

Sunday Reading

Jesus Lifted

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage

The story of four long spikes—two for the hands, and two for the feet—is ended. Even the hammer has been lost, and the antiquarian cannot find it. Wipe off the tears from the cheek, and drop the dirge out of the song and come to the coronation!

The grave of Christ is like the old jewel casket of some lordly house from which the jewels have been taken. One slight bolt now on a family vault is all that is necessary to keep the door of the dead shut, but a rock of a ton's

weight is not sufficient to keep shut our Saviour's tomb.

I think the greatest day in all the ages of heaven was the one in which Jesus went back. When Napoleon set foot in France after his return from banishment, many thousands flocked to his standard; but when Christ went up from the St. Helena of earthly exile and pain, all heaven turned out to greet Him.

Our great cities arose to welcome Alexis, not because of any wonderful achievement on his part, but simply because he was the son of a king. Our Jesus went in not only a royal son, but

the victor of a thousand battlefields; and the streets of heaven were full, and the doors of all the palaces were thronged, and some cried "Welcome!" and some shouted "Hosanna!" and some clapped their hands, and they who had harps struck them, and they who had palms waved them, and as He went up on the throne from which thirty years before He had descended, it was holiday in heaven!

There He sits in that high place—your Jesus and mine. Having had a share in His sorrows, we have a share in His triumphs. At the whirling on of His joy let all the churches of earth and heaven wave their banners of victory. Yonder He sits exalted, to pardon our sins!

At nightfall an army may be defeated, but during that night the troops rally, reinforcements come in, and at daybreak the battle reopens, and the lost ground is regained. On the Friday night of the crucifixion, Jesus went down seemingly defeated. But, in the tent of His grave, our Captain slept, getting ready for another battle; but when the morning of His resurrection broke, angels rode down the sky with swift despatch, and from the door of His tomb, as from the portholes of an invincible squadron, a volley broke that sent Death and Hell reeling into the pit. Our sins that in the dreadful nightfall seemed to be triumphant, are cut to pieces under the bombardment of the morning. Let the children tell it in the Sabbath-school class, and ministers of Christ preach it in the great congregation, and organs sound it in the thunder of open diapason, and heaven roll it from gate to temple, and from temple to throne, "Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour!"

He sits in that high place to hush our troubles. We cannot tell Him anything new about our trouble. I think that the soldier's spear was not thrust into Christ's side, and then pulled immediately out making a clean cut, but that it was turned around in the gash making so wide a wound that there will always be a hollow in His side large enough to enfold all our sorrows; and our troubles paining him in the very same spot, it will keep Him thinking of His earthly anguish, and every time He puts His hand on His side He will put His hand on our sorrows. Now He has for us an all-curative salve mixed of three ingredients, the sweat of His brow, the tear of His eye, and the blood of His heart: and having suffered with Him on earth we shall be glorified together.

Yonder He sits—the grave-breaker. Our Brother, having escaped from the wreck of death, will not leave us down in the white surf. Our Chief Butler, having escaped from the prison of the tomb, will not forget Joseph. He will see that the grave goes all to pieces. It shall be split at the top, to let in the light. It shall be split at the bottom, to let out our corruptions. It shall be split at the door, to let us come out. Highest slab or monument will not be a pebble large enough to jolt the chariot of our King. The pale horse unbridled, unsaddled, and riderless, will follow in the wake. It may be too soon to say it, but at the risk of making His assault upon my own soul more ferocious at the last, I will cry out, "O death! where is thy sting; O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" O Jesus! live for ever!

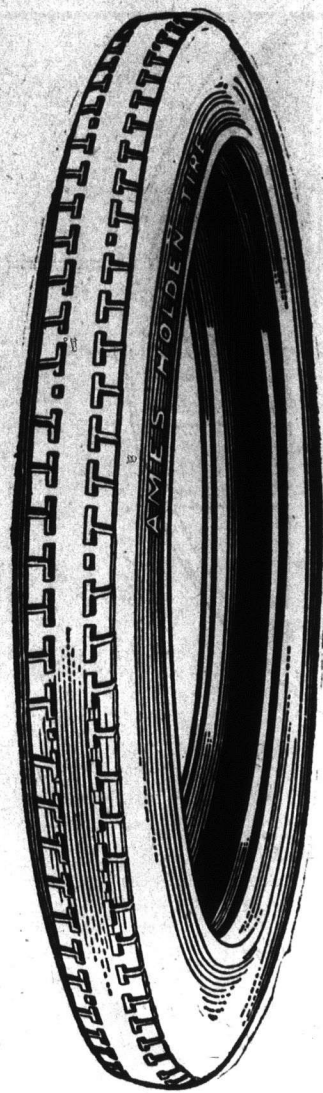
"All over glorious is my Lord,
He must be loved and still adored,
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too!"

Zaccheus

Jesus was coming to town. The people turned out en masse to see him. Here He comes—the Lord of Glory—on foot, dust-covered and road-weary, limping along the way, carrying the griefs and woes of the world. He looks to be sixty years of age when he is only about thirty. Zaccheus was a short man, and could not see over the people's heads while standing on the ground; so he got up into a sycamore tree that swung its arm clear over the road. Jesus advanced amid the wild excitement of the surging crowd. The most honorable and popular men of the city are looking on, and trying to gain his attention. Jesus, instead of regarding them, looks up at the little man in the tree, and says: "Zaccheus, come down. I am going home with you." Everybody was disgusted to think that Christ would go home with so dishonorable a man.

I see Christ entering the front door of the house of Zaccheus. The King of heaven and earth sits down; and as he looks around on the place and family, he pronounces the benediction of the

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