

but Nebuchadpezzar 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 ninety 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 ornamental 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.

Speaking of 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 tiptop 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 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 cast 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 round 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 the people. Oh, it is a lively night in yonder Bethany! The heretofore quiet village is filled with uproar, and outcry, and loud discussion about the strange acting countrymen. I do not think there was any sleep that night in that house where the stranger was stopping. Although He came in weary He finds no rest, though for once in His lifetime He had a pillow. 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 Savior mounts it, and the populace, excited and shouting and feverish, push on back towards the 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 for two miles, and as far as the eye can reach are seen wavings of demonstrations and approval. There is 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. Some rush up to the roadside trees and wrench off branches and throw them in his way; others doff their garments—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!" answer the people all up and down the mountain. The procession has now reached the border of yon Olivet. A magnificent prospect reaches out in every direction—vineyards, olive groves, jutting rock, silvery Siloam and, above all, rising on its throne of hills, this most honored city of all the earth, Jerusalem! Christ there, in the midst of the procession, looks off and sees her fortified gates, yonder the circling wall, and here the towers blazing in the sun, Phasaelus and Mariamme. 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. The crowd looked around to see exhilaration and transport in the face of Christ. Oh, no! Out from amid the gates, 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 horizon, 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 its streets, the loveliest and most majestic Being the world ever saw or ever will see. Publius Sentilius, 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 seam, or partition of His hair; forehead plain, and very delicate; His face

without spot or wrinkle, a lively red; His nose and mouth so forked that 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 dying in the outskirts of this 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 streets that so arouses you as the crimson dripping from his lips. 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 from his cheeks, blood saturating his garments, blood gathering 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 Germany was lifted, "King eternal, King immortal."

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 blood on his hand and analyzed it, it would have been found to have the same plasma, the same disk, the same fibres, 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 being. 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