Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 26, 1890.

The Patchwork Quilt.

Years ago, when the world was in its simplicity, all the little girls used to learn how to sew by "piecing up" a patchwork quilt. Mother and grandmother, and Aunts Molly and Sally, and Cousins Jerusha and Almira, were all laid under contribution for "pieces," and all the obliging neighbors saved up scraps of calico for Ann Maria, who was piecing a quilt.

What nice stitches mother took in the calico, and how she enjoined on Ann Maria the necessity of not having one stitch any longer than the other, and of working the ends of the thread in under, and cutting off the knots, so as to make smooth work on the wrong side. It used to be very important to have the wrong side of everything look well. Oh, what agonies of ache the little back of Ann Maria endured on account of those short stitches! and her small hands would sweat, and get the needle all rusty and sticky, and make it so hard to get it through the cloth! How that child wished that patchwork had never been invented, and that people would sleep in haymows rather than in beds, which were expected to have patchwork quilts on them.

There were scores of ways to cut out the patchwork. All of them vastly ingenious as calculated to use up the very little pieces, and to cut the whole material up so as to make as much sewing as possible. It was quite an object to make sewing, because Ann Maria had a right to learn to sew.

When grandmother or Aunt Sally came to spend the day, the little girl expected to be asked to show her patchwork, just as little girls nowadays expect to be asked to show their skill in touching the piano, or in speaking their pieces.

And Aunt Sally put on her specks, and examined it on the right side, and then turned it on the wrong side, and felt the seam with her thumb nail, and tried its strength by judiciously stretching it, and then declared, in positive tones, that it was sewed as well as a grown person could have done it.

And when, at last, it was all sewed and put together, it was laid away in mother's chest until time brought Ann Maria to young maidenhood; and then, as every girl old enough was expected to have at least one patchwork quilt, it was brought forth and put in "the frames," and all the women in the neighborhood were summoned to quilt it.

The patchwork quilt was a thing of many tender memories and hallowed associations. It was born of much travail. It was the child of many troubles. It remained in an incomplete state during various lengths of periods for lack of pieces to make it a perfect and harmonious whole.

It was a souvenir of dear old friends. How much the scrap of calico in the blue center square reminded one of poor old Grandmother Frye, who lived during the Revolution, and had seen Washington. And the red and white piece was part of Cousin Fanny's wedding dress. Poor Fanny! how sweet she looked in it! And she was drowned in that very dress only three months after her marriage.

And the buff and green print, two squares of it, was a piece of the dress Aunt Polly Giley used to wear at prayer meeting, where she exhorted so powerfully that everybody dissolved in tears, and the minister pronounced her a female St. Paul! And there were pieces of May's, and Clara's, and Josie's, and Nellie's dresses; and promiscuous pieces which nobody knew anything about, and pieces bought on purpose to finish out.

And to-day we look over the patchwork quilt of our childhood, and our eyes grow dim with looking, for it brings to us the past, peopled with those we loved—many, perhaps most of whom—have gone on and left us only their memory; and to-day, in these bits of faded calico, we see once more their faces, and hear again the kindly voices which have been so long silent to the ears of this world.—*Kate Thorn, in N. Y. Weekly.*

An Infant Giantess.

Pine Level, a hamlet in Louisiana, boasts of a phenomenon in the shape of a girl not quite ten years old, who has already attained the height of five feet ten inches, says an exchange. She is the daughter of James Rutherford, engineer at the mill of Carter, Robinson & Co., who is himself a giant in size, while his wife is six feet and a quarter in height. The girl, who was, her parents say, an unusually small, sickly baby, began to grow when she was about six years old, and in four years has gained two feet and a half, an almost unprecedented growth. She is stout and developed in proportion, and has the strength of a man, but her mind is feeble, or else has been so outstripped by her body as to give it no chance to develop. The young giantess presents a most remarkable spectacle with her childish face and dress, seated playing in the sand or amusing herself with a doll.

A TRUE word is often spoken in jest, but we always like it to be about some other fellow.

A FALLACY.

In Washington.

Bagley—Well, I suppose necessity is the mother of invention.

Patent Office Employe—You wouldn't think so if you worked in the Patent Office.

THE BEETLE.

The shrilling locust slowly sheathes
His dagger voice, and creeps away
Beneath the brooding leaves where breathes
The zephyr of the dying day.
One naked star has waded through
The purple shallows of the night,
And faltering as falls the dew
It drips its misty light.

O'er garden blooms,
On tides of musk,
The beetle booms adown the glooms
And bumps along the dusk.

