

JERUSALEM VISITED

More of What Dr. Talmage Saw in and About the Holy City.

A Review of Its History and Prognostications as to Its Future.

BROOKLYN, Special.—Dr. Talmage spoke as follows from the text: "If I forget thee O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Psalm xxxviii, 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 grandeur of the Holy City when once he descends. Jeremiah, seated by the river Euphrates, wrote this psalm and not David. Alfrid I am of anything that approaches inspiration, and yet I can understand how any one who has ever been at Jerusalem should, in enthusiasm of joy, cry out, whether he be sitting by the Euphrates, or the Hudson or the Thames. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may 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, or water works, for ruins, for towers, for domes, for ramparts, for literature, or tragedies, for memorable birth places, for sepulchres, for configurations and finances, for victories and defeats. I am here at last in this very Jerusalem and on a house-top, just after the dawn of the morning of Dec. 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 hand, where you stand.' 'Where is the Garden of Gethsemane?' 'In yonder valley.' 'Where is Mount Calvary?' Before he answered I saw it. No unjudicious 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 beneath the surface of the soil, a cavern that looks like eyes 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, while the site of the tomb is inside the gate. Besides that, this skull hill was for ages the place where the malefactors were put to death, and Christ was slain as a malefactor. The Savior's assassination took place beside a thicket of figs and pomegranates, "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 Gen. Gordon, the arbiter of nations. While Empress Helena, 80 years of age and imposed upon, but having the cross of the humed 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 crime and overwhelming tragedy this planet ever witnessed.

There were a thousand things we wanted to see that third day of December and our dragonian porter, who had been with us on other journeys but I said: "First of all show us Calvary. Something might happen if we went elsewhere, or sickness or accident might hinder our sacred mount. If we see nothing else we must see that and then go morning." Some of us in carriage and some 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, the scene of the crime, to go to the prophet wrote his book of lamentations. The grotto is 35 feet high, and its top and sides are malachite, green, druse, black, white, red and gray.

Coming forth from those subterranean passages, we began to climb the steep sides of Calvary. As we go up, we see cracks and crevices in the rocks which I think was made by the contraction of the 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 which has been beautifully appropriated for a memorial wall in my country, now a building in America, and the stone now being brought on camel's back from Sinia across the desert, when put under it how significant of the law and gospel! And these lips of stone will continue to speak of justice and mercy long a terror 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 edification of the Brooklyn tabernacle, the third immense structure we have reared in this city, and that makes it somewhat difficult, being the third structure, a work such as no other church was ever called on to undertake, and which will be the main entrance of that building to the most suggestive and solemn and tremendous antiquities ever brought together; this rest with the earthquake at the giving of the law at Sinia, the other rest 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 the bluff of Calvary, with 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 mercantile, and here between, I think, stood the cross on which our hopes depend." As I opened the 19th chapter of John to read, a chill blast struck the hill and a cloud hovered, the natural solemnity impressing the spiritual solemnity. I read the last verse, and 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, in which these two men, who were crucified together, 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 shall thou be with me in Paradise," "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," "If it is 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 top and the sides, and the foot of the hill, a mob rages. They gnash their teeth, and shake their clenched 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 rambles are pitching up as to who shall have the coat of the dying Savior. There are women almost dead with grief among the crowd, his mother and his aunt, and some whose sorrows He had comforted, and whose guilt He had pardoned. Here a man dips a sponge into some 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 world saw never before or since. It was not a solar eclipse such as astronomers record or we ourselves have seen. It was a removal 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 became illegible. Darker! Until the chin of the dying Lord falls upon the breast, and he sighs 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 center from which continents have been torn, and 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 all the flaming exorcisms perfidion pointed upward. Round it circles all

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 western cross on every sabbath or bazaar, having taken the city, march bare headed and bare footed to what they supposed to be the holy sepulchre, and kiss the tomb. Jerusalem is the possession of Christendom. But Saladin retook the city and for the last 400 years it has been in the possession of cruel and polluted Mohammedanism.

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Through its gates may we all enter when our work is done, and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in any way we worship.

Winter Carpets.

