Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 5, 1890.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

A Grievous Complaint.

"It's hard on a fellow, I do declare!"
Said Tommy one day, with a pout;
"In every one of the suits I wear
The pockets are most worn out.
They're 'bout as big as the ear of a mole,
And I never that I more than three;
And there's always coming a mean little hole
That loses my knife for me.

"I can't make 'em hold but a few little things—
Some cookies, an apple or two,
A knife and pencil and bunch of strings,
Some nails, and maybe a screw,
And marbles, of course, and a top and ball,
And shells and pebbles and such,
And some odds and ends, yes, honest, that's all;
You may see for yourself 'tisn't much.

"I'd like a suit of some patent kind,
With pockets made wide and long;
Above and below and before and behind,
Sewed extra heavy and strong.
I'd want about a dozen or so,
All easy and quick to get at;
And I shall be perfectly happy, I know,
With a handy rig like that."
—*St. Nicholas.*

Birgalie.

He is a saucy little red-bird, who finds his chief pleasure in eating, singing, fighting his mistress and tearing whatever paper he may chance to get hold of into pieces—in fact, he is never so happy as when in mischief. His personal appearance is not much in his favor. His head, with his black face, pink beak, two sharp little eyes, and short "coppy" or topknot, is stuck on a little round, red body about the shape of an apple-dumpling; and this body is supported by a pair of delicate-looking feet, which are continually carrying their owner to places where he has no business to be. A stubby and battered tail, with wings to match, complete the description.

But he is not ashamed of his looks; oh, no; not a bit of it! On the contrary, he appears to think that no one has as fine a coat or as pretty a topknot as Master Birgalie, and, consequently, is very vain of them, making his toilet three or four times a day, and more frequently if he gets the chance. And it is fortunate for his mistress that he does so, for it takes up some of his time, and when not engaged in that, or the equally pleasant occupation of eating and singing, he is certain to be doing something that he should not do.

He is very fond of bathing, and this fondness has not been acquired lately, either, for when Birgalie was a youngster—which was but one short year ago—he thought nothing greater fun than to hop into a dish of water, and there kick and splash until not only he himself but also everything about him was completely drenched.

But not being allowed to bathe as often as he wished, he frequently got into trouble by attempting to steal a bath in liquids that were not intended for that purpose.

One day, aunty came in and found him seated in a cup of oatmeal and water (one of his favorite dishes) and just having a glorious time. But aunty brought his enjoyment to a speedy end, and it took many a washing in pure water to make Birgalie's feather's as soft and smooth as they were before he starched them in oatmeal starch.

Another time he hopped into a big cup of warm coffee, but lost no time in scrambling out again.

After bathing, Birgalie often took it into his little head to try and fly up to the stove pipe, for the purpose of drying himself there. So he would nerve himself for the attempt, spread his wings, and give a grand hop; but that was all he did do, for as his wings were wet he always landed on the floor in a very humiliating manner. Then he would graciously permit us to pack him up in a little basket, and set him out in the sun or under the stove to dry.

All this sort of thing happened while Birgalie was a youngster, and, of course, not as wise and well-behaved as he is at present. Now when fresh water is given to him in his bath-tub he first sticks in one little foot and draws it out again, and then repeats the operation with the other, after which he hops in with both feet and proceeds to business.

But, as I've no doubt there are a number of you waiting to tell about your clever cats and dogs, chickens, horses, goats, and other animals, I will stop here and reserve the account of the remainder of Birgalie's cunning tricks for some future time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The hat worn by Napoleon at Eylau was sold in Paris in 1835 for $400. The coat worn by Charles XII. at the battle of Pultowa brought over $100,000. A wig that once belonged to Sterne, the great English writer, was sold at public auction at London a few years ago for $1,050. In 1816 a tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was purchased by a nobleman for $3,650. The buyer had a costly diamond removed from his favorite ring and the tooth set in its place.

An Iowa court has decided that a meteor belongs to the person on whose land it falls, but the decision is disputed, and a case in point will be taken to the State Supreme Court.

The school authorities of Boston have resolved to abolish flogging in the public schools, but the teachers there will retain their switches, that is the variety attached to their back hair.

