

JERICHO.

One of the most fascinating stories in the whole Bible is the story of the fall of the great city of Jericho, without the hand of man being lifted against it. Who has not pictured the scene as described in the sixth chapter of Joshua? The men of the city were terrified at the host that came, dryshod, across the Jordan, and shut their gates. "None went out, and none came in." But what could mighty walls, and barred gates avail when the Lord said to Joshua, "I have given into thine hand Jericho and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor!" How vividly this first conquest in the Land of Canaan must have shewn the children of Israel that they had not to depend upon their own power, but solely

who had sheltered the spies, every man, woman and child, and every animal, fell by the sword, and the place was burned with fire.

The city was thus completely destroyed, and a curse was pronounced against any one who should rebuild it. The first attempt to do so was made by a man named Hiel in the time of Ahab, when the curse pronounced by Joshua was fulfilled. Although not rebuilt before this, the place still retained its name. Here the messengers of David stayed until their beards were grown, when they had been cut off by the Ammonites as an insult to the king. (2 Sam. X.) Here too, as we learn from 2 Kings 11., there was a school of the prophets in the time of Elijah. It

Rihah, is merely a group of dirty huts, and is described by Dr. Olin as "the meanest and foulest village in Palestine."

DETERMINED TO SUCCEED.

"Eight times three!" said Willie Wilson, impatiently. "Oh, what is the matter with me. Can't I get that right?"

"Come on, Willie!" shouted the boys at the window; "we can't wait; finish your lesson afterward."

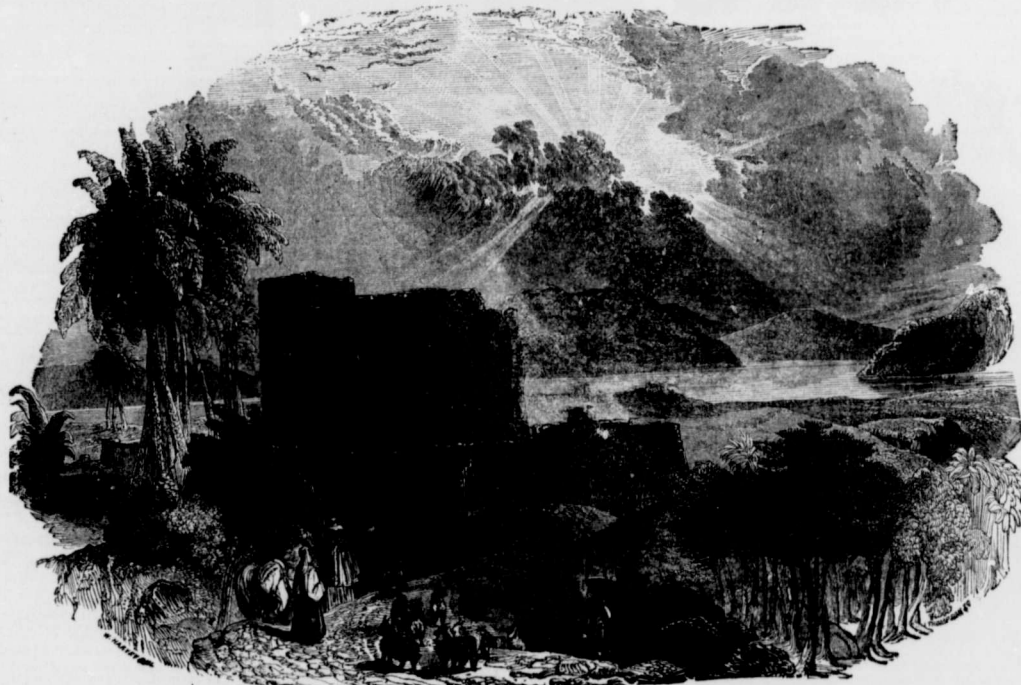
"O yes," said Willie. "Afterward! I know all about him; he has cheated me many a time, and I have no faith in him. Nine times four are thirty-six."

"Bother nine times four! It is time we were off, and we shall have to go without you."

est tone. "Come on, boys; we can't lose all the fun waiting till midnight for him;" and away every boy went.

"Nine times four are thirty-four," said Willie, patiently; and though of course it was not right, and never will be, he worked away just as steadily; and when he found he was wrong again he said, talking to himself, "Now, look here? You think you are going to beat me, don't you? Well, you were never more mistaken in your life. My name is Persevere Wilson. Father said I had earned that name, and that I should have it as long as I deserved it; and I hope you don't think I am going to lose my name and my place in the class just to please you."

Then he began again slowly,



upon the arm of God. Once every day for six days they walked around the doomed city, no sound coming from all that vast host save the blast of the trumpets which the priests carried before the ark. On the seventh day they compassed the city seven times starting about the dawning of the day. Only at the end of the last round was the silence broken. Then "Joshua said unto the people, Shout, for the Lord hath given you the victory." Then as the mighty shout arose from the multitude and the last terrific blast from the trumpets rent the air, the great walls of the city fell down flat, and each warrior went up, "every man straight before him, and they took the city," and, except the household of Rahab,

was the second city in Palestine in the time of Christ, and Herod the Great erected many fine buildings in it, and made it his winter residence. It was on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho that the man fell among thieves and was taken care of by the Good Samaritan. The country around Jericho was very fertile, and the city itself was called The City of Palm Trees. But little now remains of its former grandeur. The groves of palm trees are all gone. The accompanying picture, which shows that it has still much of natural beauty, gives a view of it as it may be seen to-day. The square tower was probably built about the time of the Crusades. The present village, which is called

"I should like to bother it," said Willie; "it is giving me bother enough. How much is it, anyhow?"

"One hundred and seventy-nine. Now, come on this minute, or we shall go without you."

"Look here, Harry Jones," said Willie, looking up a minute from his work; "this is the last example in our lesson. I've got all the others, and I know I shan't have any more time for arithmetic, and I don't mean to stir from this corner till I get this bothering old fellow right. I've gone over him three times now, and it won't come; if I have to do it three hundred times I mean to have it. So there!"

"Bother take the old example, anyhow!" said Harry, in his cross-

and patiently, each figure carefully studied, and at last the example "proved itself," and Willie, with a soft hurrah and a loud yawn, got up from his corner. The last glimmer of twilight was fading. No use to talk of ball-playing now; fun was over for that evening.

"I don't care," said Willie, as he went up to bed; "it will be more fun for me than for the others when the roll of examples is called to-morrow."

Sure enough! "Master Willie," said Professor Bennett, looking up over his spectacles, "you are the only member of the class to be marked 'Perfect' to-day. There was more ball-playing than perseverance by the rest of the class I fear."—Young Reaper.