

Jerusalem Today

An American Traveler in the Holy City—Continuation of Tongues and Strifes of Sects—Historic Spots—A Multiplicity of Holy Places.

We painfully pursue the upward grade for more than three hours and a half, hopefully looking for the City of David to burst upon our view at each headland around which we wind. It refuses to burst; and at last, puffing alongside of a bare limestone station, we are at Jerusalem! Mounting a wheeled vehicle as cumbersome as a Roman chariot and as antiquated as Noah's Ark, we are driven by a veritable Jehu, son of Nimshi, "for he driveth furiously," for a space at five minutes; then we are halted, and looking out we behold the Jaffa Gate, the Tower of David and the citadel of Saladin. On the left of the gate, nailed up against the old gray wall, is the sign of Thomas Cook & Son, and over against it, on the right, is the emblem of Gaze & Co., Rolla Floyd, agent. This is the Holy City!

Jerusalem, inside the gates, is crowded, dirty, compressed, and unsavory to the last degree. The best hotels are outside the walls. To one of these, which was once a monastery, we were taken, and stone-floored and stone-walled bedrooms that were once monks' cells are assigned us. It is early March; we are 2,500 feet above the level of the sea; the rain and the thermometer fall with a rush, and the wind is never weary.

There is almost no provision for warming the chilled passengers except an occasional brazier of charcoal introduced into one's narrow cell.

But do not think that cold or rain has kept the American pilgrims within doors. We have been conscientiously "doing" the center of the earth; and, lest these frivolous observations should be regarded as indicating a state of mind equally frivolous, let me say that I do not see how any intelligent man can look without profound emotion upon this city, gray with age, and picturesque in its ruin. About its walls what fierce and bloody contests have raged, and what tremendous events have had for their stage this venerable pile and these stony hills! There is the Mount of Olives, on which our Lord sat when he propounded his gospel in the Sermon on the Mount. At its base lies the Garden of Gethsemane, where, among those aged olive trees, He bowed in his agony and bloody sweat; and there is the Triumphal Way, along which he rode when the fickle multitude cast their garments before him, shouting "Hosanna! Blessed is he who cometh." These and other sacred places cannot have their traditional exactitude brought in to question. When we ascend the mountains and enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre we are troubled by the multiplicity of holy places crowded into a very small space. But under the Dome of the Rock, on its sacred eminence, Mount Moriah, we may be sure that we find the rock on which the Jews, from the time of King Solomon downward, were wont to offer their sacrifices. The Dome of the Rock is the chief architectural feature of the temple platform or haram. That platform is in the southeast quarter of the town; it is an irregular parallelogram; its extreme length being 536 yards, and its width 350 yards. In the midst of this, with marbled terraces and parterres of verdure mingled about, stands the Dome of the Rock, a handsome octagonal building, covered with the most lovely blue and white tiles of porcelain, and incrustured with costly marbles. Much of this is the work of Solomon the Magnificent and was done in 1561. A graceful, bubble-shaped dome, covered with some dark-colored metal, seems to tower over this charming structure; and in the interior are two concentric hexagonal corridors or arcades, of glorious charms, including a wrought-iron screen, which in turn surrounds a wooden screen of French handiwork, richly decorated, and about six feet high. Mounting the marble base of the iron work, which was put here by the Crusaders, we look over upon the rock. It is 57 feet long, 43 feet wide, and rises to a mean height of 6 feet above the basement of the structure. Here, says tradition, Abraham was about to offer up his son Isaac, when his hand was stayed by the angel. Jacob anointed the rock; the ark of the covenant rested here, and here David and Solomon built altars; and Abraham and Elijah were wont to pray. We may be certain that this is Mount Moriah, and that the rock, for countless ages, has been consecrated to Hebrew worship. But when we come to the space under the rock and are asked to believe that the round hole in the roof of the cavern is the aperture by which Mohammed went to heaven, and that the strange mark in the northerly edge of the rock is the print of the hand of Gabriel, who held the rock in place in order that it might not follow the prophet to the skies, our faith fails. Equally trying to one's credulity is the assertion that when the three nails and half nail driven by Mohammed into a slab of Jasper, near the northern entrance of the building, fall out, the end of the world will come. The acid and importunate demand of a Moslem custodian of the slab does not increase our respect. His demand takes on the nature of a threat. Un-

less we "come down with the dust" the world's end will be hastened; and then we shall be responsible for damages. I ought to say that nothing in the way of Oriental decoration can exceed the beauty and richness of the interior of the Dome of the Rock. The light of colored glass, the gleam of gold and mosaic and the transparency of marble and alabaster lend their charm to the marvelous glory of dome, drum and wall.