BLESSINGS BY THE WAY.

Let us sit and think,
On this peaceful day
Of those blessings sweet,
As we go our way.

A grateful shade
In a desert land,
For the weary feet
Of the pilgrim band.

A flowing fount
And a crystal cup,
Where the thirsty souls
May rest and sup,

A glowing fire
On a frosty day,
That will drive the gloom
Of the heart away,

A welcome sweet,
At an open door;
And a true heart-kiss,
If nothing more!

A *real* friend
In the time of need,
When the world seems cold—
A friend indeed!

A cliff's fond trust
And a woman's smile,
When the heart is true
And void of guile!

A conscience clear,
And a mind at rest,
With a hope of heaven
The last and best!
—[Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in the Ledger.

ANNIS' ADVENTURE.

"A bear-leader!" cried Annis Hall, elevating her pug nose contemptuously. "Nothing but a common bear-leader! Our James, with his talents and cultivation, his refined tastes and fastidious fancies, condescending to be the tutor of an ordinary college bumpkin! It can't be *possible!*"

"Oh, but, Annis, listen!" said Damaris, eagerly. "He isn't an ordinary college bumpkin, as you so inelegantly phrase it. Where's Jamie's letter? Let me read what he says. He's a strikingly handsome young man, six feet high, and features like Apollo—the young man, you know—and they're spending the summer at a romantic camp in the Adirondacks, all surrounded by balsam forests and gurgling streams, and all that sort of thing, and Jamie is to have a hundred dollars a month for his expenses. Only think of it!"

"How I should like to see him!" said Annis, her fickle imagination veering around at once. "Is it far from Lake Wildcat, Damaris? Couldn't we go out to the camp and visit Jamie?"

"Nonsense!" said sober Damaris. "Girls don't go out so far into the wilderness."

"But indeed they do!" cried Annis, impatiently shaking her red-brown curls. "I know a whole party of lady-campers who—"

But just at that moment a domestic summons arrived, and Damaris Hall hastened away without waiting for the rest of the sentence.

Annis, however, pondered the matter in her heart, sitting there with dark, sparkling eyes and lips dimpled with fun.

"I'll do it!" said she. "There can't possibly be any harm in a sister going to see her brother, and it would be such a delightful surprise to Jamie. Besides, I should like to show Damaris that I've got *some* originality about me. Six foot high, and as handsome as Apollo! Oh, I *must* go! I've always wanted an adventure, and now's the chance for it. I do think there never was such a lucky girl as I am!" Annis Hall's mind was made up and she was not a girl easily to be diverted from any purpose on which she had set her heart.

Balsam Mountain was twelve miles at the very least from Lake Wildcat, at which place Mrs. Hall had decided to spend the summer; but Annis was not discouraged by any such trifling matter of distance.

It was reached by a five-mile "trail," branching from the highroad; but Annis was a good mountain walker, and generally carried a pocket compass with her.

She divulged her intention to no one ("Mamma would absolutely forbid it," she reasoned within herself, "and Damaris would pronounce it an impossibility"), but took the stage that was bound to the nearest settlement, on the plea of buying some postage-stamps, and a bottle of essence of peppermint for her mother's toothache; and when they reached the trail she sprang nimbly out, announcing her resolve to walk the rest of the way.

"It's a goodish stretch," observed the driver, shifting his tobacco from one cheek to the other.

"Oh, I don't mind that!" said Annis.

She could fairly have danced along the path, bordered with tree ferns and daintily overgrown with wood sorrel and vivid green mosses.

Overhead the wind murmured in the balsam boughs, and merry little squirrels chattered up and down the tree-trunks.

Annis was a good walker, and her heart was full of exultation at the success of her plans.

"How delighted Jamie will be!" she thought. "I don't suppose he dreams I'm within a dozen miles of him. And the young Apollo—what will he think, I wonder? Oh, it's such fun! I do so like something out of the common run!"

But in spite of Annis' enthusiasm, she was thoroughly tired out before she came in sight of a thin thread of blue smoke, curling upward, as a sort of clearing on the edge of a babbling stream.