The katydid is rasping at
The silence from the tangled broom
On drunken wings the flitting bat
Goes staggering athwart the gloom,
The tondstool bugles through the weeds,
And lavishly to left and right
The fire-flies like golden seeds,
Are sown about the night.
O'er slumbrous blooms,
On floods of musk,
The beetle booms adown the glooms
And bumps along the dusk.

The primrose flares its baby-hands,
Wide open is the empty moon,
Slow lifted from the underlands.
Drifts up the azure-arched lagoon;
The shadows on the garden walk
Are frayed with rifts of silver light;
And trickling down the poppy-stalk,
The dewdrop streaks the night.
O'er folded blooms,
On swirls of musk,
The beetle booms adown the glooms
And bumps along the dusk.

—[James Whitcomb Riley.

GREEK MET GREEK.

BY EMMA S. ALLEN.

Mrs. Winston's parlors were filled with young people on the occasion of her third party that season. It was a bright May evening, and the warm air, laden with rose-breaths from the garden, came through the open windows to meet the sounds of music and laughter that floated out. Everybody was having a good time—it would be impossible to have anything else at Mrs. Winston's. She was the acknowledged leader of Springfield society. Nobody had ever entered the lists as her rival.

Mrs. Winston stood between the portieres dividing the front drawing-room from the square hall, chatting with her latest arrived guest, William Norman.

"You don't mean to tell me that you have never met Miss Dana?" she ejaculated.

"It is true. I have never met Miss Dana, although I have seen her a very few times. Since the family moved to Springfield I have been away a great deal. She is very beautiful."

"Yes; the men say so, and most of the girls are jealous of her. She will suit you precisely—she is a born flirt."

He laughed lightly as he threw back his handsome head.

"Oh, what an insinuation!"

"One that you justly deserve," laughed his hostess. "Don't waste time in threadbare denials. Come and let me introduce you to Myrtle."

They crossed the room to where Miss Dana stood listlessly carry on a commonplace conversation with a commonplace young man of twenty-one summers. She was by far the headsomest girl in the room, and the most exquisitely dressed. Her beauty was of a singularly rare type. She was neither a blonde nor a brunette, having deep, violet-blue eyes, a pure, apple-blossom complexion, and dark hair the color of brown coal, which is full of natural ripples as the eddies of a stream. Her dress, although no more elegant than a dozen others, had a peculiar effect. It was a soft, lustreless silk of a pearly whiteness, frosted about her white arms and throat with cob-web lace. She wore a large corsage bouquet of waxen snow-drops, and the cold whiteness was lighted by the flash of two diamond solitaires in her ears and a thread-like necklace of very small brilliants close about her snowy throat.

"She is the Snow Queen," said Norman to Mrs. Winston.

"Exactly; but only in appearance. There is nothing cold about her."

Five minutes later Norman had monopolized her society. It was always the signal for other men to retire into the background when William the Conqueror or put in an appearance. Not that he was in the least degree overbearing and egotistical. There was nothing in his manner to indicate that he had discovered what a remarkably handsome fellow he was. He stood erect and strong, a few inches taller than any other man in the room. His splendid form alone, and his air of graceful self-possession, would have made him a king, socially, without his fair, captivating face. It was a face as striking in its contrasts as Miss Dana's, and its exact opposite. He possessed the unusual combination of dark-brown eyes and blonde hair—not a stiff, washed-out, fuzzy growth, cut pompadour—but soft and glossy, with a wavy inclination that the barber never quite subdued.

Nearly all the girls in Springfield had been in love with him, at one time or another—some of them more or less violently. The majority of them had recovered with only superficial scars—others had not. But as yet there had been no early graves.

"I have heard a great deal about you, Mr. Norman," Miss Dana replied.

"Indeed! I hope it is nothing very disparaging."

She smiled very doubtfully as she shook her head.

"That is a vain hope. It's something disparaging—something very wicked."

He took up a long-handled Japanese fan from the table, one of the many that the hostess had scattered through the rooms in a promiscuous fashion.

"I wish you would tell me what it is," he said, tracing with his finger the hideously distorted outlines of Japanese art. "I have never absconded with anybody's valuables."

"Perhaps not in bank-notes, but I hear that you have no mercy in stealing away feminine hearts—that you are a most incorrigible flirt."

"Oh," he laughed, folding his hands behind him, "that is precisely what I have heard about you—the 'incorrigible flirt' part of your sentence."

