TEXT: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."-

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 any one who has ever been at Jerasalem 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, let 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 birthplaces, for sepulchers, for confiagrations and famines, for 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 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 Caivary?" 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 be-neath 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 cutside 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 tho. oughfare. I saw at Cairo, Egypt, a clay mould of that skull hill, made by the and imposed upon by having three crosses exhumed before her dim eyes as though they were to the selected another s

travelers agree the you was without errific and over planet ever witness There were a thousand things to see that third day of December, a drag man proposed this and that and the other journey, but I said: "First of all show days us Calvary. Something might happen if we stood putt 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 Jerem ah'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 sac-rifice that I said, 'That 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. lown the hill and transthat day comes for which the dedication klyn Tubernacle, the third imisa structure we have reared in this city, and that makes it somewhat difficult, trance of that building to look upon a me-

being the third structure, a work such as no other church was ever called on to undertake-we invite you in the main enmorial 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 Fina, 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. 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 cioud hovered, the natural solemnity impressing the spiritual solempity. 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 section 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 toe 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 stick lifts it to the hot and cracked lips. The hemorrhage of the five wounds has done

The atmospheric conditions are such as the the world saw never before or since. It was not a solar eclipse, such as astronomers ecordor we ourselves have seen. It was a reavement of the heavens! Darker! until 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. Toward this hill the apostles and martyrs pointed backward. To this all heaven pointed down-

ward. 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

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 sepulchre." I 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 Kinz 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 Conqueror, and from these heights He looked off spon the city that had cast Him out and

upon the world He had come to redeem and up—the brazen sea, and the two wreathed at the heavens through which He would soon pillars, Jachin and Boaz.

But we must hasten back to the city. There are stones in the wall waich 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, people have been asking. Were those ashes put into the prophecy to fill up? No! Tae 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 wood and ashes of bones of animals. There are great mounds of asue: accumulation of centuries of sacrificas. It has taken all these thousands of years to dis-

cover 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 Hananesi to 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 corner stone of the ancient temple was laid three thousand years ago by S domon.

Explorers have been digging, and they found that corner stone saventy-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. Yon-der, 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." 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 Umar, 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 sucred 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 late General Gordon, the arbiter of nations. a rock with an opening in it, through which, While Empress Helens, eighty years of age, or doubt, the blood of sacrifice in the ancient down and away. At vast exue has been built, but so som-I am glad to get through it,

eumbrous slippers and step of stone which is part of reached from Mount ion, and over it David prayers in the temple. lace of the Jews, where perpetually, during the ations of the Jews have 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 and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see Abraham, with tears rolling down their chea s and lips tram. bling with emotion, a book before them, bewalling the of psalms open before them, bewalling the P uin of the an-zient temple and the captivity of their race, and crying to God for the restoration of the temple in all its original splen for. Most affecting scene! And such a pra yer as that century after century, I am shire God will answer, and in some way the deported grandeur will return or something patter. 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 overthrows, We sit in solitude and mourn: For our majesty that is departed, We s't in solitude and mourn: For our great men that lie dead, We sit in solitude and mourn; We shin so itude and moura.

Larusalem will come again to more than les it may not be precious stone tural majesty, but in a moral splendor shall eclipse forever all that David or Solo-

mon saw. But I must get back to the lousetop 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 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 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 your-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 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 fortysix years in building it. Blaze of magnifi cence! Bewildering range of porticos and ten gateways and double arches and Corinthian capitals chiseled into lilies and acan-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 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 barmonious 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 one

rozen prayer of all ages!
From this housetop on the December afterrozen prayer of all ages! noon we look out in another direction, and I see the king's palace covering a hundred and sixty thousan I quare feet, three rows of windows inlumining the inside brilliance, the ballway wainscoted with styles of colored the towers of the temple were as longer visi- marbles surmounted by arabesque, vermilion and gold, looking down on me 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 if 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 reddened with human gore. Yonder are the towers, but again and again they fell. Youder 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 Sennacherih exsurvey nations at his engriot wheel, having taken two hundred thousand captives in his one campaign: Phoenician 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 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 siege! and Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts by night go througa 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

RELIGIOUS READING.

IF WE KNEW.