"The camp!" she said to herself. "I dare say Jamie is putting the potatoes to roast in the ashes, and the Apollo—oh, that must be him chopping wood! Some monarch of the forest is doomed to fall ere long beneath his axe."

She paused a second to push the moist curls of auburn hair out of her eyes, to straighten the bow of blue ribbon at her throat, and glance despairingly at the muddy soles of her little walking boots.

"Real camp style," she murmured. "But here goes! One can't be ceremonious in a place like this."

And she slipped into the clearing, crying out:

"Jamie! Jamie! aren't you surprised to see me?"

It was a tiny, semi-circular glade, walled round with huge balsams and slender white birches, except where it sloped down to the stream. A rude structure of forked boughs, thatched with spruce and fir boughs, occupied the foreground, a fire sulked and smoked against a huge boulder, and a tall figure, in a red flannel shirt and weather-beaten corduroys, desisted from its occupation of cutting wood to stare at her.

A sudden panic seized upon our valiant heroine. She would have given all she was possessed of in this world, at that instant, to have fled away into the wildernesses and left no trace behind, but it was too late.

There was no Jamie there—only the tall stranger, whose dark eyes were fixed upon her inquiringly.

Six feet tall—yes. Handsome—no. Involuntarily Annis shuddered and drew back, for there was something in the low, retreating forehead, the furtive eye, the hanging lip, that struck terror to her heart.

"I beg your pardon!" she said, trying to speak in careless accents of self-possession; "but I expected to see my brother—Mr. Hall. Isn't he here?"

The stranger regarded her silently.

"What are you doing here?" said he. "Didn't you know better than to come?"

Annis tried to laugh, and pass matters off as an excellent joke.

"I—I thought you would be glad to see me," said she. "And Jamie—"

"Jamie has gone up into the clouds," said the stranger, with a short, sharp laugh. "That's where he goes every day. And I stay here to keep the Evil Spirit away. You are the Evil Spirit. That's what you are!"

The furtive eyes lightened, the teeth clinched themselves together, as, with one stride, the young man cleared the space between them and grasped her by the arm.

"Get out of this!" he thundered. "Or, no! You'll be sure to come back again. I must make sure against that. There's a bear trap on the hill. A bear starved to death there, last winter, caught by one paw. We found his skeleton this spring. I'll fasten you into the trap and leave you there. That's the way to dispose of evil spirits."

Annie uttered a scream. She knew now that she was alone in the wilderness with a madman.

"Jamie! Jamie!" she shrieked, hanging back from his iron grip with all her might.

"There's no use calling for him," gibbered the half-witted youth. "Don't I tell you he has gone into the clouds."

"Is—is he dead?"

The man made no reply, but dragged her mercilessly through the woods, muttering to himself as he went and breaking into occasional peals of harsh laughter.

"No," he said, suddenly—"no! The bear trap is too small. You might drag it away with you and escape. Evil Spirits are always sly and strong. There's Rattlesnake Cave—that will be a prison that no one can escape from."

He made a sudden detour to the left, crashing through a low, swampy growth of cedars and tamaracks until he reached a stupendous mass of rocks, piled together as if in the the mad confusion of some glacial period.

With what seemed almost superhuman strength, he pushed her into a black, yawning recess; and before she could find voice to remonstrate, he had rolled a monster stone against the mouth of her living sepulchre, and vanished amid the gloomy evergreens.

The whole thing had been done so quickly that Annis could scarcely believe her own senses when she found herself alone in the wild fastness of rocks, with a deadly chill enveloping her like a shroud, and the sound of dropping water filling the silence with its melancholy iteration.

In vain she exerted her whole strength to push back the huge doorway of stone; in vain she screamed for help until the grim place seemed alive with echoes.

Prisoned here by a maniac, and left to die a miserable death by lingering starvation! Cold sweat burst from every pore in her body at the grisly possibility.

She sank helplessly to the ground, but the rock was wet, and something—it might have been rain-soaked leaves or wet moss, but it reminded her unpleasantly of the gliding, clammy reptile from which the spot had derived its name—came in contact with her touch, and she struggled to her feet once more with a gasping cry.