"Is it?"—laughing carelessly. "Then it is Greek met Greek."

"Exactly. Shall we measure swords and enter into combat, to determine which of us is most deserving of the title?"

For answer, she extended her white satin and ivory fan, and he instantly measured its length with the kindred gutta-percha sticks of the Sunrise Kingdom.

"Is it war to the knife?" she asked, mirthfully.

"Yes;—and the fork, too. We will go to supper together."

He scarcely left her side during evening. She certainly was not out of his sight until her carriage had driven away in the early hours of morning, leaving him standing half bewildered on the sidewalk.

The next evening he spent in Judge Dana's parlor. At first the judge and his wife and two rosebuds of girls, yet outside the portals of society, chatted indifferently on commonplace topics, but they soon retired discreetly, leaving Myrtle a clear field and unlimited power to torture her latest victim.

If she had been fascinating in the Snow Queen garb, Norman found her very much more so in a simply-made house-dress of dark silk. She played and sang for him in a manner that indicated no superficial knowledge of music.

"Since you are such a lover of music, you will enjoy the opera to-morrow night. It will be a treat for Springfield people to hear 'Martha.' Shall we go?"

He had been thanking her for Abt's "Good-night, my love," and was tearing himself away.

"I shall be delighted," said Myrtle. "Papa intended to take us girls."

He had not waited five minutes in the easiest chair in the judge's parlor the following evening when she entered the room, a striking contrast to the Snow Queen, to be sure, but quite as charming in black velvet sparkling with musicing clinking jets, with Gold of Ophir roses on her bosom, corresponding exactly with the artificial roses on the black-lace bonnet. Even the long tan gloves were buttoned, and her fan was in her hand.

Norman's astonishment revealed itself in his eyes.

"What a remarkable young lady you are, Miss Dana!" he said, holding her hand longer and closer than twenty-four hours' separation justified.

"Oh, certainly," she assented, stepping back a little. "It is against my principles to keep any one waiting. Punctuality is one of my best virtues."

"And their name is Legion."

"Oh, no, indeed! I am not an angel. My virtues are sadly overshadowed by my faults."

He stood looking at her as though he had forgotten all about the match game at which they were playing with edged tools.

"I have yet to discover in what respect you are not angelic," he declared.

"Oh," she gasped, with a gesture of impatience, "don't say anything to me that you do not mean. Or, is flattery one of your flirtation weapons?"

There was a momentary impression of seriousness in his splendid eyes, but he quickly collected his wits.

"I always mean exactly what I say," he said, smiling. "I certainly did just now. If you chose to habit yourself in such celestial-looking raiment at Mrs. Winston's, the other night, I was not to be blamed for recognizing the resemblance you bore to angelic beings. That was not what I called you then, however. You looked like a Snow Queen."

"That sounds better. It suits my cold-hearted selfishness."

After that night the game became very interesting, both to the contestants and to the curious eyes of the spectators in the arena of Springfield society. Not that anybody suspected that it *was* a game, entered into by mutual consent. The Dana family had no such conception, or the sedate judge and his excellent wife would have rested more uneasily in their shoes. As it was, they only hoped that Myrtle had found her real hero at last, and would settle down into a genuine love affair.

A month slipped by, and the June roses were making the air drunken with their sweetness. Norman declared he had never enjoyed a month so much in his life.

"A flirtation is a delightful affair under such circumstances," remarked Myrtle. "Have I proved to you that you are a worse flirt than I am?"

"Not at all. Shall we try for another month?"

"With all my heart," was the careless reply.

The following month was, if possible, gayer than the first; but toward its close people began to go to the sea-coast or the mountains or the lakes, and they were left to the quiet enjoyments they liked best. Springfield gossips had satisfied themselves that the case had passed its crisis and would culminate in a wedding and so left off their continued vigilance.

At the end of the second month Norman was in a very serious mood.

"I am going away with my sisters next week to be gone the rest of the summer," Myrtle told him, one evening. "I suppose you will be off for some of the watering-places in search of other worlds to conquer?"

"I have not thought of going anywhere. Does the second month's end count me out?"

"Oh, not necessarily."

"Are you tired of me?"

"No; certainly not. I think you are the only man I ever knew that I have really enjoyed."

"Thank you," said he, gravely—so gravely that she blushed consciously. "There is more than that for me to acknowledge. I have enjoyed *you* so much that I do not see how I can ever live without you."

Miss Dana started. He had wondered, now and then, this would come, but had tried to convince herself that it never would. She made a feeble effort to misconstrue his meaning.

