AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD. The glory has passed from the goldenrod's

plume. The purple-hued astors still linger in bloom: The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are red.

The maples like torches aflame overhead

But what if the joy of the summer is past, And winter's wild herald is blowing his blasti For me dull November is sweeter than May,

For my Love is its sunshine-she meets me to-day!

Will she come? Will the ring-dove return to her nest? Will the needle swing back from the east or

the west? At the stroke of the hour she will be at her

gate: A friend may prove laggard-love never comes late.

Do I see her afar in the distance? Not yet. Too early! Too early! She could not for-

get! When I cross the old bridge where the brook overflowed,

She will flash full in sight at the turn of the road.

I pass the low wall where the ivy entwines. I tread the brown pathway that leads through the pines;

I haste by the boulder that lies in the field, Where her promise at parting was lovingly

Will she come by the hillside or round

through the wood? Will she wear her brown dress or mantle and hood? The minute draws near-but her watch may

go wrong: My heart will be asking. What keeps her so long?

Why doubt for a moment? More shame if I do! Why question? Why tremble? Are angels

more true? She would come to the lover who calls her his own, Though she trod in the track of a whirling

cyclone. -I crossed the old bridge ere the minute had passed. I looked: lo! my Love stood before me at

Her eyes, how they sparkled, her cheeks how they glowed,

As we met, face to face, at the turn of the road! -Oliver W. Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly.

THE CAPTAIN'S SECRET.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

It was a pretty cottage where Captain Jonas Smith lived, standing back from the road, and almost overshadowed by a large oak tree, that had spread its protecting branches over the lovely Eden land below for nearly a century.

A long row of poplars on each side of the pebbly path leading to the front door reared their prim and stately forms, and shot their pointed peaks toward the

Yet a scene of sadness and loneliness, not easily to be accounted for, took possession for one as soon as the gates closed behind him with its sharp click, and by the time the front door was reached, it seemed as if one was entering a tomb. Curtains down; blinds closed from the garret to cellar, and no sign of life except the thin, vapory stream of smoke issuing from a small chimney

Mary Foster and myself had been Nina Smith's schoolmates two years before, at the - Academy, so on returning to our native town we agreed between ourselves to call upon her on our way home.

The reverberations of the heavy knocker filled us with dismay, as they sounded through the length and breadth of the house, long after we had brought the massive lion's head down three times lightly, as we thought, upon the polished

brass plate. After waiting fully fifteen minutes, a tall, bent figure, crowned with a shock of white hair, made its appearance, not at the door, but around the corner of the

"Fine ladies, in full rig," muttered the old man, seemingly undecided what to do on the occasion.

"Good morning, Captain Smith," cried sweet-voiced Mary. "Don't you know us, Jane Robertson and littly Mary Foster, who used to visit Nina, and who took such comfort listening to your 'sea yarns,' as you called them?"

"Oh, yes, yes. Them was happy days, young misses. Then Nina's mother was alive, and things went right,

Here the old man stopped short, as if suddenly remembering that he had left us young ladies on the door-step too long already.

"If you wouldn't mind coming in the back way, young misses. The wife has gone out and took the front door key with her, for fear I'd let some tramp in, and 'sile' the new hemp mat, and 'kidminister' carpet. She'll be back soon. Won't you sit down here in the kitchen?" and the garrulous old man placed a chair for us on each side of the mammoth cooking stove.

"Cozy room this," said Mary, trying to put the Captain at his case. fashioned brick oven and all. Oh, wouldn't I like being here about Thanksgiving time!"

"Yes, miss; this room's good enough in its proper sphere to cook in; but when my first wife was alive the whole house wasn't too good to use; and when I got home from a long v'yage, the village was alive to the fact by receiving invites to a table, and cried as if her heart would studding tea-party, or something of that

"You don't go to sea now, do you, Captain?" I ventured to remark.

