the same month in which Jesus arrived, and nothing could dissuade me. Was I not right in wanting to know how the Holy Land looked when Jesus came to it? He did not land amid flowers and song. When the angels chanted on the famous birthnight, all the fields of Palestine were silent. The glowing skies were answered by gray rocks. As Bethlehem stood against a bleak wintry sky, Jesus descended upon it. His way down was from warmth to chill, from bloom to barrenness, from everlasting June to a sterile December. If I were going to Palestine as a botanist, and to study the flora of the land, I would go in March, but I went as a minister of Christ to study Jesus, and so I went in December. I wanted to see how the world’s front door looked when the Heavenly Stranger entered it.

The town of Bethlehem, to my surprise, is in the shape of a horseshoe, the houses extending clear on to the prongs of the horseshoe. The whole scene more rough and rude than can be imagined. Verily, Christ did not choose a soft, genial place in which to be born. The gate through which our Lord entered this world was a gate of rock, a hard, cold gate, and the gate through which he departed was a swinging gate of sharpened spears. We enter a gloomy church built by Constantine over the place in which Jesus was born. Fifteen lamps burning day and night, and from century to century, light our way to the spot which all authorities, Christian and Jew and Mohammedan, agree upon as being the place of our Saviour's birth, and covered by a marble slab, marked by a silver star sent from Vienna, and the words: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

But standing there, I thought, though this is the place of the nativity, how different the surroundings of the wintry night in which Jesus came! At that time it was a khan or a cattle-pen. I visited one of these khans now standing and looking just as in Christ's time. We rode in under the arched entrance and dismounted. We found the building of stone and around an open square without roof. The building is more than two thousand years old. It is two stories high. In the center are camels, horses and mules. Caravans halt here for the night or during a long storm. The open square is large enough to accommodate a whole herd of cattle, a flock of sheep, or caravan of camels. The neighboring Bedouins here find market for their hay, straw and meats. Off from this center there are twelve rooms for human habitation. The only light is from the door. I went into one of these rooms and found a woman cooking the evening meal. There were

six cows in the same room. On a little elevation there was some straw where the people sat and slept when they wished to rest. It was in a room similar to that our Lord was born.

This was the cradle of a king, and yet what cradle ever held so much? Civilization! Liberty! Redemption! Your pardon and mine! Your peace and mine! Your Heaven and mine! Cradle of a universe! Cradle of a God! The gardens of Solomon we visited this morning were only a type of what all the world will be when this illustrious Personage now born shall have completed His mission. The horse of finest limb, and gayest champ of bit, and sublimest arch of neck that ever brought Solomon down to these adjoining gardens was but a poor type of the horse upon which this Conqueror born in the barn shall ride, when, according to Apocalyptic vision, all the "armies of Heaven shall follow him on white horses." The waters that rush down these hills into yonder three great reservoirs of rock, and then pour in marvelous aqueduct into Jerusalem till the brazen sea is full, and the baths are full, and Siloam is full, are only an imperfect type of the rivers of delight which, as the result of this great One's coming, shall roll on for the slaking of the thirst of all nations. The palace of Lebanon cedar from which the imperial cavalcade passed out in the early morning and to which it returned with glowing cheek, and jingling harness, and lathered sides, is feeble of architecture compared with the House of Many Mansions into which this One, born this winter month on these bleak heights, shall conduct us when our sins are all pardoned, our battles all fought, our tears all wept, our work all done.

Standing here at Bethlehem, do you not see that the most honored thing in all the earth is the cradle?

To what else did loosened star ever point? To what else did Heaven lower balconies of light filled with chanting immortals? The way the cradle rocks the world rocks. God bless the mothers all the world over! The cradles decide the destinies of nations. In ten thousand of them are, this moment, the hands that will yet give benediction of mercy or hurl bolts of doom, the feet that will mount the steps toward God or descend the blasted way, the lips that will pray or blaspheme. Oh, the cradle! It is more tremendous than the grave. Where are most of the leaders of the twentieth century soon to dawn upon us? Are they on thrones? No. In chariots? No. In pulpits? No. In forums? No. In senatorial halls? No. In counting-houses? No. They are in the cradle. The most tremendous thing in the universe, and next to God, is to be a mother. Lord Shaftesbury said, "Give me a generation of Christian mothers and I will change the whole phase of society in twelve months." Oh, the cradle! Forget not the one in which you were rocked. Though old and worn out, that cradle may be standing in attic or barn; forget not the foot that swayed it, the lips that sang over it, the tears that dropped upon it, the faith in God that made way for it. The boy Walter Scott did well when he spent the first five-guinea piece he ever earned as a present to his mother.

Dishonor not the cradle, though it may, like the one my sermon celebrates, have been a cradle in a barn, for I think it was a Christian cradle. That was a great cradle in which Martin Luther lay, for from it came forth the reformation of the sixteenth century. That was a great cradle in which Daniel O'Connell lay, for from it came forth an eloquence that will be inspiring while men have eyes to read or ears to hear. That was a great cradle in which Washinton lay, for from it came

forth the happy deliverance of a nation. That was a great cradle in which John Howard lay, for from it came forth a mercy that will not cease until the last dungeon gets the Bible, and light, and fresh air. Great cradles in which the John Wesleys, and the John Knoxes, and the John Masons lay, for from them came forth an all-conquering evangelization. But the greatest cradle in which child ever slept, or woke, laughed, or cried, was the cradle over which Mary bent, and to which the wise men brought frankincense, and upon which the heavens dropped song. Had there been no manger, there had been no cross. Had there been no Bethlehem, there had been no Golgotha. Had there been no Incarnation, there had been no Ascension. Had there been no start, there had been no close.

Standing in the chill khan of a Saviour's humiliation, and seeing what he did for us, I ask, What have we done for Him? "There is nothing I can do," says one. As Christmas was approaching the village church, a good woman said to a group of girls in lowly and straitened circumstances: "Let all now do something for Christ." After the day was over, she asked the group to tell her what they had done. One said: "I could not do much, for we are very poor, but I had a beautiful flower I had carefully trained in our home, and I thought much of it, and I put the flower on the church altar." And another said: "I could not do much, for we are very poor, but I can sing a little, and so I went down to a poor sick woman in the lane, and sang as well as I could, to cheer her up, a Christmas song." "Well, Helen, what did you do?" She replied: "I could not do much, but I wanted to do something for Christ, and I could think of nothing else to do, and so I went into the church after the people who had been adorning the altar had left, and I

scrubbed down the back altar stairs." Beautiful! I warrant that the Christ of that Christmas day gave her as much credit for that earnest act as he may have given to the robed official who, on that day, read for the people the prayers of a resounding service. Something for Christ! Something for Christ!

A plain man passing a fortress saw a Russian soldier on guard in a terribly cold night, and took off his coat and gave it to the soldier, saying, "I will soon be home and warm, and you will be out here all night." So the soldier wrapped himself in the borrowed coat. The plain man who loaned the coat to the soldier soon after was dying, and in his dream saw Christ, and said to him: "You have got my coat on." "Yes," said Christ, "this is the one you lent me on that cold night by the fortress. I was naked, and ye clothed me." Something for Christ! By the memories of Bethlehem I adjure you!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages empearled.
That song from afar
Has swept over the world.

THE JOURNEY TO BETHEL.

“So I lifted up mine eyes the way toward the north.”—
Ezekiel viii., 5.

At one o'clock on a December afternoon, through Damascus gate we are passing out of Jerusalem, for a journey northward, Ho! for Bethel with its stairs, the bottom step of which was a stone pillow, and Jacob's well with its immortal colloquy, and Nazareth with its Divine Boy in His father's carpenter shop, and the most glorious lake that ever rippled or flashed:

Blue Galilee, sweet Galilee,
The lake where Jesus loved to be;

and Damascus with its crooked street called Straight, and a hundred places charged and surcharged with apostolic, evangelistic, prophetic, patriarchal, kingly and Christly reminiscences.

In traveling along the roads of Palestine I am impressed as I could not otherwise have been with the fact that Christ for the most part went afoot. We find him occasionally on a boat, and once riding in a triumphal procession, as it is sometimes called, although it seems to me that the hosannas of the crowd could not have made a ride on a stubborn, unimpressive and funny creature like that which pattered with him into Jerusalem very much of a triumph. But we are made to understand that generally he walked. How much that means only those know who have gone over the distance traversed by Christ. We are accus-

tomed to read that Bethany is two miles from Jerusalem. Well, any man in ordinary health can walk two miles without fatigue. But not more than one man out of a thousand can walk from Bethany to Jerusalem without exhaustion. It is over the Mount of Olives, and you must climb up among the rolling stones and descend where exertion is necessary to keep you from falling prostrate. I, who am accustomed to walk fifteen or twenty miles without lassitude, tried part of this road over the Mount of Olives and confess I would not want to try it often, such demand does it make upon one's physical energies. Yet Christ walked it twice a day—in the morning from Bethany to Jerusalem, and in the evening from Jerusalem to Bethany.

Likewise it seemed a small thing that Christ walked from Jerusalem to Nazareth. But it will take us four days of hard horseback riding, sometimes on a trot and sometimes on a gallop, to do it this week. The way is mountainous in the extreme. To those who went up to the Tip-Top House on Mount Washington, before the railroad was laid, I will say that this journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth is like seven such American journeys. So, all up and down and across and recrossing Palestine, Jesus walked. Ahab rode. David rode. Solomon rode. Herod rode. Antony rode. But Jesus walked. With swollen ankles and sore muscles of the legs, and bruised heel and stiff joints and panting lungs and faint head, along the roads, and where there were no roads at all, Jesus walked.

We tried to get a new horse other than that on which we had ridden on the journey to the Dead Sea, for he had faults which our close acquaintanceship had developed. But after some experimenting with other quadrupeds of that species, and finding that all horses,

like their riders, have faults, we concluded to choose a saddle on that beast whose faults we were most prepared to pity or resist. We rode down through the valley and then up on Mount Scopus, and as our dragoman tells us that this is the last opportunity we shall have of looking at Jerusalem, we turn our horse's head towards the city and take a long, sad and thrilling look at the religious capital of our planet. This is the most impressive view of the most tremendous city of all time. On and around this hill the armies of the Crusaders, at the first sight of the city, threw themselves on their faces in worship. Here most of the besieged armies encamped the night before opening their volleys of death against Jerusalem! Our last look! Farewell, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount of Olives, Mount Calvary! Will we never see them again? Never. The world is so large and time is so short, and there are so many things we have never seen at all, that we cannot afford to duplicate visits or see anything more than once. Farewell yonder thrones of gray rock, and the three thousand years of architecture and battlefields. Farewell sacred, sanguinary, triumphant, humiliated Jerusalem! Across this valley of the Kedron with my right hand I throw thee a kiss of valedictory. Our last look, like our first look, an agitation of body, mind and soul, indescribable.

And now, like Ezekiel in my text, I lift up mine eyes the way toward the north. Near here was one of the worst tragedies of the ages mentioned in the Bible. A hospitable old man coming home at eventide from his work in the fields, finds two strangers, a husband and wife, proposing to lodge in the streets because no shelter is offered them, and invites them to come in and spend the night in his home. During the night, the ruffians of the neighborhood conspired together,

and surrounded the house and left the woman dead on the doorstep, and the husband, to rally in revenge the twelve tribes, cut the corpse of the woman into twelve parts and sent a twelfth of it to each tribe, and the fury of the nation was roused, and a peremptory demand was made for the surrender of the assassins, and, the demand refused, in one day twenty thousand people were left dead on the field and the next day eighteen thousand. Wherever our horse plants his foot, in those ancient times a corpse lay, and the roads were crossed by red rivulets of carnage.

Now we pass on where seven youths were put to death and their bodies gibbeted or hung in chains, not for anything they had themselves done, but as a reparation for what their father, and grandfather, Saul, had done. Burial was denied these youths from May until November. Rizpah, the mother of two of these dead boys, appoints herself as sentinel to guard the seven corpses from beak of raven and tooth of wolf and paw of lion. She pitches a black tent on the rock close by the gibbets. Rizpah by day sits on the ground in front of her tent, and when a vulture begins to lower out of the noonday sky seeking its prey among the gibbets, Rizpah rises, her long hair flying in the wind, and, swinging her arms wildly about, shoos away the bird of prey until it retreats to its eyrie. At night she rests under the shadow of her tent and sometimes falls into a drowsiness or half sleep. But the step of a jackal among the dry leaves or the panting of a hyena arouses her, and with the fury of a maniac, she rushes out upon the rock, crying, "Away! Away!" and then examining the gibbets to see that they still keep their burden, returns again to her tent till some swooping wing from the midnight sky or some growling monster on the rock again wakes her.

A mother watching her dead children through May, June, July, August, September, and October! What a vigil! Painters have tried to put upon canvas the scene, and they succeeded in sketching the hawks in the sky and the panthers crawling out from the jungle, but they fail to give the wanness, the earnestness, the supernatural courage, the infinite self-sacrifice of Rizpah, the mother. A mother in the quiet home watching by the casket of a dead child for one night exerts the artist to his utmost, but who is sufficient to put upon canvas a mother for six months of midnights guarding her whole family, dead and gibbeted upon the mountains? Go home, Rizpah! You must be awfully tired. You are sacrificing your reason and your life for those whom you can never bring back again to your bosom. As I say that, from the darkest midnight of the century Rizpah turns upon me and cries: "How dare you tell me to go home? I am a mother. I am not tired. You might as well expect God to get tired as for a mother to get tired. I cared for those boys when they lay upon my breast in infancy and I will not forsake them now that they are dead. Interrupt me not. There stoops an eagle that I must drive back with my agonized cry. There is a panther I must beat back with my club!"

Do you know what that scene by our roadside in Palestine makes me think of? It is no unusual scene. Right here in these three cities by the American sea-coast there are a thousand cases this moment worse than that. Mothers watching boys that the rum saloon, that annex of hell, has gibbeted in a living death. Boys hung in chains of evil habit they cannot break. The father may go to sleep after waiting until twelve o'clock at night for the ruined boy to come home, and giving it up, he may say: "Mother,

come to bed ; there's no use sitting up any longer." But mother will not go to bed. It is one o'clock in the morning. It is half-past one. It is two o'clock. It is half-past two when he comes staggering through the hall. Do you say that young man is yet alive? No ; he is dead. Dead to his father's entreaties. Dead to his mother's prayers. Dead to the family altar where he was reared. Dead to all the noble ambitions that once inspired him. Twice dead. Only a corpse of what he once was. Gibbeted before God and man and angels and devils. Chained in a death that will not loosen its cold grasp. His father is asleep, his brothers are asleep, his sisters are asleep, but his mother is watching him, watching him in the night. After he has gone up to bed and fallen into a drunken sleep, his mother will go up to his room and see that he is properly covered, and before she turns out the light will put a kiss upon his bloated lips. "Mother, why don't you go to bed?" "Ah," she says, "I cannot go to bed. I am Rizpah watching the slain."