The mosque El-Akra, on the same platform, interested us very much. Founded by the Emperor Justinian and dedicated to the Holy Virgin, it was converted into a mosque by the Moslems at the end of the seventh century, and its cruciform shape being changed by sundry alterations, a Moslem mosque it still remains. This noble edifice, built on the plan of a basilica, 88 yards long and 60 yards wide, is one of the most satisfying architectural show places in Jerusalem.

Of course all interest centers in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It would be useless to attempt to describe this much-described iconogen of holy places. There are just thirty-seven of these sacred spots. Everything that can possibly be connected with the death, burial, and resurrection of our Lord is preserved, marked, and pointed out. At each of these we saw a crowd of devout worshippers. The Russian Government has done much for the Greek Church here, and hundreds of Russians, most of them poor peasants, who have come thousands of miles to the Holy Sepulchre, crowd the sacred places. I saw a meanly-clad man, characteristically Muscovite in dress and appearance, kissing with rapture the often-renewed slab of alabaster under which, it is believed, lies the stone on which the body of Christ was laid for preparation for burial. The pilgrim wept copiously and silently as he kissed the stone. The Latins, the Greeks, the Armenians, and the Copts strive with each other for prescriptive rights within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. They sometimes come to blows. A fat Turk squats cross-legged at the main entrance as an arbitrator when disputes arise, and sneering Turkish soldiers are scattered around within to preserve order. Each sect follows the other in the allotment of times and seasons, each crowding upon the other in the subdivisions of the day. The confusion is something wonderful, and all sense of solemnity is lost. It is, after all, a mournful spectacle. If the great powers could agree as to what should be done with his possessions in Europe, the Un-speakable Turk would be forced back into Asia. If this were accomplished, the Holy Sepulchre, for whose possession so much blood and treasure have been expended through the centuries would fall once more into Christian hands; for these holy places nations have fought, age after age, and the same power that drives the Turk across the Bosphorus will expel him from Jerusalem. Meanwhile Zion waits for her deliverer. Down below, on the western side of the platform, on which stood Solomon's Temple among the ruck and filth of the Moghrebins of Northwestern Africa, is the Wailing Place of the Jews. There are the few courses of stone that remain of the original foundations of the temple. There the Jews assemble on Fridays kissing the stones and chanting, with tears, penitential psalms and chapters from the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Above them tower the battlements of the Crusaders and the Saracens. The mourners weep and kiss the impassive stones, still turning their backs on the light of the world. Is it a strange sight. Even in the confusion of tongues and the strife of sects here, one must need be impressed with the central fact that Christ is to a multitude of people all over this world the Saviour of mankind, and though the Jews love and venerate the City of David, worship its outer walls, and disregard the interior that witnessed Christ's life, mission, and death, all that makes the city holy to the majority of men is that which relates to him who was the son of David. Standing on the Mount of Olives, whence one can see the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Bethlehem, Gethsemane and the gray, grim walls of Jerusalem, the student of ancient history recalls with profound emotion the memory of mighty struggles for the possession of this city set upon a hill. It has no strategic importance, no agriculture, no commerce, and no industrial future. But it has been the prize contended for during many thousands of years. To-day, as we gaze upon its hoary walls, long trains of pilgrims are pouring into scarred gates. They come to worship at the shrine of the Prince of Peace. But as we look once more upon those battlements, so often assailed and defended, so often drenched with blood, we recall the saying, "I come not to send peace, but a sword."

NOAH BROOKS.

Let the soul be turned as strenuously to ward good as it usually is toward evil, and you will find that the simple love of goodness will give incredible resources to the spirit in the search after truth. Love with little intellect will perform miracles.—Fenelon.

Praise for Missionaries.

Mr. Denby, the American Minister to China, has sent a long dispatch to the State Department praising the work of the missionaries. To epitomize, he says the Chinese are greatly benefited by the labors of the missionaries, especially in the departments of medicine and surgery; the schools are doing a great work in the matter of education; even the Emperor is acquiring the English language, and "the educated Chinese who speak English becomes a new man"; the missionaries' work of beneficence is especially shown in the foreign orphan asylums, of which there are many in various cities which take care of thousands of waifs. There are various anti-opium hospitals, where the victims of this vice are cured—the Chinese not having yet learned of the harmless character of opium as set forth by the London Opium Commission!—and there are industrial schools and workshops. Religious, ethical, scientific and philosophical works are being translated into Chinese, and are sought after by the intelligent natives, especially as these works are offered at very low prices. "Protestant and Catholic missionaries from nearly every country under the sun," says Mr. Denby, "are engaged in this work, and in my opinion they do nothing but good." Mr. Denby concludes by saying that "the missionaries in China are self-sacrificing; that their lives are pure; that they are devoted to their work; that their influence is beneficial to the natives; that the arts and sciences and civilization are greatly spread by their efforts; that many useful western books are translated by them into Chinese; that they are the leaders of all charitable work, giving largely themselves and personally disbursing the funds with which they are entrusted; that

