

## THE ANGEL.

An angel stood winged on the shining hills  
Where the shadows of earth are unknown,  
Where life in its essence immortal distills,  
And living is rapture alone.

Past the golden gleam of the city of light,  
Past the throne and the crystal flow,  
Through the spaces he saw the drear vision  
of night,  
And the city of darkness below.

Then down from the splendours in silence  
he passed,  
All hushed was the song of the spheres;  
And the sheen of his wings in the gloom  
faded fast  
As he drew the chill breath of the years.

Unheeded 'mid tumults of anguish and  
wrath,  
He entered the city defiled;  
And the rapture of love was the light on  
his path,  
As he bore from the darkness a child.

—Leisure Hour.

## THAT TROUBLE WITH JACKSON.

"Are you a Christian, please?" a plainly dressed but intelligent-looking farmer asked of a stranger, who chanced to sit beside him on the low, pine-board seat during the services at the Hatfield camp-meeting, near the track of the Connecticut River Railroad, one afternoon last summer.

The closing hymn had been wafted by the balmy breezes up through the thick interlacing branches of the whispering pines, the benediction had been pronounced by a venerable, white-haired preacher, and each person interested in the gracious work going on had turned to speak some awakening word to his neighbour.

"I really don't know," replied the man thus kindly addressed. "Sometimes I think I am, and sometimes I think I'm not. I try to be, but so many annoyances in life cross my path I lose my temper, and then I think I have very little if any of the grace of God in my heart. Have you always been a Christian, sir?"

"No," said the first speaker. "I was far enough away from the Lord until I was converted right here in this spot last year. I will tell you how I got upon the right track:

"I had been having a good deal of trouble with Jackson, my nearest neighbour, about a division farm-road and the bridge belonging to it. We used it a great deal in common, for it ran through our meadows and over the Blue-flag Brook to our pastures beyond. My father built the bridge, but it was on Jackson's father's land, and the road was partly on our land and partly on his.

"To tell the truth, Jackson's wife is my only sister. I thought at first I wouldn't own up to that; but I shall have to, in order to have you understand what a miserable quarrel we came to have. After we two young couples were married, and the two farms were divided off to Jackson and his wife and me, it was understood that we should have an equal right to that road, although nobody thought to put the provision in the deeds.

"At first we got into a muss about repairing the bridge. Jackson fenced up the road one day, and the next I tore the fence down. Then we went to law and acted like two foolish, malignant boys generally. Our wives didn't speak, and our children quarrelled and bandied opprobrious epithets at school. I have jumped over fences more than once, and went across lots, to avoid meeting my own sister.

"So, you see, the foolish, abominable, petty quarrel kept apart with bitter lines two heretofore happy, peaceable families, that before its beginning had been just like one family, eighteen

miserable months. It makes me groan even now when I think about it.

"Things went on in this miserable way till one pleasant summer morning Jackson and I happened to meet as we were driving our cows to pasture. As usual when our paths crossed we had a 'jaw,' but on this occasion we 'locked horns' and went at it as never before. Then, on that early morning, in the midst of our rich, broad fields of grain glistening with the refreshing dew, the fresh, sweet fragrance of the new-mown hay filling the air, and the happy peaceful birds pouring forth morning praises to their Creator, our tongues seemed set on fire of hell.

"At last I heard my breakfast horn blow and I started for home. As I went along up the meadow, I felt so unstrung and heartsore I said to myself, 'I don't believe I shall be able to do a chore of work to-day.' Just then something put it into my head to run down to our depot, step into the cars which would be due in an hour, and go to the camp-meeting at Hatfield, and see the folks, and what fun might be going on.

"After breakfast I brushed up a little and went. I found folks enough, but before I had time to see any fun, I became aware that I was interested in the preaching. The text was 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' and every word of that sermon fitted right on to me. I thought the preacher must have heard about me and of my quarrel with Jackson, and had his discourse all prepared on purpose, so that in case I should come to that meeting he could let it off at me.

"I tell you, it was harder than mowing short rowen or pitching clover to sit and take such a dressing as that minister gave me. It was God's blessed word, too, every syllable of it. I felt small enough to crawl through a gimlet hole, and I sweat so that my linen coat was wet through—and it wasn't a very hot day either.

"After the services closed I got up, and, without saying a word to any body, I started for the little station down here, for it was about train time. I got into one of the cars standing there, and as I went along in the aisle I came face to face with Jackson. He was wiping the sweat off his forehead, and I saw that his linen coat was as wet as mine. It seems he had got upon the same train as I did to come down, but there was such a crowd of people on it we hadn't seen each other, no more than we had set eyes on each other at the meeting.

"He looked up at me surprised enough, and I held out my hand to him and said, 'I'll take them chestnut plank of mine at the saw-mill, and fix up that bridge tomorrow.' Then Jackson shook my hand hard, and says he—'All right, John. I'll take my oxen and go after the plank bright and early, and help you to put them down. Then I've got a keg of spikes that'll be about right to hold them on. I'll bring them along, too.'

"Then we shook hands again and he said, 'How did you come down?' 'On the cars,' said I, 'the same as you did.' 'Let's wait and go to the evening meeting,' said Jackson. 'All right,' I replied. So I sent word home by a neighbour that we shouldn't be home till the ten o'clock train got along.

"Jackson and I had a talk with the preacher that evening, and he told us that positively he had never heard a word about either of us before. Well, to make my story short, Jackson and I got down upon our knees that night, right up there by that same preacher's stand, and it wasn't long before God heard our cries. Then we got up before all the people and asked each other's forgiveness, as we had privately of each other before. Our quarrel had

become town talk, and we thought it no more than right that we should make our confession a public one.