There is nothing so distressing to a neat housekeeper as a soiled carpet. A carpet which has become stained with grease and other spots that cannot be removed by beating can usually be cleaned with gasoline more satisfactorily than in any other way. To do this in the most satisfactory manner the carpet should be spread on a perfectly clean floor after it has been beaten free from dust. Pieces of clean cotton should be laid under the spots that remain, and for practical use, the carpet should be on the side of the carpet thoroughly with gasoline till they disappear. This should never be done in a room where there is a light or a fire, as gasoline and benzine are both inflammable and dangerous articles to use. If the water is used, it should be made as hot as possible in using either for cleaning. Of course acid or other stains, by means of which the color has been removed from the carpet, cannot be taken out in this way. If an oil or grease stain is on the carpet, water, applied lightly to a carpet with a sponge, rubbing the carpet gently till a lather is produced, and then washed off in clear soft water (or hard water, in which the soap suds are made), will do the trick. The colors in the carpet will be brightened. Only a square yard should be cleaned at once in this way. The carpet should then be dried as possible with a hot cloth, and another yard treated in the same way. Corn meal sprinkled over the carpet is one of the best means of removing spots. If soot is dampened it produces a stain of crescent which is well nigh indelible. For practical use in the every-day household, the most durable carpet is a good ingrain is very much to be preferred, and is a more refined choice than either velvet, tapestry or Brussels, although the velvet carpets are now better made than in the past. A body Brussels carpet is far more durable than a moquette, which brushes off with every successive sweeping in such a way that the pattern is often rubbed and runs together, and it loses its beauty. This characteristic of moquette carpet is due to the method of making. In order to produce a soft, long nap the carpet is sheared after making, and the particles of the shearing are driven into the nap.—New York Tribune.

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HABITUAL SWEARING.

How to Effect a Cure of a Bad Habit—What Constitutes Bad Language?

There is in one of Dr. George Macdonald's novels a very good little boy who has never said a naughty word in his life. Unfortunately, this is a feature in his character which fails to elicit the profound admiration of his school-fellows, and a wicked plot is concocted to force the good little boy to swear. He is held head downwards over a stream, from which painful position he is not suffered to escape until he has more than satisfied his tormentors by the unexpected strength of his expletives. What particular lesson Dr. Macdonald attempted to teach by this story we do not know, and should be afraid to guess. He could hardly have intended this moral that boys ought not to be so good as to attract the envy and mischievousness of their fellows; and, as far as moral guilt goes, it is obvious that the youngest, who, when upside down, came out with a solemn "Domn" in broad Scotch, was not responsible for remarks uttered under such circumstances of coercion. The question of what constitutes "bad language" is rather difficult to determine. There is a borderland of vigorous exclamations which can hardly be dignified with the title of oaths.

The reform to which we have called attention of course emanates from America, and the plan for curing habitual swearers is the copyright of a Baptist minister who has a chapel in West Twenty-fifth street in New York. Unlike the owners of copyright, however, this gentleman invites the whole world to make use of the property in his invention. The beauty of the most of great discoveries lies in their simplicity, and nothing can be more delightfully simple than the clergyman's method of banishing bad language from society. When he is unexpectedly stung by a wasp, or encounters a nail on the floor when denuded of stockings, or barks his shins badly against the leg of a table, he at once remarks in a loud voice, "Beefsteak and onions!" proceeding directly afterward to observe, "Ham and eggs!" and if the tendency to swear has not by that time passed off, he adds, "Bread and butter and a plate of ice cream!" The reverend gentleman assures the world that, armed with this simple weapon, nobody need in future ever swear at all. "Just as much satisfaction," he quaintly observes, "is derived from saying 'Pork and beans,' as from emitting a sting of swear words."

If the essence of an oath is the calling on outside powers to witness a remark, or to assist the speaker, then it cannot be contended for a moment that "Great Caesar!" or "Great Hailstones!"—both American exclamations—are really to be confounded with ordinary "swear words." A favorite transatlantic exclamation is "By Golly!" borrowed originally from the negroes; but can it be said that calling upon a non-existent and entirely chimerical divine of this sort of person is really guilty of invoking outside powers? The same thing may be said with equal truth of "By Gosh!" Still, it will be allowed that these exclamations have a somewhat unpleasantly suggestive sound about them, and we, therefore, can heartily commend the nautical exclamation "Shiver my top lights!" as a good substitute, especially for naval men. "Jiminy Cripps!" and "By Hickory!" are also exclamations for which a good deal may be said. They do not err on the side of excessive intelligibility, but they perhaps sound a little less trivial than the "Beefsteak and onions!" of the reverend reformer.—Buffalo Commercial.