"You surely do not wish to prolong this nonsense indefinitely?"

"No; I want the nonsense to end and the reality to begin."

She was sitting listlessly in one of the rich chairs, idling with the flowers he brought her. He came from where he stood by the mantelpiece and rested an arm on the rolling back of the chair, bending over her brown head.

"I love you, Myrtle."

She turned quickly and looked at him doubtfully, the burning blush on her cheeks spreading to the very tips of her ears.

"Mr. Norman, you are carrying the ejst too far," she exclaimed, still parrying. "This was not in the agreement."

"Hang the agreement! I broke my part of it long ago—as long ago as the third time I ever saw you—the night we went to hear 'Martha.'"

"Then you have not been playing fair."

She was half laughing, half crying.

"I have not been playing at all, I have been in dead earnest. I could not help it, dear. I simply went on loving you better and better every day I lived."

She suddenly sprang from the chair, and the flowers were trampled under her feet.

"Is this the way you end all your flirtations?"

Her words cut him deeply, but he kept his temper.

"I deserve some condemnation for my past offenses, I admit, but not *for that*. As I live, I never told a living woman that I loved her. We have done wrong, you and I, in trifling with a sacred matter. I never realized how deeply wrong until my love for you grew to be so holy a thing. Can I wring a like confession from your lips?"

She stood with downcast eyes and clasped hands, her bosom heaving. He came and put out his hands to take hers, but she stepped back from him with a repelling gesture.

"I will confess the wrong I have done, but not the other," she said.

"You will not confess any love for me?"

"I am not sure that I have any to confess. You have taken an unfair advantage of me, and you cannot blame me if you suffer for your own folly."

"I have a great deal at stake. Do not trifle with me."

"Trifle! It is rather late to hang out the danger-signal. When unskilled fencers trifle with sharp swords in place of the wooden ones they have practiced with, it is no wonder that they are wounded. They deserve to be."

"You mean that you have not escaped injury any more than I have?"

"No; I do not mean that, in the sense you do. I am sorry for you, but I do not love you. All I can think of now is my wicked folly."

He stood frowning in silence for a few moments, watching the tears that shone on her drooped lids.

"And you send me away?"

"Yes; and the sooner you forget me the better."

"And the sooner I go the better?"

"Perhaps, since your staying will do no good."

"Do you flatter yourself that you have won the prize in this wretched contest?"

"Hush! You have been as much to blame as I. You need not taunt me."

"I have been, I do not deny, but I am not now. You will live to be sorry for this, I trust."

He was gone before she could stay him with the unnoticed gesture of her hand, and, woman-like, she would have given the half of her kingdom to have called him back.

She went away the next week, into the mountains with her sisters, and when she returned to Springfield in the fall she held herself aloof from all society for a few weeks, and then went off to California to spend the winter.

As for Norman, nobody knew where he was. It was generally understood that the biter had been bitten at last, but there was not much sympathy for him. With human inconsistency, however, everybody heaped maledictions upon Miss Dana's offending head.

Over a year after the climax of his woes, Norman found it imperative to attend to some business in the hated town.

He went about it as quietly as possible, and hoped to get away without meeting any society magnates; but he came face to face with the brightest star in the constellation, and one day found himself keeping an engagement to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Winston.

An hour after luncheon, as he sat in the little lady's sitting-room, the postman brought around the afternoon mail.

"Three letters for me?" she cried, as the maid handed them to her. "How delightful! One from old auntie, one from Sister Tibbie, and one—hum! one from California."

The word California did not seem to awaken any emotions in Norman's breast, if his face was an indication. Mrs. Winston concluded that he did not know that the whole Dana family had moved to the Golden State on account of the judge's health.

"I have a delightful correspondent out in that charming State, Mr. Norman. Would you like to listen to this letter of hers?"

"Oh, certainly. I have the California fever very strong, and read everything I see about it."

Mrs. Winston did not take the precaution to read the letter privately at sight, but began, without preliminary explanation, a bright newsy letter, in which no personal mention was made of anybody except "papa," whose health was steadily improving, and "mamma" and "the girls." Then came the closing part of the epistle that performed its mission so effectually that little dreamed it would do so.