"No; and everything is as dead as a door-nail. Even my little sun-beam can't over, and ran thus: stay here to shine on me. She's gone,

too-my Nina."
"Nina gone!" we both exclaimed in a breath. "Why, we came to call on

"Well, you see, she and the old wothat is, my present wife-didn't seem to Agree very well they spatted all the time. Now, my Nina, as you both know, young misses, is as sweet tempered as a south wind, but she's got spunk, she has-took it from me, you see; isn't responsible, and she would have her rights; so she's

"Where has she gone, Captain?" "To her Aunt Hepsy's, in Attlebor-ough. finey've got no children, and they love her, and they'll give her a good hoise. But that ain't much comfort to turned to America, married, and is now me, who have a home for her as good as the happy mother of three olive branches. the best, if she could feel free in it, which she don't, young misses, being | York Weekly. like a woodland bird shut up in a cage. And the old man's voice faltered, and

his dim eyes were drowned in unshed tears.

Sweet Nina! We all loved her at school, Captain Smith," said Mary; "and we are truly sorry for both her and you."

The Captain brightened up. Everybody loves her, I know, except the old-my wife, I should say; and she hates her, it seems to me. Now she's good enough to me. But 'love me; love my dog,' is my motto, young misses, and atween you an' me, I've got a nice littie secret. My neighbors-and Mrs. Smith, too, as to that-thinks me a comparatively young man. I own this house, and land adjoining, and ten thousand in the bank. But here comes in my little secret. Mum's the word young misses, for Nina's sake, till I'm anchored safe

t'other side." Here the Captain put his forefinger to his lips, and motioned us to do the same, as a silent contract that we would "keep

The act was scarcely accomplished when the back door opened, and in walked Mrs. Smith, shutting the door be-

hind her with a bang. We were duly introduced to a tall, thin, keen-eyed woman, dressed in sober gray, and with her hair drawn tightly and knotted at the back of her neck in the

smallest and severest possible shape.
"We came to call on Nina," I answered, in reply to her interrogation, 'and are sorry that she is not here."

Mrs. Smith eyed us searchingly, as she hung her quilted hood on the nail in the

"Well, for my part, I'm glad she's got some friends, for she's the biggest torment I ever undertook to govern, and I take it I've brought up a few children in my day, besides managing my first hus-band's 'prentice boys so that they darsn't say their souls were their own.'

"We always thought her very sweettempered," said Mary, "and her teachers loved her and felt bad at parting with

"I'm glad to hear it," said the irate Mrs. Smith; "but I'd as lief have a brace of wild cats in my house as to have 'Nine' Smith. The parlor and spare bedrooms must be opened at any time, or all times, for compeny-my rose bushes stripped for the vases-the best china displayed, and I can't tell you what all." "It was her mother's way," the old

man ventured to remark, deprecatingly. "Her mother's way! I'd like to know who her mother was, that her ways should be set up above the ways of Patience Smith, formerly Patience Higginbotham, formerly Patience Brown, known as the best housekeeper the country round;" and Mrs. Smith's eyes shot

·Not caring to be witnesses of this scene any longer, we rose to go, taking leave of Mrs. Smith at the door, while the old man walked with us to the gate. As we parted with him, he slipped a norocco case into Mary's hand.

"It is Nina's picture," he said; "keep it. I have another, and anyhow I shall be gone soon. Only promise me that the day after my funeral you will carefully take it out of its case and have it newly framed. Mary promised, and we went our way.

Mary Foster was my cousin, and the next six months I spent with her at her father's house in New York city.

So pleasantly did the time pass, that at the end of that time he had nearly forgotten Nina and her troubles, when one morning, at the breakfast table, we received one of her well-known epistles. It was addressed to Mary:

"DEAR MARY-Come to me, my darling. I am at home and in sorrow My dear father died to-day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, while the church bells were ringing. His last request was that I should send for you—that you should attend his funeral, and spend as much time with me afterward as you pos-sibly could. Bring Jane, if she is with you. My poor father, whom I loved so, is 'safely anchored in heaven's hund-locked harbor,' as he used so often to express his idea of eterna rest. His life for the last two years, harassed as he was by that woman, has not been pleasant. I trust he is now united to his beloved wife, my angel mother, in a brighter sphere. Come to me, Mary! Your loving "NINA."