How Phil. Armour Got His Name.

Phil. Armour, the well known Chicago millionaire, explains how he came by his name as follows: "I was named Phil. after a bad colored man who lived in our town and was the terror of all the boys. The name of the fellow was Philip Morgan, and he was up to all sorts of capers, and I suppose because I was so full of pranks myself the boys called me Phil., too. The D. in my name stands for Danford. That was my father's name, and I was named Danford Armour. But the boys insisted on calling me Phil., and Phil. I remain. My mother finally consented to call me Philip D. Armour. So you see I got my first name from a bad dorky, and I suppose that is the reason I have been so bad ever since."

Grant Got His Name.

Lincoln did not often speak plainly about the hard time he had with his generals, says the N. Y. Tribune, but once in a while he did, and Colonel Van Buren gives the instance. It was apropos of Grant the President was speaking, in the early part of 1864, and his remarks are thus recorded: "Grant is the first general I've had. He's a general; I'll tell you what I mean. You know how it's been with all the rest. As soon as I put a man in command of the army, he'd come to me with a plan of campaign, and about as much as to say, 'Now, I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so, I'll try it on,' and so put the responsibility of success or failure on me. They all wanted me to be general. Now, it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I'm glad to find a man that can go ahead without me. You see, when any of the rest set out on a campaign, they'd look over

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WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Cardinal Newman's Definition in His Address to the Catholics of Dublin.

To define a gentleman! This is the late Cardinal Newman's attempt. The remarkable passage occurs in his "IX. Discourses Addressed to the Catholics at Dublin."

"It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, so far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which render the free and unembarrassed action of those about him, and he concurs with their movements rather than take the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature—like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors when he does them and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantages, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irremediable, and to death because it is destiny."

About Lead Pencils.

"What does it cost to make a lead pencil?" said the manufacturer in reply to a New York Sun reporter's inquiry. "First, let me tell you how to make a pencil.

"See this fine black powder? That's graphite. It costs twenty-five cents a pound. This white substance is German clay. It comes across the ocean as ballast in sailing vessels, and all it costs us is freight. We mix this clay with this powder together and grind them in a mill, adding moisture during the process, until the two are thoroughly mixed and are reduced to a paste about the consistency of putty.

"This paste we press into these dies, each one of which is the size of a pencil lead except in length. There are four leads in one of these. After they are pressed we cut them into proper lengths and bake them in an oven kept at a very high temperature. Then we have the lead made. Its hardness is regulated by the greater or less amount of clay we mix with the graphite—the more clay we put in, the harder the lead.

"The cedar we use comes principally from Florida, and is obtained entirely from fallen trees that lie there. The wood is delivered to us in blocks sawed to pencil lengths, some of them thick, to receive the lead, and some thin, for the piece that is to be glued over the lead. The blocks are sawed for four pencils each. They are grooved by a saw the entire length, the groove being the place where the lead is to lie. The leads are kept in hot glue, and are placed in the grooves as the blocks are ready. When that is done, the thin pieces is glued fast to the thick one. When dry, the blocks are run through a machine that cuts the pencils apart. Another machine shapes them, making them octagonal, or round, or flat, or three-cornered, as the case may be. The pencils are burnished by machinery, and are then ready to be tied in bunches, boxed, and put out."

Wife or Cabbages.

At the coroner's inquest on the body of a woman who was drowned in a well, the husband testified: "I saw her when she leaned over the curb and tumbled in, and I was going to help her out, but jest then I saw the cow among the cabbages and I thought I'd drive her out first. Mary orter knocked 'nuff to hang on till I got there."

It Didn't Count.

In a case before a Tennessee justice one of the lawyers made fun of the other's grammar. The court at once arose and said: "Mr. Perkins, if you air one of them what thinks grammar runs this court you're barking up the wrong tree. If I hear any more sich remarks I'll fine you \$10."

A Returned Thespian.

New servant: "There's a tramp at the door, sir, an' the spalpeen says he's your son."

Master: "Let him in. That must be John. He started out with a theatrical company a few months ago."