And what are the political parties of this country doing for such cases? They are taking care not to hurt the the feelings of the jackals and the buzzards that roost on the shelves of the grog-shops, and hoot above the dead. I am often asked to what political party I belong, and I now declare my opinion of the political parties to-day. Each one is worse than the other, and the only consolation in regard to them is, that they have putrefied until they have no more power to rot. Oh, that comparatively tame scene upon which Rizpah looked? She looked upon only seven of the slain. American motherhood and American wifhood, this moment, are looking upon seventy of the slain, upon seven hundred of the slain, upon seventy thousand of the slain. Woe! Woe! Woe! My only con-

solution on this subject is that foreign capitalists are buying up the American breweries. The present owners see that the doom of that business is coming as surely as that God is not dead. They are unloading upon foreign capitalists, and when we can get these breweries into the hands of people living on the other side of the sea, our political parties will cease to be afraid of the liquor traffic, and at their conventions nominating presidential candidates will put in their platform a plank as big as the biggest plank of the biggest ocean steamer, saying: "Resolved unanimously that we always have been and always will be opposed to alcoholism."

But I must spur on our Arab steed, and here we come in sight of Beeroth, said to be the place where Joseph and Mary missed the boy Jesus on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth, going home from a great national festival, "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Mary. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Joseph. Among the thousands that are returning from Jerusalem, they thought that certainly he was walking on in the crowd. They described him, saying: "He is twelve years old, and of light complexion and blue eyes. A lost child!" Great excitement in all the crowd. Nothing so stirs folks as the news that a child is lost. I shall not forget the scene when in a great out-door meeting, I was preaching, and someone stepped on the platform and said that a child was lost. We went on with the religious service, but all our minds were on the lost child. After a while a man brought on the platform a beautiful little tot that looked like a piece of Heaven dropped down, and said: "Here is that child." And I forgot all that I was preaching about, and lifted the child to my shoulder and said: "Here is the lost child, and the mother

will come and get her right away, or I will take her home and add her to my own brood!" And some cried and some shouted, and amid all that crowd I instantly detected the mother. Everybody had to get out of her way or be walked over. Hats were nothing and shoulders were nothing and heads were nothing in her pathway, and I realized something of what must have been Mary's anxiety when she lost Jesus, and what her gladness when she found her boy in the Temple of Jerusalem, talking with those old ministers of religion, Shammai, Hillel and Betirah.

I bear down on you to-day with a mighty comfort. Mary and Joseph said: "Where is our Jesus?" and you say, "Where is John? or where is Henry? or where is George?" Well, I should not wonder if you found him after a while. Where? In the same place where Joseph and Mary found their boy—in the temple. What do I mean by that? I mean: you do your duty toward God and toward your child, and you will find him after awhile in the kingdom of Christ. Will you say: "I do not have any way of influencing my child"? I answer, you have the most tremendous line of influence open right before you. As you write a letter, and there are two or three routes by which it may go, but you want it to go the quickest route, and you put on it "via Southampton," or "via San Francisco," or "via Marseilles," put on your wishes about your child, "via the throne of God." How long will such a good wish take to get to its destination? Not quite as long as the millionth part of a second. I will prove it. The promise is, "Before they call I will answer." That means at your first motion towards such prayerful exercise the blessing will come, and if the prayer be made at ten o'clock at night, it will be

answered five minutes before ten. “*Before they call I will answer.*”

Well, you say, I am clear discouraged about my son, and I am getting on in years, and I fear I will not live to see him converted. Perhaps not; nevertheless, I think you will find him in the temple, the heavenly temple. There has not been an hour in Heaven the last one hundred years when parents in glory have not had announced to them the salvation of children whom they left in this world profligate. We often have to say “I forgot,” but God has never yet once said “I forgot.” It may be, after the grass of thirty summers have greened the top of your grave, that your son may be found in the earthly temple. It may be fifty years from now, when some morning the towers are chiming the matins of the glorified in Heaven, that you shall find him in the higher temple, which has “no need of candle or of sun, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof.” Cheer up, Christian father and mother! Cheer up! Where Joseph and Mary found their boy you will find yours—in the temple. You see, God could not afford to do otherwise. One of the things he has positively promised in the Bible is that he will answer earnest and believing prayer. Failing to do that, he would wreck his own throne, and the foundations of his palace would give way, and the bank of Heaven would suspend payment, and the dark word “repudiation” would be written across the sky, and the Eternal Government would be disbanded, and God himself would become an exile. Keep on with your prayer, and you will yet find your child in the temple, either the temple here or the temple above.

Out on the Western prairies was a happy but isolated home. Father, mother and child. By the sale of

cattle quite a large sum of money was one night in that cabin, and the father was away. A robber who had heard of the money one night looked in at the window, and the wife and mother of that home saw him, and she was helpless. Her child by her side, she knelt down and prayed among other things for all prodigals who were wandering up and down the world. The robber heard her prayer and was overwhelmed, and entered the cabin, and knelt beside her and began to pray. He had come to rob that house, but the prayer of that woman for prodigals reminded him of his mother and her prayers before he became a vagabond, and from that hour he began a new life. Years after, that woman was in a city in a great audience, and the orator who came on the platform and plead gloriously for righteousness and God was the man who many years before had looked into the cabin on the prairie as a robber. The speaker and the auditor immediately recognized each other. After so long a time, a mother's prayers answered.

But we must hurry on, for the muleteers and baggage men have been ordered to pitch our tents for to-night at Bethel. It is already getting so dark that we have to give up all idea of guiding the horses, and I leave them to their own sagacity. We ride down amid mud cabins and into ravines where the horses leap from depth to depth, rocks below rocks, rocks under rocks. Whoa! Whoa! We dismount in this place, memorable for many things in Bible history, the two more prominent, a theological seminary, where of old they made ministers, and for Jacob's dream. The students of this Bethel Theological Seminary were called "Sons of the Prophets." Here the young men were fitted for the ministry, and those of us who ever had the advantage of such institutions will everlastingly be

grateful, and in the calendar of saints, which I read with especial affection, are the doctors of divinity who blessed me with their care. I thank God that from these theological seminaries there is now coming forth a magnificent crop of young ministers who are taking the pulpits in all parts of the land. I hail their coming and tell these young brothers to shake off the somnolence of centuries, and get out from under the dusty shelves of theological discussions which have no practical bearing on this age, which needs to get rid of its sins and have its sorrows comforted.

Many of our pulpits are dying of humdrum. People do not go to church because they cannot endure the technicalities, and profound explanations of nothing, and sermons about the "eternal generation of the Son," and the difference between sub-lapsarianism and supra-lapsarianism, and about who Melchisedec wasn't. There ought to be as much difference between the modes of presenting truth now and in olden time as between a lightning express rail-train and a canal boat. Years ago, I went up to the door of a factory in New England. On the outside door I saw the words "No admittance." I went in and came to another door over which were the words "No admittance." Of course I went in, and came to the third door inscribed with the words "No admittance." Having entered this, I found the people inside making pins, beautiful pins, useful pins, and nothing but pins! So over the outside door of many of the churches has been practically written the words "No admittance." Some have entered, and have come to the inside door, and found the words "No admittance." But persisting, they have come inside, and found us sounding out our little niceties of belief, pointing out our little differences of theological sentiment—making pins!

But most distinguished was Bethel for that famous dream which Jacob had, his head on a collection of stones. He had no trouble in this rocky region in finding a rocky pillow. There is hardly anything else but stone. Yet the people of those lands have a way of drawing their outer garment up over their head and face and such a pillow I suppose Jacob had under his head. The plural was used in the Bible story and you find it was not a pillow of stone, but of stones, I suppose, so that if one proved to be of uneven surface he would turn over in the night and take another stone, for with such a hard bolster he would often change in the night. Well, that night God built in Jacob's dream a long, splendid ladder, the feet of it on either side of the tired pilgrim's pillow, and the top of it mortised in the sky. And bright immortals came out from the castles of amber and gold and put their shining feet on the shining rungs of the ladder, and they kept coming down and going up, a procession both ways.

Suppose they had wings, for the Bible almost always reports them as having wings, but this was a ladder on which they used hands and feet to encourage all those of us who have no wings to climb, and encouraging us to believe that, if we will use what we have, God will provide a way, and if we will employ the hand and the foot he will furnish the ladder. Young man! do not wait for wings. Those angels folded theirs to show you wings are not necessary. Let all the people who have hard pillows, hard for sickness or hard for poverty or hard for persistence, know that a hard pillow is the landing-place of angels. They seldom descend to pillows of eider-down. They seldom build dreams in the brain of the one who sleeps easy.

The greatest dream of all time was that of St. John with his head on the rocks of Patmos, and in that

vision he heard the seven trumpets sounded, and saw all the pomp of Heaven in procession cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. The next most memorable and glorious dream was that of John Bunyan, his pillow the cold stone of the floor of Bedford jail, from which he saw the celestial city, and so many entering it, he cried out in his dream: "I wish myself among them." The next most wonderful dream was that of Washington, sleeping on the ground at Valley Forge, his head on a white pillow case of snow, where he saw the vision of a nation emancipated. Columbus slept on a weaver's pillow, but rose on the ladder let down until he could see a new hemisphere. Demosthenes slept on a cutter's pillow, but on the ladder let down arose to see the mighty assemblages that were to be swayed by his oratory. Arkwright slept on a barber's pillow, but went up the ladder till he could see all England aquake with the factories he set going. Akenside slept on the butcher's pillow and took the ladder up till he saw other generations helped by his scholarship. John Ashworth slept on a poor man's pillow, but took the ladder up until he could see his prayers and exertions bringing thousands of the destitute in England to salvation and Heaven. Nearly all those who are to-day great in merchandise, in statesmanship, in law, in medicine, in art, in literature, were once at the foot of the ladder, and in their boyhood had a pillow hard as Jacob's. They who are born at the top of the ladder are apt to spend their lives in coming down, while those who are at the foot, and their head on a boulder, if they have the right kind of dream, are almost sure to rise.

I notice that those angels, either in coming down or going up on Jacob's ladder, took it rung by rung. They did not leap to the bottom, nor jump to the top.

So you are to rise. Faith added to faith, good deed to good deed, industry to industry, consecration to consecration, until you reach the top, rung by rung. Gradual going up from a block of granite to pillar of throne.

That night at Bethel I stood in front of my tent and looked up, and the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God, ascending and descending. "Surely God is in this place," said Jacob, "and I knew it not." But to-night God is in this place, and I know it!

INCIDENTS IN PALESTINE.

“Forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness.”—Numbers x., 31.

Night after night we have slept in tent in Palestine. There are large villages of Bedouins without a house, and for three thousand years the people of those places have lived in black tents, made out of dyed skins, and when the winds and storms wore out and tore loose those coverings, others of the same kind took their places. Noah lived in a tent. Abraham in a tent. Jacob pitched his tent on the mountain. Isaac pitched his tent in the valley. Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom. In a tent the woman Jael nailed Sisera, the general, to the ground, first having given him sour milk called “leben” as a soporific to make him soundly sleep, that being the effect of such nutrition, as modern travelers can testify. The Syrian army in a tent. The ancient battle-shout was “To your tents, O Israel!” Paul was a tent-maker. Indeed, Isaiah, magnificently poetic, indicates that all the human race live under a blue tent when he says that God “stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in,” and Hezekiah compares death to the striking of a tent, saying, “My age is removed from me as a shepherd’s tent.”

In our tent in Palestine to-night I hear something I never heard before and hope never to hear again. It is the voice of a hyena amid the rocks nearby. When you may have seen this monster putting his mouth between

the iron bars of a menagerie, he is a captive and he gives a humiliated and suppressed cry. But yonder in the midnight on a throne of rocks he has nothing to fear and he utters himself in a loud, resounding, terrific, almost supernatural sound, splitting up the darkness into a deeper midnight. It begins with a howl and ends with a sound something like a horse's whinnying. In the hyena's voice are defiance and strength and blood-thirstiness and crunch of broken bones and death.

I am glad to say that for the most part Palestine is clear of beasts of prey. The leopards, which Jeremiah says cannot change their spots, have all disappeared, and the lions that once were common all through this land and used by all the prophets for illustrations of cruelty and wrath, have retreated before the discharges of gunpowder, of which they have an indescribable fear. But for the most part Palestine is what it originally was. With the one exception of a wire thread reaching from Joppa to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Nazareth, and from Nazareth to Tiberias, and from Tiberias to Damascus, that one nerve of civilization—the telegraphic wire (for we found ourselves only a few minutes off from Brooklyn and New York while standing by Lake Galilee)—with that one exception, Palestine is just as it always was.

Nothing surprised me so much as the persistence of everything. A sheep or horse falls dead, and, though the sky may one minute before be clear of all wings, in five minutes after the skies are black with eagles cawing, screaming, plunging, fighting for room, contending for largest morsels of the extinct quadruped. Ah, now I understand the force of Christ's illustration when he said: "Wheresoever the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together." The longevity of those

eagles is wonderful. They live fifty or sixty and sometimes a hundred years. Ah, that explains what David meant when he says, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." I saw a shepherd with the folds of his coat far bent outward and I wondered what was contained in that amplitude of apparel, and I said to the dragoman, "What has that shepherd got under his coat?" And the dragoman said: "It is a very young lamb he is carrying; it is too young and too weak and too cold to keep up with the flock." At that moment I saw the lamb put its head out from the shepherd's bosom, and I said: "There it is now, Isaiah's description of the tenderness of God: 'He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom.'"

Passing by a village home in the Holy Land, about noon, I saw a great crowd in and around a private house, and I said to the dragoman: "David, what is going on there?" He said: "Somebody has recently died there and their neighbors go in for several days after to sit down and weep with the bereaved." There it is, I said, the old Scriptural custom: "And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother." Early in the morning passing by a cemetery in the Holy Land, I saw among the graves about fifty women dressed in black, and they were crying: "Oh, my child!" "Oh, my husband!" "Oh, my father!" "Oh, my mother!" Our dragoman told us that every morning very early for three mornings after burial, the women go to the sepulcher, and after that every week very early for a year. As I saw this group just after daybreak, I said: "There it is again, the same old custom referred to in Luke, the evangelist, where he says: "Certain women which were early at the sepulcher."

But here we found ourselves at Jacob's well, the

most famous well in history, most distinguished for two things, because it belonged to the old patriarch after whom it was named, and for the wonderful things which Christ said, seated on this well-curb, to the Samaritan woman. We dismount from our horses in a drizzling rain, and our dragoman climbing up to the well over the slippery stones, stumbles and frightens us all by nearly falling into it. I measured the well at the top and found it six feet from edge to edge. Some grass and weeds and thorny growths overhang it. In one place the roof is broken through. Large stones embank the wall on all sides. Our dragoman took pebbles and dropped them in, and from the time they left his hand to the instant they clicked on the bottom you could hear it was deep, though not as deep as once, for every day travelers are applying the same test, and though in the time of Maundrell, the traveler, the well was a hundred and sixty-five feet deep, now it is only seventy-five. So great is the curiosity of the world to know about that well, that during the dry season a Captain Anderson descended into this well, at one place the sides so close he had to put his hands over his head in order to get through, and then he fainted away and lay at the bottom of the well as though dead, until hours after recovery he came to the surface.