Mary and myself started for Lenox the other day, and only arrived there in time for the funeral.

After the services were over, and the good old sea-captain had been laid to rest beside his wife in the little churchyard, the will was read in the parlor, where were congregated the immediate friends and relatives.

There was the hush of surprise, and almost horror, when the will had been read and it was found that the widow had come in for the Lenox homestead and money in bank, and that the poor orphan had been left penniless. It was a hard blow for Nina.

"She can live with me," said Mrs. Smith, "that is, if she will conform to my ways." Nina refused to be a slave where she had once been mistress; so, with our help,

she packed her trunks, ready to start home with us, to recruit her shattered health, and determe on her future. As we three girls sat around the fire in our cozy chamber that night, Mary bethought her of the miniature the Captain

had given to her on the occasion of her visit to his house. She took it from her bureau, and we mournfully compared the rosy, laughing face with that of the pale and sorrowful

one of the original. "I'll take it out of this lumbering morocco case," said Mary, "for I promised the Captain to have it newly framed

the day after his funeral." "Dear father," said Nina, I thought he loved me too well to leave me a beggar;" and she laid her head down on the

"What is this?" said Mary, as she unfolded a sheet of thin tissue paper that was neatly folded in the back of the large morocco case. It was closely written

"November 11th, 1884. "I, Jonas Smith, hereby bequeath to my beloved daughter, Nina (independent of the disposal of any other property hereafter) my estate in Bordeaux, France, and ten thousand pounds deposited to my credit in the Bank of

"(Signed), Jo "Witnesses—John Linwood. JONAS SMITH. Charles Janes. "November 11, 1884."

"Good, noble Captain!" said I.

"Happy Nina!" cried Mary. "How could I have doubted him?" murmured the contrite Nina, sinking on her knees.

Suffice it to say that the two happiest years of her life (after her orphanage) were spent on her estate in sunny France. After that, she sold her property, re-So much for the Captain's secret !- New

The truth never apologizes for coming.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

BLOATING OF COWS. Bloating indicates indigestion and is due to the formation of gas in the stomach from the fermentation of the undigested food. The remedy is to get rid of the indigestion, which may be done as follows: Give one quart of raw linseed oil, then feed bran mash twice a day with cut hay if the pasture is not good, with one teaspoonful each of powdered sulphate of iron and gentian root. Salt should be given daily .- New York

JUDGING THE AGE IN POULTRY.

'A correspondent writing from Cumberland, W. Va., asks how to tell the age in poultry. If for the table, examine the feet and legs; the size and appearance of the spur form a guide. The skin of the pullet or cockerel is smooth and has a fresh appearance, while that of the adult fowl yearly grows coarser and shriveled. Place the thumb and forefinger on either side of the back, near the "pope's nose" or oil receptacle, and press it; in young birds that part is supple, and in old birds it is difficult to bend. Another test is feeling of the top end of the breast bone. If the grizzle forming there is tenderand supple the bird in young. It is a more difficult matter to judge the age of ducks. Those ducks that have arrived at two and three years have a deep depression down the breast feathers, and their waddle becomes more and more ungainly .- New York World.

SAVING SEED CORN.

There is no better practice on the farm than that of saving seed corn in the early part of autumn. Great loss and vexation are avoided thereby, and the wonder is that so many farmers still refuse to avail themselves of this investment, which always yields a profit of a hundred to a simple and easy that all may partake thereof. In this latitude, corn begins to ripen about the first of September. All things considered, the earliest ears are the best ones to select and save; go through and examine the earliest that are maturing, having in view well-developed cars, medium sized grains, and brightness of color. In selecting yellow corn, choose golder-colored cars; for these possess characteristics of oilness and hardness as well as that of beauty. Remove all of the shuck except enough to suspend by, and then the ears are hung in a high and dry place and allowed to remain there until wanted. I have never known seed to fail when gathered and cared for in this way, even when the temperature went down to thirty degress below zero. -American Agriculturist.