Yet if she were indeed doomed to die, were it not better by the poisonous fang of a serpent than by slow agonies of starvation?

The day crept on. A single sunbeam made its way like a golden javelin through the crevices of rock, and then vanished. The sound of the slow-falling water-drops nearly drove her crazy, except when her attention was momentarily distracted by the sound of the distant axe.

The wind sighed in the tree-tops, a strange, gliding, rustling sound at her feet aroused all sorts of horrible possibilities. A singular drowsiness stole upon her; she found herself laughing out loud at some witticism she could not remember, and muttering incoherent sentences to Damaris or her mother, whose shrill intonations frightened even herself before she could finish them.

"Am I going crazy," she asked herself, "in this horrible place? But I *must* be, because—because *that* isn't Jamie whistling 'Bonnie Dundee'—that *can't* be—Jamie—oh, Jamie!"

The faint cry died away into the forest sounds. All other sounds seemed to merge themselves into the horrible drip, drip of the falling water, and she knew no more.

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"Yes, it was a narrow squeak," said James Hall. "If I hadn't come home that way, by the merest chance in life, it would all have been up with Annis. It was one of Clarence Stuart's ugly days. I always left him alone on those days. It worked best. Why didn't I tell you he was wrong in his head? Well, because I didn't think it was best. I knew you'd worry, you womenkind, and I never had any difficulty in managing him. His people paid me double price for staying with him, and he really was improving very fast in his docile seasons. You should have seen him when I first took charge of him! He's fond of me, you see, and the only trouble is that he fancies every one who comes near us is an evil spirit, who means mischief to me. It makes matters rather dull for me, but then I am royally paid. Give up the job? Not if I know it. I can always manage him, and I tell you he's improving all the time. But I wouldn't advise you girls to come out to Balsam Camp again without sending word in advance."

Annis suddered and clasped her hands over her eyes.

"I never, never, will!" said she.

"Annis always would have her own way," said Damaris fretfully. "I hope she has learned a lesson now."

"Then leave off badgering her," said Jamie, buckling on his leggins.

And Annis rewarded him by a grateful glance.

"Yes," she whispered. "I have learned a lesson."—[Saturday Night.

MAKING TOY SOLDIERS.

An Industry Springing From the Prussian Military Spirit.

E. Leon Duplessis, the Vice Consul of France at Nuremburg, has contributed to the Bulletin Consulaire a very interesting description of the manufacture of the toy soldiers in lead for which the artisans of Nuremburg and Furth have long been famous. After tracing the early history of this industry, which dates from the Seven Years' War and is due to the influence of the Prusssian military spirit and to the enthusiasm excited by Frederick the Great and describing the phases through which it has passed, M. Duplessis described in detail the different operations by which the rough metal is converted into a smart-looking soldier with knapsack on back and arm in hand.

The first thing is to make sketche of the intended figures. Great pains are bestowed on them. The best artists do not hesitate when asked to supply models for these toy soldiers, and in making these sketches they have from bear in mind certain fixed rules, while when they make colored sketches they have to avoid deep tints and select gauky colors, which children so much prefer. They must also possess a full knowledge of the military costumes of the period to which the soldier they represent belonged, any anachronism in this respect being fatal to the success of the model.

At Nuremberg and at Furth slate moulds are used for figures, while brass moulds are employed for those in relief. The slate for the former is bought at Sonneberg, in Thuringia, and the tin, which is purchased in England, is melted and poured into them through a small orifice. The sketches of the figures have, of course, first of all been engraved upon the moulds. The metal soon hardens when it has been poured in, and the workman then removes the figures, cutting off any excrescences which may have been caused by the molten metal running over into the interstices.

The soldiers then have to be painted, and this is always done by women, who work at home, each woman being given a certain number of figures at the beginning of the week. The system generally adopted is to place a dozen figures or so upon a piece of wood slit up the centre so as to hold them in a fixed position. When one side of the figure is dry she turns it round and paints the other. Her wages are very poor, not amounting to more than five or six marks a week, from which must be deducted the cost of the brush and colors, which she has to buy herself. The wages of the men in the foundry average about nineteen marks a week, while there are a good many women also employed as founders who earn good wages.