"If you continue to urge me so persistently I may come East next summer, and stop for a week or two at Springfield to visit *you*. Nobody else will, in all probability, care to see me, as you know you are the only one who has ever forgiven me of the double sin of robbing society of William the Conqueror, as well as ruining my own good fortune in bringing him to my feet. (I have looked for your last letter—that is exactly the way you worded it.) Well, you have done better for me, in forgiving me, that I shall ever do for myself. That I shall *never* do, especially the bare falsehood I told him when I said that I did not love him. Before he had closed the door after her him I realized that I had sent away the only man on the green earth who ever could be anything to me. It was all pride, Margery. I am sure, yet, that he would always have thought, though he might have said it, that I had been seriously exerting myself all through that contemptible game we played, to win him. Rather than marry him under such an impression, I chose to break my heart as well as his. Indeed, I think he stands a much better show of being patched up and glazed over than anyone ever can. I shall live and die an old maid, in sedate penance. Forgive this sentimental confession. In your eyes at least, I wanted to be understood."

Mrs. Winston did not read the name that was crowded into the last corner of the full second sheet. She looked across at Will Norman's blazing eyes.

"Is that letter from Miss Dana?"

"You know it, I see. She will never forgive me for reading it to you, but I could not resist the temptation. If I had hesitated a moment I would *not* have read the last part; but he who hesitates is lost." It was a golden opportunity, I think you had better try again, Will."

He was walking the floor in his excitement.

"If you will please give me that letter I will take it back to her," he said, at length. "I am going to start for California to-morrow morning."

A week later he was viewing the placid waters of the Pacific from the wide piazza of a pretty villa on the mountain-side, just above picturesque Santa Cruz. The January sun poured a flood of springtime warmth upon green lawns and flowering geraniums, and upon his own uncovered, golden head.

"Since you insist upon it, and the notion has been growing upon me, I will endeavor to transfer my worldly possessions to the golden West," he was saying. "But it will not take three months to make the change."

Myrtle was arranging a bouquet of roses, sitting beside him on the steps.

"It is a shockingly short engagement. I cannot possibly make it a day less. William the Conqueror cannot have everything his own way," she said.

"That reminds me, my dear, that this is emphatically a 'Norman Conquest,'" remarked the hero, sententiously.—[Frank Leslie's.

Romance of a Dead Heart.

The following "romance of a dead heart" comes from Burlington, Vt.: "Thirty-four years ago this lady love and cutting out her heart, a popular young Canadian physician, De Armand Patanaud, is wanted on the charge of grave-robbing. The doctor belongs to a prominent French Canadian family, and came to Whiooski to practice. There he fell in love with a farmer's daughter, Catharine Collins. Dr. Patanaud became infatuated with the girl, who rebuffed his advances and declared that she loved another. The doctor, however, persisted, and one day the girl told him in jest: "You shall have my heart when I am dead." "Do you mean it?" asked the doctor. "Why, of course," was the laughing reply. Last week the girl fell sick with pneumonia, and despite the utmost exertion of Patanaud's skill, she died and was buried in the parish churchyard. The very next day the grave was found to have been disturbed and the body was found missing. Eventually the corpse was found in the woods with the heart cut out. A countryman was arrested on suspicion, and he confessed to helping Dr. Patanaud to rob the grave. The body had been taken to the doctor's office and the heart taken out and placed in alcohol. The doctor fled to Canada, taking his precious treasure with him. He had claimed his love's dead heart, and was happy. His Canadian friends, however, declare that his infatuation has unhinged his mind, and he is now insane.—[Times-Democrat.

Changed His Mind.

A vegetarian of New York city has become a flesh eater since he discovered a scientific law that he had not previously been aware of. He changed his mind upon the diet question, and got convinced that meats were among the proper edibles for mankind after he had been assured by a professor of chemistry that beef, mutton, and pork were merely "transferred grass, vegetables, and grain." After pondering upon this interesting law of chemical transformation he came to the conclusion that vegetarianism is a doctrine of narrow scope, and he adopted a new dietetic policy, under which he now enjoys tenderloin steaks, lamb chops, and fried bacon, not to speak of stewed kidney, pigs' feet, etc.—[New York Sun.

THE Co-operative Wholesale Society, of Manchester, England, was started in 1864. In that year its business amounted to $140,000. It now does a yearly business of $23,750,000.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

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 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 Jerusalem should in enthusiasm of soul express, whether he be smitten 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 births, for sepulchers, for conflagrations and ruins, for victories and defeats.