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 bowiders against the walls and towers, and miners 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. Ail is taken now but the temple, and Titus, the conquerar, wants to save that unharmel, 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 siegs that most absorbs us is that of the Crusaders. England and France and all Christendoin wanted to capture the Holy Sepulchre 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 Cour 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 energes 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 P.ichard 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 Tenered, 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 wail, 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 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 For this purpose the Scriptures are incommade a worthy type of that heaving city which St. John saw, "the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God." Through its gates may we all enter when our galres to be possessed with more of external work is done, and in its toggle, greater than nelps, more learning and good guides, more all the earthly tempies piled in one may we knowledge of the historical development

Russian pilgrims lined all the roads around the Jerusalem we visited last winter. They hell walked hundreds of miles, and their feet ad 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 look upon Jerusalem," and her head lifted, she took one look, an' said: "Now I die content; 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 of God and the Lamb, and one goo I look at the "king in his beauty," will more than all the toils and tears and the pilgrimage. Hallelujahl

Remarkable Somnambulism.

A remarkable somnambulistic feat was performed a few nights ago by Christoher Medway, of Cave City, Ky., Mr. Medway is a prominent lawyer and a scion of one of Kentucky's oldest families. In 1:61, at the breaking out of the war, his father packed up his silver plate, which was very valuable, and hid it in the Mammoth Cave.

This was done in the midst of great hurry and confusion, and owing to some oversight the place was left unmarked, and when, in 1865, the Medways wished to dig the silver up no one could recolself present. Immedialely the mosque of lect with any certainty the spot, and though it was sought for, off and on, for vears it was never located, and the numerous excavations resulting in no discovery it was finally believed that some one had stolen the box and refilled the

Mr. Medway's father died convinced that it was so, and for more than ten years no one gave further thought to the matter. But recently Mrs. Medway revived the subject by relating the story to some friends in her husband's hearing. and that gentleman says he went to bed wondering if his lather's belief in the theft of the box was correct, and that on falling to sleep he ic-enacted the scene of the removal and burial of the silver at which he was present, though only a boy of fourteen.

When he awoke he found himself lying on the ground close to a large rock and in black darkness, except for a faint gleam of light in the far distance. At first he experienced some difficulty in realizing where he was, but when he did concluded, on remembering his dream, that he had managed to slip by the night watchman, into the cave, and, his memery, singularly aroused in his slumbers, had found his way to the spot where he had seen the silver buried

twenty-nine years before. After marking the rock, he made his way to the gate through which he saw the morning light stealing, and as he was in his night dress, called to the watchman and despatched him after his clothes. He then hired workmen to dig in the spot where he had found himself on awakening, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing them lift out the case of silver, which being opened was found intact .- [New York Telegram.

Old Age and Horse Flash. ..

It is doubtless true that we have no such collection of old men eminent in public life as England can boast, but we have some horsey men of advanced sage Mr. Frang Work, who was upset the other day while driving a pair of skit-tish colts, and who pluckily held on to the lines till something broke, is three score and ten. Mr. C. J. Ham'in, of Buffalo, who lately accomplished the wonderful feat of driving two horses, bred by himself, a mile in 2,154, is in his seventieth year. There is a professional trotting horse driver in Vermont still in active service who has seen eighty-three summers; and a citizen of New York of precisely the same age was arrested on Monday last for stealing a horse and wagon. These facts speak for themselves and prove conclusively that even an American can live to be old and vigorous provided that he has a taste for horseflesh .- Boston Post

Emergency.

Could we but draw back the curtains That surround each other's lives, to be in readiness in case of a riot, but thay See the naked heart and spirit, were not called out. Knew what spur the action gives, Often we should find it better, Purer than we judge we should-

We should love each o her better If we only understood. Could we judge all deeds by motives, See the good and bad within, Often we should love the sinner All the while we loathe the sin. Could we know the powers working encounter.

To o'erthrow integrity. We should judge each other's errors With more patient charity. If we knew the care and trials, Knew the effort all in vain,

-[Woman's Work.

And the bitter disappointment, Understood the loss and gain, Would the grim, eternal roughness Seem, I wonder, just the same? Would we help where now we hinder? Would we pity where we blame? Ah! we judge each other harshly, a

Knowing not life's hid-len force;

Is less turbid at its source, Seeing not amid the evil All the golden grains of good: we'd love each other better If we only understood.

Knowing not the fount of action

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE. It is wholly out of my power to reply to your letter in the manner which its purpose would recommend and its object requires. But I am unwilling altogether to withhold a few words which may, at any rate, serve as an indication of sympathy with your desire to profit by the treasures of the divine Word I will not dwell on the need of a light from above, or the duty of seeking it; of being vigilant against the excuse of the slothful spirit; of cultivating bumility; of bearing in mind that God has, through all the long ages, had a people whom he has led; that we are not the first who come to the wells of salvation opened by Christ and His apostles. I will assume that you are strict adherents of method in this great study, so as to make your results comprehensive. In this view I recommend you to consider whether the table of lessons, old or

