

"MY AIN COUNTRIE."

[A friend has handed us the following lines for publication, and we are sure that their great pathos and tender beauty will commend them to every Christian heart.]

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary
oftenwhiles.
For the lauged-for hame-bringing an' my
Father's welcome smiles,
I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do
see
The gowden gates o' Heaveh, an' my ain
Countrie!

The earth is flecked with flowers, many
tinted, fresh and gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father
made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will be
naething to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my
ain Countrie!

I've His gude word of promise, that some
gladsome day the King,
To His ain royal palace His banished
hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running o'er we
shall see
The King in His beauty in our ain Coun-
trie!

My sins have been mony, an' my sorrows
ha' been sair,
But there they'll nae mair vex me, naer
be remembered mair,
His bluid has made me white, His hand
shall dry mine ee,
When He brings me back at length to
my ain Countrie!

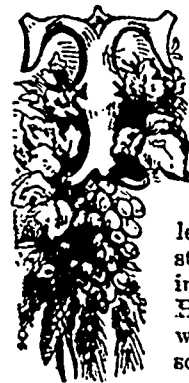
Like a batra to its mither, a wee birdie to
its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Sa-
viour's breast;
For He gathers in His bosom witless,
worthless lambs like me,
An' He carries them Himsel' to His ain
Countrie!

He is faithfu' that hath promised, He'll
surely come again;
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour
I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready
aye to be
To gang at any moment to my ain Coun-
trie!

So I'm watching, aye, an' singing, o' my
hame as I wait,
For the soun' o' His foot-fa' this side the
Gowden Gate.
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens
noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our
ain Countrie!

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

BY REV. W. H. BIDWELL.



HERE is no single building within the walls of Jerusalem which excites a more intense interest in the mind of the Christian traveler, as a theme for study. I was staying in Jerusalem during Holy Week, and was witness to the exciting scenes which then occur. Thousands of pilgrims came from afar, along the coasts of the Mediterranean, and interior cities, to attend on its ceremonies.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was built ages ago by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine. It is supposed to cover the spot of our Saviour's interment, where his body was laid, and where he rose from the

dead. It is these sacred associations which impart to it such memorable interest. I was often in it, and examined its sacred spots with careful interest. A few steps within the spacious door of entrance is a long, flat, marble stone or slab, about six inches above the floor, called the Stone of Uncion. On this stone, it is said, the body of our Saviour was laid, when taken down from the cross, and washed and anointed in preparation for the sepulchre. This is the first object that arrests the attention of the pilgrim, and here they prostrate themselves in succession, the old and the young, women and children, the rich man and the beggar, and all kiss the sacred stone. I saw very many bow to kiss the stone in humble reverence. The slab is of polished white marble, with a rim around it like a picture frame. All day long you see the pilgrims bow to kiss it.

This sacred place attracts annually, in Holy Week, 10,000, and sometimes 20,000 pilgrims, who come to Jerusalem to visit the Holy Sepulchre. They go down also to bathe in the river Jordan. I witnessed the scenes of Holy Week, and the immense crowds which assembled on that occasion.

Under and around the lofty dome of the church are small chapels for the Syrians, Copts, and Maronites. But the Catholics, Armenians, and Greeks have spacious chapels, with high galleries running up to the dome. These are filled with crowds of people. I took a seat in the latter gallery, so as to see when the holy fire made its appearance, for every one lights his wax candle from the holy fire, which he believes has at that moment come down from heaven. I watched till I saw the holy fire come out from the circular window of the tomb or mausoleum, where the body of our Saviour was laid. In a few moments hundreds of wax candles were lighted, illuminating the whole space under the dome. It was the duty of the Greek Patriarch that year to receive the holy fire. I had met and talked with this man, and I wondered how he dared to offer such a pretence, and deceive the crowd of credulous pilgrims.

The rotunda of this immense church is nearly one hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by an imposing colonnade, supporting the galleries and the lofty dome. Beneath the skylight of this dome is a beautiful marble *edicula*, or little chapel, containing the alleged tomb in which the Lord of Life lay. I went into it. It is about twenty feet in length, and about ten in breadth, and twenty feet in height. All are required to take off their shoes, and go in bare-headed; it is holy ground. Near by you is shown the *Pillar of Flagellation*, to which they say Christ was bound when scourged. You are also shown the Mount of Crucifixion, on the "Rock Calvary," and near this is the Chapel of the Parting of the Garments, and the chapel where Christ was bound. They also show the stone which closed the door of the sepulchre, the stone which the angel rolled away and sat upon. These are only specimens of the sacred things and localities which are shown, to be believed or not. But within the precincts of this great church are undoubtedly spots of immeasurable interest.