they do make converts, and such converts are mentally benefited by conversion." Such is the willing testimony offered to the worth of missions in China by one who is on the spot and who speaks from personal observation.—[Christian Work.]

Bores.

In a recent lecture on "bores" the Rev. Dean Hole, an English clergyman, declared that the industrious agriculturist was as often the victim of bores as any one else, though these troublesome persons are commonly supposed to appertain to a more artificial grade of society. But the agriculturist has at least the recourse, which is seldom resorted to in the grade of society which is pleased to call itself "polite," of telling the bore what he thinks of him.

Dean Hole relates that an industrious farmer was visited one day by an idle and braggart neighbor who talked and talked and talked, and wasted a whole afternoon.

When at last the idle farmer, was about to depart, the industrious farmer said to him:

"Goin' through the town?"

"Yaas."

"Know the cooper's shop?"

"Yaas—fellows that makes barrels."

"Well, just stop there and have a couple of hoops put around your waist, or you'll burst with self-importance."

The "professional humorist" is also privileged to retort upon bores. Such a man, the elder Mr. Grossmith, inquired of a certain very tedious person as to the state of his health.

"Between three and four o'clock this morning," sighed the bore, "I was at death's door!"

"At death's door!" exclaimed Grossmith. "Oh, why didn't you go in?"

The Lost Snowshoe

Thrilling Experience in the Rocky Mountains—The Adventure of John Gladwin Jebb.

Jack wished for nothing better than the laborious but free and unconventional life of the Rocky Mountains, and he was quite willing to take up his abode there altogether. No one knew better than he the difficulties and dangers to be contended against.

To his great satisfaction, he found that some old Boston friends were going to spend a few years on a mining property they possessed not many miles from his own location; and, as there was already one family within fifteen miles, and his own partner would be backwards and forwards frequently, the neighborhood was evidently going to be quite populous—for Colorado. The little log-cabins each had a huge stove in the center of the room; for no ordinary fireplace could keep out the bitter cold when the temperature was below zero, and water froze within a yard of the fire. No one particularly objected to this state of affairs, however, as, for one thing, it stopped the operations of "road agents" during the winter, while even the Rapahoes scarcely cared to go out shooting stage-drivers, with every chance of perishing themselves in the snow. Still they made occasional sallies, and one afternoon a driver came in with an arrow through his cheek and a loose tooth in his throat—the part of the matter which most troubled him being that, in these circumstances, he was unable to swear properly!

On one memorable occasion, Jack started on a nocturnal journey at 1 a.m., and, blessed with a good moon, he made capital time, reaching the crest of the range by daylight. The snow was in excellent traveling condition, the crust being just soft enough to let the twelve-foot Norwegian shoes he was using bite well. All the low branches of the pines were covered, and in the gulch below the snow must have been at least twenty feet deep. On the crest it was blowing hard, and the wind having swept the ridges clear, he had to carry his shoes, for half a mile or so, to where a long valley through which his road ran headed up to the highest peak—13,200 feet above sea-level. Of course it was frightfully cold up there, and the wayfarer was well pleased when he caught the first glimpse of the pine-clad valley below, and saw that he was just in the right place for starting the run down-hill.

One of the advantages of the Norwegian snowshoe is, that it cuts into hard snow just deep enough to give a grip without sinking so far as to stop the pace, and on a steep down-grade it is possible to go at any speed, if the balance-pole be used carefully.

Jack fastened his shoes on again, and started down-hill, going slowly at first, and then faster and faster, as the plateau dipped off towards the head of the valley. He had run about half-a-mile, and was traveling almost at top speed, when suddenly he found himself in the air, and got a fall which nearly stunned him. He had struck a sheet of ice, and, of course, the shoes lost their bite instantly, depositing their startled wearer on the broad of his back without a moment's warning! Naturally, they both came off, and although he clutched at them instinctively, he only succeeded in saving one—the other was already beyond reach, sliding rapidly out of sight down the mountain side. As he watched it disappearing, Jack felt sick for a moment, which may have been the effect of the

crack on the head he had received in his fall, or the punch in the ribs from his revolver; but it was probably the knowledge that if that shoe was really gone, he might reckon on his fingers the number of hours he had to live. The snow around him was very deep, and though it was harder some hundred yards above, he did not think he could get there; which, even if he succeeded in doing so, there were still four or five miles of snow, from 10 to 30 feet thick, between himself and his destination. To get through that was impossible; and even could he flounder as far as timber-line, build a fire, and camp there, it so happened that he was not expected home for four days, and later his tracks would certainly be snowed up.