It is not like other wells digged down to a fountain that fills it, but a reservoir to catch the falling rains, and to that Christ refers when speaking to the Samaritan woman about a spiritual supply, he said that he would, if asked, have given her "living water"; that is, water from a flowing spring in distinction from the water of that well, which was rain water. But why did Jacob make a reservoir there when there is plenty of water all around and abundance of springs and foun-

tains and seemingly no need of that reservoir? Why did Jacob go to the vast expense of boring and digging a well perhaps two hundred feet deep as first completed, when, by going a little way off he could have water from other fountains at little or no expense? Ah, Jacob was wise. He wanted his own well. Quarrels and wars might arise with other tribes and the supply of water might be cut off, so the shovels and pick-axes and boring instruments were ordered and the well of nearly four thousand years ago was sunk through the solid rock.

When Jacob thus wisely insisted on having his own well he taught us not to be unnecessarily dependent on others. Independence of business character. Independence of moral character. Independence of religious character. Have your own well of grace, your own well of courage, your own well of divine supply. If you are an invalid you have a right to be dependent on others. But if God has given you good health, common sense, and two eyes, and two ears, and two hands, and two feet, he equipped you for independence of all the universe except himself. If he had meant you to be dependent on others you would have been built with a cord around your waist to tie fast to somebody else. No; you are built with common sense to fashion your own opinions, with eyes to find your own way, with ears to select your own music, with hands to fight your own battles. There is only one being in the universe whose advice you need, and that is God. Have your own well and the Lord will fill it. Dig it if need be through two hundred feet of solid rock. Dig it with your pen, or dig it with your yard-stick, or dig it with your shovel, or dig it with your Bible.

In my small way I never accomplished anything for God or the Church, or the world, or my family, or my-

self, except in contradiction to human advice and in obedience to Divine counsel. God knows everything, and what is the use of going for advice to human beings who know so little that no one but the all-seeing God can realize how little it is? I suppose that when Jacob began to dig this well on which we are sitting this noontide, people gathered around and said: "What a useless expense you are going to, when rolling down from yonder Mount Gerizim and down from yonder Mount Ebal, and out yonder in the valley is plenty of water!" "Oh," replied Jacob, "that is all true, but suppose my neighbors should get angered against me and cut off my supply of mountain beverage, what would I do, and what would my family do, and what would my flocks and herds do? Forward, ye brigade of pickaxes and crowbars, and go down into the depths of these rocks and make me independent of all except Him who fills the bottles of the clouds! I must have my own well!"

Young man, drop cigars, and cigarettes, and wine cups, and the Sunday excursions, and build your own house and have your own wardrobe, and be your own capitalist! "Why, I have only five hundred dollars income a year!" says someone. Then spend four hundred dollars of it in living and ten per cent of it or fifty dollars in benevolence and the other fifty in beginning to dig your own well. Or, if you have a thousand dollars a year, spend eight hundred dollars of it in living—ten per cent or one hundred dollars in benevolence and the remaining one hundred in beginning to dig your own well. The largest bird that ever flew through the air was hatched out of one egg, and the greatest estate was brooded out of one dollar.

I suppose when Jacob began to dig this well, on whose curb we are now seated this December noon, it

was a dry season then as now, and someone comes up and says : " Now, Jacob, suppose you get the well fifty feet deep or two hundred feet deep and there should be no water to fill it, would you not feel silly ? People passing along the road and looking down from Mount Gerizim or Mount Ebal near by would laugh and say : ' That is Jacob's well, a great hole in the rock, illustrating the man's folly. ' " Jacob replied : " There never has been a well in Palestine or any other country that, once thoroughly dug, was not sooner or later filled from the clouds, and this will be no exception. " For months after Jacob had completed the well people went by and out of respect for the deluded old man put their hand over their mouth to hide a snicker, and the well remained as dry as the bottom of a kettle that had been hanging over the fire for three hours. But one day the sun was drawing water, and the wind got round to the east, and it began to drizzle, and then great drops splashed all over the well-curb, and the heavens opened their reservoir, and the rainy season poured its floods for six weeks, and there came maidens to the well with empty pails and carried them away full, and the camels thrust their mouths into the troughs and were satisfied, and the water was in the well three feet deep, and fifty feet deep, and two hundred feet deep, and all the Bedouins of the neighborhood and all the passersby realized that Jacob was wise in having his own well. My hearer, it is your part to dig your own well and it is God's part to fill it. You do your part and he will do his part.

Much is said about " good luck, " but people who are industrious and self-denying almost always have good luck. You can afford to be laughed at because of your application and economy, for when you get your well dug, and filled, it will be your turn to laugh.

But look up from this famous well, and see two mountains and the plain between them on which was gathered the largest religious audience that ever assembled on earth, about five hundred thousand people. Mount Gerizim, about eight hundred feet high, on one side and on the other Mount Ebal, the former called the Mount of Blessing and the latter called the Mount of Cursing. At Joshua's command six tribes stood on Mount Gerizim and read the blessings for keeping the law, and six tribes stood on Mount Ebal reading the curses for breaking the law, while the five hundred thousand people on the plain cried "Amen" with an emphasis that must have made the earth tremble. "I do not believe that," says someone, "for those mountain tops are two miles apart, and how could a voice be heard from top to top?" My answer is that while the tops are two miles apart, the bases of the mountains are only half a mile apart, and the tribes stood on the sides of the mountains, and the air is so clear, and the acoustic qualities of this great natural amphitheater so perfect that voices can be distinctly heard from mountain to mountain, as has been demonstrated by travelers fifty times in the last fifty years.

Can you imagine anything more thrilling and sublime and overwhelming than what transpired on those two mountain sides and in the plain between, when the responsive service went on, and thousands of voices on Mount Gerizim cried, "Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the fields, blessed shall be thy basket and thy store!" and then from Mount Ebal thousands of voices responded, crying, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark! Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way," and then there rolled up from all the spaces between the mountains that one word with which the devout

of earth close their prayers and the glorified of Heaven finish their doxologies: "Amen! Amen!" — that scene only to be surpassed by the times which are coming, when the churches and the academies of music, and the auditoriums of earth, no longer large enough to hold the worshipers of God, the parks, the mountain sides, the great natural amphitheatres of the valleys, shall be filled with the outpouring populations of the earth, and mountain shall reply to mountain, as Mount Gerizim to Mount Ebal, and all the people between shall ascribe riches, and honor, and glory, and dominion, and victory to God the Lamb, and there shall arise an Amen like the booming of the heavens mingling with the thunder of the seas.

On and on we ride until now we have come to Shiloh, a dead city on a hill surrounded by rocks, sheep, goats, olive gardens and vineyards. Here good Eli fell backward and broke his neck, and lay dead at the news from his bad boys Phineas and Hophni; and life is not worth living after one's children have turned out badly, and more fortunate was Eli, instantly expiring under such tidings, than those parents who, their children recreant and profligate, live on with broken hearts to see them going down with deeper and deeper plunge. There are fathers and mothers here to-day to whom death would be happy release because of their recreant sons. And if there be recreant sons here present, and and your parents be far away, why not bow your head in repentance, and at the close of this service go to the telegraph office and put it on the wing of the lightning that you have turned from your evil ways? Before another twenty-four hours have passed take your feet off the sad hearts at the old homestead. Home to thy God, O prodigal!

Many, many letters do I get in purport saying: My

son is in your cities ; we have not heard from him for some time ; we fear something is wrong ; hunt him up and say a good word to him ; his mother is almost crazy about him ; he is a child of many prayers. But how can I hunt him up unless he be in this audience ? Where are you, my boy ? On the main floor, or on this platform, or in these boxes, or in these great galleries ? Where are you ? Lift your right hand. I have a message from home. Your father is anxious about you, your mother is praying for you. Your God is calling for you. Or will you wait until Eli falls back lifeless ; and the heart against which you lay in infancy ceases to beat ? What a story to tell in eternity that you killed her ? My God ! avert that catastrophe !

But I turn from this Shiloh of Eli's sudden decease under bad news from his boys, and find close by what is called the "Meadow of the Feast." While this ancient city was in the height of its prosperity, on this "Meadow of the Feast" there was an annual ball, where the maidens of the city, amid clapping cymbals and a blare of trumpets, danced in a glee upon which thousands of spectators gazed. But no dance since the world stood ever broke up in such a strange way as the one the Bible describes. One night while by the light of the lamps and torches these gayeties went on, two hundred Benjamites, who had been hidden behind the rocks and among the trees, dashed upon the scene. They came not to injure or destroy, but wishing to set up households of their own, the women of their own land having been slain in battle, and by preconcerted arrangement each one of the two hundred Benjamites seized the one whom he chose for the queen of his home, and carried her away to large estate and beautiful residence, for these two hundred Benjamites had inherited the wealth of a nation.

As to-day near Shiloh we look at the "Meadow of the Feast," where the maidens danced that night, and at the mountain gorge up which the Benjamites carried their brides, we bethink ourselves of the better times in which we live, when such scenes are an impossibility, and amid orderly groups and with prayer and benediction, and breath of orange blossoms and the roll of the wedding march, marriage is solemnized, and with oath recorded in Heaven, two immortals start arm in arm on a journey to last until death do them part. Upon every such marriage altar may there come the blessing of Him "who setteth the solitary in families." Side by side on the path of life! Side by side in their graves! Side by side in Heaven!

But we must this afternoon, our last day before reaching Nazareth, pitch our tent on the most famous battlefield of all time—the plain of Esdraelon. What must have been the feelings of the Prince of Peace as he crossed it on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth! Not a flower blooms there but has in its veins the inherited blood of flowers that drank the blood of fallen armies. Hardly a foot of the ground that has not at some time been gullied with war-chariots or trampled with the hoofs of cavalry. It is a plain reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. Upon it look down the mountains of Tabor and Gilboa and Carmel. Through it rages at certain seasons the river Kishon which swept down the armies of Sisera, the battle occurring in November, when there is almost always a shower of meteors, so that "the stars in their courses" were said to have fought against Sisera. Through this plain drove Jehu, and the iron chariots of the Canaanites, scythed at the hubs of the wheels, hewing down their awful swaths of death, thousands in a minute. The Syrian armies, the Turkish armies, the

Egyptian armies again and again trampled it. There they career across it, David and Joshua and Godfrey and Richard Cœur de Lion and Baldwin and Saladin—a plain not only famous for the past, but famous because the Bible says the great decisive battle of the world will be fought there—the battle of Armageddon.

To me the plain was the more absorbing because of the desperate battles here and in regions round in which the Holy Cross, the very two pieces of wood on which Jesus was supposed to have been crucified, was carried as a standard at the head of the Christian host; and that night closing my eyes in my tent on the plain of Esdraelon—for there are some things we can see better with eyes shut than open—the scenes of that ancient war come before me. The twelfth century was closing and Saladin at the head of eighty thousand mounted troops was crying, “Ho, for Jerusalem! Ho, for all Palestine!” and before them everything went down, but not without unparalleled resistance.

In one place one hundred and thirty Christians were surrounded by many thousands of furious Mohammedans. For one whole day the one hundred and thirty held out against these thousands. Tennyson’s “six hundred,” when “someone had blundered,” were eclipsed by these one hundred and thirty fighting for the Holy Cross. They took hold the lances which had pierced them with death wounds, and pulling them out of their own breasts and side hurled them back again at the enemy. On went the fight until all but one Christian had fallen, and he, mounted on the last horse, wielded his battle-ax right and left till his horse fell under the plunge of the javelins, and the rider, making the sign of the cross toward the sky, gave up his life on the point of a score of spears. But soon after the last battle came. History portrays it,

poetry chants it, painting colors it, and all ages admire that last struggle to keep in possession the wooden cross on which Jesus was said to have expired. It was a battle in which mingled the fury of devils and the grandeur of angels. Thousands of dead Christians on this side. Thousands of dead Mohammedans on the other side. The battle was hottest close around the wooden cross upheld by the Bishop of Ptolemais, himself wounded and dying. And when the Bishop of Ptolemais dropped dead, the Bishop of Lydda seized the cross and again lifted it, carrying it onward into a wilder and fiercer fight, and sword against javelin, and battle-ax upon helmet, and piercing spear against splintering shield. Horses and men tumbled into heterogeneous death. Now the wooden cross on which the armies of Christians had kept their eye begins to waver, begins to descend. It falls! and the wailing of the Christian host at its disappearance drowns the huzzah of the victorious Moslems. But that standard of the cross only seemed to fall. It rides the sky to-day in triumph. Five hundred million souls, the mightiest army of the ages, are following it, and where that goes they will go, across the earth and up the mighty steps of the heavens. In the twelfth century it seemed to go down, but in the nineteenth century it is the mightiest symbol of glory and triumph, and means more than any other standard, whether inscribed with eagle, or lion, or bear, or star, or crescent. That which Saladin trampled on the plain of Esdraelon I lift to-day for your marshaling. The cross! The cross! The foot of it planted in the earth it saves, the top of it pointing to the heavens to which it will take you, and the outspread beam of it like outstretched arms of invitation to all nations. Kneel at its foot. Lift your eye to its Victim. Swear eternal allegiance to its

power. And as that mighty symbol of pain and triumph is kept before us, we will realize how insignificant are the little crosses we are called to bear, and will more cheerfully carry them.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free ?
No, there's a cross for everyone,
And there's a cross for me.

As I fall asleep to-night on my pillow in the tent on the plain of Esdraelon reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, the waters of the river Kishon soothing me as by a lullaby, I hear the gathering of the hosts for the last battle of all the earth. And by their representatives America is here, and Europe is here, and Asia is here, and Africa is here, and all Heaven is here, and all hell is here, and Apollyon on the black horse leads the armies of darkness, and Jesus on the white horse leads the armies of light, and I hear the roll of the drums and the clear call of the clarions, and the thunder of the cannonades. And then I hear the wild rush as of millions of troops in retreat, and then the shout of victory as from fourteen hundred million throats, and then a song as though all the armies of earth and Heaven were joining in it, clapping cymbals beating the time—
“The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever.”

AMONG THE HOLY HILLS.

“ He came to Nazareth, where he was brought up.”—Luke iv., 16.

What a splendid sleep I had last night in a Catholic convent, my first sleep within doors since leaving Jerusalem, and all of us as kindly treated as though we had been the Pope and his college of cardinals passing that way. Last evening, the genial sisterhood of the convent ordered a hundred bright-eyed Arab children brought out to sing for me, and it was glorious! This morning I come out on the steps of the convent and look upon the most beautiful village of all Palestine, its houses of white limestone. Guess its name! Nazareth, historical Nazareth, one of the trinity of places that all Christian travelers must see or feel that they have not seen Palestine, namely, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth. Babyhood, boyhood, manhood of Him for whom I believe there are fifty million people who would now, if it were required, march out and die, whether under ax, or down in the floods, or straight through the fire!