new, may not be of much use. Two things, however, especially I commend to your thoughts. The first is this: Christianity is Christ and nearness to Him and His image is the end of all your efforts. Thus the Gospels, which continually pre entto us one pattern, have a kind of precedence among the books of Holy Scripture. I advise your remembering that the Scriptures have two purposes -one to feed the people of God on green pastures, the other to serve for proof of doctrine. These are not divided by a sharp line from one another, yet they are provinces, on the whole, distinct, and in some ways different. We are variously called to various works; but we all require to feed in the pastures and to drink

at the wells. parably simple to all those willing to be fed. which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and | The same cannot be said in regard to the proof or construction of doctrine. This is a desirable work, but not for us all. of our religion, which development is one of the most wonderful parts of all human history, and, in my opinion, affords also one of the strongest demonstrations of its truth and the power and goodness of God .- [Mr. Gladstone to a Leader of a Men's Bible Class in Manchester.

BIBLICAL EMBLEMS OF RETRIBUTION. The Scriptural emblems of the endless death have a secret burden of significance. An abyss of meaning yawns behind and beneath them. They do not mean what we mean when we flip them like peppercorns into the air with the go-by. They are all mere figures of speech. Figures of speech, indeed, they are; but figures-that is, pictures-of eternal verities, the most fearfully tragic of all that we know in the history of the univer-e. They are prophecies. They are heavy-laden with God's infinite indignation. They mean what inspired men saw in awe-struck vision, of the cycles of duration in which the infinitely holy sensibilities of God shall express themselves in undying wrath against undying wrong.

Those which our Lord originated mean what He foresaw when His mission as the Judge of the living and the dead dawned upon His trembling consciousness. They mean what they seem when weighed with the retributive enginery of the spiritual body. any man shall take away from the words of the Book of this prophecy. God shall take away his part out of the Book of Life." The modern pulpit needs the biblical emblems in retributive discourse to arrest an alarming decadence of the popular taith in the reality of retributive inflictions. Of the fact of such decadence I am compelled to judge, not from personal hearing, but from corres-

This source of information has brought to my heritage evidence of such signs of the times as these, namely, that many of our preachers, with no avowal, and probably with no consciousness of unbelief, do not preach the doctrine of endless punishment at all; that many more preach it only by implication in the discussion of collateral truths; that in many pulpits it is taught more by censure of its extremes and abuses than by the calm, balinced, compassionate, yet bold, presentation of its biblical forms; that it is seldom proved as a fundamental element of evangelical faith: that often its proofs are so weighted by its difficulties that the impression, as a whole, is that of a negative; that, to a very considerable extent, it is evaded in the instructions of our Sunday schools and Bible classes; and that the more amiable features of the divine government are obtruded in such disproportion that the biblical equipoise of truth is hopelessly broken. The retributive sentiment is, to a large extent. dropped out of the popular conception of the character of God. In short, many of our pupils are practising the perilous experiment of preaching law without its underground of penalty, and love without its underground

of fear. The change which has come upon the isage of car pulpits respecting comminatory discourse is revolutionary. Forty vents are the doctrine of endless punishment was preached without compromise or reservation. By argument, by illustration, by ex- wirn her of danger. postulation, by appeal, it was planted deep in the popular faith. It lived in the por ular conscience. Men are still living in whose memory the echo reverberates of the imperial tones of President Finney, in which he pictured the endlessness of "hell torments" in that apostrophe at which men sprang to their feet-"Eternity, O eternity!" Men still live who heard the wailing confessions of Albert Barnes, from which they caught some conceptions of the crushed spirit of our Lord in His anticipations of the day of doom. Where can we hear such

THE PROMISES OF GOD.

presching no w?-[Prof. Phels.

"The promises of God are the motive power of prayer. Who could pray without the assurance of a praver-hearing God? And who could expect answers to prayer if there were no promises to plead at the throne of grace? As soon as great need or emergency is upon us, we lay hold on some promise suited to our case. Happily there are 'exceeding great and precious promises' and we are encouraged to accept and lean upon them." So speaks the Christian Inquirer.
And we are led to think of how few Chri tians really venture upon the greatest of God's promises. We do not measure their height and depth fully. If we did there would be more inspiration to pray, and more power in our praying.

A NOTABLE DOLLAR.

"This is a very remarkable coin," said

Gilroy, producing a dollar. " How so ?" asked Larkin. "Why, in the last twelve years the Government has coined just 349,938,001 of them." " Well ?"

"Well, this is the odd one." A FIXED HABIT.

Mr. Glum-I really believe your nose turns up. I never noticed it before. Mrs. Glum-I-presume it has got to turning up since I married you .- New York Weekly.