"Jack's oldest boy came for us at our depot that night in his buggy, and as we drove up to his door we found my wife and girls over there singing with my sister and her boys:

'Hallelujah! 'tis done!  
I believe on the Son;  
I am saved by the blood  
Of the Crucified One.'

"We both joined the dear ones in the singing, looking over the same book; and I tell you, my friend, the songs of the redeemed have been in our hearts, as well as on our lips ever since. *Western Christian Advocate.*

## A TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

*Mediterranean Hotel Jerusalem, May 2.*—I am very glad the grand old Tower of David stands only a few rods from my hotel-window. It is a pleasant thing to be often looking at the one remaining structure on which the eye of the Redeemer may have rested; for though this tower was thrown down in the time of the Crusades, yet the lower portion is rebuilt of the same stones. Not far from the tower is Christ Church, where I was glad to worship yesterday—not in an unknown tongue. Bishop Barclay, the successor to Bishop Gobat, has a good congregation, largely composed of the young people connected with his day-school for the Jews, and another for Arabs outside the city walls. Most of the converts made thus far come from the Jewish and Syrian elements. Neither here nor in Egypt have over a dozen Mussulmen been converted to Christianity.

Last Thursday morning I set off with my four companions upon an excursion, which, although it involved hard horseback travel over rough paths and precipitous mountains, and exposures to blazing noon-day heats, yet was abundantly stimulating and delightful. We set our faces for the Pools of Solomon—halting a few moments at the tomb of Rachel by the roadside. The small structure was crowded with Jews, some of whom wore phylacteries, and all were wailing, as they wail beside the remnant of the Temple walls. One old woman was weeping and pressing her withered cheek against the tomb with as much distress as if the fair young wife who breathed out her life there forty centuries ago had been her own daughter. We found the enormous Pools of Solomon (the longest of which measures 580 feet in length) were about half filled with pure water. We rode beside the aqueduct that leads from them, all the way to Bethlehem. Down among the bleak and barren hills we saw the deep, fertile vale of Urta, filled with gardens and fruit-trees. It is cultivated by the European colony planted by Mr. Meshullam. For a half hour we feasted our eyes with the view of beautiful Bethlehem perched on its lofty hill and surrounded by olive orchards. So many new edifices have been erected for convents any other religious purposes that Bethlehem has almost a modern look. As we rode through its narrow streets we saw no Ruths, but an ancient Jew in turban, long robe, and flowing beard, quite answered to my idea of Boaz. We rode to the convent adjoining the Church of the Nativity, where a rather jolly-looking monk furnished us an excellent lunch. He then took us into the venerable church that covers the subterranean chamber in which tradition has always held that our blessed Lord was born. The chamber is probably a remnant of an ancient khan, once belonging to the ancient family of Jesse and of King David. I expected to be

shocked by a sham mockery when I entered the church, but a feeling of genuine faith in the locality came over me as I descended into the rocky chamber and read, around the silver star, the famous inscription in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." The three-fold argument for the authenticity of this site is drawn from unbroken tradition, from the fact that Bethlehem has never been overthrown in sieges, and from the other fact that the learned St. Jerome (in the fourth century) was so sure of the site, that he came and spent his long, laborious life in the cavern close by the birth-place of our Lord. I entered with deep interest the cave in which this devout scholar meditated and prayed and wrought the Vulgate translation of God's Word.

At two o'clock, under a broiling sun, our cavalcade of ten horses and mules filed out of Bethlehem and headed for the wilderness of Judea—one of the dreariest wildernesses on the globe. For an hour we rode among barley-fields. I noticed how close the grain grew to the path, and how easy it was for the sower's grain to "fall on the highway." I also saw several plats of angry thorns, which would "choke" any seed which may fall among them.

Our afternoon's march over the bleak, treeless, and brown mountains of the wilderness was inexpressibly tiresome until we came in sight of the Dead Sea. It lay two thousand feet below us—a mirror of silver, set among the violet mountains of Moab. More precipitous descents over rocks and sand brought us by sundown, to the two towers of the most unique monastery on the globe. The famous Convent of *Mar Saba* is worth a journey to Palestine. For thirteen centuries that wonderful structure has hung against the walls of the deep, awful gorge of the Kidron. It is a colossal swallows' nest of stone, built to the height of three hundred feet against the precipice, and inhabited by sixty monks of the Greek Church—genuine Manicheans, and followers of St. Saba and St. John of Damascus. No woman's foot has ever entered the convent's walls! Instead of woman's society they make love to the birds which come and feed off the monks' hands. Every evening they toss meat down to the wild jackals in the gorge below. At sunset I climbed over the extraordinary building—was shown into the rather handsome church, and into the chapel or cave of St. Nicholas, which contains the ghastly skulls of the monks who were slaughtered by Chosroes and his Persian soldiers—and gazed down into the awful ravine beneath the convent walls. Some monks in black gowns were perched as watchmen on the lofty towers; others wandered over the stone pavements in a sort of aimless vacuity. What an attempt to *live* in an exhausted receiver!

The monks gave us hospitable welcome, sold us canes and woodwork, and furnished us lodgings on the divans of two large stone parlours. One of the religious duties of the brotherhood is to keep vigils, and through the night bells were ringing and clanging to call them to their devotions. The vermin in the lodging rooms have learned to keep up their vigils also; and as the result our party, with one exception, had a sleepless night. By daylight the next morning we heard the great iron door of the convent clang behind us like the gate of Bunyan's "Doubting Castle," and for five hours we made a toilsome descent of the desolate cliffs to the shore of the Dead Sea. That much-maligned sea has a weird and wonderful beauty. We took a bath in its cool, clear waters, and detected no difference from a bath at Coney Island, except that the water has such a density that we floated on it like pine shingles. No fish from the salt