The final process, also intrusted to women, is that of packing the soldiers, which are placed in boxes of 30, 60, 120 or 240 pieces (weighing one-eighth, one-quarter, one-half or one pound) for the infantry, and of 12, 24, 48 or 96 pieces (of the same weight) for the cavalry. These wooden boxes all come from Sonneberg, in Thuringia, the cost of those holding one-eighth of a pound, which are by far the most numerous, not exceeding one shilling per 100. These boxes are all hand made, so it is easy to imagine how poorly the workmen who produce them are paid, and who, it is said, nearly all die of consumption. The soldiers made of solid tin are generally packed in the cardboard boxes with glass cases made in Nuremberg, and resembling the celebrated gingerbread boxes made there by the book-binders. Each layer of leaden soldiers is separated by a thin sheet of paper, and the whole regiment is bedded between two beds of wood shavings, the latter taking the place of the paper shavings formerly used.

The new baby hippopotamus, born in the Central Park, New York City, has a mouth seventeen inches wide.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The English authorities are trying the habit of other drinking, it is said to be spreading in that country, many persons using other as a substitute for alcoholic liquors.

A medical journal declares that healthy man will actually suffer from the prick of a pin than he will from the pains of dissolution in case of a died a natural death.

There is a flourishing Japanese in New York, of which nearly every native of Japan in the city is a member. The president is the present vice consul, Teijiro Kito, who is 30 years old and married.

Standard time has been fully accepted in Asia by not less than 40,000,000 people; in Europe by almost an equal number, and in America by more than 60,000,000. What is thought an essential is a standard unit of measurement.

Rubenstein, in his autobiography, thus estimates the proportions of people of the leading nations who understand music: Germany, 50 per cent.; France, 16 per cent.; England, 2 per cent.; United States, higher than England.

A century hence: Showman—This, ladies and gentlemen, is the skeleton of a horse, now an extinct animal. The horse, up to the last century, was a beast of burden, but since the electric motor became the universal power the horse has rapidly died off for want of use.

The present economical condition of France is considered unusually favorable by her statesmen. The harvest this year was the largest of the last decade. The export of manufactures has increased well as the import of raw materials. Almost $500,000,000 lie in the savings banks. The railway profits have also increased.

The correctness of the statement that the tendency to commit crime is overgrown with age, is clearly proved by statistics. In New York State, where accurate records are kept, it has been shown that of all the prisoners confined at one time, some 10,000 in number, 18,000 were not more than 30 years of age and 8,000 not more than 25.

Harvey, one of the new manufacturing suburbs of Chicago, has adopted a novel plan to prevent the sale of liquor within its precincts. In every deed for land sold in the township is an iron-clad provision that if alcoholic liquors are ever manufactured, sold, or given away on any lot within its boundaries, said lot shall revert to the company.

At the sale of Lord Tollemache's furniture in St. James's square, among other lots put up was a mahogany bedstead for five shillings. No further offering was apparently forthcoming, until it transpired that Mr. Gladstone had slept in it for over seven months, when it became an object of the most spirited competition and was sold for a large sum.

The artificial hatching of chickens has been practiced in Egypt for 3,000 years, the old process being found more effective than the so-called inventions of this country. Our consul general at Cairo tells us in his last report that the marketable crop of artificially hatched chickens in Egypt for the current year is over 15,000,000, and this was not a flourishing season either.

An Ottawa letter says that "one of the most important questions affecting the condition of the Canadian workingman is the question of state-aided immigration. The Dominion Government is the worst sinner in this respect. For years it has been in the habit of paying so much a head to steamship and railroad companies on immigrants carried by them. Latterly quite a lucrative business has sprung up in the importation of waifs and strays and children of criminal parents."

The emigration from China in the ten years 1880–90 was 1,537,367 persons, of whom 1,097,686 have returned home; 1,167,000 emigrants went to the Straits Settlements on the islands; such as Sumatra, Borneo, Java, 107,000 of the returning Chinese came from North America and 581,000 from the Straits Settlements. According to the passenger record at Hong Kong, Amoy, and Swatau the increase of Chinese emigrant population for the decade was in Australia, 4,000.