A LEVEL HEAD.

The Advantage of Presence of Mind in an During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered

In an interview Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarks that this was the first great strike with which he had had experience, and he did not ; ropose to lose his head; the only point at which there had been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputysheriff had lost his head and precipitated an

The strike continued several weeks and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, retains his equipoise and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staving qualities which do not falter in the face of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ii!. 1 consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the State of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: "I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial that he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year."

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

Paying for Presents. Belle Swain was well-meaning and

innocent,-pretty, and she knew it. She was poor also, and could not afford to buy the ornaments with which riche? girls set off their beauty. The boys who went with her to school

discovered that Belle would accept pretty gifts, even cheap jewelry, from them, which they would hesitate to offer to the other girls. "I know you are my friend, just like

a brother!" she would say to Tom or Joe or Ben as the case might be, when she slipped a new ring on her finger or pinned a brooch in her dress. She never told Ben Paull that she took gifts from the others. Ben was a manly, honest fellow with a profound respect for all women. When he left Dinsport to go into business in Cincinnati ho thought Belle the purest and most mod-

est woman living. During that summer James Pollard, a traveling agent for a sewing-machine firm, came to the village. Ho was a married man with a wife and child whom he neglected: his habits were bad and his manners coarse. But the village girls thought him a model of manly beauty, and he said nothing about his wife.

He took Belle to picnics, walked with her, drove out alone with her. The man knew that no girl of respectable parentage in the city would admit a stranger to such intimacy, and did not give the village girl credit for the modesty and purity which she really pos sessed.

At heart Belle disliked him. She saw that he was vulgar and feared that he was not a good man. But he sent her one day a neck-chain and pendant, set with sham rubies. It was just what she wanted to set off her white throat. It was a great temptation, and after a little be-itation she took the chain and wore it to a picnic the next day.

As Pollard came toward her, his eye lighted with triumph. His voice had a jeering tone when he snoke to her which was new to it. He had now a hold upon her. The chain was like a yoke upon her neck.

Belle had heaped all of her gaudy little ornaments upon her person that afternoon. There were the ear-rings that Tom hall given her, and Joe's pin, and Dave's brace'et. Ben Paull was to be at the picnic and she wished to look her best in his eyes.

Presently the stranger, Pollard, fol lowed her to the spring where she had gone for water. The other young men happened to be standing together, and saw them exchange a few words. Then Pollard kissed her.

He boasted of it when he came back. 'She objected," he said. "But she had not thanked me for my necklace. It was worth a kiss. She had to pay." "A good idea!" exclaimed Dave. "She'll pay me for my bracelet."

"And me for the ear-rings!" cried "And me for the pin she wears," said

another. Ben looked at them with scorn and rage in his heart. The jokers were vulgar. But what was the girl who had subjected herself to their coarse jokes? When she came up, pale with mortification, he avoided her. The girl who was hung with the offerings of other men could never be his wife. Belle has her poor rings and necklace still, and a sense of shame and mortification that time will hardly

No young girl should accept gifts from any man. The girl who does it betrays the fact that she is not carefully guarded by parental training, and that her own instinct is not fine enough to

Made Happy. A day or two ago a man who lived forty or fifty miles west of Detroit hung about the Third street depot in a way to arouse Officer Button's curiosity, and he finally approached the stranger and

"Waiting for any particular train?" "I'm in a fix," responded the man. "I came in on a little business, but have lost my return ticket and haven't a cent

to buy another." As it was plain that he had been drinking considerably the officer advised him to "look around" for the missing

About an hour later, being a good deal drunker than before he approached the officer and said:

"I'm all right now." "Found the ticket, eh?" "Yes. I hadn't lost it." "In your wallet, was it?"

"No. I jess remembered five minutes ago that I sold her to a broker up er street and am having a -- of a time with 'er proceeds! Hooray fr G'ge Wash'ton an' liberty."

White Swelling "In 1887 my son, seven years o , had a white

swe ling come on his r ght leg below the knee, which contracted the muscles so that his leg was drawn up at right angles. I considered h m a co firmed or p pir. I was about to take him to Cincinn ti f r an operation, and began giving him Hoo i's Sarsap ri le to get up his st ength. The medicine woke up his appetle a d soon pieces of bone were discharged from the sore. We continued with Hood's Sursaparilla and in a few mo the had p-rfect use of his leg. He now runs everywhere, and apparent y is as wel as ever."-jour L. McMunnay, Notary

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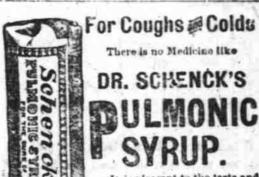


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