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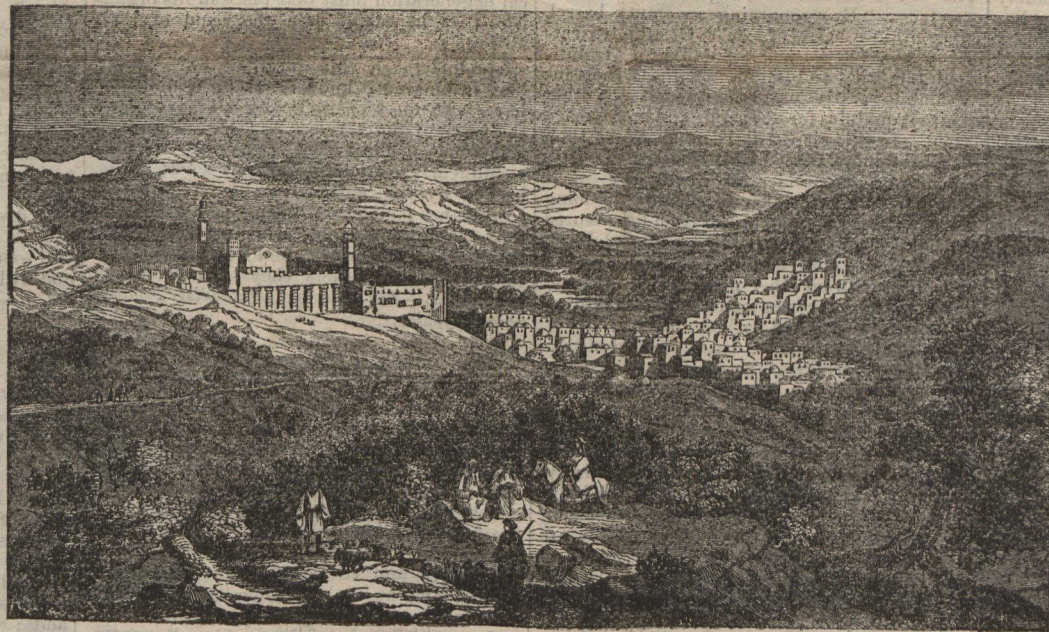
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#### A CITY OF REFUGE.

There were six cities in the Holy Land which once possessed a very important privilege. They were called Cities of Refuge, and this name gives a good idea of the privilege referred to. When one man killed another accidentally he was permitted to flee to a city of refuge, and if he entered the gates safely he was free from the vengeance of the relatives of the one he killed, whose duty it was to take his life in return. Hebron was one of these six cities. It is one of the oldest in Palestine, and is situated in Judah, twenty-one miles south-southwest of Jerusalem. Besides being one of the oldest cities in Palestine it ranks amongst the very oldest cities in the world, for it was in existence in the days of Abraham, nearly four thousand years ago. It was anciently called Kirjatharba, which means City of Arba, one of the forefathers of the *Anakim*. Many years afterwards King David lived in it before he conquered Jerusalem. Since that time its history has been of little importance.

At present it is but a poor-looking town, inhabited by about five thousand people, of whom the Jews form but a small proportion. It lies in the narrow and picturesque valley of Eschol, whose grapes, olives and other fruits are as famous now as in olden times. The city contains the church built by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, on the spot where, it is said, Abraham was buried. This church has been converted into a mosque called *El-Haram*. Tombs, said to be those of Abraham and several of his family, are still shown. They are hung with palls of green or red silk, which are renewed from time to time; but it is said that the real tombs are in a cave beneath the building. The modern name of the city is *El-Khalil* ("the friend," i.e., of God.)



HEBRON, ONE OF THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

About a mile from Hebron, in the midst of the vineyards, is a well of pure water, beside which, solitary and alone, rises one of the largest oaks in Palestine. Its circumference is over twenty-three feet, and its foliage covers a space of about ninety feet in diameter. It is said by some that this is the tree under which Abraham pitched his tent, but it bears no evidences of such an age as that.

#### HENRY BERGH, THE DUMB ANIMALS' FRIEND.

Moral suasion and a resolute bearing are Henry Bergh's most potent auxiliaries. Only rarely has he been forced to use his muscular strength to defend himself. One winter's day he met two large men comfortably seated on a ton of coal, with one horse straining to drag the cart through the snow. He ordered them to get down, and after an altercation pulled them down. At another time he stood at the southwest corner of Washington Square in-

specting the horses of the Seventh Avenue Railway. Several weak and lame horses were ordered to be sent to the stables, and a blockade of overloaded cars soon ensued. A loafer on a car platform, annoyed at the delay, began to curse Mr. Bergh, who stood on the curb-stone three feet distant, turning a deaf ear till the spectators began to urge the bully on. Then, losing his patience, he seized the reins and suspended the movement of the car until the order was complied with. This is one of his "curb-stone" speeches, often used with effect: "Now, gentlemen, consider that you are American citizens living in a republic. You make your own laws; no despot makes them for you. And I appeal to your sense of justice and your patriotism, oughtn't you to respect what you yourselves have made?" Once Mr. Bergh ordered the ignorant foreman of a gang of gas-pipe layers to fill up one-half

drivers have been known to leave their cars and run to the assistance of his officers, notably when Superintendent Hartfield was attacked at Madison Square.