PAVING CHANNELS.

It is impossible to rid ourselves of water courses where the inclines of the land meet. On hillsides we may lessen gullying by stopping some channels as soon as they are made. But we must have some channels, for the water will flow off the land. It is idle to stop streams, for the water will make another way for itself and the loss of soil will be greater than if nothing had been done. Wise measures consist in closing unnecessary channels, and in so managing the others that the loss of soil and the inconvenience in cultivation will be the least possible. Where the amount of water to be carried off is not large, and the incline is not sharp, the deepening or widening of the channel can be prevented by seeding it to grass and leaving the grass when the field is put in cultivated crops. It may be necessary to raise the channel somewhat first, which can be done by putting in occasional dams of brush, stumps, or stones, to catch the "wash." The channel should be no deeper than is necessary to carry off the water, that the difficulty of crossing with teams and implements may be reduced to the minimum. Where stones are abundant it will be profitable to pave the streams which are too large to be controled by grass. If this work at first sight seems laborious, it is well to reflect that it need not all be done in a day, a week, or a year. We have in mind several farms of which some fields are so stony that the land must be kept clear for cultivation, while in other fields streams cut through a loose soil so deep that they cannot be crossed by a mower or grain drill. These channels could be raised and then paved with the stones from the other fields, and, if the work was done with reasonable care, it would last for a lifetime .- American Agricul-

MAKING VINEGAR. To make vinegar from apples by the natural process requires at least a year; and often, under unfavorable conditions, a still longer time, but when thus made it is so much superior for all family purposes to the quickly manufactured vinegars that no comparison can be fairly made between them. With farmers vinegar-making begins with the early dropping of apples in the fall or late summer No one variety is considered better than another. All are mixed indiscriminately for this purpose. Not much care is exercised in gathering them from the ground, but rotten apples should not be

The apples are ground in any kind of a mill and the juice expressed in the same way as for cider. It is, however, better to shovel the pomace into large ets, if desired for marketing. casks or vats and let it so remain until quite sour, when the juice will be more thoroughly pressed out. This should then be put into casks and remain long enough for the fine particle of pomace to settle to the bottom and remain as sediment.

After this the sour cider should be drawn off into barrels and not quite full. These should stand where they will get the influence of the warm fail weather. Until fully made, let barrels remain without bungs, insects being kept out by a gauze covering over the bung-hole. On the advent of winter the barrels should go to a vinegar-house, warmed by arti-ficial heat, or if no provision of that kind has been made, should be kept from sebrought out into the sun again in the

The desired acidity is produced sooner by keeping the liquid in barrels than in er to look after. large casks or vats. Vinegar barrels should be iron-hooped and be kept well painted. Where the juice is so rich in sugar as to be slow in turning to vinegar and remains as hard cider instead some dilution with water is often necessary to Brahma is also a very popular fowl, and hasten the change. The change to vine- | deserves its position.

gar may also be brought about sooner by running the liquid slowly in a small stream from one barrel to another, by which it is more exposed to the atmosphere than when remaining at rest in a solid body. Leaching it through beach dips or corncobs that have been saturated with old vinegar or putting a gallon or two of old vinegar into each barrelere other methods for accomplishing the same purpose .- New York World.

FEED FOR THE FARM TEAM.

The question sometimes arises with the farmer if the farm can be kept to good advantage on hay alone, and if such feed would keep them in good order for work. Hay varies greatly in quality, and it is not therefore easy to compare its actual feeding value with that of grain. In a general way corn is estimated to be worth twenty-two dollars per ton, and good medium hay, by the same standard, is considered to be worth thirteen dollars, and extra at as high as seventeen dollars per ton. If corn is worth fifty cents a bushel it is as cheap as medium hay at twelve dollars per ton.

Any horseman will tell you that it is not good policy to feed hay alone to the work team, even if there were the same nutritive value in it as in a part grain ration. Hay is a bulky food, and the horse has to eat too much of it to get the same benefit that he would derive from the part grain ration. He should have at least thirty pounds a day to furnish him the proper nutriment if fed on that alone, but such an amount would fill his stomach too full to allow free action of the muscles. It would make him logy, and he would require more time to eat than he might always be allowed in the busy season of the year. The better way, undoubtedly, is to feed say fifteen pounds of hay a day and make up the balance of the ration in grain.

