

III. HIS GOOD EXHORTATION.

1. *Sanctify yourselves.* v. 5.
"Create in me a clean heart." Psa. 51. 10.
2. *Sanctify the house.* v. 5.
"Holiness becometh thine house." Psa. 93. 5.

IV. HIS GOOD CONFESSION.

1. *Our fathers have trespassed.* v. 6.
"We and our fathers." Jer. 3. 25.
2. *Forsaken him.* v. 6.
"Forsaken the Lord." Isa. 1. 4.

V. HIS GOOD PURPOSE.

1. *It is in mine heart.* v. 10.
"My heart is fixed." Psa. 57. 7.
2. *To make a covenant.* v. 10.
"We make a sure covenant." Neh. 9. 38.

Thoughts for Young People. Some Personal Applications.

1. *The time for bold decisive action is youth.* Nearly all important choices must be made in early manhood and womanhood. Some opportunities never come to us; but every young person to-day is already deciding for or against God.

2. *Even a king cannot accomplish a reform among the people single-handed, but needs co-workers.* Let us make personal application of both sides of this truth. We should enlist others' sympathy in every good work undertaken by ourselves; and we should let no leader in holiness or nobility weaken or weary without our open and hearty support.

3. *Personal consecration must precede national consecration.* Much nonsense is talked about "national sins;" and even secular newspapers are ready to glibly tell us which are the guilty besetments of our own nation. But there are no national sins that are not first of all and chiefly sins of individuals, and there are few sins widely prevalent that would not be curbed if the Christian Church always dealt the heaviest blows possible on behalf of virtue.

4. *Sons and daughters suffer for the sins of their parents.* And we cannot ourselves sin without passing the retributive consequences on to others.

Lesson Word-Pictures.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

Blow, blow, wild, echoing trumpets, on every wall! Ring your notes down every street! Let the hill-tops around Jerusalem echo them back!

Hezekiah is king!

Only twenty-five years old, good people, but he will be your king for twenty-nine long, happy, blessed years, because years of right-doing! Let the trumpet ring again! It is not only Hezekiah but righteousness that has come to the throne. Once more let the trumpets peal! Let the people cry, "Long live King Hezekiah! Long live King Righteousness!"

It is the very first year of the young king's reign. It is in the first month. In the street is a sound of rumbling chariot-wheels. The cry echoes, "The king! The king!"

"What is our young king going to do?" murmures an old gray-beard. "Here comes his chariot! Heading for the old temple? Going to make an inspection? Going to make a change? Rather venturesome!"

No matter! Righteousness is on that chariot-seat. The horses head for the temple.

As the chariot rattles away the king may spy out some "high place" where other gods than Israel's Jehovah have been worshiped. How the king frowns! And at that group of idle men in the garb but without the occupation of Levi's children, standing listlessly at the corner, the young king frowns. But there are the temple courts ahead, and there is the temple itself! The courts are neglected, the doors are shut! Every thing wears a deserted, desolate air. O, how thronged once were those courts! But look at the temple itself, at those great dimly closed gates! The king gazes at them and then orders them thrown back. He enters. O, how silent, chilling, musty, neglected! And this is the temple that in the days of his great ancestor, Solomon, had been the scene of such magnificent worship—the king himself a suppliant, vast crowds prostrate in adoration, and very God in a dense, penetrating cloud coming down and filling all the spaces!

Hezekiah passes on.

There is the great altar of burnt-offering with its black, ashy, grimy top. The ashes are cold. Worship is dead.

There is the show-bread table. Only a few hard, moldy crumbs are on it. And what is that, a gangrened, empty old lamp? Once so brightly burning, its flame like a blossom of gold, like a gem of the sea, like a star of the night. Gone out now and long ago! Thus with softened, restrained step, the young king goes farther and farther. O, what desolation and sacrifice he witnesses!

He cannot bear it.

Summon those listless Levites from the street-corner! Hunt up the idle priests in the marketplace!

"What," they say, "wanted? This is something new! Perhaps the temple may be opened!"

They hurry away.

They are massed in the east street, and then young King Righteousness confronts those old sinners. His eyes flame. His words burn.

"Sanctify now yourselves!"

For what? For work, for worship. Clean out that temple. Prepare that altar. Make ready the incense. God's anger is hot because Zion is forsaken and her courts neglected.

Away, away! To work, to work! Purify, purify!