Grand old village is Nazareth, even putting aside its sacred associations. First of all, it is clean; and that can be said of few of the Oriental villages. Its neighboring town of Nablous is the filthiest town I ever saw, although its chief industry is the manufacture of soap. They export all of it. Nazareth was perhaps unusually clean the morning I speak of, for, as we rode into the village the afternoon before, the showers which had put our mackintoshes to the test had poured floods through all the alleys under command of the

clouds, those thorough street commissioners. Besides that, Nazareth has been the scene of battles passing it from Israelite to Mohammedan and from Mohammedan to Christian, the most wonderful of the battles being that in which twenty-five thousand Turks were beaten by twenty-one hundred French, Napoleon Bonaparte commanding, that greatest of Frenchmen walking these very streets through which Jesus walked for nearly thirty years, the morals of the two, the antipodes, the snows of Russia and the plagues of Egypt appropriately following the one, the doxologies of earth and the hallelujahs of Heaven appropriately following the other. And then this town is so beautifully situated in a great green bowl, the sides of the bowl the surrounding fifteen hills. The God of nature, who is the God of the Bible, evidently scooped out this valley for privacy and separation from all the world during three most important decades, the thirty years of Christ's boyhood and youth, for of the thirty-three years of Christ's stay on earth, He spent thirty of them in this town in getting ready—a startling rebuke to those who have no patience with the long years of preparation necessary when they enter on any special mission for the Church or the world. The trouble is with most young men that they want to launch their ship from the dry dock before it is ready, and hence so many sink in the first cyclone. Stay in the store as a subordinate until you are thoroughly equipped. Be a good employe in your trade until you are qualified to be an employer. Be content with Nazareth until you are ready for the buffetings of Jerusalem. You may get so gloriously equipped in the thirty years that you can do more in three years than most men can accomplish in a prolonged lifetime. These little suggestions I am apt to put into my sermon, hoping to help people

for this world, while I am chiefly anxious to have them prepare for the next world.

All Christ's boyhood was spent in this village and its surroundings. There is the very well called "The Fountain of the Virgin," to which, by his mother's side, he trotted along holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is the only well in the village, and it has been the only well for three thousand years. This morning we visit it, and the mothers have their children with them now as then. The work of drawing water in all ages in those countries has been women's work. Scores of them are waiting for their turn at it, three great and everlasting springs rolling out into that well their barrells, their hogsheads of water in floods gloriously abundant. The well is surrounded by olive groves and wide spaces in which people talk, and children, wearing charms on their heads as protection against the "evil eye," are playing, and women with their strings of coin on either side of their face, and in skirts of blue, and scarlet, and white, and green, move on with water-jars on their heads. Mary, I suppose, almost always took Jesus the boy with her, for she had no one she could leave him with, being in humble circumstances and having no attendants. I do not believe there was one of the surrounding fifteen hills that the boy Christ did not range from bottom to top, or one cavern in their sides he did not explore, nor one species of bird flying across the tops that he could not call by name, nor one of all the species of fauna browsing on those steeps that he had not recognized.

You see it all through his sermons. If a man becomes a public speaker, in his orations or discourses you discover his early whereabouts. What a boy sees between seven and seventeen always sticks to him. When the Apostle Peter preaches, you see the

fishing nets with which he had from his earliest days been familiar. And when Amos delivers his prophecy you hear it in the bleating of the herds which he had in boyhood attended. And in our Lord's sermons and conversations you see all the phases of village life, and the mountainous life surrounding it. They raised their own chickens in Nazareth, and in after time he cries: "Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" He had seen his mother open the family wardrobe at the close of summer and the moth millers flying out, having destroyed the garments, and in after years he says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth doth corrupt." In childhood he had seen a mile of flowers, white as the snow, or red as the flame, or blue as the sea, or green as the tree-tops, and no wonder in his manhood sermon he said, "Consider the lilies." While one day on a high point where now stands the tomb of Neby Ismail, he had seen winging past him so near as almost to flurry his hair, the partridge and the hoopoe, and the thrush, and the osprey, and the crane, and the raven, and no wonder afterward in his manhood sermon he said, "Behold the fowls of the air." In Nazareth and on the road to it there are a great many camels. I see them now in memory making their slow way up the zigzag road from the plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth. Familiar was Christ with their appearance, also with that small insect the gnat, which he had seen his mother strain out from a cup of water or pail of milk, and no wonder he brings afterward the large quadruped and the small insect into his sermon, and, while seeing the Pharisees careful about small sins and reckless about large ones, cries out: "Woe unto you, blind guides, which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel!"

He had in boyhood seen the shepherds get their flocks mixed up, and to one not familiar with the habits of shepherds and their flocks, hopelessly mixed up. And a sheep-stealer appears on the scene and dishonestly demands some of those sheep, when he owns not one of them. "Well," say the two honest shepherds, "we will soon settle this matter," and one shepherd goes out in one direction and the other shepherd goes out in the other direction, and the sheep-stealer in another direction, and each one calls, and the flocks of each of the honest shepherds rush to their owner, while the sheep-stealer calls, and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ years after, preaching on a great occasion and illustrating his own shepherd qualities, says: "When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice, and the stranger they will not follow, for they know not the voice of the stranger." The sides of these hills are terraced for grapes. The boy Christ had often stood with great round eyes watching the trimming of the grapevines. Clip, goes the knife, and off falls a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "that is a dead branch and it is doing nothing and is only in the way, so I cut it off." Then the farmer with his sharp knife prunes from a living branch this and that tendril and the other tendril. "But," says the child Christ, "these twigs that you cut off now are not dead; what do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "we prune off these that the main branch may have more of the sap and so be more fruitful." No wonder in after years Christ said in his sermon: "I am the true vine and My Father is the husbandman: every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit

he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Capital! No one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

Streaks of nature all through Christ's sermons and conversations! When a pigeon descended upon Christ's head at his baptism in the Jordan it was not the first pigeon he had seen. And then he has such wide sweep of discourse as you may imagine from one who has stood on the hills that overlook Nazareth. As far as I understand, Christ visited the Mediterranean Sea only once, but any clear morning he could run up on a hill near Nazareth and look off to the west and see the Mediterranean, while there in the north is snowy Mount Lebanon, clad as in white robe of ascension, and yonder on the east and southeast Mount Gilboa, Mount Tabor and Mount Gilead, and yonder in the south is the Plain of Esdraelon, over which we rode yesterday on our way to Nazareth. Those mountains of His boyhood in His memory, do you wonder that Christ when he wanted a good pulpit, made it out of a mountain—"seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain." And when he wanted especial communion with God, he took James and John and Peter into "a mountain apart."

Oh, this country boy of Nazareth, come forth to atone for the sins of the world, and to correct the follies of the world, and to stamp out the cruelties of the world, and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to transfigure the hemispheres! So it has been the mission of the country boys in all ages to transform and inspire and rescue. They come into our merchandise and our court-rooms and our healing art and our studios and our theology. They lived in Nazareth before they entered Jerusalem. And but for that annual influx our cities would have enervated and

sickened and slain the race. Late hours and hurtful apparel and overtaxed digestive organs and crowded environments of city life would have halted the world, but the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have given fresh supply of health and moral invigoration to Jerusalem, and the country saves the town. From the hills of New Hampshire and the hills of Virginia and the hills of Georgia come into our national eloquence the Websters and the Clays and the Henry W. Gradys. From the plain homes of Massachusetts and Maryland come into our national charities the George Peabodys and the William Corcorans. From the cabins of the lonely country regions come into our national destinies the Andrew Jacksons and Abraham Lincolns. From ploughboy's furrow and village counter and blacksmith's forge come most of our city giants. Nearly all the Messiahs in all departments dwelt in Nazareth before they came to Jerusalem. I send this day thanks from these cities, mostly made prosperous by country boys, to the farmhouse and the prairies and the mountain cabins and the obscure homesteads of North and South and East and West, to the fathers and mothers in plain homespun if they be still alive or the hillocks under which they sleep the long sleep. Thanks from Jerusalem to Nazareth.

But alas that the city should so often treat the country boys as of old the one from Nazareth was treated at Jerusalem! Slain not by hammers and spikes, but by instruments just as cruel. On every street of every city the crucifixion goes on. Every year shows its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how we grind them up! Under what wheels, in what mills and for what an awful grist! Let the city take better care of these boys and young men arriving from the country. They are worth saving. They are now only the pref-

ace of what they will be if, instead of sacrificing you help them. Boys as grand as the one who with his elder brother climbed into a church tower, and not knowing their danger, went outside on some timbers, when one of those timbers broke and the boys fell and the older boy caught on a beam and the younger clutched the foot of the older; the older could not climb up with the younger hanging to his feet, so the younger said: "John, I am going to let go; you can climb out into safety, but you can't climb up with me holding fast; I am going to let go; kiss mother for me, and tell her not to feel badly; good-bye!" and he let go and was so hard dashed upon the ground he was not recognizable. Plenty of such brave boys coming up from Nazareth! Let Jerusalem be careful how it treats them! A gentleman long ago entered a school in Germany and he bowed very low before the boys and the teacher said: "Why do you do that?" "Oh," said the visitor, "I do not know what mighty man may yet be developed among them." At that instant the eyes of one of the boys flashed fire. Who was it? Martin Luther. A lad on his way to school passed a doorstep on which sat a lame and invalid child. The passing boy said to him: "Why don't you go to school?" "Oh, I am lame, and I can't walk to school!" "Get on my back," said the well boy, "and I will carry you to school." And so he did that day and for many days until the invalid was fairly started on the road to an education. Who was the well boy that did that kindness? I don't know. Who was the invalid he carried? It was Robert Hall, the rapt pulpit orator of all Christendom. Better give to the boys who come up from Nazareth to Jerusalem a crown instead of a cross.

On this December morning in Palestine, on our way

out from Nazareth, we saw just such a carpenter's shop as Jesus worked in, supporting his widowed mother, after he was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammer, and saw, and plane, and auger, and vise, and measuring rule, and chisel, and drill, and adze, and wrench, and bit, and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surface of the earth shoving a plane. He who cleft the mountains by earthquake, pounding a chisel. He who opened the mammoth caves of the earth, turning an auger. He who wields the thunderbolt, striking with a hammer. He who scooped out the bed for the ocean, hollowing a ladle. He who flashes the morning on the earth, and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora, constructing a window. I cannot understand it, but I believe it. A skeptic said to an old clergyman, "I will not believe anything I cannot explain." "Indeed!" said the clergyman. "You will not believe anything you cannot explain? Please to explain to me why some cows have horns, and others have no horns." "No!" said the skeptic, "I do not mean exactly that. I mean that I will not believe anything I have not seen!" "Indeed," said the clergyman, "you will not believe anything you have not seen? Have you a backbone?" "Yes," said the skeptic. "How do you know?" said the clergyman. "Have you ever seen it?" This mystery of Godhead and humanity interjoined I cannot understand, and I cannot explain, but I believe it. I am glad there are so many things we cannot understand, for that leaves something for Heaven. If we knew everything here, Heaven would be a great indolence. What foolish people those who are in perpetual fret because they cannot understand all that God says and does. A child in the first juvenile primer might as well burst into tears because it cannot understand conic sections. In

this world we are only in the A B C class, and we cannot now understand the libraries of eternity which put to utmost test faculties archangelic. I would be ashamed of Heaven if we do not know more there, with all our faculties intensified a million-fold and at the center of the universe, than we do here with our dim faculties and clinging to the outside rim of the universe.

In about two hours we pass through Cana, the village of Palestine where the mother of Christ and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative and having come over from Nazareth for that purpose. The mother of Christ—for women are first to notice such things—found that the provisions had fallen short and she told Christ, and he to relieve the embarrassment of the housekeeper, who had invited more guests than the pantry warranted, became butler of the occasion, and out of a cluster of a few sympathetic words squeezed a beverage of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine in which was not one drop of intoxicant, or it would have left that party as maudlin and drunk as the great centennial banquet, in New York two years ago, left senators, and governors, and generals, and merchant princes. The difference between the wine at the wedding in Cana and the wine at the banquet in New York being that the Lord made one and the devil made the other. We got off our horses and examined some of these water jars at Cana, said to be the very ones that held the plain water that Christ turned into the purple bloom of an especial vintage. I measured them and found them eighteen inches from edge to edge and nineteen inches deep, and declined to accept their identity. But we realized the immensity of a supply of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine. What was that for? Probably one gallon would have been enough, for it was only an additional instalment of what had already been provided,

and it is probable that the housekeeper could not have guessed more than one gallon out of the way. But a hundred and twenty-six gallons! What will they do with the surplus? Ah, it was just like our Lord! Those young people were about to start in housekeeping, and their means were limited, and that big supply, whether kept in their pantry or sold, will be a mighty help. You see there was no strychnine, or logwood, or nuxvomica, in that beverage, and as the Lord made it it would keep. He makes mountains and seas that keep thousands of years, and certainly he could make a beverage that would keep four or five years. Among the arts and inventions of the future I hope there may be someone that can press the juices from the grape and so mingle them, and without one drop of damning alcoholism, that it will keep for years. And the more of it you take the clearer will be the brain and the healthier the stomach. And here is a remarkable fact in my recent journey—I traveled through Italy, Greece, and Egypt, and Palestine, and Syria, and Turkey, and how many intoxicated people do you think I saw in all those five great realms? Not one. We must in our Christianized lands have got hold of some kind of beverage that Christ did not make.

Oh, I am glad that Jesus was present at that wedding, and last December, standing at Cana, that wedding came back. Night had fallen on the village and its surroundings. The bridegroom had put on his head a bright turban, and a garland of flowers, and his garments had been made fragrant with frankincense and camphor, an odor which the Oriental especially likes. Accompanied by groomsmen, and preceded by a band of musicians with flutes and drums, and horns, and by torches in full blaze, he starts for the bride's home. This river of fire is met by another river of fire, the torches of the bride and bridesmaids; flambeau an-

swering flambeau. The bride is in white robe, and her veil not only covers her face but envelopes her body. Her trousseau is as elaborate as the resources of her father's house permit. Her attendants are decked with all the ornaments they own or can borrow; but their own personal charms make tame the jewels, for those Oriental women eclipse in attractiveness all others except those of our own land. The damson rose is in their cheek, and the diamond in the luster of their eyes, and the blackness of the night in their long locks, and in their step is the gracefulness of the morning. At the first sight of the torches of the bridegroom and his attendants coming over the hill, the cry rings through the home of the bride: "They are in sight! Get ready! Behold the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him." As the two processions approach each other, the timbrels strike and the songs commingle, and then the two processions become one, and march toward the bridegroom's house, and meet a third procession which is made up of the friends of both bride and bridegroom. Then all enter the house, and the dance begins, and the door is shut. And all this Christ uses to illustrate the joy with which the ransomed of earth shall meet him when he comes garlanded with clouds, and robed in the morning, and trumpeted by the thunders of the last day. Look! There comes down off the hills of Heaven, the Bridegroom! And let us start to hail Him, for I hear the voices of the Judgment Day sounding, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him." And the disappointment of those who have declined the invitation to the Gospel wedding is presented under the figure of a door heavily closed. You hear it slam. Too late. The door is shut!