What shall the ration be? If it be corn, it should be ground and mixed with a little fine cut hay wet a little, so that the particles of the meal may not go into the stomach in a plastic condition, but be separated by the hay so that the thousand per cent. The method is so gastric juices of the stomach may easily act upon it. Oats and corn, or oats, corn and rye can be ground together to good advantage and mixed with moistened hay. If oats are scarce, mix twice the amount of bran with the corn meal. Middlings are a good feed; and contain from thirty to fifty per cent. more nutriment than hay. Oats alone with good hay are about as good a ration as most farmers need look for. Of course, if a horse is used for light work only he can get along with a very little grain; may not need any, and if the hay doesn't cost more than eight dollars or even ten dollars a ton it is an economical food .- New York Independent.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Provide plenty of dry fuel. How about that farm dairy? Milk fast and vex not the cow. Have you cleaned out the well? How about your Farmers' Club? Make tramps work or go hungry. Prepare for the farmers' institutes. Take good care of the corn fodder. Some prefer tile to "carthing up" for oleaching celery.

Exercise your breeding animals; they rill do better for it.

Cows and cattle at pasture need more salt than on dry hay. A variety of farms or soils call for a

variety of farm practice. The wild grasses generally thrive under cultivation.

No better or cheaper insect destroyer can be found than the toad. Good books and periodicals pay large dividends. Invest in them.

There will be no loss of ammonia if the manure heap is kept moist. It pays abundantly to drain wet soils;

it makes them surer and better. Don't allow Jack Frost to put a blight-

ing mortgage on any of your crops. The man who always has strictly fresh eggs to sell need never suffer for a mar-

Corn is good feed; but something nore albuminous fed with it makes it better. Be careful not to bruise apples and

other fruit. The bruised spots are where decay begins. Old pastures afford richer and more

nutritious feed than new ones, and in greater variety. Clear out all the old rubbish where insects can live and breed next year to de-

stroy your fruit. Don't wait until the beans are half shelled out on the ground before you harvest them, and then complain that there is not "half a crop."

The alert fruit grower will endeavor to make everything he grows bring in some returns, and will avoid waste of every

sort. Are you on the alert? If you have any late sown peas dust them with flour of sulphur to prevent mildew. The dry pods of Lima beans should be gathered for winter use as fast as they ripen.

If you got the turnips in too thick it may pay to go over the patch and thin them out; it will not be much work, and those you pull out will not be lost, as you can feed them.

Pick grapes after the dew has dried from them, and without disturbing the bloom upon them. After standing a few hours pack carefully and closely in bask-

In digging potatoes get no more out of the ground in a day than you can get under cover; it may freeze some night, and this year people who pay for Irish notatoes don't want sweet ones.

To obtain pansies early next spring the seeds should be sown early this fall in a finely prepared soil. Sow in rows, two inches apart, dust fine soil over it and press down with a brick or board. The winter crop of celery should have

earth enough to keep it erect until the

plants drawn tightly together so as to avoid getting the soil into the heart. A chick that is not kept warm and dry for the first five or six weeks of its existvere freezing in some other way and be ence will become stunted and stop growing fast. This is where brooder hatched birds grow the best and avoid dampness. It is a very important matter to the breed-

> Plymouth Rocks, barred or white, will always have admirers; slowly but surely have they won the admiration of the farmer and breeders, and to-day they rank among the first and best.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON.

Subject: "In Jerusalem."

TEXT: "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 gran-deurs 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 any one who and yet I can understand how any one 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, "II forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!" You see it is a city unlike all ethers 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 birthplaces, for sepulchers, for conflagrations and famines, for victories and defeats. victories and defeats.