I am here at last in this very Jerusalem, and on a Sunday morning, just after the dawn of the morning of December 8, 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 Moriah?" "In front of where you stand?" "Where is the Garden of Gethsemane?" "In yonder valley." "Where is Mount Calvary?" Before he answered I saw at a glance that he had mistaken my question. I did not want to know the direction, but I wanted to be told 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 beneath the forehead of the hill is a cavern that looks like eyeless sockets. Within the grotto under it is the shape of the ribs of a skeleton. Then the Bible says that Christ was crucified outside the gate, and this is outside 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 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 travelers agree that the one I point out to 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 engagement was to see all this and the other journey, but I said: "First of all show 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 see it this morning." Some of us in carriage and some on mule back, we were soon on the way to the mount, which I suppose is 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 pitchy and intervariegated 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 sacrifice that I said, "That stone would be beautifully appropriate for a memorial wall in my church, now building, America; and the stone now being brought on camel's back from Sinai across the desert, when put under it, now significant of the law and the gospel! and these tips 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 city, and that makes it somewhat like Solomon's being the third structure, a work such as no other church was ever called on to undertake—we invite you in the main entrance of that building to look upon a memorial 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 Sinai, the other rent 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: "Think here is where stood the cross of the impenitent burglar, and there the cross of the penitent, 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 cloud hovered, the natural solemnity impressing the spiritual solemnity. 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 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 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 ton 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 horse champ their bits and paw the earth and snort at the smell of the carnage. Yonder a group of gamblers are watching 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 rock lifts it to the hot and cracked lips of the bereaved sufferer of the five wounds has done his work.

The atmospheric conditions are such as the world saw never before or since. It was not a solar eclipse, such as astronomers record or we ourselves have seen. It was a bereavement of the heavens! Darker than the towers of the temple were no longer visible. Darker! until the surrounding hills disappeared in the darkness. Darker! until the inscription above the middle cross became illegible! Darker! until the chin of the sufferer fell upon His breast, and He sighed with the last sigh in 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 looked forward. Toward this hill the apostles and martyrs pointed backward. To this all heaven pointed downward. With this hill fourteen generations pointed upward. Round it were 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 throne.

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 King wrapped in His last slumber. On some of those rocks the Roman government set its seal. At the gate of this mausoleum 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 those heights He looked off upon the city that He came to save, and 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 three crosses in the wall where Solomon had lifted. Stop here and see a startling proof of the truth of the prophecy. In Jeremiah, thirty-first, chapter 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! 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 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 the tower of Hananeel to the gate of the corner, and the whole valley of the dead bodies and of the ashes." The people of Jerusalem are at the 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 ancient city and 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 silver of consecration at the ceremony of laying the corner stone. Yonder, from a depth of forty feet, a signet ring has been brought up inscribed with the words "Haggai, the Son of Shebnaiah," showing it belonged to the Prophet Haggai, and to whom he refers in his wonderful prophecy, 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 hoofs 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 sight 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 slippers 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 slippers 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 least 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 are the wailing places 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 solemn and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see 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, which 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 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:
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 architectural majesty, but in a moral splendor that shall eclipse forever all that David or Solomon 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 2300 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 ways were rividly with no one but God and yourself present. Immediately the mosque of Omar, which has stood for ages on Mount Moriah, the site of Solomon's temple, dazzles you and the most venerable structure of all the ages lifted itself to the light, and I see it, the heavens, the noblest temple! Not Solomon's temple, 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 toiled forty-six years in building it. Blaze of magnificence! Bewildering range of porticos and ten gateways and double arches and Corinthian capitals lifted into the sky, and these gateways paneled 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 harmonious 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 the frozen prayer of all ages!

From this housetop on the December afternoon we look out in another direction, and I see the king's palace, covering a hundred and forty thousand square feet, three rows of windows ornamented the inside brilliance, the hallway wainscoted with styles of colored marbles surmounted by arabesque, vermilion and gold, looking down on mosaics, music 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! City of God! Joy of the whole earth! Sacred to you, Gibraltar and Sebastopol, surely it never could have been captured!

But while I am standing there on the housetop I see the fulfillment of the prophecy of the twenty-three mighty sieges which have come against Jerusalem in the ages past. Yonder is the pool of Bezadiah and Siloam, but again and again were those waters rendered 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 of Jerusalem decides that he 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, enslaved nations at his chariot 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! And Nebuchadnezzar and his host sweep down like 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 piled up—the brazen sea, and the two wreathed 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 galleries 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. Christendom got up a Christendom crusade 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 history must be done him, though he was a Mohammedan—glorious Saladin! Against him came the armies of Europe, under Richard Cœur 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 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 Tancred, 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 wall, and the Crusaders, across 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 in 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 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 back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heaving city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the 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 meet at last.

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