But we must hasten on, for I do not mean to close my eyes to-night till I see from a mountain top Lake

Galilee, on whose banks, next Sabbath, we will worship, and on whose waters the following morning we will take a sail. On and up we go in the severest climb of all Palestine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes, on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the Blesseds—Blessed this and Blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in molehills, and a surface that gives way at the first touch of the hoof, and again and again the tired beasts halt, as much as to say to the rider, “It is unjust for you to make us climb these steeps.” On and up over mountain sides, where in the later season hyacinths and daisies, and phloxes, and anemones kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and climbing to the highest peak look out on an enchantment of scenery that seems to be the Beatitudes themselves arched into skies, and rounded into valleys and silvered into waves. The view is like that of Tennessee and North Carolina from the top of Lookout Mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Hail, hills of Galilee! Hail, Lake Gennesaret, only four miles away! Yonder, clear up and most conspicuous, is Safed, the very city to which Christ pointed for illustration in the sermon preached here, saying, “A city set on a hill cannot be hid.” There are rocks around me on this Mount of Beatitudes, enough to build the highest pulpit the world ever saw. Ay, it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity. The valley of Hattin between here and Lake Galilee is an amphitheater, as though the natural contour of the earth had invited all nations to come and sit down, and hear Christ preach a sermon in which there were more startling novelties than were ever announced in all the sermons that were ever preached. To those who heard him on

this very spot, his work must have seemed the contradiction of everything they had ever heard or read or experienced. The world's theory had been : Blessed are the arrogant ; Blessed are the supercilious ; Blessed are the tearless ; Blessed are they that have everything their own way ; Blessed are the war eagles ; Blessed are the persecutors ; Blessed are the popular ; Blessed are the Herods, and the Cæsars, and the Ahab. "No ! no ! no !" says Christ, with a voice that rings over these rocks, and through yonder valley of Hattin, and down to the opaline lake on one side and the sapphire Mediterranean on the other, and across Europe in one way, and across Asia in the other way, and around the earth both ways, till the globe shall be girdled with the nine beatitudes : Blessed are the poor, Blessed are the mournful, Blessed are the meek, Blessed are the hungry, Blessed are the merciful, Blessed are the pure, Blessed are the peacemakers, Blessed are the persecuted, Blessed are the falsely reviled.

Do you see how the Holy Land and the Holy Book fit each other ? God with his left hand built Palestine, and with his right wrote the Scriptures, the two hands of the same Being. And in proportion as Palestine is brought under close inspection the Bible will be found more glorious and more true. Mightiest book of the past ! Mightiest book of the future ! Monarch of all literature !

The proudest works of Genius shall decay,
And Reason's brightest luster fade away ;
The sophist's art, the poet's boldest flight,
Shall sink in darkness, and conclude in night ;
But faith triumphant over time shall stand,
Shall grasp the sacred volume in her hand ;
Back to its source the heavenly gift convey,
Then in the flood of glory melt away.

OUR SAIL ON LAKE GALILEE.

“He entered into a ship, and sat in the sea; and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land.”—Mark iv., 1.

It is Monday morning in our Palestine experiences, and the sky is a blue Galilee above, as in the boat we sail the blue Galilee beneath. It is thirteen miles long and six miles wide, but the atmosphere is so clear it seems as if I could cast a stone from beach to beach. The lake looks as though it had been let down on silver pulleys from the heavens and were a section of the sea of glass that St. John describes as a part of the celestial landscape. Lake Galilee is a depression of six hundred feet in which the river Jordan widens and carries a little, for the river Jordan comes in at its north side and departs from its south side, so this lake has its cradle and its grave. Its white satin cradle is among the snows of Mount Hermon, where the Jordan starts, and its sepulcher is the Dead Sea, into which the Jordan empties. Lake Como of Italy, Lake Geneva of Switzerland, Lake Lomond of Scotland, Lake Winnepesaukee of America, are larger, but Lake Galilee is the greatest diamond that ever dropped from finger of the clouds, and, whether encamped on its banks as we were yesterday and worshipping at its crystal altars, or wading into its waves which make an ordinary bath solemn as a baptism, or now putting out upon its sparkling surface in a boat, it is something to talk about, and pray about, and sing about, until the lips

with which we now describe it can neither talk, nor pray, nor sing.

As sometimes a beautiful child in a neighborhood has a half-dozen pet names, and some of the neighbors call her by one name, and others by another, so this pet lake of the planet has a profusion of names. Ask the Arab as he goes by, what this sheet of water is, and he will call it Tabariyeh. Ask Moses of the Old Testament and he calls it Sea of Chinnereth. Ask Matthew, and he calls it Sea of Galilee. Ask Luke, and he calls it Sea of Gennesaret. Ask John, and he calls it Sea of Tiberias. Ask Josephus, and Eusebius, and they have other names ready. But to me it appears a child of the sky, a star of the hills, a rhapsody of the mountains, the baptismal bowl of the world's temple, the smile of the great God. Many kinds of fish are found in these waters, every kind of tree upon its bank, from those that grow in the torrid zone to those in the frigid, from the palm to the cedar.

Of the two hundred and thirty war ships Josephus manœvered on these waters—for Josephus was a warrior as well as a historian—there remains not one piece of a hulk, or one patch of a canvas, or one splinter of an oar. But return to America we never will until we have had a sail upon this inland sea. Not from a wharf, but from a beach covered with black and white pebbles we go on board a boat of about ten or twelve tons, to be propelled partly by sail and partly by water. The mast leans so far forward that it seems about to fall: but we find it was purposely so built, and the rope through a pulley manages to hoist and let down the sail. It is a rough boat, and as far as possible removed from a Venetian gondola or a sportsman's yacht. With a common saw and hammer and ax many of you could make a better one. Four

barefooted Arabs, instead of sitting down to their oars, stand as they always do in rowing, and pull away from shore. I insist on helping, for there is nothing more exhilarating to me than rowing; but I soon had enough of the clumsy oars, and the awkward attempt at wielding them while in a standing posture.

We put our overcoats and shawls on a small deck in the stern of the boat—the very kind of a deck where Christ lay on a fisherman's coat, when of old a tempest pounced upon the fishing smack of the affrighted disciples. Ospreys and wild geese and kingfishers fly overhead or dip their wings into the lake, mistaking it for a fragment of fallen sky. Can it be that those Bible stories about sudden storms on this lake are true? Is it possible that a sea of such seeming placidity of temper could ever rise and rage at the heavens? It does not seem as if this happy family of elements could have ever had a falling out and the water strike at the clouds and the clouds strike at the water.

Pull away, oarsmen! On our right bank are the hot sulphur baths, so hot they are scalding; and the waters must cool off a long while before hand or foot can endure their temperature. Volcanoes have been boiling these waters for centuries. Four springs roll their resources into two great swimming reservoirs. King Herod there tried to bathe off the results of his excesses, and Pliny and Josephus describe the spurtings out of these volcanic heats, and Joshua and Moses knew about them, and this moment long lines of pilgrims from all parts of the earth are waiting for their turn to step into the steaming restoratives. Let the boat, as far as possible and not run aground, hug the western shore of the lake, that we may see the city

Tiberias, once a great capital, of the architecture of which a few mosaics, and fallen pillars and pedestals, and here and there a broken and shattered frieze, remain, mightily suggestive of the time when Herod Antipas had a palace here and reigned with an opulence, and pomp, and cruelty, and abomination that paralyzes the fingers of the historian when he comes to write it, and the fingers of the painter when he attempts to transfer it to canvas. I suppose he was one of the worst men that ever lived. And what a contrast of character comes at every moment to the thoughtful traveler in Palestine, whether he walks the beach of this lake or sails, as we now do, these waters !

Side by side are the two great characters of this lake region : Jesus and Herod Antipas. And did any age produce any such antipodes, any such antitheses, any such opposites ? Kindness and Cruelty, Holiness and Fifth, Generosity and Meanness, Self-sacrifice and Selfishness, the Supernal and the Infernal, Noon and Midnight. The father of this Herod Antipas was a genius at assassination. He could manufacture more reasons for putting people out of this life than any man in all history. He sends for Hyreanus to come from Babylon to Jerusalem to be made high priest and slays him. He has his brother-in-law while in bathing with him drowned by the king's attendants. He slays his wife and his wife's mother, and two of his sons and his uncle, and filled a volume of atrocities, the last chapter of which was the massacre of all the babes at Bethlehem. With such a father as Herod the Great, you are not surprised that this Herod Antipas, whose palace stood on the banks of this lake we now sail, was a combination of wolf, reptile and hyena. While the Christ who walked yonder banks and sailed these waters was so good that almost every rood of this scenery

is associated with some wise word or some kindly deed, and all literature, and all art, and all earth, and all Heaven are put to the utmost effort in trying to express how grand and glorious and lovely He was, and is, and is to be. The Christly and Herodic characters, as different as the two lakes we visit and not far apart, Galilee and the Dead Sea; the one flower-banked and the other bituminous and blasted; the one hovered over by the mercy of Christ, the other blasted by the wrath of God; the one full of finny tribes sporting in the clear depths, the other forever lifeless; the waters of the one sweet and pleasant to the taste, the other bitter and sharp and disgusting. Awful Dead Sea! Glorious Gennesaret.

We will not attempt to cross to the eastern side of this lake, as I had thought to do, for those regions are inhabited by a thieving and murderous race, and one must go thoroughly armed; and as I never shot anyone and have no ambition to be shot, I said: "Let us stay by the western shore." But we look over to the hills of Gadara, on the other side, down which two thousand swine, after being possessed by the devil, ran into the lake, bringing down on the Christ for permitting it the wrath of all the stock-raisers of that country, because of this ruining of the pork business. You see that Satan is a spirit of bad taste. Why did he not say: "Let me go into those birds, whole flocks of which fly over Galilee"? No; that would have been too high. "Why not let me go into the sheep which wander over these hills?" No, that would have been too gentle. "Rather let me go into these swine. I want to be with the denizens of the mire. I want to associate with the inhabitants of the filth. Great is mud! I prefer bristles to wings. I would rather root than fly. I like snout better than wing."

Infidelity scoffs at the idea that those swine should have run into the lake. But it was quite natural that under the heat and burning of that demoniac possession they would start for the water to get cooled off. Would that all the swine thus possessed had plunged in the same drowning, for to this day the descendants of some of those porcine creatures retain the demons, and as the devils were cast out of man into them, they now afflict the human race with the devils of scrofula that comes from eating the unclean meat. The healthiest people on earth are the Israelites because they follow the bill of fare which God in the book of Leviticus gave to the human race, and our splendid French Doctor Pasteur, and our glorious German Doctor Koch, may go on with their good work of killing parasites in the human system ; but until the world corrects its diet, and goes back to the Divine regulation at the beginning, the human race will continue to be possessed of the devils of microbe and parasite. But I did not mean to cross over to the eastern side of Lake Galilee even in discussion.

Pull away, ye Arab oarsmen ! And we come along the shore nearby which stand great precipices of brown and red and gray limestone crowned by basalt, in the sides of which are vast caverns, sometimes the hiding-place of bandits, and sometimes the home of honest shepherds, and sometimes the dwelling-place of pigeons, and vultures, and eagles. During one of Herod's wars his enemies hid in these mountain caverns and the sides were too steep for Herod's army to descend, and the attempt to climb in the face of armed men would have called down extermination. So Herod had great cages of wood, iron-bound, made, and filled them with soldiers and let them down from the top of the precipices, until they gave signal that they were

level with the caverns, and then from these cages they stepped out to the mouth of the caverns and having set enough grass and wood on fire to fill the caverns with smoke and strangulation, the hidden people would come forth to die ; and if not coming forth voluntarily, Herod's men would pull them out with long iron hooks, and Josephus says that one father rather than submit to the attacking army, flung his wife and seven children down the precipice, and then leaped after them to his own death.

Now, ye Arab oarsmen, row on with swifter stroke, for we want before noon to land at Capernaum, the three-years' home of Jesus. But before arrival there we are to have a new experience. The lake that had been a smooth surface begins to break up with rudeness. The air which all the morning made our sail almost useless, suddenly takes hold of our boat with a grip astonishing, and our poor craft begins to roll and pitch and tumble, and in five minutes we pass from a calm to violence. The contour of this lake among the hills is an invitation to hurricanes. I used to wonder why it was that on so limited a sheet of water a bestormed boat in Christ's time did not put back to shore when a hurricane was coming. I wonder no more. On that lake an atmospheric fury gives no warning, and the change we saw in five minutes made me feel that the boat in which Christ sailed may have been skillfully managed when the tempest struck it, and the wild importunate cry went up : "Lord save us or we perish !" I had all along that morning been reading from the New Testament the story of occurrences on and around that lake. But our Bible was closed now, and it was as much as we could do to hold fast, and wish for the land. If the winds and the waves had continued to increase in violence the follow-

ing fifteen minutes in the same ratio as in the first five, and we had been still at their mercy, our bones would have been bleaching at the bottom of Lake Genesaret instead of our being here to tell the story. But the same Power that rescued the fishermen of old, to-day safely landed our party. What a Christ for rough weather! All the sailor boys ought to fly to him as did those Galilean mariners. All you in the fore-castle, and all you who run up and down the slippery ratlines, take to sea with you him who with a quiet word sent the winds back through the mountain gorges. Some of you jack tars to whom these words will come need to "tack ship" and change your course if you are going to get across this sea of life safely, and gain the heavenly harbor. Belay there. Ready about! Helm's-a-lee! Mainsail haul! You have too valuable a cargo on board to run into the Goodwins or the Skerries.

Star of peace! beam o'er the billow
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

Here at Capernaum, the Arabs having in their arms carried us ashore to the only place where our Lord ever had a pastorate, and we stepped amid the ruins of the church where he preached again, and again, and again, the synagogue, whose rich sculpturing lay there, not as when others see it in spring-time covered with weeds, and loathsome with reptiles, but in that December weather completely uncovered to our agitated and intense gaze. On one stone of that synagogue is sculpturing of a pot of manna, an artistic commemoration of the time when the Israelites were fed by manna in the wilderness, and to which sculpturing no doubt Christ pointed upward while he was

preaching that sermon on this very spot, in which he said : " Not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead ; he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." Wonderful Capernaum ! Scene of more miracles than any place in all the earth ! Blind eyes kindling with the morning. Withered arms made to pulsate. Lepers blooming into health. The dead girl reanimated.

These Arab tents which on this December day I find in Palestine, disappear, and I see Capernaum as it was when Jesus was pastor of the church here. Look at that wealthy home, the architecture, the marble front, the upholstery, the slaves in uniform at the doorway. It is the residence of a courtier of Herod, probably Chuza by name, his wife Joanna, a Christian disciple. But something is the matter. The slaves are in great excitement, and the courtier living there runs down the front steps and takes a horse and puts him at a full run across the country. The boy of that noble man is dying of typhoid fever. All the doctors have failed to give relief. But about five miles up the country, at Cana, there is a Divine doctor, Jesus by name, and the agonized father has gone for him, and with what earnestness those can understand who have had a dying child in the house. This courtier cries to Christ : " Come down ere my child die ! "

While the father is absent, and at one o'clock in the afternoon, the people watching the dying boy see a change in the countenance, and Joanna, the mother, on one side of his couch, says : " Why, this darling is getting well ; the fever has broken ; see the perspiration on his forehead ; did any of you give him any new kind of medicine ? " " No," is the answer. The boy turns on his pillow, his delirium gone, and asks for something to eat, and says : " Where's father ? " Oh, he

has gone up to Cana to get a young doctor of about thirty-one years of age. But no doctor is needed now in this house at Capernaum. The people look at the sun-dial to find what time of day it is, and see it is just past noon, and one o'clock. Then they start out and meet the returning father, and as soon as they come within speaking distance they shout at the top of their voices: "Your boy is getting well." "Is it possible?" says the father. "When did the change for the better take place?" "One o'clock," is the answer. "Why," says the courtier, "that is just the hour that Jesus said to me, 'Thy son liveth.' One o'clock!"