The magnificent Church of the Holy Sepulchre was erected by order of Constantine, and remained about three hundred years. It was then destroyed by the Persian army, A.D. 614. It

was again destroyed by the Turks in A.D. 963; again in 1010; rebuilt in 1018. Again it was destroyed by fire in 1808, and rebuilt in 1810. In the fire of 1808 the lamps and chandeliers, with the other vessels of the church—brass, silver, and gold—were melted like wax. The molten lead from the immense dome of the church poured down in torrents, but the silk hangings and the paintings in the inner chapel escaped the fire and were preserved.

Many more things might be recounted in this sketch, but this will give you some impression of the magnificence of this famous church.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

THIS is a question often asked and not always satisfactorily answered. For the ideas conveyed to different minds by the word are very different.

To some persons he is a gentleman who wears fine clothes, who does no work, who has an abundance of money and spends it freely. But in truth, though a gentleman may be rich, well-dressed, liberal, and have no need of toil, no one or all of these things give him any right to the name. But the man who is of kind and gentle demeanour to all, who is upright, candid, and truthful, who is loyal to his friends, and needs no bond to hold him faithful to his promises—this man is a gentleman, whether he be clad in broad-cloth or homespun; yes, even though he may be so poor that he has no means for prodigal giving, and is compelled by stern necessity to labor hard for daily bread. It is what he is, not what he has, that makes the true gentleman.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS for last Number:

I. BLANKS.—1. Read, reed. 2. Read, red. 3. Oar, o'er, ore. 4. Beer, bier. 5. Time, Thyme. 6. Heir, air.

II. ENIGMA.—Wine is a mocker, strong drunk is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Proverbs, xx. 1.

III. ACROSTIC.—

Babylon.
Immortality.
Barak.
Love.
Emerald.

NEW PUZZLES.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in buy, but not in sell;
My second is in sick, but not in well;
My third is in boy, but not in man;
My fourth is in could, but not in can;
My fifth is in set, but not in sit;
My whole is a book of Holy Writ.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Composed of 18 letters.
My 14, 15, 13, is a tree.
My 11, 8, 15, 4, 14, is sorrow.
My 6, 18, 1, is an abbreviation for a part of speech.
My 16, 10, 7, 2, 17, 3, is to preserve.
My 9, 5, 12, is a masculine.
My whole is a man of great fame.

WHEN you must rebuke wrong-doing, endeavour to do it with as much kindness as a due respect for virtue will justify.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GARFIELD.



much interest in being taken in the life of General Garfield among your people, perhaps I may give to your readers some things not known in connection

with this great and good man. I have enjoyed his friendship the past fifteen years, and only know him to love him. He was the first Christian President that filled that chair, some of the others having been attendants upon public worship, but non-professors. In the pulpit he was as powerful as in the seat in Congress, and many are the jewels in his crown, representing those whom he has led to Christ. In all the cares of a public life he never neglected the family altar, nor church on the Sabbath. The Sabbath morning before he was shot he heard a sermon which affected him very much, and when in conversation with a friend during the afternoon he said: "What is all this world compared to the repose of the spirit in a man's body? There is where we are to look for peace that the conquest of the whole world will not give us. A man who keeps his soul free, and turns to his God in contemplation, frequently is the wise man." General Garfield, the *Spectator* remarks, was unknown here before his wound, except as a man who had risen from nothing, and who wished that public debts should be paid; but before he died it was recognised that the Union had elected a second President of the Lincoln type, a strong man with a conscience and a will; a man with a character firm and serious, though lit up by flashes of that humor, half kindly and half grim, which marks the best men of the West. Englishmen read with twitching lips how the President had asked, after one of his relapses, "How many more stations am I to stop at?"—leaving the terminus an open question—and how he had written that he must, in all acts, have first the approbation of James A. Garfield, for to eat, and drink, and sleep all through life with a man you disapproved was unendurable.

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

OUR readers will gladly welcome the following lines written in a young girl's album by the lamented President when he was a young professor:

If the treasures of ocean were laid at my feet,
And its depths were all robbed of its coral and pearl,
And the diamonds were brought from the mountain's retreat,
And with them were placed all the wealth of the world—
Not silver, nor gold, nor the spoils of the sea,
Nor the garlands of fame that the world can bestow,
But a purified heart that from sin is made free,
I would journey for thee, friend, on thy journey below.

J. A. GARFIELD.

HIRAM, Jan. 8, 1857.

PRINCE BISMARCK the other day returned to a publishing house a book which had been sent to him with compliments. In a note he explained that German books printed in any other than the German form of letter will not be read by him.