At the ninth annual session of the Street Railway association in Buffalo, N. Y., President Thomas Lowry of Minneapolis said electricity was making such rapid strides that he did not believe that any subsequent convention would be considered. In the census report, he said, out of 3,150 miles of track in fifty-six cities, 2,984 miles are operated by horses, 260 by electricity, 255 by cable, 221 by steam, the balance, about sixty miles, being in New York and Brooklyn elevated roads. In smaller cities and towns outside the enumeration there are about 1,600 miles of electric street railways in operation.

Nothing, according to his scientific friends and admirers, has better shown the kind of a man Edison is than his discovery of a new method of heliograph signaling. Mr. George Homans, a military expert, went to him and said: "Mr. Edison, our State troops know how to signal with lights for long distances, but they do not know how to render these signals invisible to an enemy. Can you devise a plan?" Edison walked into his laboratory, set two of his highly salaried assistants at work on this suddenly suggested novelty, and in three weeks, after an actual expenditure of $[illegible], had accomplished what he set out to do.

SUNDAYS SERMON.

OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The Glories of Solomon."

Text: "*I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards, an' planted trees therein of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees.*"—Ecclesiastes 2:4-6.

A spring morning and breakfast at Jerusalem. A king with robes snowy white in purpled and gilded hue and arrows with points flashing in the sun, clad from head to foot in Tyrian purple, and black hair sprinkled with gold dust, all dashing from the road, the horses at full run, the harness on their necks, and the crack of the whip and the halloo of the reckless cavalcade putting the miles at defiance. Who is and what is it? King Solomon taking an airing before breakfast from Jerusalem to the gardens and parks and orchards and reservoirs six miles down the road toward Hebron. What a contrast between that and myself on that very road one morning last December going afoot, for our plain vehicle turned back for photographic apparatus forgotten; we on the way to find what is called Solomon's pool, the ancient water works of Jerusalem, and the gardens of a king nearly one thousand years ago. We cross the conduct again and again, and there we are at the three great reservoirs, not ruins of reservoirs, but the reservoirs themselves. Not Solomon built three millenniums ago for the purpose of catching the mountain streams and passing them to Jerusalem, for the thirst of the city, and also to irrigate the most glorious range of gardens that ever bloomed with all colors or breathed with all redolence, for Solomon was the greatest horticulturist, the greatest botanist, the greatest ornithologist, the greatest capitalist and the greatest scientist of his century.

Come over the piles of gray rock, and here are at the first of the three reservoirs, which are on three great levels, the base of the top reservoir higher than the top of the second, the base of the second reservoir higher than the top of the third, so arranged that the waters gathered from the several sources above shall descend from basin to basin, the sediment of water deposited in each of the three, so that by the time it gets down to the aqueduct which is to take it to Jerusalem it has had three filtrations, and is pure as when the clouds rained it. Wonderful specimens of masonry are these three reservoirs. The white cement fastening the rocks of stone together is now just as when the trowels threw thousand years ago. The lowest reservoir, 15 feet by 529, the second, 423 feet by 160, and the highest reservoir, 586 feet by 160, and deep enough and wide enough and mighty enough to float an ocean steamer.

On that December morning we saw the waters rolling down from reservoir to reservoir, and can well understand how in this neighborhood the imperial gardens were one great blossom, and the orchard a great basket of fruit, and that Solomon in his palace, writing the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes, may have been receiving illustrations from what he had seen that very morning in the royal garden when he alluded to melons, and mandrakes, and apricots, and grapes, and pomegranates, and figs, and spikes, and cinnamon, and calamus, and camphire, and apple trees among the trees of the wood, and the almond tree as flourishing, and to myrrh and frankincense, and represented Christ as "gone down into his garden, and the beds of spices to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies," and to "eyes like fish pools," and to the voice of the turtle dove as heard in the land. I think it was when Solomon was showing the Queen of Sheba through these gardens that the Bible says of her: "There remained no more spirit in her." She gave it up. Not all this splendor did not make Solomon happy. One day, after getting back from a morning ride as far as the horses had not been cooled off and rubbed down by the royal equerry, Solomon wrote the memorable words following my text, like a dirge sung after a grand march, "Behold! vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." In other words, "It don't pay!" Would God that we might learn the lesson that this world cannot produce happiness! At Marseilles there is a stellated house on high ground, crowned with all that grove and garden can do, and the whole place looks out upon as enchanting a landscape as the world holds, and clasping hands in a perfect bewitchment of scenery, but the owner of that place is really blind, and to him all this goes for nothing, illustrating the truth that whether he be physically or morally blind, brilliancy of surrounding cannot give satisfaction; but tradition says that when the "wise men of the east" were being guided by the star on the way to Bethlehem they for a little while lost sight of that star, and in despair and exhaustion came to a well to drink, when looking down into the well they saw the star reflected in the water and that cheered them, and they resumed their journey; and I have the notion that though grandeur and pomp and surroundings may not afford peace at the fount of God's consolation, close by, you may find happiness, and the plainest cup of the well of salvation may hold the brightest star that ever shone from that firmament.