I am here at last in this very Jerusalem and on a housetop, just after the dawn of the morning of December 3, with an old in-habitant 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 unpreju-diced mind can have a moment's doubt as diced mind can have a moment's doubt as to where it is. Yonder 1 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 be-neath the forehead of the hill is a cavern that looks like cycless sockets. Within the grotto under it is the shape of the inthe 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 cutside the gate, while the site formerly selected was inside the gate. Besides that, this skull hill was for ages the placa where malefactors were put to death, and Christ was slain as a malefactor.

The Saviour's exessing took place he

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 ted another site as Calvary, all recent travelers agree that the one I point 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 went eisewhere, and sickness or gedient 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 whiteso suggestive of purity and the crimson of sac-rifice that I said, "That stone would be beaurifice that I said, "I hat stone would be beau-tifully 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 ity, and that makes it son being the third structure, a work such as no other church was ever called on to un-dertake—we invite you in the main entrance of that building to look upon a me-morial 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 Sirai, the other reLt 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 Cavalry, 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 to read a chill blast struck the full and a cloud hovered, the natural solemnity im-pressing the spiritual solemnity. I read a little, but broke down. I defy any emo-tional Christian man sitting upon Gol-gotha 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 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, for give 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

whattears, 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 too and the sides and the foot of the hill a mob raged. They gnash their teeth and shake their clinched 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 pardoned. Here a man dips a sponge into sour wine, and by 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 the world saw never before or since. It was the world saw never before or since. It was not a solar eciipse, such as astronomer 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 sighed 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 centre from which continents have been touched, and all the world shall yet be moved. Toward this hill the prophets pointed forward. "foward

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 might-iest canvas, and sculptors cut the richest marble, and orchestras rolled their grandest cratorios and churches lifted their greatest doxologies and heaven built its highest weather gets cool. In earthing keep the

Unable longer to endure the pressure o

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 sepulchre." I think this was the garden was a sepulchre." I midst of the garden was a sepulchre." I think this was the garden and this the think this was the garden and this the sepulchre. 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 wranged in His last slumphar. On some of wrapped in His last slumber. On some of these rocks the Roman government set its seal. At the gate of this mausoleum on the on the first Easter morning the angels rolled the stone thundering down the hill. Up these steps walked the lacerated feet of the Con-queror, and from these heights He looked off upon the city that had cast Him out and

thrones.

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 the prophecy. In Jeremiah, thirty-first chaper and fortieth verse, it is said that Jerusalem shall be built through the ashes. What ashes nearly have been asking. Were those ashes 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 analysis, and it has been found to be the ashes cast out from the sacrifices of the ancient temple—ashes of wood and ashes of 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 that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel to the gate of the cor-ner, 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

the Scriptures! Pass by the place where the corner stone of the ancient temple was laid three thousand years ago by Solomon.
Explorers have been digging, and they found that corner stone 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 corner stone. Yonder, from a depth of forty feet, a signetring 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 propphecy, 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. ters 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 slipars that we must at the property of the same of the same and the same of the

pers 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 clean 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 waiting place of the Jews, where for centuries, almost perpetually, during the daytime 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 and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to sea 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; We sit in solitude and monrn; 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; Nor release who have stumbled. 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 architec-tural majesty, but in a moral splendor that shall eclipse forever all that David or Solo-

mon saw.

But I must get back to the housetop 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 housetop I see that the city was built for military safety. Some old warrior, I warrant, selected the spot. It stands on a hill 2600 feet above the level of the sea, and deep ravines on three sides do stands on a hill 2000 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

Hippicus, Phasaelus, Mariamne, frowning death upon the approach of all enemies.

As I stood there on the housetop 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 Movich thas site of the angient temple, disap-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 something 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 magnifi-cence! Bewildering range of porticos and ten gateways and double arches and Corin-thian capitals chiseled into lilies and acan-thus. Masonry beweled and grooved into thus. Masonry bevelou and growth such delicate forms that it seemed to tremble in the light. Cloisters with two rows of Corin the light. Cloisters with two rows of Corinthian columns, royal arches, marble isteps 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 facade 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 gildel pinnacle the frozen prayer of all ages!