Thirteen years of devoted labor have wrought no very great change in the appearance and manner of Henry Bergh. If the lines of his careworn face have multiplied, they have also responded to the kindly influence of public sympathy and the release of his genial disposition from austere restraint. A visitor who had no claims on Mr. Bergh's indulgence once remarked, "I was alarmed by the dignity of his presence and disarmed by his politeness." Since Horace Greeley's death, no figure more familiar to the public has walked the streets of the metropolis. Nature gave him an absolute patent on every feature and manner of his personality. His commanding stature of six feet is magnified by his erect and dignified

compassion. There is energy of character in a long nose of the purest Greek type; melancholy in a mouth rendered doubly grave by deep lines, thin lips and a sparse, drooping mustache, and determination in a square chin of leonine strength. The head, evenly poised, is set on a stout neck rooted to broad shoulders. In plainness, gravity, good taste, individuality and unassuming and self-possessed dignity, his personality is a compromise between a Quaker and French nobleman whose life and thoughts no less than long descent are his title to nobility.—C. C. Buel, in *Scribner for April*.

#### A ROBE OF GLASS.

In the large basement-room of the home of S. Isaacs, at No. 1434 Mission Street, between Tenth and Eleventh, is now weaving the most wonderful fabric of which the voluminous history of unique feminine apparel furnishes any account. It is the material, as flexible as the finest of silk and as durable as Blue Jeans William's favorite stuff for trousers, for a lady's dress, and it is woven by the world-renowned artist in glass-work, Prof. Theodore Grenier, out of the innumerable colored strands of glass first spun by himself. Compared with the completed garment, the mythical glass slipper of the fabulous Cinderella will sink into as vulgar an insignificance as an exhausted Napa soda-bottle. A *Chronicle* reporter called on him recently, and he very courteously showed him the entire process. Breaking an extra piece out of the soiled bottom of an already broken tumbler, he submitted it to the heat of a blow-pipe until it became incandescent and soft. Then with a "stick" of glass he touched the molten portion, and with an expert motion, which may be described as a flip, he carried a thread so fine that it was almost invisible till it caught on the disc of a

of a trench they had dug directly across crowded Greenwich street, even under the railway track. The man gave a surly refusal, which would have caused his arrest had not a stranger stepped out of the crowd and said:

"Mike, you had better do what that man tells you, for he's the law and the Gospel in this city."

"The law and the Gospel is it, then?" replied Mike, surveying Mr. Bergh from head to foot. "Well, he don't look a bit like it."

"No matter, but he is," enforced the stranger, "and if you can take a friend's advice, you will fill up that trench."

And the trench was filled. It is a compliment to Henry Bergh's tact and moderation in the use of his great authority, that he has won the respect of most of the drivers of the city; these people may frequently be seen lifting their hats to him, a courtesy always acknowledged with a bow. Horse-car

bearing. A silk hat with straight rim covers with primness the severity of his presence. A dark brown or dark blue frock overcoat encases his broad shoulders and spare, yet sinewy, figure. A decisive hand grasps a cane, strong enough to lean upon, and competent to be a defence without looking like a standing menace. When this cane, or even his finger, is raised in warning, the cruel driver is quick to understand and heed the gesture. On the crowded street he walks with a slow, slightly swinging pace, peculiar to himself. Apparently preoccupied, he is yet observant of everything about him, and mechanically notes the condition from head to hoof of every passing horse. Everybody looks into the long, solemn, finely chiselled and bronzed face, wearing an expression of firmness and benevolence. Brown locks fringe a broad and rounded forehead. Eyes between blue and hazel, lighted by intellectual fires, are equally ready to dart authority or show

slowly-revolving wide wooden wheel of nineteen feet circumference. At a certain number of revolutions the strand was complete, and the wheel was stopped and it was removed. It then consisted of innumerable softly glistening threads, finer than the finest of silk floss. These strands are spun of all colors, and are then washed in a solution of water and beet-root sugar, which toughens them. The spinning is all done and occupied many weeks. The weaving is done on an old-fashioned hand-loom, the warp being nineteen feet long and the woof four feet, so that the material will cut to advantage. Only about ten inches a day can be woven.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

WHERE THE PEACE is that Christ gives, all the trouble and disgust of the world cannot disturb it. All outward distress to such a mind is but as the rattling of hail upon the tiles of him who sits within the house at a sumptuous banquet.—*Leighton*.