Although these Solomonic gardens are in the East, there are now growing there flowers that are to be found nowhere else in the Holy Land. How do I account for that? Solomon sent out his ships and robbed the gardens of the whole earth for flowers, and brought these exotics here, and these particular flowers are direct descendants of the foreign plants transported. Mr. Wesley, a Christian Israelite, on the very sight of these royal gardens, has in our day, by putting in his own spade, demonstrated that the ground is only waiting for the right call to yield just as much luxuriance and splendor as 3,000 hundred years after Christ as it did to Solomon one thousand years before Christ. So all Palestine is waiting to become the richest scene of horticulture, arboriculture and agriculture.

I have travelers in the Holy Land say that the rocky and stony surface of nearly all Palestine is an impassable barrier to the future cultivation of the soil. But I have had examined minutely the rocks and stones of the Holy Land they would find that they are being transformed and are being ground into the soil and, being for the most part limestone, they are doing for that land what the Americans and English farmers have done, at great expense, with their fertilizers, in a wagon load of Rahway limestone to the acre, blend for their enrichment. The farmers of the winters, the great midsummers of Palestine, by crumbling up and pulverizing the rocks are gradually preparing Judea and Syria to yield a product like the Saturian Watchester farms of New York, and Lancaster County farms of Pennsylvania, and Somerset County farms of New Jersey and the other magnificent farm fields of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the opulent orchards of Maryland and California. Let the Turk be driven out and the American or Englishman or Scotchman go in and Mohammedanism withdraw its blight and pure Christianity build the altars, and the irrigation of which Solomon's pools was only a suggestion will make all that land from Dan to Beersheba as fertile, and productive as the Jersey meadows when the king rode out to his pleasure grounds in chariot so swift and followed by mounted riders so brilliant that it was for speed like a hurricane followed by a cyclone.

As I look upon this great aqueduct of Palestine, a wondrous specimen of ancient masonry, about seven feet high, two feet wide, sometimes tunneling the solid rock and then rolling its waters through stoneware pipes, an aqueduct doing its work ten miles before it gets to those three reservoirs, and then gathering their wealth of refreshment and pouring it on to the mighty city of Jerusalem and filling the brazen sea of her temple, and the bathrooms of her palaces, and the great pools of Siloam, and Hezekiah, and Bethesda, I find that our century has no monopoly of the world's wonders, and that the conceited age in which we live had better take in some of the sails of its pride when it remembers that it had work in later ages to get masonry that will last fifty years, to say nothing of the three thousand, and no modern machinery could lift blocks of stone like some of those standing high up in the walls of Baalbec, and the art of printing claimed for recent ages was practiced by the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago, and that our midnight lightning express rail train was foreseen by the prophet Nahum, when in the Bible he wrote, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightning," and our electric telegraph was foreseen by Job, when in the Bible he wrote, "Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, 'Here we are?'" What is that talking by the lightnings but the electric telegraph? I do not know but that the electric forces now being year by year more thoroughly harnessed may have been employed in ages extinct, and that the lightnings all up and down the sky have been running around like lost hounds to find their former master.