From this housetop on the December after-noon 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 styles of colored marbles surmounted by arabesque, vermilion and gold, looking down on mosaics, inusic 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! God! Joy of the whole earth! Stronger than Gibraltar and Sebastopol, surely it never could have been captured!

But while standing there on the housetop 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 red-dened with human gore. Yonder are the towers, but again and again they fell. Yonder are the high walls, but again and again they are 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 be 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. en-

slaved 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 Nebuchagezer, come down and take Nebuchadnezzar come down and take a plunder from Jerusalem such as no other city ever had to yield, and ten thousand of her citizens trudge off into Babylonian bondage. Look, another siegel and Nebuchad-nezzar and his hosts by night go through a breach of the Jerusalem wall, and the morning finds some of them seated tri-umphant 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.

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 bowlders against the walls and towers, and miners digging under the city making galminers digging under the city making gal-leries 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 that most absorbs us is that of the Crusaders. England and France and all Christendom wanted to capture the Holy Sepulchre and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Mohammedans, under the command of one of the loveliest, bravest and mightlest 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 Cour de Lion, King of England; Philip Augustus, King of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey and other valiant men, marching on through fevers and olaques 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 hatreds among themselves were given up, and Raymond and Targed the bitterset rivels embraced while

selves 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 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 Crusadera, 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 rolluted

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 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 of David, but of David's Lord, and Jerusa-lem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that neaving 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.

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 to Jerusalem. Many of them had spent their last farthing to get there, and they had left some of those who started 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 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 con-tent; I have been it! I have seen it?" Some tent; I have been 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. Hallelujahl

Amen!

From Great Heights. Telling how the big-horn sheep of the Rocky Mountains descend from great heights into the valleys below, a writer

in the Kansas City Star says: Their manner of descent has been discovered and is easy enough-for a big horn—when you once witness it.
All through these mountains you will find seams and rifts which split the precipices from top to bottom. The rock has been torn asunder by some force of nature, and the result in many instances is a cleft or split where the walls are not separated twenty feet, and yet run from the bottom to the top of the cliff, some hundreds of feet. That the rocky sides were once together may be seen in the protuberances of one wall corresponding to the depressions in the

other. The big horn is the prince of caution. Before he is found anywhere he has made a complete war map of the neighborhood, which he carries locked in his wooly head. When he disports himself on some dizzy plateau he is always sure of an outlet. No cul de sac for him; he is too good a mountaineer for that. Before he nibbles a mouthful of the crisp herbage he has looked up one of these deep rifts which go down to the valley below. The moment he is disturbed he makes straight for it. Arriving at the verge he never hesitates, but jumps boldly out and down, aiming for the other side of the deep crevice. This he strikes with his four hoofs, which are hard as cast steel, and at once leaps back for the other side. He descends perhaps fifteen or eighteen feet at a leap, and as he could not restrain a foothold for a moment at any one of the places he strikes the rock, he never pauses in his zigzag leaping until the last one brings him to the valley, hundreds of feet below. That crevice is the big horn's stairway, and that is the way he descends.

Great Japanese Weaving. Advices from Tokio say that an ex-

traordinary piece of Japanese weaving, which is now in the international exhibition at Tokio, will shortly find its way to New York city, having been purchased for \$12,000 by a broker on behalf of a rich American whose name is not given. It is of the design known as tsuzure-ori or pierced weaving. It is of great size, the design being equestrian archery. The distinctive feature of this kind of weaving is that the whole margin of the design is perforated like the joining of postage tamps so that when the whole piece is held up to the light, the design of the artist seems to be suspended in the body of the fabric. In Japan this kind of weaving has been regarded as a tour de force of the artist, and this particular piece of tapestry is the largest and finest, and has commanded the highest price of anything of the kind yet produced .- Chicago

Herald. MRS. MILLER, wife of the Governor of North Dakota, dropped into the office of a newspaper at Dryden, N. Y., recently, and set a couple of stickfuls of matter, as a reminder of the old days when she was a compositor in that office and the Governor was "making up" to her.