As they gather at the evening meal what gladness on all the countenances in that home at Capernaum! The mother, Joanna, has not had sleep for many nights, and she now falls off into delightful slumber. The father, Chuza, the Herodian courtier, worn out with anxiety as well as by the rapid journey to and from Cana, is soon in restful unconsciousness. Joanna was a Christian before, but I warrant she was more of a Christian afterward. Did the father Chuza accept the Christ who had cured his boy? Is there in all the earth a parent so ungrateful for the convalescence or restoration of an imperilled child as not to go into a room and kneel down and make surrender to the almighty love that came to the rescue.

Do not mix up this case with the angry discussions about Christian science, but accept the doctrine, as old as the Bible, that God does answer prayer for the sick. That Capernaum boy was not the only illustration of the fact that prayer is mightier than a typhoid fever. And there is not a doctor of large practice but has come into the sickroom of some hopeless case, and, in a cheerful manner, if he were a Christian, or with a bewildered manner if he were a skeptic, said: "Well,

what have you been doing with this patient? What have you been giving him? The pulse is better. The crisis is past. After all, I think he will get well." Prayer will yet be acknowledged in the world's *materia medica*, and the cry is just as appropriate now as when Chuza, the courtier from Capernaum, uttered in Christ's hearing: "Come down ere my child die!" If the prayer be not answered in the way we wish, it is because God has something better for the child than earthly recovery, and there are thousands of men and women now alive in answer to fathers' and mothers' prayers, myself one of the multitude. For I have heard my parents tell how when at three years of age scarlet fever seemed to have done its full work on me, and the physicians had said there was no more use of their coming, and they had left a few simple directions to make the remaining hours peaceful, and according to the custom in those times in country places, the neighbors had already come in and made the shroud, the forlorn case suddenly brightened, and the prayer, "Come down ere my child die!" was answered in a recovery that has not been followed by a moment's sickness from that time to this.

The mightiest agency in the universe is prayer, and it turns even the Almighty. It decides the destinies of individuals, families and nations. During our sad civil war a gentleman was a guest at the White House in Washington, and he gives this incident. He says: "I had been spending three weeks in the White House with Mr. Lincoln, as his guest. One night—it was just after the battle of Bull Run—I was restless and could not sleep. I was repeating the part which I was to take in a public performance. The hour was past midnight. Indeed, it was coming near to dawn when I heard low tones proceeding from a private room where

the President slept. The door was partly open. I instinctively walked in and there I saw a sight which I shall never forget. It was the President kneeling before an open Bible. The light was turned low in the room. His back was turned toward me; for a moment I was silent as I stood looking in amazement and wonder. Then he cried out in tones so pitiful and sorrowful: "Oh, thou God that heard Solomon in the night when he prayed for wisdom, hear me! I cannot lead this people, I cannot guide the affairs of this nation without Thy help. I am poor and weak and sinful. Oh, God who didst hear Solomon when he cried for wisdom, hear me and save the nation!" "You see we don't need to go back to Bible times for evidence that prayer is heard and answered.

But someone may say that Christ at Capernaum healed that courtier's child, yet he would not have done it for one in humble life. Why, in that very Capernaum, He did the same thing for a dying slave, belonging to the man who had made a present to the town of the church of which Jesus was pastor, the synagogue among whose ruins I to-day leap from fragment to fragment. This was the cure of a Roman soldier's slave, whose only acknowledged rights were the wishes of his owner. And none are now so enslaved or so humble or so sick or so sinful, but the all-sympathetic Christ is ready to help them, ready to cure them, ready to emancipate them. Hear it! Pardon for all. Mercy for all. Help for all. Comfort for all. Heaven for all. Oh, this Lake Galilee! What a refreshment for Christ it must have been after sympathizing with the sick, and raising the dead and preaching to the multitudes all day long to come down on these banks in the night-time and feel the cool air of the sea on his

hot face. and look up to the stars, the lighted lamps around the heavenly palaces from which he had descended.

All Heaven and earth were still : from the high post
Of stars to the hilled lake and mountain coast.

All Heaven and earth were still, though not in sleep,
But breathless as we grow when feeling most.

“ But,” says someone, “ why was it that Christ, coming to save the world, should spend so much of His time on and around so solitary a place as Lake Galilee? There is only one city of any size on its beach, and both the western and eastern shores are a solitude, broken only by the sounds coming from the mud hovels of the degraded. Why did not Christ begin at Babylon the mighty, at Athens the learned, at Cairo the historic, at Thebes the hundred-gated, at Rome the triumphant? If Christ was going to save the world, why not go where the world’s people dwelt? Would a man wishing to revolutionize for good the American continent, pass his time amid the fishing-huts on the shores of Newfoundland?” My friends, Galilee was the hub of the wheel of civilization and art, and the center of a population that staggers realization. On the shore of the lake we sail to-day stood nine great cities, Scythopolis, Tarichæ, Hippos, Gamala, Chorazin, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, Tiberias—and many villages, the smallest of which had 15,000 inhabitants, according to Josephus, and reaching from the beach back into the country in all directions. Palaces, temples, coliseums, gymnasiums, amphitheaters, towers, gardens terraced on the hillsides, fountains bewildering with sunlight, baths upon whose mosaic floors kings trod ; while this lake, from where

the Jordan enters to where the Jordan leaves it, was beautiful with all styles of shallop, or dreadful with all kinds of war galleon. Four thousand ships, history says, were at one time upon these waters. Battles were fought there which shocked all nations with their consequences.

Upon those sea-fights looked Vespasian and Titus and Trajan, and whole empires. From one of these naval encounters so many of the dead floated to the beach they could not soon enough be entombed, and a plague was threatened. Twelve hundred soldiers escaping from these vessels of war were one day massacred in the amphitheater at Tiberias. For three hundred years that almost continuous city encircling Lake Galilee was the metropolis of our planet. It was to the very heart of the world that Jesus came to soothe its sorrows, and pardon its sins, and heal its sick, and emancipate its enslaved, and reanimate its dead.

And let the church and the world take the suggestion. While the solitary places are not to be neglected, we must strike for the great cities, if this world is ever to be taken for Christ. Evangelize all the earth except the cities, and in one year the cities would corrupt the earth. But bring the cities and all the world will come. Bring London and England will come. Bring Paris and France will come. Bring Berlin and Germany will come. Bring St. Petersburg and Russia will come. Bring Vienna and Austria will come. Bring Cairo and Egypt will come. Bring the near three million people in this cluster of cities on the Atlantic coast, and all America will soon see the salvation of God. Ministers of religion, let us intensify our evangelism! Editors and publishers, purify your printing presses! Asylums

of mercy, enlarge your plans of endeavor! And instead of this absurd and belittling and wicked rivalry among our cities as to which happens to have the most men and women and children, not realizing that the more useless and bad people a city has the worse it is off, and that a city which has ten thousand good people is more to be admired than a city with one hundred thousand bad people, let us take a moral census and see how many good men and women are leading forth how large a generation of good children who will consecrate themselves and consecrate the round world to holiness and to God. O Thou blessed Christ who didst come to the mighty cities encircling Lake Galilee, come in mercy to all our great cities of to-day! Thou who didst put thy hand on the white mane of the foaming billows of Gennesaret and make them lie down at thy feet, hush all the raging passions of the world! O thou blessed Christ who, on the night when the disciples were trying to cross this lake and "the wind was contrary," after nine hours of rowing had made only three miles, didst come stepping on water that at the touch of thy foot hardened into crystal, meet all our shipping whether on placid or stormy seas, and say to all thy people now, by whatever style of tempest tossed or driven, as thou didst to the drenched disciples in the cyclone: "Be of good cheer. It is I. Be not afraid!"

Thank God that I have seen this lake of Christly memories, and I can say with Robert McCheyne, the ascended minister of Scotland, who, seated on the banks of this lake, wrote in his last, sick days, and just before he crossed the Jordan—not the Jordan that empties into Galilee, but the Jordan that empties into the "Sea of glass mingled with fire"—these sweet words

fit to be played by human fingers on strung strings
of earthly lute, or by angelic fingers on seraphic
harps :

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to lap thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea ;
But ah ! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.
O Saviour ! gone to God's right hand,
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill.

ON TO DAMASCUS.

“As he journeyed he came near Damascus.”—Acts ix., 8.

In Palestine we spent last night in a mud hovel of one story, but camels and sheep in the basement. Yet never did the most brilliant hotel on any continent seem so attractive to me as that structure. If we had been obliged to stay in tent, as we expected to do that night, we must have perished. A violent storm had opened upon us its volleys of hail and snow, and rain, and wind, as if to let us know what the Bible means when prophet, and evangelist, and Christ himself spoke of the fury of the elements. The atmospheric wrath broke upon us about one o'clock in the afternoon and we were until night exposed to it. With hands and feet benumbed, and our bodies chilled to the bone, we made our slow way. While high upon the rocks, and the gale blowing the hardest, a signal of distress halted the party, for down in the ravines one of the horses had fallen and his rider must not be left alone amid that wildness of scenery and horror of storm. As the night approached the tempest thickened, and blackened, and strengthened. Some of our attendants going ahead had gained permission for us to halt for the night in the mud hovel I speak of. Our first duty on arrival was the resuscitation of the exhausted of our party. My room was without a window, and an iron stove, without any top, in the center of the room, the smoke selecting my eyes in the absence of a chimney. Through an opening in the floor Arab

faces were several times thrust up to see how I was progressing. But the tempest ceased during the night, and before it was fully day we were feeling for the stirrups of our saddled horses, this being the day whose long march will bring us to that city whose name cannot be pronounced in the hearing of the intelligent or the Christian without making the blood to tingle and the nerves to thrill, and putting the best emotions of the soul into agitation—Damascus !

During the day we passed Cæsarea Philippi, the northern terminus of Christ's journeyings. North of that he never went. We lunch at noon, seated on the fallen columns of one of Herod's palaces.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, coming to a hill-top, we saw on the broad plain a city, which the most famous camel-driver of all time afterward called Mohammed, the prophet and the founder of the most stupendous system of error that has ever cursed the earth, refused to enter because he said God would allow man to enter but one paradise; and he would not enter this earthly paradise lest he should be denied entrance to the heavenly. But no city that I ever saw so plays hide and seek with the traveler. The air is so clear the distant objects seem close by. You come on the top of a hill and Damascus seems only a little way off. But down you go into a valley and you see nothing for the next half hour but barrenness and rocks regurgitated by the volcanoes of other ages. Up another hill and down again. Up again and down again. But after your patience is almost exhausted you reach the last hill-top, and the city of Damascus, the oldest city under the whole heavens and built by Noah's grandson, grows upon your vision. Every mile of the journey now becomes more solemn and suggestive and tremendous.

This is the very road, for it has been the only road for thousands of years, the road from Jerusalem to Damascus, along which a cavalcade of mounted officers went, about 1854 years ago, in the midst of them a fierce little man, who made up by magnitude of hatred for Christianity for his diminutive stature, and was the leading spirit, and though suffering from chronic inflammation of the eyes, from those eyes flashed more indignation against Christ's followers than any one of the horsed procession. This little man, before his name was changed to Paul, was called Saul. So many of the mightiest natures of all ages are condensed into smallness of stature. The Frenchman who was sometimes called by his troops "Old One Hundred Thousand," was often, because of his abbreviated personal presence, styled "Little Nap." Lord Nelson, with insignificant stature to start with, and one eye put out at Calvi, and his right arm taken off at Teneriffe, proves himself at Trafalgar the mightiest hero of the English navy. The greatest of American theologians, Archibald Alexander, could stand under the elbow of many of his contemporaries. Look out for little men when they start out for some especial mission of good or evil. The thunderbolt is only a condensation of electricity.

Well, that galloping group of horsemen on the road to Damascus were halted quicker than bombshell or cavalry charge ever halted a regiment. The Syrian noonday, because of the clarity of the atmosphere, is the brightest of all noondays, and the noonday sun in Syria is positively terrific for brilliance. But suddenly that noon there flashed from the heavens a light which made that Syrian sun seem tame as a star in comparison. It was the face of the slain and ascended Christ looking from the heavens, and under the dash

of that overpowering light all the horses dropped with their riders. Human face and horses' mane together in the dust. And then two claps of thunder followed, uttering the two words, the second word like the first: "Saul! Saul!" For three days that fallen equestrian was totally blind, for excessive light will sometimes extinguish the eyesight. And what cornea and crystalline lens could endure a brightness greater than the noonday Syrian sun? I had read it a hundred times, but it never so impressed me before and probably will never so impress me again, as I took my Bible from the saddle bags and read aloud to our comrades in travel: "As he journeyed he came near Damascus; and suddenly there shined round about him a light from Heaven: and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, 'Saul! Saul! Why persecutest thou me?' and he said, 'Who art Thou, Lord?' And the Lord said, 'I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.'"

But we cannot stop longer on this road, for we shall see this unhorsed equestrian later in Damascus, toward which his horse's head is turned, and at which we must ourselves arrive before night. The evening is near at hand, and as we leave snowy Hermon behind us and approach the shadow of the cupolas of two hundred mosques, we cut through a circumference of many miles of garden which embower the city. So luxuriant are these gardens, so opulent in colors, so luscious of fruits, so glittering with fountains, so rich with bowers and kiosks, that the Mohammedan's heaven was fashioned after what are to be seen here of bloom and fruitage. Here in Damascus, at the right season, are cherries, and mulberries, and apricots, and almonds, and pistachios, and pomegranates, and pears, and apples, and plums, and citrons, and all the richness of the round world's pomology. No wonder

that Julian called this city "the Eye of the East," and that the poets of Syria have styled it "the luster on the neck of doves," and historians said: "It is the golden clasp which couples the two sides of the world together."

Many travelers express disappointment with Damascus, but the trouble is they have carried on their minds from boyhood the book which dazzles so many young people—the "Arabian Nights," and they come into Damascus looking for Aladdin's lamp, and Aladdin's ring, and the genii which appeared by rubbing them. But, as I have never read the "Arabian Nights," such stuff not being allowed around our house in my boyhood, and nothing lighter in the way of reading than Baxter's "Saint's Everlasting Rest," and D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," Damascus appeared to me as sacred and secular history have presented it, and so the city was not a disappointment, but with few exceptions a surprise.

