

A FAMOUS OLD ROOM.

You all have heard of the "Jerusalem Chamber" in the talk there has been about the Revision of the Bible. Here is a picture of it, and the description that follows was written for children by Dean Stanley. He says:

"It was called the Jerusalem Chamber, because in those days (the time of Richard II.) it was hung with tapestry, which represented the story of the siege of Jerusalem. The tapestries have long since perished, but the name has remained; and you will see that over the chimney-piece in the chamber there are three texts written to keep up the recollection of the name: 'Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem;' 'Oh, build thou the walls of Jerusalem;' and 'Jerusalem, which is above, is free.' You may remember Shakespeare's description of how Henry IV., when seized with illness in the Abbey, was taken into this Jerusalem Chamber. They took him there because of its better fireplace.

"The king, when he came to himself, asked the name of the chamber. He was answered, 'Your Majesty, it is called the Chamber of Jerusalem.' Then he said: 'I shall not recover. It was told me when I was a boy, that I should die at Jerusalem. That I always thought to mean, that I should die in the holy wars; but my end is approaching, and this is the place where my end shall be.' And Shakespeare makes him say of this chamber, 'In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.' In that chamber, too, the dying king made the speech to his wild son, the companion of Falstaff, which converted him from his evil ways.

The excellent fire-place, which led to Henry IV.'s death in that apartment, was also the explanation of the use of Jerusalem Chamber by the Westminster Assembly of Divines. They commenced their sittings in Henry VII.'s chapel, but as the weather grew cold they asked if there was a place where they could be warmer, and they found the Jerusalem Chamber so warm that they kept on holding their meetings there. As with the Presbyterian divines, so with Convocation: they forsook the cold Abbey for the warm chamber, and thus in the Jerusalem Chamber the Revised Prayer-book was drawn up. And now the Jerusalem Chamber is from time to time occupied by scholars, partly of the Church of England and partly of the different dissenting communions up and down the country, who meet there to do their best

to make a more correct translation of the Old and New Testaments."

AT THE MASTER'S FEET.

BY REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.
Once I went forth to look for Repentance. I sought her day and night in the City of Mansoul. I asked many if they knew where she dwelt, and they said they had never seen her. I met one, grave and scholarly, who told me what she was like, and bade me seek her earnestly; but he did not tell me where she was to be found. Then, all sad at heart, and wearied with my search, I went forth without the city walls, and climbed a lonely hill, and up a steep and rugged way, until I came in sight of the cross, and of Him who hung thereon. And lo, as I looked upon Him, there came one and touched me. Then instantly my heart melted, and all the great

forth wearied and sad, and as I reached the city gate I met again the grave scholar and he gave me much account of her birth and parentage, and he showed me her portrait, and told me of her gracious works, and he bade me seek her earnestly, but he did not tell me where I could find her.

So I went along my way, looking, but well nigh in despair, when it chanced that I found myself again upon the high hill, climbing again the steep and rugged path. And I lifted my eyes and saw once more the cross and Him who hangeth thereon, and lo, at the first sight of my dear Lord, Forgiveness met me, and filled my soul with holy peace and a rest like heaven itself.

"Oh, I have had a weary search for you," I said.

"I am always here," said Forgiveness; "here at my Master's feet."

Long afterwards I wondered

reached the top of it and looked once more upon my blessed Saviour. And lo, there was Holiness sitting at the Master's feet. I feared to say that I had been looking for her, but as I gazed upon the Crucified, and felt the greatness of his love to me, and as all my heart went out in love and adoration, Holiness rose up and came to me all graciously, and said "I have been waiting for thee ever since thy first coming."

"Waiting where?" I asked, wondering.

"At his feet," said Holiness. "I am always there."—*The Christian.*

ACUTE NOSES.

Mr. Charles W. Clarke, of Peoria, in a recent scientific lecture, referred as follows to the trained sense of smell in dogs and hunters: "While we were talking, two young dogs had gone to a small eminence a few rods from the old man's cabin, and, with their noses in the air, would at short intervals utter a low, warning cry. The trapper, soon noticed it; and, calling to an old dog in the cabin, he said 'Dave, go up yonder and see what those youngsters are making a fuss about.' The dog, after reaching the place and standing a moment with outstretched neck and distended nostrils, gave a clear but low warning notice, such as I had never heard from a dog before. 'Is that so Dave?' said the old man. He immediately went to the same place, and began to sniff the air, much after the manner of the dogs. 'Sure enough Dave,' he said, 'you are right.' 'What is it?' I asked. 'The prairie is on fire,' he said, 'some thirty or forty miles north-west from here! I must set a back-fire on the other side of the creek, or my cabin and bees will be in ashes before morning, should the wind rise, and, by the way,' he said, 'you go back by the way you came, and tell the people to set back-fires at once, and have them send word to the settlements below.' Before starting, I tried my sense of smell; and, although I imitated the trapper and the dog, I could detect nothing but the sweet October air." The warning given by the dogs was justified in the event.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

TO PERSEVERE in one's duty and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.—*Washington.*

"GENIUS is eternal patience."



THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

depths of my soul were broken up.

"Ah, Repentance, I have been looking everywhere for you," I said.

"Thou wilt always find me here," said Repentance; "here in sight of my crucified Lord. I tarry ever at his feet."

Again I went forth to look for Forgiveness. I knocked at many a door in the City of Mansoul and asked for her. And some said they thought she did live there sometimes, and some said she used to once, and some said she came there occasionally when the weather was fine to spend a Sunday. Then up came one whom I knew by name as Unbelief, with a voice like the croaking of a raven, and he said that Forgiveness never was there and never would be, that she was much too fine a lady to live in so low a place as that and among such a set as they were. So I came

within myself where Holiness dwelt, but I feared to go in search of her. I knew she would never be at home in the lowlands and busy streets of Mansoul. All whom I asked about her answered doubtfully. One said that she had died long ago; indeed, was buried in Eden before Adam came out. One said that she lived away at the end of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, her house was on the brink of the river, and that I must hope to meet with her just before I crossed it. Another argued almost angrily against this notion. "Nay," said he "she lives farther on still; search as thou wilt, thou shalt never find her till thou art safely across the river and landed on the shores of the Celestial City."

Then I remembered how well I had fared aforesaid on that Holy Hill, and went forth again So up the lonely way I went, and