Before him were twenty miles of mountain and valley to the nearest camp. And to stay where he was meant being frozen to death in a few hours. There was plenty of choice, but of nothing agreeable. Then he began to think of the possibility of following his shoe, which would, of course, slide down the deepest grade it could find, and would, therefore, pass into the lower valley by means of a rocky gorge, which Jack could see from where he stood, and which was a thoroughly breakneck place, with mountains of snow in and around it; thence it would be impossible to climb up again, should the quest be successful. However, any chance was worth trying in such a desperate case, and Jack thought that as the shoe he had would naturally follow its mate if placed on the same grade, his best plan would be to lie down upon it, start sliding, and trust to its being stopped by what arrested its fellow.

Of course, the odds were that the first shoe had gone over a precipice or splintered on a point of rock, and that the same fate would overtake the second, together with its burden; but if a man must die, then a quick death is better than the slow torture of freezing or starving, and Jack decided to risk his fate and start in pursuit. Accordingly, he carefully found the place where the accident had happened, put the remaining shoe on the track, and then lay down along it, rounding his chest as much as possible and steering with his elbows. Down they went!—sometimes sliding along gayly, sometimes plowing heavily through the soft drift; on and on, it seemed to the anxious traveler, interminably. He watched keenly for any trace of the lost shoe, at the same time keeping a bright lookout for any ghastly header that might be in front of him. At last he came to a turn in the gully, and could scarcely believe in his good fortune when he caught sight of the lost shoe sticking out of some drift in front! Slowly and anxiously he extricated it, fearing lest the toe might have struck a rock and splintered. But no—it was all right; and in a moment more he was safe, and sweeping down into timber.

[An extract from "Life and Adventures of John Gladwin Jebb." By his widow, with an introduction by H. Rider Haggard. Published by Roberts Bros. The story throughout reads like a romance, like one of Mr. Haggard's own productions, but the assurance is given that the adventures are all genuine. "Rarely, if ever," says Mr. Haggard, "has a man lived so strange and varied an existence."

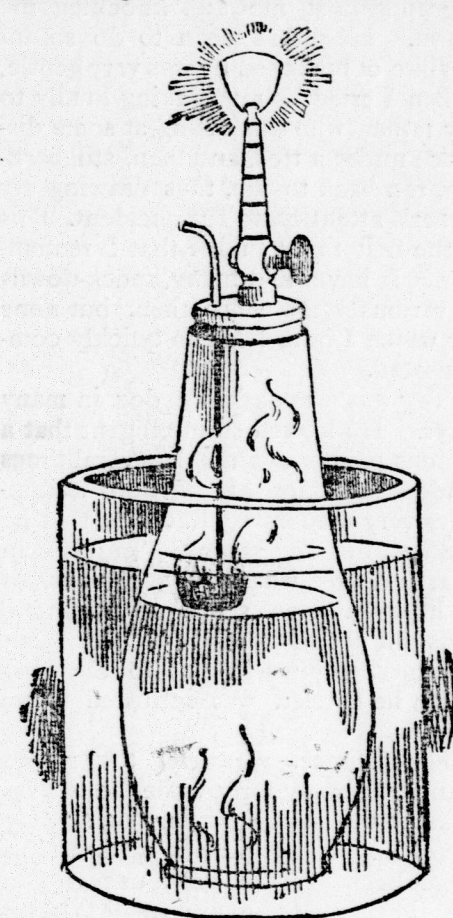
MAKING GAS IN A PAIL

SIMPLE PROCESS BY WHICH ACETYLENE MAY BE GENERATED.

The Necessary Apparatus Is Easily Made—A Bucket and a Lamp Chimney Constitute the Entire Outfit—Two or Three Minutes Is Sufficient to Make It.