Under my window to-night, in the hotel at Damascus, I hear the perpetual ripple and rush of the river Abana. Ah, the secret is out! Now I know why all this flora and fruit, and why everything is so green, and the plain one great emerald. The river Abana! And not far off the river Pharpar, which our horses waded through to-day! Thank the rivers, or rather the God who made the rivers! Deserts to the north, deserts to the south, deserts to the east, deserts to the west, but here a paradise. And, as the rivers Gihon and Pison, and Hiddekel, and Euphrates made the other paradise, Abana and Pharpar make this Damascus a paradise. That is what made General Naaman of this city of Damascus so mad when he was told for the cure of his leprosy to go and wash in the river Jordan. The river Jordan is much of the year a muddy stream, and it is

never so clear as this river Abana that I hear rumbling under my window to-night, nor as the river Pharpar that we crossed to-day. They are as clear as though they had been sieved through some especial sieve of the mountains. General Naaman had great and patriotic pride in these two rivers of his own country, and when Elisha the prophet told him that if he wanted to get rid of his leprosy he must go and wash in the Jordan, he felt as we who live on the magnificent Hudson would feel if told that we must go and wash in the muddy Thames, or as if those who live on the transparent Rhine were told that they must go and wash in the muddy Tiber. So General Naaman cried out with a voice as loud as ever he had used in commanding his troops, uttering those memorable words, which every minister of the Gospel sooner or later takes for his text: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" Thank God we live in a land with plenty of rivers, and that they bless all our Atlantic coast and all our Pacific coast, and reticulate all the continent between the coasts. Only those who have traveled in the deserts of Syria, or Egypt, or have in the Oriental cities heard the tinkling of the bell of those who sell water, can realize what it is to have this divine beverage in abundance. Water rumbling over the rocks, turning the mill-wheel, saturating the roots of the corn, dripping from the buckets, filling the pitchers of the household, rolling through the fonts of baptisteries of holy ordinance, filling the reservoirs of cities, inviting the cattle to come down and slake their thirst and the birds of Heaven to dip their wing, ascending in robe of mist and falling again in benediction of shower—water, living water, God-given water!

We are awakened in the morning in Damascus by the song of those who have different styles of food to sell. It is not a street cry as in London or New York, but a weird and long drawn-out solo compared with which a buzz-saw is musical. It makes you inopportunately waken, and will not let you sleep again. But to those who understand the exact meaning of the song, it becomes quite tolerable, for they sing: "God is the nourisher, buy my bread," "God is the nourisher, buy my milk," "God is the nourisher, buy my fruit." As you look out of the window you see the Mohammedans, who are in large majority in the city, at prayer. And if it were put to vote who should be king of all the earth, fifteen thousand in that city would say Christ, but one hundred and thirty thousand would say Mohammed. Looking from the window you see on the housetops and in the streets Mohammedans at worship. The muezzin, or the officers of the religion, who announce the time of worship, appear high up on the different minarets or tall towers, and walk around the minaret, inclosed by a railing, and cry in a sad and mumbling way: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers! Come to salvation! God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep." Five times a day must the Mohammedan engage in worship. As he begins, he turns his face toward the city of Mecca, and unrolls upon the ground a rug which he almost always carries. With his thumbs touching the lobes of his ears, and holding his face between his hands, he cries, "God is great." Then folding his hands across his girdle, he looks down and says: "Holiness to thee, O God, and praise be to thee. Great is thy name. Great is thy greatness. There is no deity but thee." Then the

worshiper sits upon his heels, then he touches his nose to the rug, and then his forehead, these genuflections accompanied with the cry, "Great is God." Then, raising the forefinger of his right hand toward Heaven, he says: "I testify there is no deity but God, and I testify that Mohammed is the servant of God and the messenger of God." The prayers close by the worshiper holding his hands opened upward as if to take the Divine blessing, and then his hands are rubbed over his face, as if to convey the blessing to his entire body.

There are two or three commendable things about Mohammedanism. One is that its disciples wash before every act of prayer, and that is five times a day, and there is a Gospel in cleanliness. Another commendable thing is, they don't care who is looking, and nothing can stop them in their prayer. Another thing is that by the order of Mohammed, and an order obeyed for thirteen hundred years, no Mohammedan touches strong drink. But the polygamy, the many-wifedness of Mohammedanism has made that religion the unutterable and everlasting curse of woman, and when woman sinks, the race sinks. The proposition recently made in high ecclesiastical places for the reformation of Mohammedanism instead of its obliteration is like an attempt to improve a plague or educate a leprosy. There is only one thing that will ever reform Mohammedanism, and that is its extirpation from the face of the earth by the power of the Gospel of the Son of God, which makes not only man but woman free for this life and free for the life to come.

The spirit of the horrible religion which pervades the city of Damascus, along whose streets we walk and out of whose bazar we make purchases and in whose mosques we study the wood carvings and bedizements, was demonstrated as late as 1860, when in this

city it put to death six thousand Christians in forty-eight hours and put to the torch three thousand Christians' homes ; and those streets we walk to-day were red with the carnage, and the shrieks and groans of the dying and dishonored men and women made this place a hell on earth. This went on until a Mohammedan, better than his religion, Abd-el-Kader by name, a great soldier who in one war had with twenty-five thousand troops beaten sixty thousand of the enemy, now protested against this massacre and gathered the Christians of Damascus into castles and private houses and filled his own home with the affrighted sufferers. After a while the mob came to his door and demanded the "Christian dogs" whom he was sheltering. And Abd-el-Kader mounted a horse and drew a sword, and, with a few of his old soldiers around him, charged on the mob and cried : "Wretches ! Is this the way you honor the prophet ? May his curses be upon you ! Shame on you ! Shame ! You will yet live to repent. You think you may do as you please with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back or I will give my men the order to fire." Then by the might of one great soul under God the wave of assasination rolled back. Huzzah for Abd-el-Kader ! Although now we Americans and foreigners pass through the streets of Damascus unhindered, there is in many parts of the city the subdued hissing of a hatred for Christianity that if it dared would put to death every man, woman and child in Damascus who does not declare allegiance to Mohammed. But I am glad to say that a wide, hard, splendid turnpike road has within a few years been constructed from Beyrout, on the shore of the

Mediterranean, to this city of Damascus, and, if ever again that wholesale assassination is attempted, French troops and English troops would, with jingling bits and lightning hoofs, dash up the hills and down on this Damascus plain and leave the Mohammedan murderers dead on the floor of their mosques and seraglios. It is too late in the history of the world for governments to allow such things as the modern massacre at Damascus. For such murderous attacks on Christian missionaries and Christian disciples, the Gospel is not so appropriate as bullets or sabers sharp and heavy enough to cut through with one stroke from crown of head to saddle.

But I must say that this city of Damascus, as I see it now, is not as absorbing as the Damascus of olden times. I turn my back upon the bazars, with rugs fascinating the merchants from Bagdad, and the Indian textile fabric of incomparable make, and the manufactured saddles and bridles gay enough for princes of the Orient to ride and pull, and baths where ablution becomes inspiration, and the homes of those bargain-makers of to-day, marbled and divaned and fountained and upholstered and mosaiced and arabesqued and colonnaded until nothing can be added, and the splendid remains of the great mosque of John, originally built with gates so heavy that it required five men to turn them, and columns of porphyry and kneeling-places framed in diamond and seventy-four stained-glass windows and six hundred lamps of pure gold, a single prayer offered in this mosque said to be worth thirty thousand prayers offered in any other place. I turn my back on all these and see Damascus as it was when this narrow street, which the Bible calls Straight, was a great wide street, a New York Broadway or a Parisian Champs Elysees, a great

thoroughfare crossing the city from gate to gate, along which tramped and rolled the pomp of all nations. There goes Abraham, the father of all the faithful. He has in this city been purchasing a celebrated slave. There goes Ben Hadad of Bible times, leading thirty-two conquered monarchs. There goes David, king, warrior, and sacred poet. There goes Tamerlane, the conqueror. There goes Haroun al Raschid, once the commander of an army of ninety-five thousand Persians and Arabs. There comes a warrior on his way to the barracks, carrying that kind of sword which the world has forgotten how to make, a Damascus blade with the interlacings of color changing at every new turn of the light, many colors coming and going and interjoining, the blade so keen, it could cut in twain an object without making the lower part of the object tremble, with an elasticity that could not be broken, though you brought the point of the sword clear back to the hilt, and having a watered appearance which made the blade seem as though just dipped in a clear fountain, a triumph of cutlery which a thousand modern foundrymen and chemists have attempted in vain to imitate. On the side of this street, damasks, named after this city, figures of animals and fruits, and landscapes here being first wrought into silk—damasks. And specimens of damaskeening by which in this city steel and iron were first graven, and then the grooves filled with wire of gold—damaskeening. But stand back or be run over, for here are at the gates of the city laden caravans from Aleppo in one direction, and from Jerusalem in another direction, and caravans of all nations paying toll to this supremacy. Great is Damascus!

But what most stirs my soul is neither chariot, nor caravan, nor bazar, nor palace, but a blind man pass-

ing along the street, small of stature and insignificant in personal appearance. Oh, yes; we have seen him before. He was one of that cavalcade coming from Jerusalem to Damascus to kill Christians, and we saw him and his horse tumble up there on the road some distance out of the city, and he got up blind. Yes, it is Saul of Tarsus now going along this street called Straight. He is led by his friends, for he cannot see his hand before his face, into the house of Judas: not Judas the bad, but Judas the good. In another part of this city one Ananias, not Ananias the liar, but Ananias the Christian, is told by the Lord to go to this house of Judas on Straight Street, and put his hands on the blind eyes of Saul that his sight might return. "Oh," said Ananias, "I dare not go; that Saul is a terrible fellow. He kills Christians, and he will kill me." "Go," said the Lord, and Ananias went. There sits in blindness that tremendous persecutor. He was a great nature crushed. He had started for the city of Damascus for the one purpose of assassinating Christ's followers, but since that fall from his horse he has entirely changed. Ananias steps up to the sightless man, puts his right thumb on one eye, and the left thumb on the other eye, and in an outburst of sympathy and love and faith says: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul! The Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, has sent me that thou mayest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Instantly something like scales fell from the blind man's eyes, and he arose from that seat the mightiest evangel of all the ages, a Sir William Hamilton for metaphysical analysis, a John Milton for sublimity of thought, a Whitfield for popular eloquence, a John Howard for wide-spread philanthropy, but more than all of them put together inspired, thunderbolted, multipotent,

apostolic. Did Judas, the kind host of this blind man, or Ananias the visitor, see scales drop from the sightless eyes? I think not. But Paul knew they had fallen, and that is all that happens to any one of us when we are converted. The blinding scales drop from our eyes, and we see things differently.

A Christian woman, missionary among a most degraded tribe whose religion was never to wash or improve personal appearance, was trying to persuade one of those heathen women not only of need of change of heart, but change of habits, which would result in change of appearance, but the effort failed until the missionary had placed in her own hallway a looking-glass, and when the barbaric woman, passing through the hall, saw herself in the mirror for the first time, she exclaimed, "Can it be possible I look like that?" and appalled at her own appearance she renounced her own religion and asked to be instructed in the Christian religion. And so we feel that we are all right in our sinful and unchanged condition, until the scales fall from our eyes, and in the looking-glass of God's Word we see ourselves as we really are, until Divine grace transforms us.

There are many people in this house to-day as blind as Paul was before Ananias touched his eyes. And there are many here from whose eyes the scales have already fallen. You see all subjects and all things differently—God, and Christ, and eternity, and your own immortal spirit. Sometimes the scales do not all fall at once. When I was a boy, at Mount Pleasant, one Sunday afternoon, reading Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," that afternoon some of the scales fell from my eyes and I saw a little. After I had been in the ministry about a year, one Sunday afternoon in the village parsonage reading the

Bible story of the Syro-Phenician's faith, other scales fell from my eyes and I saw better. Two Sunday evenings ago, while preparing for the evening service in New York, I picked up a book that I did not remember to have seen before, and after I had read a page about reconsecration to God I think the remaining scales fell from my eyes. Shall not our visits to Damascus to-day result like Paul's visit, in vision to the blind, and increased vision for those who saw somewhat before?

I was reading of a painter's child who became blind in infancy. But after the child was nearly grown a surgeon removed the blindness. When told that this could be done, the child's chief thought, her mother being dead, was that she would be able to see her father, who had watched over her with great tenderness. When night came she was in raptures, and ran her hands over her father's face, and shut her eyes as if to assure herself that this was really the father whom she had only known by touch, and now looking upon him, noble man as he was in appearance as well as in reality, she cried out, "Just to think that I had this father so many years and never knew him!" As great and greater is the soul's joyful surprise when the scales fall from the eyes and the long spiritual darkness is ended, and we look up into our Father's face, always radiant and loving, but now for the first revealed, and our blindness forever gone, we cry, "Abba, Father!"

To each one of this vast multitude of auditors I say, as Ananias did to Saul of Tarsus when his sympathetic fingers touched the closed eyelids: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul! the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way that thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost!"

ACROSS MOUNT LEBANON.

“The cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted.”—Psalm civ., 16.

In our journey we change stirrup for wheel. It is four o'clock in the morning at Damascus, Syria, and we are among the lanterns of the hostelry waiting for the stage to start. A Mohammedan in high life is putting his three wives on board within an apartment by themselves, and our party occupy the main apartment of one of the most uncomfortable vehicles in which mortals were ever jammed and half-strangled. But we must not let the discomforts annul or disparage the opportunities. We are rolling on and out and up the mountains of Lebanon, their forehead under a crown of snow, which coronet the fingers of the hottest summer cannot cast down. We are ascending heights around which is garlanded much of the finest poesy of the Scriptures, and are rising toward the mightiest dominion that botany ever recognized, reigned over by the most imperial tree that ever swayed a leafy scepter—the Lebanon cedar; a tree eulogized in my text as having grown from a nut put into the ground by God himself, and no human hand had anything to do with its planting: “The cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted.”

The average height of this mountain is seven thousand feet, but in one place it lifts its head to an

altitude of ten thousand. No higher than six thousand feet can vegetation exist, but below that line, at the right season, are vineyards and orchards, and olive groves, and flowers that dash the mountain side with a very carnage of color, and fill the air with aromatics that Hosea, the prophet, and Solomon, the king, celebrated as "the smell of Lebanon." At a height of six thousand feet is a grove of cedars, the only descendants of those vast forests from which Solomon cut his timber for the temple at Jerusalem, and where at one time there were one hundred thousand axmen hewing out the beams from which great cities were constructed. But this nation of trees has by human iconoclasm been massacred until only a small group is left. This race of giants is nearly extinct, but I have no doubt that some of these were here when Hiram, king of Tyre, ordered the assassination of those cedars of Lebanon which the Lord planted. From the multitude of uses to which it may be put and the employment of it in the Scriptures, the cedar is the Divine favorite. When the plains to be seen from the window of this stage in which we ride to-day are parched under summer heats, and not a grass-blade survives the fervidity, this tree stands in luxuriance, defying the summer sun. And when the storms of winter terrify the earth, and hurl the rocks in avalanche down this mountain side, this tree grapples the hurricane of snow in triumph, and leaves the spent fury at its feet. From sixty to eighty feet high are they, the horizontal branches of great sweep with their burden of leaves needle-shaped, the top of the tree pyramidal, a throne of foliage on which might, and splendor, and glory sit. But so continuously has the extermination of trees gone on, that for the most part the mountains of Lebanon are bare of

foliage, while I am sorry to say the earth in all lands is being likewise denuded.