Embalment was a more thorough art three thousand years ago than to-day. Dentistry, that we suppose one of the important arts discovered in recent centuries, is proven to be four thousand years old by the filled teeth of the mummies in the museums at Cairo, Egypt, and artificial teeth on gold plates found by Belzoni in the tombs of departed nations. We have been taught that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood as late as the seventeenth century. Oh, no! Solomon announces it in Ecclesiastes, where first having shown that he understood the spinal cord, silver colored as it is, as an effective remedy in old age—"the silver cord be loosed," goes on to compare the heart to a pitcher at a well, for the three canals of the heart do receive the blood like a pitcher, "or the pitcher be broken at the fountain." What is that but the circulation of the blood, found out twenty-six hundred years before Harvey was born? After many centuries of silence the Bible and astronomy finds out that the world was round. Why, Isaiah knew it was round thousands of years before when in the Bible he said: "The Lord sitteth upon the circle of the earth." Scientists toiled on for centuries and found out refraction or that the rays of light when touching the earth were not straight, but bent or curved. Why, Job knew that when ages before in the Bible he wrote of the light: "It is turned as clay to the seal."

In the old cathedrals of England modern painters in the repair of windows are trying to make something as good as the window painting of four hundred years ago, and always failing by the unanimous verdict of all who examine and compare. The color of modern paintings fades in fifty years, while the color of the old masters is as well preserved after five hundred years as after one year. I saw last winter on the walls of exhumed Pompeii paintings with color as fresh as though made the day before, though they were buried eighteen hundred years ago. The making of Tyrian purple is an impossibility now. In our modern potteries we are trying hard to make cups and pitchers and bowels as exquisitely as those exhumed from Herculaneum, and our artificers are attempting to make jewelry for ear and neck and finger equal to that brought up from the mausoleums of two thousand years before Christ. We have in our time gone to all shapes and all colors, but Pliny, more than eighteen hundred years ago, described a malleable glass which, if thrown upon the ground and dented, could be pounded straight again by the hammer or could be twisted around the wrists, and that confounds all the glass manufacturers of our own time. I tried in Damascus, Syria, to buy a Damascus blade, one of those swords that could be bent double or tied in a knot without breaking. I could not get one. Why? The Nineteenth century cannot make a Damascus blade. If we go on enhancing our cities we may after a while get a city as large as Babylon, which was five times the size of London.

These aqueducts of Solomon that I visit today, finding them in good condition three thousand years after construction, make me think that the world may have forgotten more than it now knows. The great honor of our age is not machinery, for the ancients had some styles of it more wonderful; nor art, for the ancients had art more exquisite and durable; nor architecture, for Roman Coliseum and Grecian Acropolis surpass all modern attempts; nor cities, for some of the ancient cities were larger than ours in the sweep of their pump. But our attempts must be in moral achievement and gospel victory. In that we have already surpassed them, and in that direction let the ages push on. Let us brag less of worldly achievement and thank God for moral opportunity. More good men and good women is what the world wants. Toward moral elevation and spiritual attainment let the chief struggle be. The source of all that I will show you before midnoon of this day on which we have visited the pools of Solomon and the gardens of the king.

We are on this December afternoon on the way to the cradle of Him who called Himself greater than Solomon. We are coming upon the chief cradle of all the world, not lined with satin, but strewn with straw; not sheltered by a palace, but covered by a barn; not presided over by a prince, but hovered over by a peasant girl; yet a cradle the canopy of which is angelic wings, and the lullaby of which is the first Christmas carol ever sung, and from which all the events of the past and all the events of the future have and must take date as being B. C. or A. D.—before Christ or after Christ. All eternity has been spent in getting ready for this cradle, and all eternity to come—to be employed in celebrating its consequence.

I said to the tourist companies planning their December journey, "Come up to Bethlehem to-morrow, the place and the month of our Saviour's birth," and we had our wish. I asked the party who had never attempted to ride, how Bethlehem looked at the season Jesus was born. Tourists and writers are there in February, or March, or April, when the valleys are all embroidered shed of wild flowers, and anemones and ranunculus are flushed as though from attempting to climb the steeps, and lark and bullfinch are flooding the air with bird orchestras. But December, the month of our Saviour's birth,