No modern discovery or invention has excited more general interest than the new illuminant acetylene. T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph. D., has prepared an article, published in the Scientific American, dealing with the commercial manufacture of this gas and its general adoption for lighting purposes. The production of the calcium carbide from which the acetylene gas is made by simple treatment bids fair to become a commercial process, and we have every reason to hope that the material will soon be produced by the ton. There is something fascinating in the idea of being able to evolve a gas of about 300-candle power by so simple a process. While the crudest possible apparatus, such as a tumbler of water, is sufficient to illustrate the production of the gas, the object of the present article is to show how a better demonstration can be produced with very simple appliances.

To show the gas with a tumbler of water, it is sufficient to drop into it a piece of the calcium carbide as large as a pea; the gas is at once evolved in large quantity, and a match can be applied repeatedly to the surface of the water, giving a number of successive lightings. The apparatus is constructed from a battery jar and lamp chimney as the principal elements, and is made on the lines of the old hydrogen evolution apparatus. To the top of the lamp chimney, which



should be of large size, a cork should be tightly fitted. Unless the cork is better than the majority it should be waxed or paraffined, which is very easily done by placing some fragments of wax or paraffin on it and melting the material with a hot soldering iron or poker. Through a central perforation a tube is inserted, fitted with a stop-cock and gas burner. The latter must be of the smallest size made, the Bray fish-tail burner answering about the best of any yet tried. Merely to exhibit the gas a simple jet may be made by drawing a glass tube almost to a point or by drilling a very small hole in a cap fitted to the pipe leading from the stop-cock. Through a hole a little to one side of the evolution pipe a wire passes, which moves up and down with some friction through the hole. Its lower end is formed into a hook, to which is suspended a little basket made by bending up a little bit of coarse wire gauze. A piece with one-quarter of an inch meshes will be about right. The suspending wire is bent at the top to give it a better handle.

To operate the lamp chimney is placed in the jar, the water is poured in until within an inch or two of the top, and a piece of calcium carbide half the size of a walnut is placed in the basket, which is drawn up until pretty close to the cork. The cork is now placed in the lamp chimney and pressed down so as to make it fit tightly, and the wire slowly worked down until the basket becomes partially immersed in the water. The level of the water is at once depressed, as the gas is evolved, and if the cork is open the air and gas within the chimney begin to escape. As soon as the odor of the escaping gas is strong it can be lighted, and will burn for five or ten minutes with great steadiness. If the pressure decreases and the water rises it comes in contact with the calcium carbide, more gas is evolved, and it falls again.

The apparatus may be further simplified by omitting the stop-cock, which is unnecessary, and a bucket may be substituted for a battery jar. It may also be necessary to secure the chimney against floating upward, although in the apparatus shown this is quite unnecessary.

It is well, before lighting the gas, to hold a test tube over the outlet for a few seconds until filled with gas, and to light it with a match or at a gas burner. If the contents do not explode it is safe to light the jet on the chimney, if it does explode the light should be deferred until purer gas is evolved. Two or three minutes is sufficient to get it in working order. It must also be remembered that it is essential to have a very small burner, as otherwise the gas will smoke and the supply will be insufficient to obtain a satisfactory flame. The suspending wire must fit tightly, as if it slips down the apparatus will blow out or overflow. A very slight immersion of the carbide starts it.

The Corporal's Heavenly Voice.

A young Bavarian corporal in the Second Regiment of light artillery has been found to have a phenomenal voice. He was taken to Munich and his voice tested in the presence of Posart, the royal intendant of theatres. The result was that the Prince Regent of Bavaria ordered his discharge from the army and his musical education by Max Wolfheim in Wurzburg, with an engagement in the Royal Theatre in Munich assured in advance. The voice is said to eclipse that of both Botel and Wachtel.

The steamer Campana, lying at Yonge street wharf, Toronto, has been sold to the Quebec Steamship Co. for service on the St. Lawrence.

Our souls see much farther than our eyes can see.

Slight Omission.

One little thing omitted! What a difference it makes sometimes, especially in cooking.

A Frenchman, having eaten plum-pudding for the first time, was so delighted with it that he asked his English hostess for the recipe, which of course she gave him. He carried it home, gave it to his wife, and at the same time gave her an enthusiastic account of the delicacy.

Not long afterward the dessert came on the table in a soup tureen, and was ladled out in soup plates.

"What is this, my dear?" asked the Frenchman.

"Ploom pooding," answered his wife.

He laughed at her, and she produced the recipe, which, as she declared, had been strictly followed. And so it had been, for the English lady had omitted all mention of the cloth. The ingredients had been put, according to directions, into a pan of boiling water, has been cooked for the prescribed time, and had come out—soup.

The end of our life is God; the rule of our life, duty; the obstacles, our bad passions.—[Lacordaire.]

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