The ax is slaying the forests all round the earth. To stop the slaughter God opened the coal mines of England, and Scotland, and America, and the world, practically saying by that: "Here is fuel; as far as possible let My trees alone." And by opening for the human race the great quarries of granite, and showing the human family how to make brick, God is practically saying: "Here is building material; let My trees alone." We had better stop the axes among the Adirondacks. We had better stop the axes in all our forests, as it would have been better for Syria if the axes had long ago been stopped among the mountains of Lebanon. To punish us for our reckless assault on the forests, we have the disordered seasons; now the drouths because the uplifted arms of the trees do not pray for rain, their presence, according to all scientists, disposing the descent of the showers; and then we have the cyclones and the hurricanes multiplied in number and velocity because there is nothing to prevent their awful sweep.

Plant the trees in your parks that the weary may rest under them. Plant them along your streets that up through the branches passersby may see the God who first made the trees and then made man to look at them. Plant them along the brooks, that under them children may play. Plant them in your gardens, that as in Eden the Lord may walk there in the cool of the day. Plant them in cemeteries, their shade like a mourner's veil, and their leaves sounding like the rustle of the wings of the departed. Let Arbor Day, or the day for the planting of trees, recognized by the legislatures of many of the States, be observed by all

our people, and the next one hundred years do as much in planting these leafy glories of God as the last one hundred years have accomplished in their destruction. When, not long before his death, I saw on the banks of the Hudson, in his glazed cap, riding on horseback, George P. Morris, the great song writer of America, I found him grandly emotional, and I could understand how he wrote "Woodman, spare that tree!" the verses of which many of us have felt like quoting in belligerent spirit, when under the stroke of someone without sense or reason we saw a beautiful tree prostrated :

Woodman, spare that tree !
 Touch not a single bough !
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot ;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy ax shall harm it not.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend !
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend,
 Old tree ! The storm still brave !
 And woodman, leave the spot ;
 While I've a hand to save
 Thy ax shall harm it not.

As we ride along on these mountains of Lebanon, we bethink how its cedars spread their branches, and breathe their aroma, and cast their shadows all through the Bible. Solomon discoursed about them in his botanical works, when he spoke of trees "from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that

springeth out of the wall." The Psalmist says, "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon," and in one of his magnificent doxologies calls on the cedars to praise the Lord. And Solomon says the countenance of Christ is excellent as the cedars, and Isaiah declares, "The day of the Lord shall be upon all the cedars of Lebanon." And Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Amos and Zephaniah and Zechariah weave its foliage into their sublimest utterances.

As we ride over Lebanon to-day there is a howling wind sweeping past and a dash of rain, all the better enabling us to appreciate that description of a tempest, which no doubt was suggested by what David had seen with his own eyes among these heights, for as a soldier he carried his wars clear up to Damascus, and such a poet as he, I warrant, spent many a day on Lebanon. And perhaps while he was seated on this very rock against which our carriage jolts, he writes that wonderful description of a thunderstorm: "The voice of the Lord is powerful. The voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. Yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf, Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire."

As the lion is the monarch of the fields, and behemoth the monarch of the waters, the cedar is the monarch of the trees. And I think one reason why it is so glorified all up and down the Bible is because we need more of its characteristics in our religious life. We have too much of the willow, and are easily bent this way or that; too much of the aspen, and we tremble under every zephyr of assault; too much of the bramble tree, and our sharp points sting and wound;

but not enough of the cedar, wide-branched, and Heaven-aspiring, and tempest-grappling. But the reason these cedars stand so well is that they are deep-rooted. They run their anchors down into the caverns of the mountain and fasten to the very foundations of the earth, and twist around and clinch themselves on the other side of the deepest layer of rock they can reach. And that is the difference between Christians who stand and Christians who fall. It is the difference between a superficial character and one that has clutched its roots deep down around and under the Rock of Ages.

One of the Lebanon cedars was examined by a scientist, and from its concentric circles it was found to be thirty-five hundred years old and still standing, and there is such a thing as everlasting strength, and such a staunchness of Christian character that all time and all eternity, instead of being its demolition, shall be its opportunity. Not such are those vacillating Christians who are so pious on Sunday that they have no religion left for the week-day. As the anaconda gorges itself with food, and then seems for a long while to lie thoroughly insensible, so there are men who will on Sunday get such a religious surfeit that the rest of the week they seem thoroughly dead to all religious emotion. They weep in church under a charity sermon, but if on Monday a subject of want presents itself at the door, the beggar's safety will depend entirely on quick limbs and an unobstructed stairway. It takes all the grace they can get to keep them from committing assault and battery on those intruders who come with pale faces and stories of distress and subscription papers. The reason that God planted these cedars in the Bible was to suggest to us that we ought, in our

religious character, to be deep like the cedar, high like the cedar, broad-branched as the cedar. A traveler measured the spread of the boughs of one of these trees and found it one hundred and eleven feet from branch tip to branch tip, and I have seen cedars of Christian character that through their prayers and charities put out one branch to the uttermost parts of America, and another branch to the uttermost parts of Asia, and these wide-branched Christians will keep on multiplying until all the earth is overshadowed with mercy.

But mark you, these cedars of Lebanon could not grow if planted in mild climates and soft air, and in carefully watered gardens. They must have the gymnasium of the midnight hurricane to develop their arms. They must play the athlete with a thousand winters before their feet are rightly planted, and their foreheads rightly lifted, and their arms rightly muscled. And if there be any other way for developing strong Christian character except by storms of trouble, I never heard of it. Call the roll of martyrs, call the roll of the prophets, call the roll of the Apostles, and see which of them had an easy time of it. Which of these cedars grew in the warm valley? Not one of them. Honeysuckles thrive best on the south side of the house, but cedars in a Syrian whirlwind. Men and women who hear this or read this, instead of your grumbling because you have it hard, thank God that you are in just the best school for making heroes and heroines. It is true both for this world and the next. Rock that baby in a cradle cushioned and canopied; graduate him from that into a costly high chair and give him a gold spoon; send him to school wrapped in furs enough for an arctic explorer; send him through

a college where he will not have to study in order to get a diploma, because his father is rich ; start him in a profession where he begins with an office, the floor covered with Axminster, and a library of books in Russian morocco, and an armchair upholstered like a throne, and an embroidered ottoman upon which to put his twelve-dollar gaiters, and then lay upon his table the best ivory cigar-holder you can import from Brussels, and have standing outside his door a prancing span that won the prize at the horse fair, and leave him estate enough to make him independent of all struggle, and what will become of him ? If he do not die early of inanition or dissipation, he will live a useless life, and die an unlamented death and go into a fool's eternity.

But what has been the history of most of the great cedars in merchandise, in art, in law, in medicine, in statesmanship, in Christian usefulness ? “ John, get up and milk the cows ; it's late ; it's half-past five in the morning. Split an armful of wood on your way out so that we can build the fires for breakfast. Put your bare feet on the cold oilcloth, and break the ice in your pitcher before you can wash. Yes ; it has been snowing and drifting again last night, and we will have to break the roads.” The boy's educational advantages, a long oak plank without any back to it, in country school-house, and stove throwing out more smoke than heat. Pressing on from one hardship to another. After a while a position on salary or wages small enough to keep life, but keep it at its lowest ebb. Starting in occupation or business with prosperous men trying to fight you back at every step. But after a good while fairly on your feet, and your opportunities widening, and then by some sudden turn you

are triumphant. You are master of the situation, and defiant of all earth and hell. A Lebanon cedar! John Milton, on his way up to the throne of the world's sacred poesy, must sell his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for seventy-two dollars in three payments. And William Shakespeare, on his way up to be acknowledged the greatest dramatist of all ages, must hold horses at the door of the London theater for a sixpence, and Homer must struggle through total blindness to immortality, and John Bunyan must cheer himself on the way up by making a flute out of his prison stool, and Canova, the sculptor, must toil on through orphanage, modeling a lion in butter before he could cut his statues in marble. And the great Stephenson must watch cows in the field for a few pennies and then become a stoker, and afterward mend clocks before he puts the locomotive on its track and calls forth plaudits from parliaments, and medals from kings. Abel Stevens is picked up a neglected child of the street, and rises through his consecrated genius to be one of the most illustrious clergymen and historians of the century. And Bishop Janes, of the same church, in boyhood worked his passage from Ireland to America, and up to a usefulness where, in the bishopric, he was second to no one who ever adorned it.

While in banishment Xenophon wrote his *Anabasis* and Thucydides his "History of the Peloponnesian War," and Victor Hugo must be exiled for many years to the island of Guernsey before he can come to that height in the affections of his countrymen that crowds Champs Elysees and the adjoining boulevards with one million mourners, as his hearse rolls down to the Church of the Madeleine. Oh, it is a tough old world, and it will keep you back and keep you down, and keep

you under as long as it can. Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!

Stand, as the anvil when the stroke of stalwart men falls fierce and fast.

Storms but more deeply root the oak whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

Stand like an anvil; noise and heat are born of earth and die with time:

The soul, like God, its source and seat, is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

Thirty years from now the foremost men in all occupations and professions will be those who are this hour in awful struggle of early life, many of them without five dollars to their name. So in spiritual life it takes a course of bereavements, persecutions, sicknesses and losses to develop stalwart Christian character. I got a letter a few days ago saying: "I have hardly seen a well day since I was born, and I could not write my own name until I was fifty years of age, and I am very poor, but I am, by the grace of God, the happiest man in Chicago." The Bible speaks of the snows of Lebanon, and at this season of the year the snows there must be tremendous. The deepest snow ever seen in America would be insignificant compared with the mildest winter of snows on those Lebanon mountains. The cedars catch that skyful of crystals on their brow and on their long arms. Piled up in great hefts are those snows, enough to crush other trees to the ground, splitting the branches from the trunk and leaving them rent and torn never to rise. But what do the cedars care for these snows on Lebanon? They look up to the winter skies and say: "Snow on! Empty the white heavens upon us, and when this storm is passed, let other processions of tempests try to bury us in their

fury. We have for five hundred winters been accustomed to this, and for the next five hundred winters we will cheerfully take all you have to send, for that is the way we develop our strength, and that is the way we serve God and teach all ages how to endure and conquer." So I say: Good cheer to all people who are snowed under. Put your faith in God and you will come out gloriously. Others may be stunted growths, or weak junipers on the lower levels of spirituality, but you are going to be Lebanon cedars. At last it will be said of such as you: "These are they who came out of great tribulations and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But while crossing over these mountains of Lebanon I bethink myself of what an exciting scene it must be when one of the cedars does fall. It does not go down like other trees, with a slight crackle that hardly makes the woodsman look up, or a hawk flutter from a neighboring bough. When a cedar falls it is the great event in the calendar of the mountains. The axmen fly! The wild beasts slink to their dens. The partridges swoop to the valley for escape. The neighboring trees go down under the awful weight of the descending monarch. The rocks are moved out of their places, and the earth trembles as from miles around all ravines send back their sympathetic echoes! Crash! Crash! Crash! So when the great cedars of worldly or Christian influence fall, it is something terrific. Within the past few years how many mighty and overtopping men have gone down. There seems now to be an epidemic of moral disaster. The moral world, the religious world, the political world, the commercial world are quaking with the fall of Lebanon cedars. It is awful! We are compelled to cry out with Zech-

ariah the prophet, "Howl, fir trees, for the cedar is fallen!" Some of the smaller trees are glad of it. When some great dealer in stocks goes down the small dealers clap their hands and say, "Good for him!" When a great political leader goes down the small politicians clap their hands and say, "Just as I expected!" When a great minister of religion falls, many little ministers laugh up their sleeves and think themselves somehow advantaged. Ah, beloved brethren, no one makes anything out of moral shipwreck! Not a willow by the rivers of Damascus, not a sycamore on the plains of Jericho, not an olive tree in all Palestine is helped by the fall of a Lebanon cedar. Better weep and pray and listen to Paul's advice to the Galatians, when he says, "Consider thyself, lest thou also be tempted." No man is safe until he is dead, unless he be Divinely protected. A greater thinker than Lord Francis Bacon the world never saw, and he changed the world's mode of thinking for all time, his *Novum Organum*, a miracle of literature. With thirty-eight thousand dollars salary, and estates worth millions, and from the highest judicial bench of the world, he goes down under the power of bribery, and confessed his crime, and was sentenced to the Tower and the scorn of centuries. Howl, fir tree, for the cedar is fallen!

Warren Hastings, rising until he became Governor-General of India, and the envy of the chief public men of his day, plunges into cruelties against the barbaric people he had been sent to rule, until his name is chiefly associated with the criminal trial in Westminster Hall, where upon him came the anathemas of Sheridan, Fox, Edmund Burke, the English nation, and all time. Howl, fir tree, for the cedar is fallen! As eminent

instances of moral disaster are found in our own land and our own time, instances that I do not recite lest I wound the feelings of those now alive to mourn the shipwreck. Let your indignation against the fallen turn to pity. A judge in one of our American courts gives this experience. In a respectable but poor family, a daughter was getting a musical education. She needed one more course of lessons to complete that education. The father's means were exhausted, and so great was his anxiety to help his daughter that he feloniously took some money from his employer, and going home to his daughter said, "There is the money to complete your musical education." The wife and mother suspected something wrong, and obtained from her husband the whole story, and that night went around with her husband to the merchant's house and surrendered the whole amount of the money and asked forgiveness. Forgiveness was denied, and the man was arrested. The judge, knowing all the circumstances and that the money had all been returned, suggested to the merchant he had better let the matter drop for the sake of the wife and daughter. No! he would not let it drop, and he did all he could to make the case conspicuous and blasting. The judge says that afterward the same inexorable merchant was before him for breaking the law of the land. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall. Not congratulation, but tears when a cedar is fallen!

THE END.

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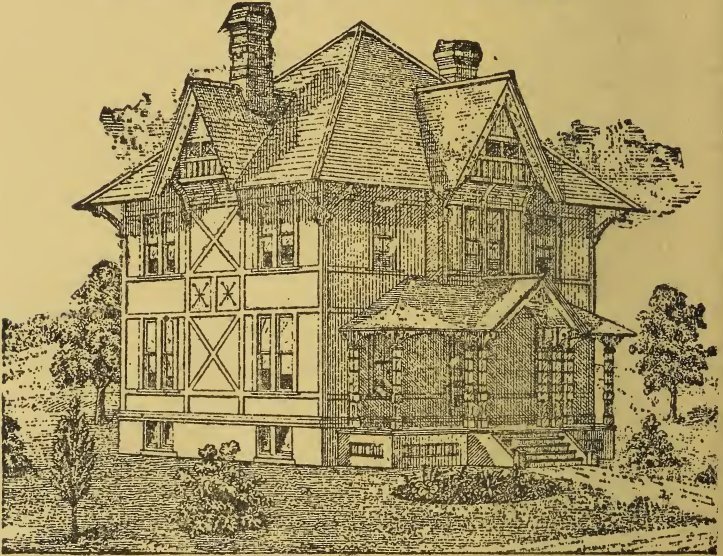
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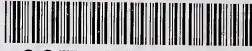
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